Movie Weekly

1925

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This PDF file contains twelve issues of

Movie Weekly from 1925

Februry 7
March 7
April 18 & 25
May 16
July 4
August 1, 8, 22, & 29
September 5 & 26

Rod La Rocque Tells the True Story of His Life

Movie Weekly

A MACFADDEN PUBLICATION

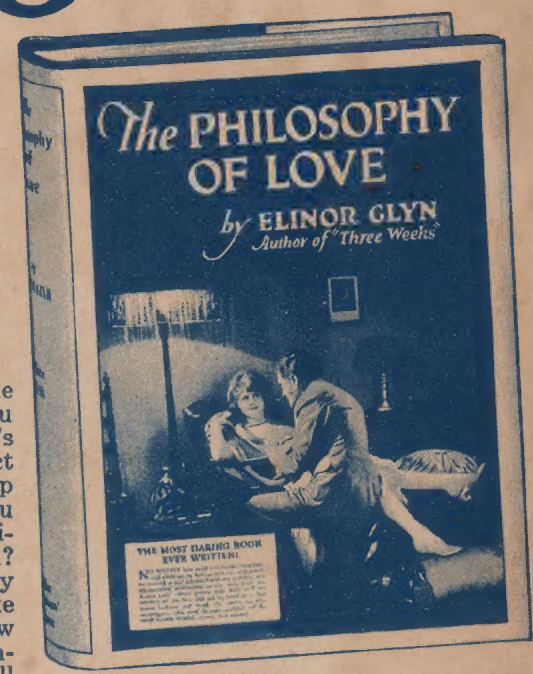
FEBRUARY 7
1 9 2 5

15¢

$1000.00 Cross Word Puzzle Contest

Barbara La MARR

The Most Daring Book Ever Written!



Elinor Glyn, famous author of "Three Weeks," has written an amazing book that should be read by every man and woman —married or single. "The Philosophy of Love" is not a novel —it is a penetrating searchlight fearlessly turned on the most intimate relations of men and women. Read below how you can get this thrilling book at our risk—without advancing a penny.

WILL you marry the man you love, or will you take the one you can get?

If a husband stops loving his wife, or becomes infatuated with another woman, who is to blame —the husband, the wife, or the "other woman?"

Will you win the girl you want, or will Fate select your Mate?

Should a bride tell her husband what happened at seventeen?

Will you be able to hold the love of the one you cherish—or will your marriage end in divorce?

Do you know how to make people like you?

ELINOR GLYN
"The Oracle of Love"

IF you can answer the above questions—if you know all there is to know about winning a woman's heart or holding a man's affections—you don't need "The Philosophy of Love." But if you are in doubt—if you don't know just how to handle your husband, or satisfy your wife, or win the devotion of the one you care for—then you must get this wonderful book. You can't afford to take chances with your happiness.

What Do YOU Know About Love?

DO you know how to win the one you love? Do you know why husbands, with devoted, virtuous wives, often become secret slaves to creatures of another "world" —and how to prevent it? Why do some men antagonize women, finding themselves beating against a stone wall in affairs of love? When is it dangerous to disregard convention? Do you know how to curb a headstrong man, or are you the victim of men's whims? Do you know how to retain a man's affection always? How to attract men? How to make love keep you youthful and fresh? Do you know the things that most irritate a man? Or disgust a woman? Can you tell when a man really loves you—or must you take his word for it? Do you know what you *MUST NOT DO* unless you want to be a "wall flower" or an "old maid"? Do you know the little things that make women like you? Why do "wonderful lovers" often become thoughtless husbands soon after marriage—and how can the wife prevent it? Do you know how to make marriage a perpetual honeymoon?

In "The Philosophy of Love," Elinor Glyn answers these precious questions—and countless others. She places a magnifying glass unflinchingly on the most intimate relations of man and women. No detail, no matter how delicate or avoided by others, is spared. She warns you gravely, she suggests wisely, she explains fully.

We admit that the book is decidedly daring. It had to be. A book of this type, to be of great value, could not mince words. But while Madame Glyn calls a spade a spade —while she deals with strong emotions and passions in her frank, fearless manner—she nevertheless handles her subject so tenderly and sacredly that the book can safely be read by any grown-up man or woman. In fact, anyone over eighteen should be *compelled* to read "The Philosophy of Love"; for, while ignorance may sometimes be bliss, it is folly of the rankest sort to be ignorant of the problems of love and marriage. As one mother wrote us: "I wish I had read this book when I was a young girl—it would have saved me a lot of misery and suffering."

Certain self-appointed censors may condemn "The Philosophy of Love." Anything of such an unusual character generally is. But Madame Glyn is content to rest her world wide reputation on this book—the greatest masterpiece of love ever attempted!

What Every Man and Woman Should Know

- —how to win the man you love.
- —how to win the girl you want.
- —how to hold your husband's love.
- —how to make people admire you.
- —why men "step out" and leave their wives alone.
- —why many marriages end in despair.
- —how to hold a woman's affection.
- —how to keep a husband home nights.
- —why most women don't know how to make love.
- —things that turn men against you.
- —how to make marriage a perpetual honeymoon.
- —the "danger year" of married life.
- —how to ignite love—how to keep it flaming
- —how to rekindle it if burnt out.
- —how to cope with the "hunting instinct" in men.
- —how to attract people you like.
- —why some men and women are always lovable, regardless of age.
- —how to make love keep you young.
- —must all men be either "duba" or devils?
- —how to increase your desirability in a man's eye.
- —how to tell if someone really loves you.
- —things that make a woman "cheap" or "common."
- —how to make people do the things you want them to.

SEND NO MONEY

YOU need not advance a single penny for "The Philosophy of Love." Simply fill out the coupon below—or write a letter —and the book will be sent to you on approval. When the postman delivers the book to your door—when it is actually in your hands—pay him only $1.98, plus a few pennies postage, and the book is yours. Go over it to your heart's content—read it from cover to cover—and if you are not more than pleased, simply send the book back in good condition within five days and your money will be refunded instantly.

WARNING!

The publishers do not care to send "The Philosophy of Love" to anyone under eighteen years of age. So, unless you are over eighteen, please do not fill out the coupon below.

Over 75,000,000 people have read Elinor Glyn's stories or have seen them in the movies. Her books sell like magic. "The Philosophy of Love" is the supreme culmination of her brilliant career. It is destined to sell in huge quantities. Everybody will talk about it everywhere. So it will be exceedingly difficult to keep the book in print. It is possible that the present edition may be exhausted, and you may be compelled to wait for your copy, unless you mail the coupon below AT ONCE. We do not say this to hurry you — it is the truth.

Get your pencil—fill out the coupon NOW. Mail it to The Authors' Press, Auburn, N. Y., before it is too late. Then be prepared for the greatest thrill of your life!

The Authors' Press, Dept. 327, Auburn, N. Y.

Please send me on approval Elinor Glyn's masterpiece, "The Philosophy of Love." When the postman delivers the book to my door, I will pay him only $1.98, plus a few pennies postage. It is understood, however, that this is not to be considered a purchase. If the book does not in every way come up to expectations, I reserve the right to return it any time within five days after it is received, and you agree to refund my money. If I keep the book, there is nothing further to pay.

De Luxe Leather Edition—we have prepared a Limited Edition, handsomely bound in Royal Blue Genuine Leather and lettered in Gold, with Gold Tops and Blue Silk Markers. No expense spared—makes a gorgeous gift. If you prefer this leather edition—as most people do—simply sign below, place a cross in the little square at the right, and pay the postman only $2.98, plus postage. ☐

Name.....

Address.....

City and State.....

IMPORTANT—If it is possible that you may not be at home when the postman calls, send cash in advance. Also if you reside outside the U. S. A., payment must be made in advance. Regular Edition, $2.12; Leather Edition, $3.12. Cash with coupon.

VOL. V

MOVIE WEEKLY

Printed in U.S.A.

No. 1

Let Gloria Swanson Make Suggestions for Your Spring Wardrobe

Miss Swanson has been in Paris for months, you know. And, of course, being an expert on clothes anyway, she has made it her business to learn what the famous modistes and designers decree for this Spring and summer.

We are sure you'll find her observations interesting and helpful.

Valentino As a Hall-Roomer

Rudy hasn't always been a pampered idol.

And the recollections of a boarding house mistress, who used to lodge him in her obscure hall-bedroom, will interest every student of human nature.

The MOVIE WEEKLY *for* FEBRUARY 14th

May Be Reserved at Your Neighborhood Newsstand Now!

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Helen Carlisle writes of

Hollywood's Four Hundred

Motion picture circles are not Bohemian. Very definite social barriers exist . . . and many social ambitions. Here we learn who among the screen folk rival the Vanderbilts, Astors and Morgans in the screen's Social Register

PROBABLY there is no place in the world about which so much is written and so little known as Hollywood, and this includes all phases of life in Hollywood, and particularly its social life.

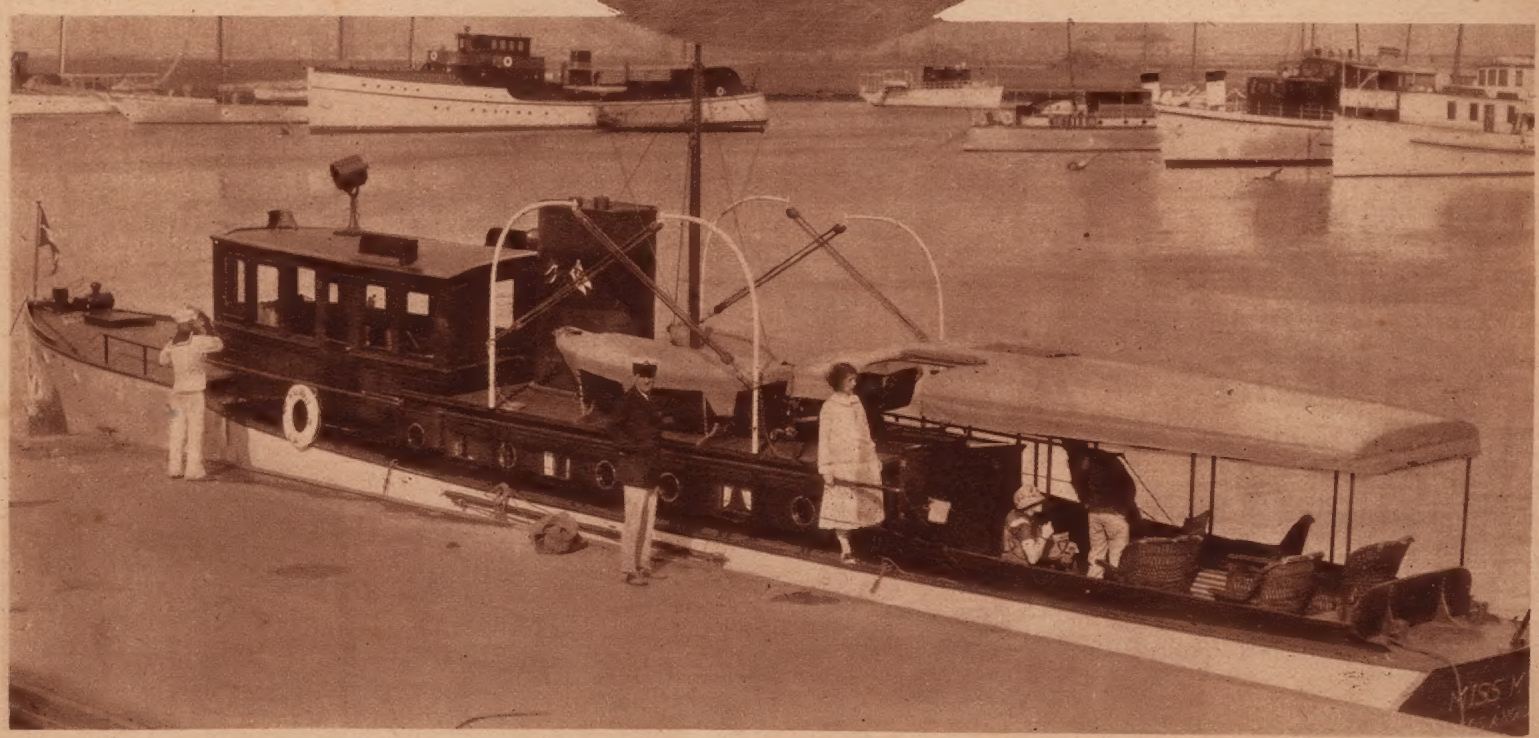
There are those who are firmly convinced that the film stars, as one man, fare forth to some wild cabaret or roadhouse, every night in the week and have one rousing time. This group also believes that if one of the stars gives a party in his home, every player in the film colony is invited. They're all movie stars—a strange, weird group of semi-human beings. Surely they must all chum around together.

Nothing could be further from the truth. There are film stars in Hollywood who haven't a speaking acquaintance with Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford. Others who do not know the Talmadges, or Pola Negri. In one way, at least, the social life of the film colony is similar to that of New York. There are circles within circles, some democratic, some autocratic.

Undoubtedly Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks are the most exclusive members of the film colony. Their estate, Pickfair, is in a secluded and most aristocratic part of Beverly Hills. Charlie Chaplin is their most frequent guest, and is probably the only film star who feels free to drop in casually upon them at any time. Lillian and Dorothy Gish are close friends of Mary Pickford, but, except for a flying visit to the Coast recently, their time has been spent in

The *Antonio Morenos* are probably the only motion picture people who move in *Los Angeles* society circles as freely as in the film circles. *Mrs. Moreno,* formerly *Mrs. Daisy Canfield Danziger,* is a member of one of *California's* oldest families and has been a leader in *Los Angeles* society for many years.

Mr. and *Mrs. Tom Mix* entertain with delightful yachting parties in the summer time. The *Mix* yacht, *Miss Mixit,* is one of the finest on the *Coast* and she can be seen clipping through the waters with a group of nattily-clad film folk aboard almost any week-end.



Undoubtedly *Mr.* and *Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks* are the most exclusive members of the film colony. *Pickfair* has sheltered royalty more than once. For *Mary* lends her home an atmosphere of quiet dignity.

This picture, taken during a deep-sea fishing party at *Catalina*, shows, in the top row *Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Duchess de Alba, Mrs. Martha Hyde*, and, in the bottom row, *Marquis del Merito, Duchess de Penaranda, Ricardo Merito Marquis de Coquilla* and *Duke de Viana.*

Europe and New York City for the last five years, and they see her but seldom.

Pickfair has sheltered royalty more than once. Lord Louis Mountbatten (cousin of the King of England), and Lady Mountbatten were guests there two years ago. This last summer, the Duke of Alba (cousin of the King of Spain), the Duchess of Alba and their entourage, were domiciled at Pickfair. They were entertained in true American manner. Doug staged a rodeo for them, gave a barbecue in the mountains near Santa Monica, and an entire tent city was erected for their convenience when they went deep-sea fishing off the coast of Catalina. Although this type of entertainment may seem informal, the atmosphere of Pickfair is one of quiet dignity, and dinner parties there are very formal affairs.

Charlie Chaplin does very little entertaining, but, unlike Doug and Mary, he is frequently seen in the Los Angeles and Hollywood cafes. On these excursions he is usually accompanied by one or another of the men from his studio. He will sit at a "ringside" table and watch the dancers through an entire evening, seemingly never bored with this pastime.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Schenck (Norma Talmadge) and Constance Talmadge entertain frequently, both at the Schenck home and at the Ambassador Hotel, where dinner parties are often given, followed by dancing. Their circle of friends includes most of the prominent film players, such as Mr. and Mrs. Conway Tearle, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Mulhall, Mr. and Mrs. Buster Keaton (Natalie Talmadge), Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lloyd (Mildred Davis), Mr.

At the right, is the vine-covered home of *Mr.* and *Mrs. Conrad Nagel.* The *Nagels* belong to one of the nicest and most conservative of *Hollywood* sets. And their dinner-parties are always composed of people gathered together congenially.

Elinor Glyn gives a dinner every week in her apartment at the *Ambassador Hotel* and one almost invariably finds a fascinating *Russian* prince or a royal exile of some foreign country among her guests.

Mr. and *Mrs. Marshall Neilan* (*Blanche Sweet*) live in a modest home in *Hollywood* and all their entertaining is limited to quiet dinners despite the fact that before his marriage, *Mickey* was famed as one of *Hollywood's* most lavish hosts.

Because *Pola Negri* is awaiting the completion of her new home in *Beverly Hills*, she has not been entertaining very much lately. However, she gives occasional little dinner parties, and *Mr.* and *Mrs. Charles Eyton* (*Kathlyn Williams*) and *Mr.* and *Mrs. Noah Beery* are always among her guests.

Photograph by Seely

Huntley Gordon gives stag "squash" parties at the *Hollywood Athletic Club*. Doesn't that sound *British?*

While *Louise Fazenda* knows few film people intimately. *Louise* goes oftener to the homes of some of the old *Los Angeles* families, where she knows all the leading social workers.

and Mrs. Fred Niblo (Enid Bennett), Marion Davies, Seena Owen, Eugene O'Brien, Buster Collier, Ben Lyon, Ronald Colman. One would need a Who's Who to list them all.

Antonio Moreno is probably the only motion picture star who moves in Los Angeles society circles as freely as in the film circles. Mrs. Moreno, who was formerly Mrs. Daisy Canfield Danziger, is a member of one of California's oldest families and has been a leader in Los Angeles society for many years.

The Morenos have frequent dinner-parties at their palatial Moreno Rancho. Among their guests may be seen Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, Norma and Constance Talmadge, Joseph Schenck, Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Neilan (Blanche Sweet), Mr. and Mrs. Ernst Lubitsch, and Mr. and Mrs. Buster Keaton. These occasions are usually formal dinners, followed by impromptu entertainment supplied by those present. The Moreno Spanish dinners, with their rare and unusual delicacies, imported from Tony's native country, are always a treat for the elite of filmdom.

Pola Negri does not entertain extensively. The first home she purchased in Hollywood did not quite suit her tastes, and she has been domiciled in one of the Ambassador bungalows for some time, awaiting the completion of her new home in Beverly Hills. Miss Negri gives occasional charming little dinner parties at the Ambassador, and among her closest friends are Mr. and Mrs. Charles Eyton (Kathlyn Williams) and Mr. and Mrs. Noah Beery.

Miss Negri is frequently a guest at the Beery home. Mr. and Mrs. Beery entertain in a charmingly informal manner and number among their friends leading artists, musicians and actors. Mr. Beery owns acres of hillside property surrounding his home and occasionally invites his friends to a barbecue in the canyon which runs through his grounds. A great camp-fire is built, and on one occasion recently a tribe of Indians staged their war-dances around the leaping flames. Another attractive feature of the Beery parties is outdoor dancing on the stone terrace in the gardens.

Among the motion picture people, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Torrence entertain Mr. and Mrs. Conway Tearle (Adele Rowland) and Mr. and Mrs. Percy Marmont most frequently. Mr. Torrence, as I suppose everyone knows, is a talented pianist, while Adele Rowland is a singer well known as an Orpheum headliner. Mr. Tearle also plays the piano well, so naturally their evenings together have a decidedly musical trend.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Valentino haven't been back in Hollywood very long, and so far have done no entertaining at all in their beautiful Whitely Heights home, overlooking the city. It may be safe to say that Rudy is working harder, just at present, than anyone else in the film town, and has little time for relaxation, as he puts in a twelve-hour day at the studio.

Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Neilan live in a modest home in Hollywood, and all their entertaining is limited to quiet dinners. Their friends include almost everyone of consequence in the film colony, but among their intimates are Mr. and Mrs. James Kirkwood (Lila Lee), Lew Cody, Irving Thalberg, King Vidor and Charles Chaplin.

When Neilan was a bachelor, he was famed as one of Hollywood's most lavish hosts. Many a brilliant dinner-party has he presided over in the earlier days, when the old Alexandria Hotel, almost forgotten now, was the gathering place of (*Continued on page* 28)

Join Movie Weekly's $1000.00 Contest

Enter Today for One of the Big Cash Prizes

You Can Still Get Into This Great Fun and Money Series

Get your pencil and start No. 4 of the Movie Weekly $1,000 contest now. If you have solved the first three puzzles, you will not need this advice, because you will have been eagerly waiting for this week's puzzle. If you have not put yourself in line for one of the forty-eight big cash prizes, ranging from $5 to $500, solving No. 4 will automatically enter you. These puzzles are extraordinarily interesting to all movie lovers because they are constructed by a master puzzle maker to contain movie names and terms. Most cross word puzzles are fun to solve. This series, designed especially for you, is not only interesting and instructive, but a test of your knowledge of movie lore. And don't forget, your chances for winning one of the forty-eight big prizes are as good as anybody's.

If you have neglected to solve the first three puzzles and have mislaid the magazines, borrow them from a friend today and trace the puzzles for your own use. This will bring you even with all competitors and you will be ready for puzzle No. 5 in next week's issue. Or you can mail the Late Entry Blank, together with a remittance of 15c for each issue you lack and have your own complete file.

The post office has called our attention to the fact that our offer, in the January 24th and 31st issues of Movie Weekly to sell back numbers containing contest puzzles is contrary to post office regulations. Accordingly, we will promptly refund all money received in connection therewith and further, we will gladly send, free of charge, reprints of puzzles necessary to make your set complete. A Late Entrance Blank is provided below for your convenience.

Don't neglect the rules. Read them carefully. Failure to observe each one will void your entry. Save all puzzles and file them with the contest editor at one time when the contest closes.

Schedule of Prizes

FIRST PRIZE $500 SECOND PRIZE, $100
THIRD PRIZE, $50
25 Prizes $10 each 20 Prizes $5 each

CONTEST RULES

1. The contest is open to all except Macfadden employees and their family members and persons professionally engaged in the creation or solution of cross word puzzles.
2. It costs nothing to enter. You do not even have to use a copy of Movie Weekly. The puzzles may be copied from Movie Weekly and submitted on whatever form suits your convenience.
3. Letters should be printed in the proper squares in pencil or ink.
4. Eleven puzzles complete the contest series. One puzzle will appear in each issue of Movie Weekly, the last one appearing March 28, 1925.
5. Each puzzle will be susceptible to only one solution. Sealed master-list is in the safekeeping of Movie Weekly.
6. It is not necessary to formally notify us that you are competing. All that is necessary is that you submit the entire series of eleven puzzles and a letter on "Why Cross Word Puzzles Are So Fascinating," at the close of the contest. The letter must not contain more than 100 words. Winners will be determined by ratings given them by the judges for the greatest percentage of correct solutions and the best letters. The letter that gives the most clear, complete and logical reason or reasons for the fascination of cross word puzzles will be adjudged the best. 100 per cent solutions of puzzles will in all cases rank above those not 100 per cent correct, regardless of the accompanying letter.
7. Three judges will determine the winners. The judges' names will be announced in a later edition of Movie Weekly. All contestants agree to abide by their decisions. If there are ties, each tying contestant will receive the amount of the prize tied for.
8. Write your name and address plainly on each puzzle. DON'T SEND THEM IN ONE AT A TIME. Hold them until you complete the series of eleven puzzles. Arrange them in numerical order, put a clip or rubber band on them, or, if you prefer, paste them in a notebook. Then attach your letter on "Why Cross Word Puzzles Are So Fascinating," and forward by first-class mail to Movie Weekly Contest Editor, 1926 Broadway, New York City, before midnight, March 30, 1925. This does not mean that the completed series must be at Movie Weekly office before March 31st, but that it must be mailed before then.
9. Each contestant may submit as many series of puzzle sets as he sees fit, but only one letter may accompany each series and in no case is a contestant eligible to win more than one prize. As many members of one family as care to may compete and as many prizes as are won by different members of the same family will be paid
10. All words appearing in the puzzles may be found in unabridged dictionaries and standard works of reference, EXCEPT NAMES OF MOVIE STARS AND WORDS OR TERMS PERTINENT TO FILMDOM, BUT WITH WHICH THE MOVIE-LOVING PUBLIC SHOULD BE WELL-ACQUAINTED.

(*Continued on page 27*)

LATE ENTRY BLANK

Sign and Return This Coupon to Us if Your Set Is Not Complete to Date

Date.....

CONTEST EDITOR, MOVIE WEEKLY,
1926 Broadway, New York City.

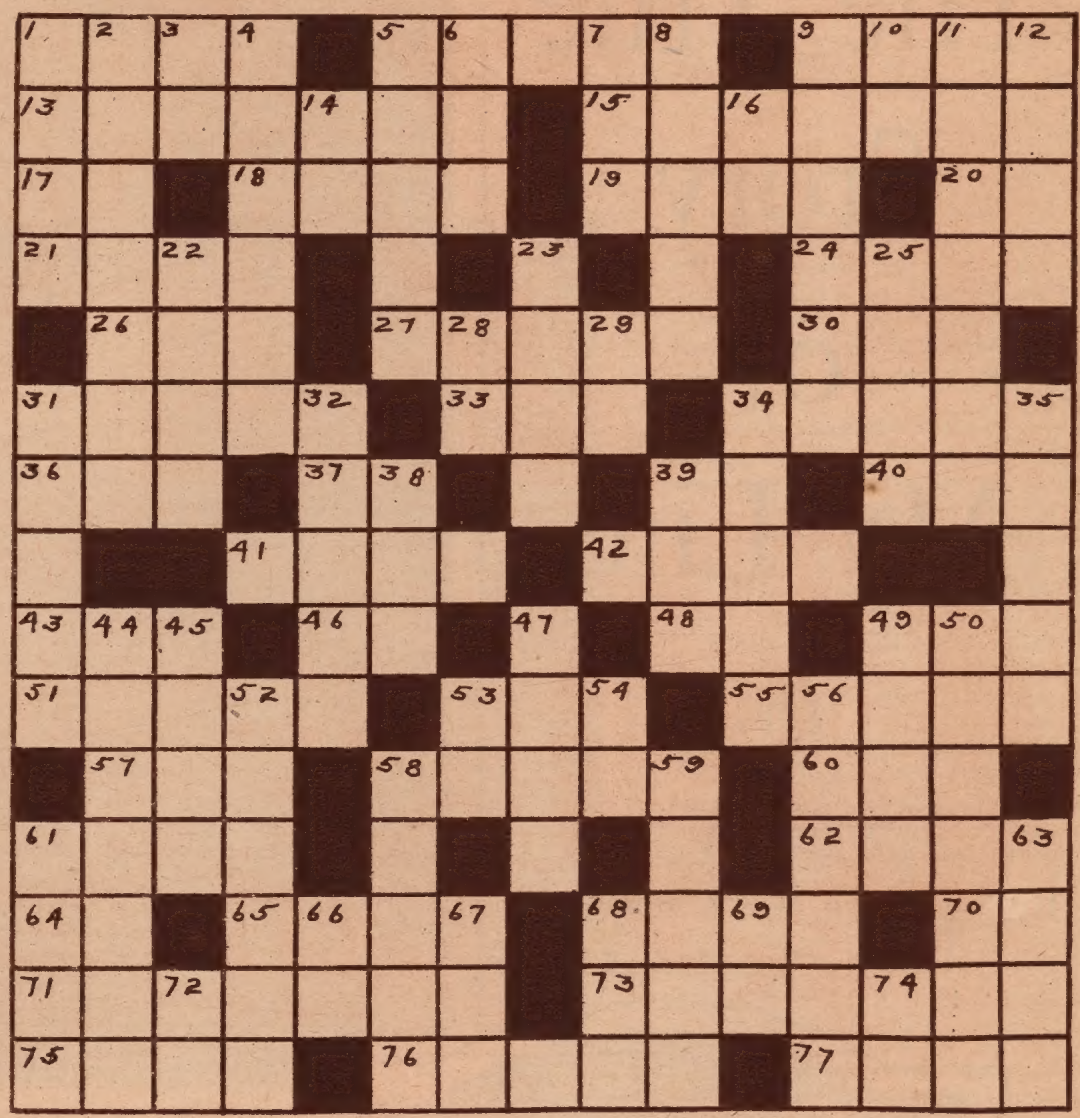
Dear Sir: Please send me without charge, reprints of the puzzles that have appeared to date in the Movie Weekly $1,000 Cross Word Contest. (Be sure to fill in the date on the indicated line).

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

MOVIE WEEKLY CONTEST PUZZLE—No. 4



Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

VERTICAL

1—The father of Cain and Abel
2—American Indians of a particular tribe
3—The point or place where a thing is or occurs
4—Most secure from danger or harm
5—The tarsus
6—The mother of Peer Gynt
7—A money of account introduced into England by the Danish invaders
8—Physical force or steadiness
9—Shines brightly or dazzingly
10—A pronoun
11—Dates assigned to theater owners for the showing of a film
12—Pertaining to the Celtic race in the Highlands of Scotland
14—A State of the U. S. (Abbr.)
16—A sloth
22—Small mounds of earth
23—A beast of prey
25—A drug-yielding plant of South America
28—The Latin abbreviation for "in the place cited"
29—Acute alcoholism (Medical Abbreviation)
31—A machine gun named for its inventor
32—A medicine much used for rheumatism and neuralgia
34—A country of Asia
35—Joins or associates with others
38—To hound with importunity
39—A kind of a tree
44—To treat chemically a film already exposed, for the purpose of bringing out the picture taken
45—A seaport of southwest Arabia
47—A particular gait of a horse or other quadruped
49—Prefix signifying half; sometimes "partly" or "imperfectly"
50—Oriental
52—To be ready for service
53—Expression of inquiry or slight surprise
54—Familiar Latin or French conjunction
56—To move back or away
58—Searched narrowly
59—Name of a motion picture recently released; dramatization of one of the "best sellers" of the past year
61—A parent
63—Relief from labor or effort
66—A mass of earth and rock (Abbr.)
67—To render, as oil, lard, etc.
68—Belonging to one's self or itself
69—Above and in contact with
72—"That is"
74—A suffix frequently used for forming plurals

HORIZONTAL

1—Exclamation of lament
5—The first Jewish high priest
9—An expression of sarcastic scorn
13—Restrains from proceeding
15—A broker in real estate
17—Indefinite article
18—Single turn or coil of rope (Nautical)
19—An air or melody
20—In geology; a ridge of drift
21—One who customarily associates with another
24—An implement of husbandry
26—Ancient Roman lineal measure
27—To strike out or destroy
30—High priest of Israel in whose care Samuel was trained (Biblical)
31—Joins
33—An open air motion picture studio
34—In music; the sign designating the keynote (Plural)
36—An equine quadruped
37—The Christian Era (Initials)
39—A prefix signifying "in or into"
40—The entire being considered as union of soul and body
41—The scheme of events which make up a motion picture play
42—A grand opera singer of note (Feminine)
43—A mountain near the scene of ancient Troy
46—The king of Bashan
48—A syllable sounded in solmization
49—Replica of surroundings in which action of a story takes place (Motion Picture vernacular)
51—Disk of metal commemorative of some event
53—Before
55—Particular extent of surface (Plural)
57—An experienced soldier (Colloq.)
58—One scene of a motion picture (Plural)
60—Measures of type
61—Confined
62—To quote as a passage from a book, by way of authority
64—A man's name shortened
65—To give out or send out
68—A wind instrument
70—Commercial abbreviation; every one of a number
71—A species of dog
73—Those who reel yarns for a weaver
75—Imitated
76—Destined to death
77—Among the Anglo-Saxons, a domestic servant of a certain class

Beginning

The True Story of My Life

By

Rod La Rocque

Photograph by E. R. Richee

On the left, the ten-year-old *Rodrique La Rocque* (pronounced *La Rock*) is pictured with his sister, *Monique*.
This was the period in *Rod's* career when he deserted the despised schoolroom to go on the stage.

BECAUSE so many people have asked me whether the name by which I am known on the screen is my family name as well, I may as well start this story of my life by setting the question at rest once and for all.

La Rocque is my family name (pronounced as though it were La Rock), and I am of French and Irish descent. Although everyone has called me Rod since I can remember, my first name, in full, is Rodrique.

I was born in Chicago, Illinois, on November 29, 1898—ushered in by an early winter snowstorm at one o'clock in the morning. My arrival pre-dated that of my sister Monique by two years, and, for that length of time, at least, I was the center of attraction in our small family circle. I have no brothers, and Monique is my only sister.

My father was in the hotel business in Chicago, and his interests necessitated a good deal of traveling through the Middle West. He always took us with him, and so my earliest impressions are of railroad journeys, of strange cities and strange faces.

Little has been told of Rod La Rocque's life despite his tremendous popularity on the screen. He has always been reticent about his past. But we prevailed upon him to write his autobiography which begins here and which we consider one of the most interesting and amusing we have ever read.

The Editor.

I was probably about four years old when we moved to Columbus, Ohio, and it was here that I first went to school. I may as well admit that I never liked school, even from the very first, and my efforts toward acquiring an education began, and ended, with a row.

This first battle—I'll tell later of the one which ended my school career at the age of fourteen—was with a lovely little boy who dressed like Buster Brown and was in my class at kindergarten.

One Saturday afternoon, Miss Phelps, the kindergarten teacher, gave a little entertainment, to which we were asked to invite our parents and other members of our families. Mother let me take my sister.

I had always been devoted to Monique; we were very close even as children, and I considered her really a being from another world. In short, I adored her, and our affection for one another has not diminished with the years.

Well, Monique and I went to the party together. She wore a stiffly starched white dress and was, I am sure, a radiant vision. Evidently, the other little boys thought so, too, and the one whom I particularly disliked singled her out for his especial attention. He invited her to have some cake and ice cream with him, and when Miss Phelps started the music-box playing (that was a little bit before the Victrola era), this Buster Brown person asked her to dance with him.

At eight, *Rod* played *Little Willie* in *"East Lynne."* He tells an amusing story about this experience. With *Rod* is his *Uncle Harry Rice*, who was responsible for this theatrical career, and *Monique*, grown older.

Monique trotted out onto the floor, contentedly enough, and joined the other children in the dance. I stood glowering in a corner for a while, but suddenly I knew that I could bear it no longer. In a fit of jealous rage, I suddenly flung myself in among my schoolmates and brought the rival for my sister's attentions to the floor. I gave him quite a thrashing before the teachers could interfere and separate us, and then, in a rather sorry state myself, I took my sister home. I'm afraid I rather broke up the party.

Monique had one obsession at this time, I remember. She would not stay on the sidewalks. If I let go of her hand for a moment, she would run out into the middle of the street, no matter how busy the thoroughfare might be. It was up to me to protect her from street car wheels and horses' hoofs. I took my responsibility very seriously, too, and when mother let us go out together, I always tried to hold her hand tightly clenched in my own. If I relaxed my vigilance, out into the street she would rush, defying the traffic. It was a trying time for me, but I was proud to have her entrusted to my care.

I do not know that I paid any particular attention to other little girls. Some of them I admired from a distance. Their curls and pretty frocks intrigued me, but Monique demanded so much of my attention that I had little time for the others.

I was about eight years old when our family moved back to Chicago, and after staying there a short while, we moved to Duluth, Minnesota. It was in Duluth that I first met my uncle Bill La Rocque, who was to stage my first appearance before the footlights.

Uncle Bill was a great scout. He had no children of his own; I was his eldest nephew and perhaps that was the reason his interest was soon centered in me. Certainly, before we had been in Duluth very long, Uncle Bill and I became great pals.

He was interested financially in several theatrical enterprises, and knew a great many people of the stage. As he soon got into the habit of taking me everywhere with him, I was more or less in the atmosphere of the theater from the time I went to Duluth.

Willard Mack and Maude Leone had a stock company there, then. The Mack-Leone Stock Company, it was called. Uncle Bill found out that they were going to put on "Salomy Jane." Two children were needed for the second act and uncle suggested to Mack, whom he knew very well, that I was just the boy for one of the parts.

Mack said I would do, all right, and, aided and abetted by Uncle Bill, I started rehearsals without telling my parents a thing about it. It was all to be a grand surprise for them. Of course you can imagine how excited and thrilled I was over the great secret I shared with my uncle, and I threw myself into the escapade with all the eagerness in the world.

On the night that "Salomy Jane" opened, uncle sent mother and father tickets. When they were safely on their way to the theater, he smuggled me out of the house and hurried me to the theater, just in time to get on my make-up and costume. It was all a gay adventure to me at the time, but now I can look back and realize what a joyous and wonderfully human spirit Uncle Bill possessed that he could make a pal and comrade of the little kid I was then, and get so much enjoyment out of it himself, too.

Well, the play went on, and when the second act came, I walked out from the wings, thinking to myself just how astounded my parents must be to see their little Rod, whom they fancied securely at home in bed, actually appearing on the stage as an actor in the play they were witnessing. It was a situation, really, and it's no wonder that I felt it a most dramatic one. I was so concerned in impressing them with my histrionic talent, that I was quite unconscious of the rest of the house, and didn't experience stage-fright at all.

When the act was over, uncle hurried me into my street clothes and got me home before the arrival of my parents. We waited for them, impatient and eager. What would they say? What would they think of our great "surprise."

They came in, presently, and to our amazement they didn't seem at all excited. They chatted unconcernedly of the play, of Mr. Mack and Miss Leone, but not one word did they say about my performance. Uncle and I hesitated, waited and wondered what could be the matter. Finally mother said that I must go to bed; I ought not to stay up so late at night. I looked at my uncle. (*Continued on page* 30)

Photograph by W. F. Seely

Alma Rubens

Every time a new portrait of *Alma Rubens* comes to our desk, we marvel over her increasing loveliness. She seems reminiscent of the *Old World* in her calm beauty and poise.

And evidently the casting directors are of a similar opinion, for her name is being much sought after for the casts of the new motion pictures.

Her latest work is in *"The Dancers."*

(FOR SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS SEE PAGE 32)

Does a life of ease and luxury rob a woman of her high courage and her very soul . . . or would she prove as fit under hardship and strain as her less pampered sisters?

Lorna Conquest answers this question for you in

Separate Lives

By Gladys Hall

Illustrations by
Compton McCoy

"I was peering below me at the bowl into which the stream so delicately, withal so powerfully, cascaded. 'I think,' I said finally, 'that I see a sign of life down there that is neither flower nor food nor bird. It looks very much like a girl to me . . . a brown girl . . . bathing.'"

"LORNA put an arm about the whimpering figurine of a man. But I suspected that defiance rather than desire prompted the protective gesture.

"At the same moment I caught Conquest glancing at Thelma and, as if in answer to a summons, the girl, beautifully roseate in the bright glare of the sun, moved over to him and he flung his arm about her. The two couples stood facing each other, one of the damndest studies in contrast you ever clapped your two eyes on. If you tried to cast similarly disparate characters on the screen, the critics would call it movie extravaganza and say that you didn't know what you were about. Valentino versus Ben Turpin is about the speed.

"It only lasted a moment, then Conquest dropped his arm and beckoned to me.

" 'Come on,' he said, 'you and Thelma and I will start out on a tour of investigation. This island may not, of course, be as unoccupied as it would appear. At any rate, it's one of a group, and if the worst comes to the worst, we can join forces with our dusky-skinned neighbors if they'll have us. Which I don't know why they should. They got along all right down in these parts till the white man came along with his clothes and his notions, his diseases and his degeneracies. We'll see. You, Lorna, had better stay here and nurse your—ah—man. You couldn't make the grade with us. He'd die among the undergrowth, or the first possible native might exterminate him. If we find food and shelter, we'll come back and let you know. If we don't find them—we'll come back and let you know that.'

"I know that Lorna wanted to go with us. I may have imagined it, but I could have sworn that there was a plea in her eyes. A plea she at once veiled by dropping her lashes. Oh, Lorna had courage—of a kind.

"WE struck inland. Thelma, I noted admiringly, kept equal pace with us. That girl had strength, a sense of adventure and no fear. There she had been expecting, no doubt, to spend her life drawing perfumed bath water for parasitic women until some mildly exceptional butler or under-secretary came along and married her. And, instead, here she was leading a life she had never seen rivalled—even at the movies. She was inarticulate with words, but her moist, red, parted lips, her high color, the glint in her eyes, spoke for her and for her zest and enjoyment of this strange adventure. If she kept on looking this beautiful, I had my doubts about Lorna having any free choice in the matter much longer.

"We noted, after we had got a way inland, that if we had no other foods, we could subsist upon cocoanuts and breadfruit, 'papayas,' bananas, oranges and pineapples.

" 'These fruits,' said Eric, 'sow themselves and ask for no cultivation. I had expected this. Naturally, I didn't expect us to starve. And I think it is entirely likely that we will come, shortly, upon some native settlement. Perhaps with a sprinkling of whites. These islands are all pretty well populated. But this, I judge, is one of the wildest of the lot.'

"'Just where are we, anyway?" I ventured. 'Have you an idea?'

"'Oh, an idea, yes,' said Eric, 'but I didn't make a great point of exactitude. We're somewhere in the Low Archipelago, let us say. The Tuamota Islands, you know. Off in that direction.'

"I felt like remarking that we must be in some forest primeval. For never had I imagined Nature in so mad and prodigal a mood. We moved, white shades, it seemed, in riot after riot of astounding luxuriance and amazing, emblazoning colors. The sky was a throbbingly painted blue; above us strange birds called in strange tones; beneath us insects talked in voices louder and more throaty than any I had ever heard before; and all around and all about us were the wild guava and the lime, the pineapple and the supple acalypha. And here and there, thicketing with the guavas and the limes, grew the white and starry flowers of the grenadilla vines, the lantana, with its buds of magenta and yellow, and bushes of blue flowers, exaggeratedly like our home violets.

"'We shall not starve,' smiled Eric.

"And, 'Oh, isn't it be-au-ti-ful!' sighed Thelma, gustily, through her parted lips.

"I expected Eric to make her some loverly response, but he merely nodded and kept on.

"I was the one who finally detected the sound of rushing waters. And before we had pushed ahead very far there, cascading at our feet, was a mad and miniature river, caroming through the unsullied wilderness as if but recently set free.

"We had reached a slight eminence by this time, and far below us I could see the stream dropping into a wide and circular bowl effect. It fell so far beneath us that it didn't seem to rest quietly in that waiting pool, but to be blown about and colored by sun and foliage until it was like an embroidered veil worn by some medieval princess for her lover's delight.

"We stood still, very still. I admired Thelma because she, too, unlike most women, could stand so very still.

"'Enchantment!' muttered Conquest. 'I can see how men can come here and never come away. Where is there beauty to excel this? Why should man crowd in cities and in abortive suburbs, when there are gardens . . . gardens such as this? Here, with the woman you love, with your children, with food and drink, this sun, this air, this water, this magnificence, what better life?'

"'But,' I said, 'there are other things in life saving beauty. And there are other kinds of beauty.'

"'Lesser kinds,' he said, 'much lesser kinds.'

"I was peering far below me at the bowl into which the stream so delicately, withal so powerfully, cascaded. 'I think,' I said finally, 'that I see a sign of life down there that is neither flower nor food nor bird. It looks very much like a girl to me—a brown girl—bathing.'

"Eric and Thelma peered, too, and presently we were retracing our footsteps.

"'We mustn't,' I said, 'come upon the maiden unaware. She is—er—enjoying what she believes to be privacy.'

"'It won't matter to her,' Eric said, 'she hasn't any false modesty.'

"'Unless,' I reminded him, 'we are not the first—white men.'

"I won't take up your time to recall our entire conversation with the brown and beauteous maid—beautiful only if you care for the type. Eric raved, but I can't say I thought about it in the same way. Perhaps because I have a 'penchant' for blondes. At any rate, by the time we had clumsily arrived at the roof ledge of the pool, Maraa, for such was the maiden's name, had donned her white 'pareu' embroidered fantastically in scarlet and blue and was awaiting us, her great black forest-like eyes, smiling and surprised. Her glossy hair hung to her waist in ripples that seemed to have caught and imprisoned the very sun of heaven in its night, and over her ear she had twined a 'hinano' flower.

"I discovered *Van Erskine* and *Dama* together, hidden, conferring in whispers, two snakes, hidden in undergrowth and tall, dark grasses. *Van Erskine's* white mask was all twisted with malice and the sickness of his rage. And the face of *Dama,* yellowed, half-caste, scarred, was sullen with threat, as he listened."

Some of the spray from the cascade had caught in the flower and gleamed there, still living.

"Well, this girl, Maraa, told us that there were a few natives living on the island, but that most of them had transferred their Lares and Penates to 'island next door here,' because of greater food supply and also because an enterprising man, 'he part white, he *mos'* white,' had set up some sort of small hotel there and did a business in native trading. They got back and forth between the island in their boats. She further told us that some mile or more away there were two or three native homes, long since abandoned by their owners, in which we might, no doubt, find quarters.

"After she had supplied us with this information in her halting, melodious voice, comprised, lingually, of part French, part English and part some mixture unrecognizable to my New York ears, she proceeded to ask us diverse and numerous questions about ourselves. How we had come; how long we were going to stay, was there no other 'girl' with us, and so forth and so on. She was eager and interested and curious like a child. She was even gay and flirtatious once her first shyness had worn off. We told her, as best we could, that we were strange to the ways of the island; that we didn't quite know how to manage about food, and that we were probably going to stay forever.

"Maraa gave every evidence of wishing to adopt us then and there. I had heard that South Sea Island women make the first advances and are quite as enterprising and engineering, if not more so, than the men. I assumed that we were near enough the fictionized South Seas to make this generalization true enough of Maraa.

"She wished to know where we were going from there and we told her that if she would be our guide, we would return to the beach for

the other woman and the other man and would then proceed, with her, to the native huts she had told us about.

"It was evident that Maraa was pleased with us and equally evident that she wished us to be pleased with her. Some instinct, right or wrong, told her that the way to put herself on a footing with us was to tell us the daring tales of her own brief fifteen summers. Among others was the story of a white man whose 'girl' she had been the winter before. Without reservation and totally without shame, she boasted of the white man's ardent lovemaking, the 'love names' he had called her and how much she had loved him. She sighed as she talked and great tears welled in her great dark eyes. Half a second later she would think of something else and her laughter, pealing and still curiously soft, would ring out over the forest.

"Well, I'd like to go on with some details about Maraa. Some of the stories she told us. Some of the impressions we gained. I could see that Eric was enchanted with the girl and that Thelma was not quite sure how to take her. As a matter of fact, I am afraid that her color somewhat hampered her in Thelma's eyes. Thelma had her shortcomings.

"It suffices for my story to tell you that Maraa led us safely to the native huts she had calmly and freely designated as our home. She showed us how, or helped us to build our fires and told us how to prepare the breadfruit, guava and pineapple we had gathered on our way, so that we didn't seem to be eating *only* breadfruit, pineapple and guava.

She also told us that we should build a canoe, or else row the boat we had to the lagoon near to our huts and that we could then catch 'plenty fish' for more substantial meals.

"Before Maraa left, she had somehow managed to acquire a string of cheap blue beads worn by Thelma, Eric's club pin, which he reminded me that he would never need again, and the rather neatly patterned tie I wore around my own neck. In return, she promised us, if, indeed, she fully understood us, that she wouldn't give us away to the other natives. I think, I know, that we made her understand that we were on the island for some specific and experimental purpose of our own and that this purpose and this experiment would be frustrated if we were drawn, perforce, into native life.

"Maraa didn't really know what it was all about. The subtle shadings that were going on, or they would have been subtle to her, between Eric, Thelma, Lorna and Van Erskine were lost to her. She seemed to consider that we were where we were in some spirit of mysterious, but harmless and rather delightful play. And she persisted in supposing that Thelma was Eric's wife and that Lorna was mine. Van Erskine she took no note of. Eric must have remarked that Van Erskine would be a form of life beyond her comprehension, despite the derelicts that had doubtless been washed to the shores of her life from time to time. Sailors and sea-merchants, wastrels and the wasted lotus-eaters and the spew of civilization, the vomit of success, painters and poets, near-painters and near-poets, all of these and more may have crossed Maraa's primitive path. But I doubted it. There was too much joy in her dark, feminine eyes. Too much red ripeness to her full lips, too much life and joy to her springing step. She wore her gay hinano flower with too invitational an air. No, the flotsam of the world may have come her way, but if it had, she had stepped over it as she stepped over the driftwood on the beach, nor ever really knew that it was there.

"By sundown we were fairly well installed. There was nothing much by way of furniture in the abandoned native huts but, at that, as Eric said, we were so much better off than Crusoe that it wasn't funny. I thought that Eric was a bit disappointed. He had probably counted on the laborious satisfaction of erecting his own dwelling place and of watching Van Erskine erect his. As he said, 'Architects and interior decorators built my home in New York. I should like to prove that I could build my own where it might please me to settle down.'

"But there was plenty to do. There was the coarse linen we found in the hut to wash. Lorna did that. There was only enough for one cot. For the other beds, Eric said, Lorna and Thelma could improvise some sheets of wild grass, and they could pick the huge plaintain leaves to cover the grass with it if it proved to be too coarse.

"And so we began our primitive life.

"In a few days we had got wise to several methods of cooking food. Maraa came to see us two days after our installation. She came, gliding, a pantheress, a child enchanted with her secret and with us, who seemed to belong to her.

"She brought us some clean, coarse, woven sheets and a basket full of taro and mangos. She showed Lorna and Thelma how to cook the taro and where were the best places for raw oysters, shrimps and crabs. In return for her kindness, Eric got out his pocketknife and whittled for her a tiny but intricate and delicately fashioned doll of some strong wood. Maraa was charmed. She crooned over the tiny thing and held it high above her head, laughing at it. She told him that she would come the next day for 'man-thing to play with her.' Eric promised her a whole doll family and explained to her, patiently and successfully, about the dolls the children and girls played with back in New York. Maraa had heard of New York, as a child in New York might have heard of magic Bagdad. She scarcely believed that there might be such a place. She told us that Dama, the trader on the next island, had told her some things about New York. He had been there 'once.'

"I could tell that Maraa did not like Dama. And somehow she aroused my curiosity about him. Maraa would like anyone, I thought, in whom the white milk and the red blood of human kindliness ran at all. If she did not like this Dama, there must be something very wrong with him. I asked her about him one day and she said that 'he part American, part Chinee, part Us.'

"From the rest that she told us, we gathered that this Dama had been on the islands some four or five years and that he caused more changes and more troubles than these simple children of the sun knew how to assimilate. Prior to Dama's appearance (from whence Maraa could not tell us, nor could anyone else), the natives had lived scattered about the group of islands, friendly, content, totally unambitious. Few of the vessels stopped their way, because no trading went on in any sense worth a ship's while. Dama had changed this. He did an extensive trading business, getting copra from the natives and trading with the various schooners that passed their way. The natives, we inferred, were no better and some the worse off for Dama's transaction, though he tried and partially succeeded in making them believe otherwise.

"Dama, it seemed, had gained a sort of a monarchial ascendancy. He was a primitive Czar. If he was not loved, he was undoubtedly feared. He was probably also respected and revered. He was more clever, he knew more, he could do and say as he pleased and there was no one to say him nay. His authority was unquestioned and undisputed. His 'crown' was uncontested. He had neither rival nor competitor.

"Maraa said, 'Dama, he be mad if he knew you come. Dama shoos white man away from here. He say white man no good for us. White man do us bad harm. Make black magic over us.'

" 'But I thought,' I said, with what I meant to be a telling look, 'I thought you told me there was a white man here a year ago. *Your* white man . . . you know?'

"Maraa wrinkled her nose. She was giving (*Continued on page 32*)

The Story of a Villain Who Is a Hero To His Friends

Photograph by Witzel

"*Ernest Torrence,*" writes *Lois Wilson*, who has played with him in many pictures, "is like a prickly *Scotch* thistle—a close scrutiny of which would reveal tender colorings of purple, lavender and mauve, and whose texture is amazingly soft." On the right is a brand new portrait of our charming contributor.

The Ernest Torrence I Know
By Lois Wilson

ERNEST TORRENCE was born several centuries too late. He belongs about two or three hundred years ago when chivalry was at its peak. Not that he is out of place in this age, when kindness, consideration and courtesy rarely bloom, but he would have been in his element in some half-forgotten court where good deeds were rewarded by a knighthood or something equally romantic. I can frankly say that Ernest Torrence is one of the finest men I have ever met or ever hope to meet. He embodies all that is wholesome, fine and inspiring in the so-called "stronger sex."

To me his work on the screen carries with it a certain whimsicality that is hard to duplicate. He seems to be an overgrown little boy . . . . to have an almost Peter Pan-ish character, even when he essays heavy roles. He has a droll streak that is inimitable.

Of course, I can't be expected to write as flowery a simile as some of our gifted pen wielders, for I'm only a hard-working motion picture actress, but if I were called upon to rhapsodize on Ernest Torrence, I would say that he is like a prickly Scotch thistle—a closer scrutiny of which would reveal tender colorings of purple, lavender and mauve, and whose texture is amazingly soft.

If there is anything on earth that is trying to the nerves of city-breds who have accustomed themselves to the luxuries of steam-heated apartments and instantaneous hot water, it is the tribulations of a long and arduous location trip. I speak with authority, inasmuch as I am a hard veteran of two Western epics—"The Covered Wagon" and "North of 36." Try as the company might, it is impossible to endow a location trip into the Wilds of Nowhere with the comforts of home

or the Ritz. And there is where the urbanity of Ernest Torrence was again apparent. Nothing seemed to irritate him. Of course, I will concede one thing. On location for "The Covered Wagon" he did not have the trying ordeal of shaving with cold water, for his characterization necessitated a healthy stubble.

Another instance which proves his affability was a "rest trip" across the pond, which he and Mrs. Torrence made last summer. It was at the time when I was on my way to England, so I speak with the certainty of an onlooker. A group of prominent American attorneys were shipmates of ours, and it was about the time "The Covered Wagon" was rolling in so many fans for Mr. Torrence. He was the gracious center of the admiring throng of barristers during the greater part of his trip. And all the while he was supposed to be on a rest tour!

And just one final tale to clinch the fact that he is about the best-beloved of our screen folk, is the adoration that is showered upon him by the studio workers—prop men, "grips" and electricians about the set. They regard him in the light of a real man. I can't help inserting this little bouquet for him, because when it comes to a show-down, those who work with you day in and day out are the ones who can rightly judge what sort of stuff you are made of—and they all think Ernest Torrence is made of pure gold.

One cannot talk long of Ernest Torrence unless the name of his charming wife is mentioned. She is a little bit of a woman that he could just about carry around on one hand, or perhaps in his pocket as a watch charm. They have one son who is seventeen, and Ernest Torrence is still as devoted to his wife as he was when they were married. Who says theatrical marriages are not a success? It is an honest-to-goodness family, that makes its residence in a thoroughly liveable home at the west end of Hollywood—a home surrounded by trees and foliage, and boasting of a breath-taking library, for Mr. Torrence is an inveterate reader.

As I read over the lines I have penned, it seems that I have cast too much of a halo around Mr. Torrence. I seem to have painted him as an angel in a virginal white shroud, floating on a feathery cloud, and twanging a harp; or else I seem to have given my readers (I love that phrase—it sounds so professional!) the idea (*Continued on page* 29)

Photographs by Richee

The *Torrences* are an honest-to-goodness family that makes its residence in a thoroughly liveable home.

And, below, we find them ensconced in the lawn swing—*Ias—Mrs. Ernest* and *Ernest*, his genial self.

Romance

And the Wizard of Oz

Like many of the screen's comedians, *Larry Semon* has been striving to do more ambitious things. He is no longer content to make the two-reelers which served modestly as fillers in the theaters' programmes and brought him his gold and fame.

Larry has just finished *"The Wizard of Oz,"* in which he is pictured here.

The girl with *Larry* in this picture is his leading lady, *Dorothy Dwan*. Evidently she is everything that a leading lady should be, for *Larry* has decided to make her his leading lady for life.

He even refused to sign a vaudeville contract which took him on tour, despite the fact that it offered him some fabulous and unbelievable sum of money, in order that the nuptials shall not be postponed.

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Any night, at any party, where *"Barbara La Marr"* is present, one can hear men telling me what an enchanting, desirable and altogether irresistible person I am, but if I were not *Barbara La Marr*, they would not notice me at all.

I wouldn't change one experience of my twenty - six years, although my life has been ghastly in many ways. I wouldn't give up one day of hunger. Not one night of fear. All other things have taught me that money isn't all-important.

Photograph by Russell Ball

The True Story of My Life

By Barbara La Marr

THE humorous incident I have referred to had to do with a tea I went to one day some few months ago. In Los Angeles. I went with Jack and I went, wifely and "old-fashioned," as Mrs. Jack Dougherty. I met some very charming people at the tea that day, but not one of them paid any attention to me. No one tried any clever repartee. None of the men flocked about to pay me compliments, obvious, subtle or any kind at all. They didn't even notice me. Just treated me like an average woman, and very average, at that.

All of a sudden, Jack happened to remark, "When my wife finished her last picture . . ."

There came a sort of a buzz, many tongues, all asking, "Are you in pictures?"

I said, "Yes."

"Under the name of Dougherty?"

"No, my name is La Marr."

"No! Not *Barbara* La Marr!" (I couldn't figure out whether I had been complimented or insulted, the way that was said).

Well, I stake my sacred word of honor that no one spoke to anyone else for at least an hour. They all, every man and woman of them, talked directly to and at me. They hadn't recognized me, I think, for

When you're *down* in the world, people don't kiss your feet as they do when you're up. When you learn this you'll have peace of mind and not be stabbed by hurting things.

On the left, *Barbara La Marr* in *"Sandra"*—and, below, an informal photograph showing her in her home.

Photograph by Russell Ball

one or two reasons. One being that I had recently had my hair bobbed and was wearing it in an entirely new way. The other reason is that I think I do not act, in public, as I am doubtless expected to act. When I am out, I am the most conservative woman in the world. I don't like to attract attention and I go out of my way not to do so.

Which reminds me of still another amusing incident that took place about the same time. I was at the Montmartre one night, and Nita Naldi was at a table one or two removed from mine. Nita, by the way, has the most superb figure and the most beautiful hands in the world. Well, that night the place was crowded with tourists who go to Montmartre largely because they know that the movie people are generally there and generally in make-up, being fresh from their respective studios. Nita spied me and yelled, "Hullo, Barbara!" clear across the space between us. The tourists were all eyes. This was rare good fortune, they doubtless thought. This was more than they had bargained for. I had only met Nita once and Helen Lynch, the girl I was with, said that I turned absolutely purple. Later, Nita told me that she simply thought she would give the tourists something to look at and talk about afterward. Nita is like that. She screams things at you, but they *are* things. She's on the level herself, with a gorgeous sense of humor, and she thinks the whole world is with her on the same plane. I would give my soul for those eyes of hers . . . she is gorgeous looking.

I am conservative, but probably it is because I am, I here confess, afraid of being criticized.

Another thing happened in and around that time, just before I left Los Angeles to go to New York. The night before, I think.

A "bunch" took over the red room in the Ambassador Hotel and gave a party for me. They did it all over in royal red and gold, just for us Everyone was there . . . Negri, Chaplin, Lubitsch, Buchowetski . . . dozens of others . . . They were all charming to me, complimenting, kissing my hand, that sort of thing . . . And, the women at least, were doubtless saying in the dressing room, "Why does she cut her gowns so low? She's vaunting her sex appeal" . . . Things like that. No, I'm not cynical. I'm just wise. It's human nature and it happens to others precisely as it happens to me. When you're down they don't get down and kiss your feet as they do when you're *up*. You can't expect it and the way to achieve some peace of mind is to learn as early as possible *not* to expect it and then you'll never be stabbed with hurting things.

Any night, at any party, where "Barbara La Marr" is present, one can hear men telling me what an enchanting, desirable and altogether irresistible person I am, but if I were not Barbara La Marr, they wouldn't notice me at all As witness the party I have just recorded.

It's funny, but it's true. It's life. It's men and women. It's humanity.

In the story of your own life you are, I have observed, expected to make some sort of a summing up. A *resume* of your own conclusions, your philosophy, your favorite this, that and the other thing! What you have decided upon this or that momentous question.

I don't see how that is ever possible. Not until one is an octogenarian, at any rate. Life is so *fluid*. People, times, fortunes, all change. So do opinions. So do hearts. One cannot draw definite conclusions, for the conclusion of today may well be the mistake or regret of tomorrow. And so it goes.

Of course I know what and whom I am fond of—so far. I know what things and what people have seemed the most worth while, the most interesting—to date. Beyond that I cannot go. Nor can anyone, truthfully. Part of the zest of life is that it is a book and every day a page. Whether each page is blank until we, ourselves, write upon it, or whether it is partly written upon and we fill in blank space according to our abilities, is also a gamble. One doesn't know . . .

For me, the thing that was so eminently worth while in my earliest childhood and all through my young girlhood still is the thing worth while. And if I dare to prophesy anything, I will prophesy this—that it always will be. I refer to reading. Books. Friends that never fail. Comrades that are staunch though fortune be adverse and friends lacking.

When, a short time ago, I went to the beach for a rest, I took with me Spinoza, Seneca, Plato, Aristotle, Marcus (*Continued on page* 27)

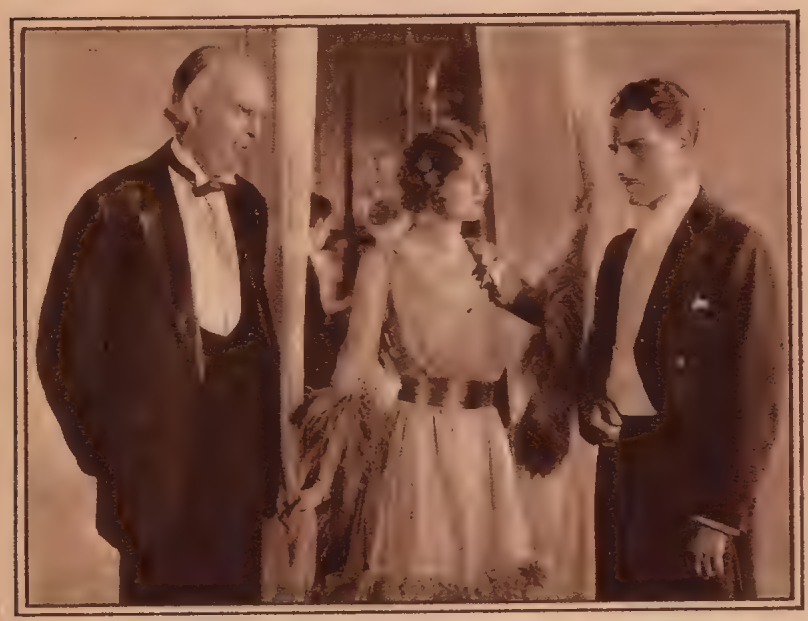
Photograph by Spurr

The Producers Are Betting on Jack

We doubt if there is a motion picture producer who wouldn't like to have *John Gilbert's* name signed to a long-term contract. For the exhibitors have come to recognize *Jack's* drawing power, and that means all sorts of splendid things.

Right now he is giving his time to his role in *"The Merry Widow,"* with *Eric Von Stroheim* behind the megaphone and *Mae Murray* in the titular role.

ACROSS the SCREEN



"A THIEF IN PARADISE"—90%

Reviewed by Alma Talley

There'll probably be two signs side by side in your theater lobby, "A Thief in Paradise" and "Standing Room Only." It's that kind of a picture! It isn't Art; it's full of movie plot and movie devices. But the plot is original, the story is gripping, romantic, and full of suspense, so that interest never lags for a moment. And, as if all this were not enough, the girl fans can sit and break their hearts over Ronald Colman. He is wonderful!

Mr. Colman plays a gentleman of fortune, down on his luck, who falls in with the scheme of an adventuress to pose as a certain millionaire's long-lost son, whose death they have just witnessed. Circumstances make the ruse easy; it is only the hero's conscience which causes trouble—that, and the fact that he spurns his co-schemer's love.

Ronald Colman gives a practically perfect performance and will twist every feminine heart in the audience. Nor are the male fans slighted, for Aileen Pringle, as the vampire, is consistently beautiful, and for those who prefer blondes, there is Doris Kenyon, as the heroine. Doris gives a more feeling performance than usual; anyhow, a girl who looks like Doris contributes quite enough to the world by just looking.

The cast includes: Doris Kenyon, Ronald Colman, Aileen Pringle, Claude Gillingwater, Alec Francis, John Patrick and others.
The picture was directed by George Fitzmaurice.

"THE DANCERS"—75%

Reviewed by Harriette Underhill

When we write that we liked "The Dancers" much better on the screen than we did on the stage, we hasten to add that we considered it one of the least attractive of all the attractions on Broadway last season.

George O'Brien, William Fox's newest star, is seen in the role which Richard Bennett created on the stage. Alma Rubens is the dancer, who eventually wins the hero, and Madge Bellamy is the young society girl who finally danced to her death. Both Miss Rubens and Miss Bellamy do better work than we ever have seen them do before; and Madge Bellamy is so exquisitely beautiful that one forgets everything in gazing at her. The play held a decidedly ticklish situation and we wondered just how the director would handle it on the screen. He has managed very diplomatically, however. So much so that we doubt whether the censors would cut it out, even if one of them happened to know what it meant, which isn't likely. The scenes are laid in Honolulu and in London and the moral of the story is that dancing drives more people mad than cross-word puzzles. "The Dancers" is rather interesting, though not exactly a slice of life.

The cast includes: George O'Brien, Alma Rubens, Madge Bellamy and others.
The picture was directed by Emmett Flynn.

"LOCKED DOORS"—70%

Reviewed by Aline O'Brien

Our predominant impulse as we viewed "Locked Doors" was to shout "hurry" at someone, and that, not because the tension was unendurable, as flames from a burning iron licked the locked door, or yet because the matching flame in the hearts of the young bride and her lover behind that door mounted higher and higher, as the outraged husband beat upon the closed portals with futile fists, but because we saw reel after reel and minute after minute slipping away with nothing being accomplished. 'Tis true, in the end, the kind but elderly husband, after trying in vain to beat down the locked doors of his wife's heart and room, handed her over to the man of her choice, with what is known as a brave but pitiful smile tugging at the corners of his mouth, but as we had seen this done on the screen time and again, we failed to respond. Betty Compson and Theodore Von Eltz are cast as the young lovers—they seem rather uncertain of themselves and their roles, and Robert Edeson is the elderly husband, whose main job is to look hurt and resigned by turns. We found our one consolation for an otherwise gloomy afternoon in the few moments allotted to that lovable old scoundrel, Theodore Roberts.

The cast includes: Betty Compson, Theodore Roberts, Kathlyn Williams, Theodore Von Eltz, Robert Edeson and Elmo Billings.
The picture was directed by William De Mille.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *From now on our reviews will be printed of a uniform size so that they may be kept for future reference. They are written by members of our editorial staff who are skilled critics and whose viewpoints we know to be sane and unbiased. We believe you will find the ratings of special assistance and invite our readers to send in their personal ratings of pictures they see.*

RATING: Excellent, 95%; Good, 90%; Fair, 75%; Poor, 60%

"GREATER THAN MARRIAGE"—80%

Reviewed by Alma Talley

"Greater Than Marriage" starts out as an excellent picture. The story opens with a girl coming in out of the night, rather mysteriously, and a later flashback shows the circumstances which drove her out. So far, so good. Excellent, in fact.

But this intriguing beginning is only to introduce the banal theme of a woman's career versus marriage—and you'd never guess which wins out in the end. Quite so! The fadeout finds our heroine wrapped in her husband's arms with a love-is-best-after-all expression. Perhaps it is.

Lou Tellegen was as charming as possible in the role of the unreasonable husband. An intelligent person like Mr. Tellegen must have found it hard going to play such a dodder-headed role with any sympathy whatever. Marjorie Daw was appealing, as usual, as the unhappy wife.

The alleged comic relief is in the most offensively bad taste and should, by all means, be cut out. Otherwise the picture is well handled and holds one's interest throughout. All those fans who are not antagonized by the theme of the story are sure to find this a really enjoyable picture.

The cast includes: Marjorie Daw, Lou Tellegen, Peggy Kelly, Ed Roseman, Tyrone Power, Effie Shannon, Raymond Bloomer, Dagmar Godowsky, Mary Thurman and others.
The picture was directed by Victor Hugo Halperin.

"THE LOST CHORD"—70%

Reviewed by Catharine Brody

"The Lost Chord" ought to be popular in the small-time theaters. No sure-fire situation is lost in it, though some effort has been made to drag it from the depths of the oldest melodrama on earth by making the ending sweetly sad. The title and the idea, that of sacrifice being rewarded in heaven, as nearly as we could make out, come from Sir Arthur Sullivan's famous song. A musician loves a married lady, who has the usual movie troubles, culminating in the killing of her husband in a duel and the supposed loss of her child, whom he has stolen. She retires to a convent and the musician-lover plays the "Lost Chord" to her from the church next door. The lady dies all of a sudden, for no particular reason, except that the musician may grow old and find her long-lost daughter and become engaged to her, and finally give her up to his young nephew, whom she really loves. He ends playing "The Lost Chord." The whole thing ought to make sixteen-year-olds cry like anything. The titles and the set expressions of the actors are old, old stuff. The casting has been good, however, with David Powell as the musician and Alice Lake and Henry Sedley as the unhappy couple. Faire Binney is a charming lost daughter.

The cast includes: Alice Lake, David Powell, Henry Sedley, Dagmar Godowsky, Faire Binney, Samuel Hines, Charles Mack, Louise Carter, Dorothy Kingdon, Signor Salerno and Rita Maurice.
The picture was directed by Wilfred Noy.

"RIDIN' PRETTY"—65%

Reviewed by Nanette Kutner

The latest Universal attraction is one of those would-be humorous pictures that contains all the old hokum about the wild and woolly West, including our reliable friend—the race with the train. Schoolboys will probably be transported into the proverbial seventh heaven when they see the cowboys 'n' everything.

The story is about stalwart Sky Parker (William Desmond), a cowboy on an Arizona ranch. His rich uncle dies (as all good movie uncles do) and leaves him a fortune on the condition that he lives in the uncle's San Francisco mansion for the space of one year. So Sky, accompanied by six rough cowboys, descends upon San Francisco society. Of course there's a heroine (Ann Forrest), who plans to cheat Sky out of his inheritance. She falls in love with her intended victim, so what can the poor girl do? Why, go away. But she leaves a note, and our brave Sky follows her, so all is well. The girl gets the fortune anyway, for she marries him. And that's that!

As we remarked before, the majority of small boys will enjoy "Ridin' Pretty," but as for adults—well, that's a different story!

The cast includes: William Desmond, Ann Forrest and others.
The picture was directed by Arthur Rosson.

Rehearsing a love sequence for *"The Dixie Handicap."* *Lloyd Hughes* and *Claire Windsor* portray the story's "he and she," while *John Sainpolis* and *Reginald Barker* look on approvingly.

Below, *Dorothy Mackaill* doesn't admit to any great longing for a director's career but, nevertheless, she thinks it would be amusing to stand behind her director's mammoth megaphone during the progress of just one scene.

"Never the Twain Shall Meet" has been finished despite the *Cross Word Puzzle* epidemic which claims as three of its victims *Bert Ltell, Director Tourneur* and *Anita Stewart,* the mainstays of this forthcoming production.

On the Set

MILDRED DAVIS, Harold Lloyd's wife, was cut by broken glass during a fire which destroyed Harold's stage at the Hollywood Studios recently. Poor Harold seems to be followed up by some hard luck jinx, for this is the third disaster in which he has figured in the past month or so. Mrs. Lloyd was visiting the Hollywood Studio for the first time in a year and was posing for photographs when the flames, caused by a short circuit, broke out on a nearby stage. The glass roof was shattered by the heat. The smoke confused her and she was carried to safety by a cameraman. Harold was not at the studio at the time. The set, showing a hotel ballroom and one of the largest ever used in the comedian's productions, was destroyed. The damage was estimated at twenty-five thousand dollars. Harold arrived just as the firemen had extinguished the blaze and Mrs. Lloyd was treated at the studio hospital.

SHORTLY after the death of Thomas H. Ince, negotiations were entered into between West Coast producers and the Ince corporation for the engagement of various stars whose services had been contracted for by Mr. Ince. Mary Astor, who held a long-term contract, is now at work with Douglas Fairbanks on his forthcoming United Artists' production. Florence Vidor, who was one of Ince's brightest stars, will be seen hereafter in Paramount pictures.

MR. JESSE LASKY has just stated that Gloria Swanson's contract with Famous Players-Lasky has another year to run, so, of course, that upsets all the promising rumors which were published about the fair Gloria's business plans, last week. It is now expected that Miss Swanson will make at least six more pictures for Famous and those all in Paris.

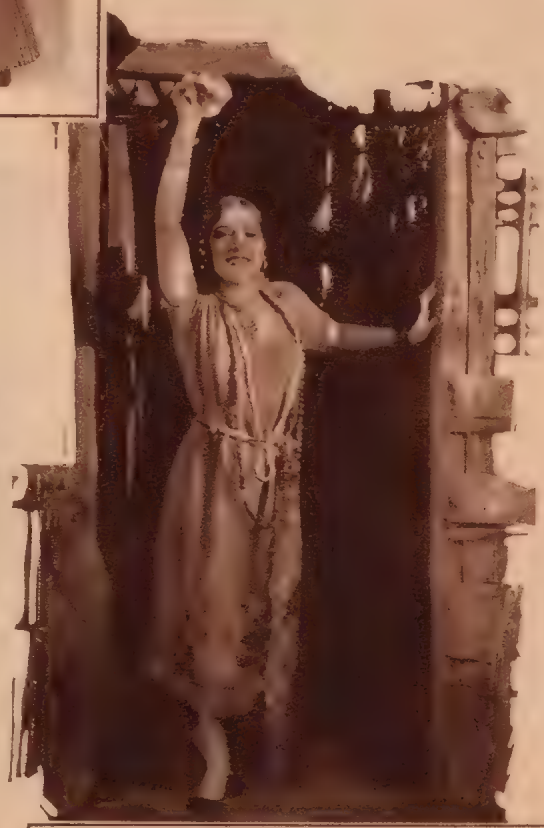
SUIT has been filed against Mrs. Antonio Moreno to recover $50,000 worth of stock belonging to Al G. Faulkner, whose estate went into bankruptcy in 1921. It is declared that the stock was turned over to J. M. Danziger, former husband of Mrs. Moreno, as security on a $10,000 loan, and that Mr. Danziger transferred the stock to his wife, who, it is said, concealed the fact that she had this stock when the Faulkner estate went into bankruptcy.

Mrs. Moreno, who is one of the richest women in California, was served with papers in the suit as she and Mr. Moreno

The picture at the left might aptly be titled *"Revenge."* *Raymond McKee* gives *Noah Beery* some of the medicine he has given him during the filming of *"Contraband"* . . . and *William Collier, Jr.* does likewise to *Wallace Beery,* with whom he recently engaged in a cinematic battle in *"The Devil's Cargo."*

It has frequently been easy enough for *Aileen Pringle* to appear bewilderingly beautiful. "Fine feathers," so they say, "make fine birds" . . . and *Aileen's* gowns and wraps have been lovely to behold. However, *Aileen* makes equally legitimate claims to beauty in this simple, off-stage snapshot taken during the filming of *"A Thief in Paradise."*

and Off



On the extreme right of this trio of *"Bowery toughs"* is *Norma Shearer,* as she will appear in *"Lady of the Night."*

Incidentally, everyone in the profession predicts a brilliant future for *Norma.*

were boarding the train for a trip to Europe, where the handsome Antonio is to appear in Rex Ingram's production of "Mare Nostrum."

FANS who follow up the Western pictures will be interested in the new cowboy star, a lean, six-foot, typical Westerner, called Yakima Canutt. Mr. Canutt is at present appearing in a series of Western dramas produced and directed by Ben Wilson for Arrow Pictures Corporation, the most recent of which are "The Strange Rider," "Wolves of the Road" and "A Two-Fisted Sheriff."

ESTELLE TAYLOR has been granted a divorce from Kenneth M. Peacock, and though no specific date has been set for her marriage to Jack Dempsey, Jack promises it is to take place in the month of weddings—June.

ALMA RUBENS has filed suit for divorce from her husband, Dr. Daniel C. Goodman, charging cruelty. Miss Rubens was first married to Franklyn Farnum, actor, whom she also charged in her divorce proceeding with cruelty. Now Hollywood whispers that Ricardo Cortez is impatiently waiting to claim the lovely Alma's hand.

HOPE HAMPTON is to appear on the screen again for Associated Exhibitors in "Fifty-Fifty," with Lionel Barrymore. Miss Hampton recently deserted the screen for musical comedy, but the lure of the silver sheet proved too much for her.

FOR the purpose of providing a home and means of sustenance for members of the motion picture profession who are in straitened circumstances, in ill health or incapable of work because of age or infirmity, thirty-one of the leading figures in the local film colony, including Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks and other noted stars, have organized the Motion Picture Relief Fund of America, Inc.

The money so raised is to be invested in interest-bearing securities, the income therefrom to be used for the betterment of the condition and welfare of persons engaged in the motion picture profession and their families, and the aged, indigent and sick of the profession.

IF you're a movie fan, and wonder sometimes if the stars appreciate your admiration, listen to this.

Antonio Moreno and his wife broke their trip to New York, whence they sailed for Europe, in order to spend a day with Tony's oldest fan. Since Tony made his first appearance on the silver sheet twelve years ago, Margaret Lee and her husband, of Chicago, have seen every

We haven't been able to get any new photographs of *Marion Davies* lately, because she has worked night and day on *"Zander the Great."* This informal glimpse of her and *"Buddy"* was taken between scenes . . . but it presents a likeable and natural *Marion.*

John Steel, the famous *American* tenor, spent his recent vacation at *Edmund Lowe's Hollywood* home. And this picture finds these friends with *Lilyan Tashman, Edmund's* affianced bride, on the *Lowe* lawn exercising their vocal powers.

Harry Salon, the artist, is a friend of *Rex Ingram's*. And the two enjoyed many afternoons together talking of recent art exhibits before *Ingram* left for *Europe* . . . *Ingram* being a sculptor of no mean note himself.

picture in which he has appeared. Mrs. Lee wrote Tony his first fan letter, one which encouraged him to continue with his screen career.

For several years, Tony has been attempting to find time to stop in Chicago and express in person his appreciation of Mr. and Mrs. Lee's loyalty. He finally determined to do so on this trip, and he and Mrs. Moreno personally called on the Lees.

So, if your favorite movie star calls on you one of these days, don't be too much surprised. Such things do happen.

THE latest prodigal to return to the screen is Ethel Clayton, who will soon be seen on the silver sheet in "The Mansion of Aching Hearts," a Preferred Picture, in which Clara Bow will be featured.

THEODORE ROBERTS has been sued for $1,024 for "services rendered," by Dr. Theodore Baker, a Pittsburg physician.

The doctor declares that he cared for the actor, during the latter's illness in Pittsburg last year, and has not yet been paid any part of the amount due.

BEATRICE JOY is hard at work on "The Dressmaker from Paris," and seems happy to be back in the atmosphere of Kleig lights and greasepaint once more.

Supporting her in this picture are Alan Forrest, Ernest Torrence and Mildred Harris.

ALL the Harold Bell Wright admirers will be glad to hear that "The Winning of Barbara Worth" is to be filmed this coming year.

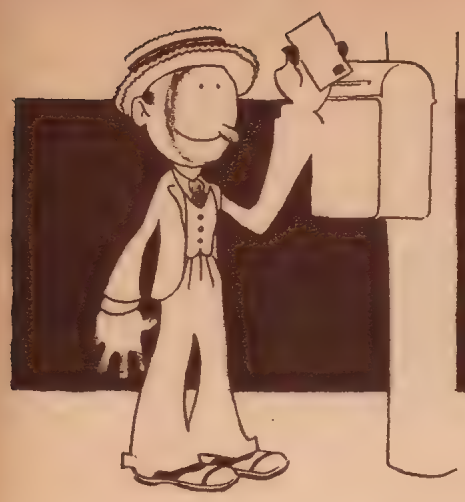
The picture will be made almost in its entirety in Imperial Valley, using the backgrounds depicted by Wright when the story was taking form. No cast has yet been chosen. The production will be made by Principal Pictures Corporation.

I CAUGHT a glimpse of Wyndham Standing strolling down the Boulevard in the sunshine the other morning. Mr. Standing has just returned from an extended trip abroad, spent in picture making in London, Paris and Berlin. He declares that American-made pictures are achieving a greater popularity than ever in Europe, and that American technique is recognized as being far ahead of that of any other motion picture producing nation.

Mr. Standing's views on the subject are particularly interesting, as he himself is British born. Recently, however, he took out his jolly old naturalization papers. With that accent, that stride and that pipe, though, he'll never pass for native Iowan!

WITH twenty new stories for production by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Harry Rapf, production executive, has arrived in Hollywood.

Mr. Rapf announces that he has purchased the motion picture rights of ten original stories, five novels and five stage successes, which is a record in the wholesale purchase of original stories. (*Cont. on page* 33)



The Colonel

This department is for the service of our readers. No charge whatever is made for the answering of questions, whatever their number. However, if a personal reply is requested, we ask that you send a stamped, addressed envelope. All letters should contain the name and address of the writer and, if it is desired that a fictitious name be used in the publication, this name should also be written at the bottom of the letter.

Are you curious to know if your favorite screen star is married . . . where he was born . . . or the name of his new picture? If so, write to the COLONEL at Movie Weekly, 1926 Broadway, New York City.

GILLIE—Yes, I get tired answering questions, but I'd get just as tired watching, if I were a watchman, or conducting, if I were a street car conductor. Conrad Nagel is twenty-nine; he lives at 1846 Cherokee Ave., Hollywood. John Gilbert is thirty: write him at the Los Angeles Athletic Club. Ramon Novarro is twenty-six. He is in Rome at present, making "Ben Hur," but you can write him at the Metro-Goldwyn Office, 1540 Broadway, New York. I have no information as yet about Victor Varconi, but you might be able to reach him at the Famous Players' Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood. I don't believe Ian Torrence, Ernest's son, has been playing in pictures—at least I have seen no mention of his doing so.

REGGY THE PEANUT GIRL—I do hope no one feeds you to the monkeys. Gloria's leading man in "The Humming Bird" was Edward Burns. He has been abroad for some time.

HYGIENE—No, it isn't a chronic cold in the head which makes Mae Murray wear her mouth open; that half smile is just part of her screen personality. "Meddling Women" was released in New York about mid-November. There has been another Lionel Barrymore picture since, called "I Am the Man."

COCK-EYED—Don't I think Mae Murray is ugly? Say, what is this, a conspiracy between you and HYGIENE to give poor Mae a black eye—or a cold in the head? I think Mae is rather charming myself. Gladys Brockwell's latest picture is "So Big." I don't believe Jack Mower has played in any recent pictures. Jack is thirty-five years old. Norma Talmadge is in Paris. Rod La Rocque's latest picture is "The Golden Bed." Mae Murray is in her thirties and is a Christian Scientist. I really don't know the religions of the other players you ask about. What picture of Pola Negri's do you refer to?

CURIOUS BLUE EYES—What's curious about them? Alberta Vaughn is twenty-two; her address is F. B. O. Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood. No, I don't believe she has arrived at the point where she would have a butler. Did you wish to apply for the job? George O'Hara is not related to her. Pola Negri is about thirty and Gloria in her late twenties. Yes, I have had movie stars in my home.

DUMB-BELL LIZ—Then I suppose every time anyone takes you walking, he's exercising with a dumb-bell. Ethel Clayton is about thirty. She has been playing in vaudeville since her retirement from the screen several years ago. Barbara La Marr's next picture is "Hail and Farewell." She is about twenty-seven. Valentino is now working on "Cobra." Betty Bronson was born in Trenton, N. J., seventeen years ago. Yes, she is to keep on starring, her next picture being "Are Parents People?" Betty's present home is in Hollywood. "North of 36" was released about the end of December.

BLUE EYES—Of course I'll excuse your writing. I've excused worse things than that. Besides, what's the matter with it? Ben Lyon's address is Biograph Studio, 807 E. 175th St., New York. Pauline Garon lives at 7139 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, and Pauline Starke at 410 N. Normandie Place, Los Angeles. I don't know any address for Betty Bronson but Famous Players Studio, Hollywood. Betty is about 5 feet tall. Norma Shearer is 5 feet 3, Agnes Ayres about the same.

DOT—If the movie magazines slam Madge Bellamy, it's probably because they don't consider her much of an actress. I'm glad you like her; I suppose she has plenty of admirers.

A MOVIE BUG—Since you want your answers "sometime in 1925," I can't kick at your impatience, can I? Milton Sills is in his forties and is 6 feet tall, weighing 160. He has blond hair and gray eyes; he lives at 1320 Crescent Heights Blvd., Hollywood. Richard Dix is thirty, is 6 feet tall, weighs 185 and has brown hair and eyes. His address is Famous Players Studio, Astoria, L. I. Clara Bow is about 5 feet 2 and has brown eyes. The last time I saw her, her hair was red. Her address is Schulberg Studios, 3800 Mission Road, Hollywood. Dorothy Devore is 5 feet 2, weighs 115 and has brown hair and eyes. She lives at 4560 Hollywood Blvd., Los Angeles. I don't know her age. Louise Lorraine is twenty-three, 5 feet 1, weighs 104 and has black hair and brown eyes.

M. G.—For a girl who "doesn't know just how to write it," you did very well, indeed. Ronald Colman is about thirty-three. His latest picture is "A Thief in Paradise." He, Bert Lytell, Claire Windsor and Marion Davies are all working at United Studios, 5341 Melrose Ave., Hollywood.

A RAMON NOVARRO ADMIRER—See GILLIE. Sorry, but Rudolph's home address is not made public. He is working at Ritz Studios, 5341 Melrose Ave. Robert Vignola gives his permanent address as the New York Athletic Club, West 57th St., New York.

MISS SHIRLEY SPARKS—Gloria Swanson is in Paris at present, but her photographs are probably being sent from the Famous Players Studio, Astoria, L. I. You might write her there.

M. E. J.—I was present at a Christmas party given to Betty Bronson by Famous Players, at which it was announced that she was to play "Are Parents People?" See DUMB-BELL LIZ.

LOEW'S STATE ATTENDANT—Yes, I, too, admire John Gilbert and Aileen Pringle. John was recently divorced from Leatrice Joy. See GILLIE. He has been working for several months on "The Merry Widow," Mae Murray's next picture. Aileen Pringle lives at 1450 Seward St., Hollywood. She is married, but does not live with her husband, as he did not wish her to have a career.

DOT—Dots all over the page today. Rod La Rocque lives at 1756 Orchid Ave., Los Angeles. Valentino is working at United Studios; see M. G. and GILLIE.

RED HOT MAMMA—I suppose you're even hotter because you didn't get an answer in the next issue. You must allow time for printing, you know. No, Gaston Glass isn't married. The latest home address I have for him is Formosa Apartments, Hollywood, California.

What Our Readers Think of Us

This Week's $10.00 Prize Letter

My first letter written in the new year goes to you in praise of your splendid Movie Weekly. I have been partial to this magazine for a long time, for, to me, it is most delightful, refreshing, home-like and interesting. The different departments are each a pleasure. They all intrigue your interest. I am greatly interested in the autobiographies of the stars. I have always longed to know the "inside facts" of my favorites' lives and I read their stories with great relish. It is an excellent idea to have the signatures of the stars at the beginning of each instalment. It adds a personal touch and makes the story seem more vivid and real, for the fans like to feel that the star has really written the story and not a press agent. I always refer to "Across the Screen" when I am contemplating seeing a picture. The reviews are so clever, clear and true that I rely on them entirely and I am rarely disappointed in choosing an evening's entertainment. "On the Set and Off" is so newsy and so intimate that it is sure to interest the fan with its first-hand knowledge of what the stars are doing each day. Norma Talmadge is a gracious lady to give so much of her time to the questions of her fans and "The Colonel" is certainly a jolly soul with his wise remarks. He seems to have all the information in the world on the tip of his pen. The cross-word puzzles are my delight. They add just the right, up-to-the-minute touch that is so characteristic of Movie Weekly. I'd love to see John Gilbert and Norma Shearer on the cover soon. Kindest wishes for the continued success and growth of your magazine.

LUCILE PICKENS,
High Point, North Carolina.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

This Week's $5.00 Prize Letter

MISS PAULETTE HALLINGER,
Lancaster, New York.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

This Week's $3.00 Prize Letter

MISS SARAH M. CARLIN,
West Conshohocken, Pennsylvania.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Honorable Mention

MISS R. MARY LONDON,
Du Bois, Pennsylvania.

IF I WERE YOU

By Norma Talmadge

Photograph by Kenneth Alexander

Discouraged: Not a very good pseudonym for one of twenty-two who has a "burning ambition" to carve out a career for herself as an author and scenario writer. Even though you have written reams of stuff during the past four years, without achieving a shred of success, you mustn't give up in despair. You must remember that you began rather young, probably before you knew very much about life, and so were unable to depict it with realism. Your technique, too, may have been at fault. Not knowing the quality of your work, I cannot advise you whether you should continue to write or not. Many successful men and women knew lean years before they were able to attain recognition.

I suggest that you send your more recent manuscripts, which you feel are superior to your earlier efforts, direct to the scenario departments of whatever motion picture companies you feel they are best suited to. There is no need to copyright them, as this would entail an unnecessary expense in case a manuscript is not accepted.

Corleone: You are the direct antithesis of *Discouraged*. In fact, you are as optimistic a young man as I have heard from in a long time. You know exactly what you want and you are not going to lose any more time than you have to in going after it. You are saving your money to go to Hollywood. You aren't one bit afraid of conditions which you say you know exist there because so many others have gone before you in an endeavor to get into the movies. Well, my dear boy, you are young enough to get over the hurt of disillusion—if there be that for you, which I hope not—and old enough to take care of yourself and wise enough to know the value of money, since you have made your own for a number of years.

If you enjoy dancing more than anything else and your instructors, wherever you have studied, have encouraged you to continue your work, I think it is wise for you to go on with it. If you find it the best means of self-expression, you will doubtless be better able to succeed in it than anything else.

R. S.: A girl of thirteen with dark brown hair wants to know what colors will be most becoming to her. She has neglected, though, to tell me what color her eyes are and whether her skin is fair or dark. There are so many lovely new shades for the coming spring that you need not have any fear that there will not be plenty for you to choose from. If your eyes are brown, you will be able to wear warm shades better than if they are blue.

K. L. P.: I am sorry that I am unable to read your scenarios. Much as I should like to help you, it is impossible for me to comply with such a request, as there are hundreds of other people who are asking the same thing and I could not do it for you unless I did it for all the others as well.

D. J. H.: Your slimness may be due to the fact that you are not assimilating your food. Exercise in the open air will help you in this respect. If you take enough milk, provided it agrees with you, there is no doubt that you will gain flesh. Olive oil is taken by those who wish to gain and by those who wish to lose weight, as it is a lubricant and has a tendency to keep the system in good working condition.

I cannot give you any advice concerning the products which you mention. I am inclined to think that natural methods, such as proper food and exercise, will do more for you than anything else.

Superstitious: I don't believe that people are as superstitious nowadays as they used to be. There is really no reason why certain numbers and days and signs should have the power to influence our lives. If that were the case, we might as well give up all hope and wait for misfortune to befall us. Many people look upon thirteen as their lucky number and Friday or Saturday as good days. Don't (*Continued on page* 29)

Cross Word Puzzle Contest

(Continued from page 7)

Here is a suggestion for added puzzle solving fascination that may not have occurred to you. You will have learned through your study of the rules that Rule No. 9 provides for the participation of as many members of a family as care to enter the contest. This arrangement was made by Movie Weekly because it was realized that in many thousands of homes cross word puzzle solving has become a matter of spirited and enjoyable competition, regardless of the outside contests or even in connection with them. If you have not already sampled the fun of working out your solutions against the puzzle solving skill of other's in your home, you have missed a real part of the enjoyment puzzles provide. Start personal competition with this present puzzle and you will continue it through the series.

Life Story of Barbara La Marr

(Continued from page 18)

Aurelius, Alexander the Great and Elbert Hubbard. A glorious company. I think that Elbert Hubbard is the greatest philosopher that ever lived. When I arrived at the beach, friends of mine said, "She's come for a vacation and look at what she's brought!"

I have read them since I was twelve. I'm reading them now. I shall always read them.

Modern novels really don't interest me. I rather like Wells . . . one or two others . . . but as a rule I find myself reading two or three pages of a "new" book and at the same time I find myself going over some scene I have done in the studio that day and wishing I had done it some other way. Then I go back and try over again. My whole attention is seldom fully captured.

I like Ben Hecht . . . especially "Eric Dorn." He's clever and he wrote a chapter in a book of his that is, to my mind, a perfect analysis of the male mind. He is the only man up to our present day who has had the courage to put down in black and white the way a man's mind works. If a woman had written that book, people would say, "How could a woman know a man's mind?" But many a woman, I think, will want to know what is in her husband's mind after reading that book.

Hergesheimer I like. I loved "Java Head."

And, incidentally, Pearl Doles Bell, the woman who wrote "Sandra," writes awfully well. Clever as she can be.

I think that I have read everything of Lafcadio Hearn's. He is as delicate and elusive as a breeze. Marvelous.

But of all this reading, I don't know, in line with what I said about the indefiniteness of conclusions, that I have evolved any set philosophy of these men. Yet everyone of them is different. Socrates is utterly divided from Aristotle. In them one can find anything one especially wants and needs and just live up to that. I have, I think, taken a little bit of the philosophy of each and applied it to my own life and my own thinking as I go along.

I HAVE so often been asked about movie people I admire. I admire almost all of them, as a matter of fact. Though my admirations may not be founded just as are the admirations of others. Such as the fact that I think Lewis Stone's eyes are wonderful. I thought that they were black and I found that they are slate blue. Lewis Stone, to me, is far more fascinating than the most dashing young juvenile. He has reserve. He has shadings. His eyes will laugh when his face is perfectly serious, and sometimes he will laugh with his mouth while his eyes are foreboding and detached.

I like to play with Lewis Stone. With Ramon Novarro and Bert Lytell.

Morgan Wallace and Leon Gordon, too. Henry B. Walthall, by the way, is an artist to his fingertips.

Among directors I am keenly fond of working with are Fred Niblo and Maurice Tourneur and the director of "Sandra," Arthur Sawyer, who has managed and guided my screen career so skillfully for the past two years and who is one of the greatest producing executives we have in the film industry. I like to work with Louis Gasnier. Some people find him difficult to get on with because he has the habit of shrieking at them, throwing up his arms; that sort of thing. But not with me. We wouldn't have made pictures if he had. He has temperament and so has Maurice Tourneur. I have long thought that people seldom understand Maurice.

Gasnier would say, for instance, tossing up his arms, "My God, that's not what I want!"

A great many women on his sets have been insulted. He wasn't being insulting. You just hadn't given him what he had to have. An American might, possibly, walk up to you, tip his hat and say, "No, my dear, you haven't given me what I want"—but back of the Latin nature there is so much more excitability. One has got to take that into account.

I have said what I think of Nazimova and of Nita Naldi. To me, the greatest little comedienne we have is Dorothy Gish. She's good enough to eat and thoroughly adorable.

It's hard for me to go on in detail, I would go on for so long. I like most people . . . Richard Dix is charming to work with . . . I like Negri when Negri *is* Negri . . .

After all, there is only one touchstone, one test of a person to me—*naturalness*. I cannot abide affectation. After all, to be real, to be human, what can be more worth while? Would anyone want to sit all afternoon and look at a painting, an animated doll? Not a bit of it. People in one pose, or always acting the same, are soon unendurable.

AFTER all, then, the one conclusion I have come to is not by any means mine. It is what everyone, no doubt, considers the greatest thing in life. *Happiness.* Real happiness. Not vying for sensational standards or for false pedestals, but the happiness that wells up from within and that cannot be taken away by external happenings. *Ah, you can't get it!* You know you can't. But that's what makes it so eternally worth while. Cows grazing in a pasture—that's content. But happiness . . . nebulous . . . fragmentary . . . the will o' the wisp . . . now in a good book . . . now in the eyes of a friend . . . now in being hungry . . . there and there . . .

Go through twenty-six years of what I have been through and you will all agree with me. I have had a ghastly life in many ways, but I wouldn't change one iota of it. Not one day of hunger. Not one night of fear. Not one experience. Not one wish that I had a gown or one depressing moment when I knew the hat didn't match or the phone didn't ring. Money is a means to an end and all things are comparative.

Happiness . . . that's all . . .

THE END.

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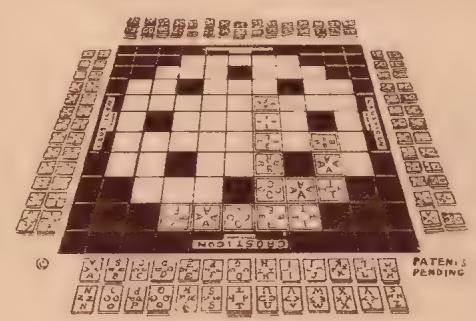

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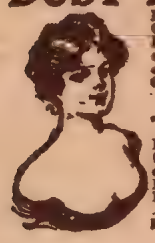

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Hollywood's Four Hundred

(*Continued from page 6*)

filmdom's elite. I recall attending one of his parties, given during the war for officers of the French High Commission. One of the officers told me that he and his companions, who were on their way to Siberia, had lost all interest in and enjoyment of life, until they reached Los Angeles and met Mickey Neilan. He had restored their zest for life, and they were loath to continue on their journey.

Neilan would always procure the best orchestra obtainable when he gave a party. Indeed, on one occasion, he invited Peggy Hopkins Joyce to supper as his only guest, and had Abe Lyman's Ambassador Hotel Orchestra, one of the most famous in the country, play for them during the entire evening.

Gloria Swanson, too, gave Hollywood much to talk about when she entertained at her magnificent Beverly Hills home. Probably no one in the film colony, excepting Neilan, has ever given such lavis hparties as Gloria used to give. She left the Coast two years ago, and is now showing Paris how to entertain. Certainly there is no one like her in Hollywood today.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Mix entertain with delightful yachting parties in the summertime. The Mix yacht, Miss Mixit, is one of the finest on the Coast, and she can be seen clipping through the azure waters to Catalina with a group of nattily clad film folk aboard. The Mixes own a beautiful home at Catalina, on a high bluff overlooking the ocean, and right next door to the home of Zane Grey, famed author of Western stories. A staff of servants keeps the house open during the entire summer, and Mr. and Mrs. Mix, with a few intimate friends, spend the week-ends there. Mr. and Mrs. Monte Blue, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lloyd, Mr. and Mrs. Lynn Reynolds, Ruth Roland and Marion Nixon, are frequently their guests.

The Flintridge estate of Mr. and Mrs. James Cruze (Betty Compson), is the mecca toward which many film people turn when the week-end leaves them free of studio duties. The Cruzes, in their lovely home, approach that ideal of California hospitality of which Jack London used to write so feelingly.

Glenn Hunter is invariably their guest when he is on the Coast, and various other stars are frequent visitors, including Viola Dana, Louise Dresser and Jane Winton. Other guests are Howard Greer, chief designer for Famous Players-Lasky; Julia Herron, interior decorator; Karl Brown, cameraman; and Walter Woods, scenario writer. Mr. and Mrs. Otto Meek are also numbered among their close friends. Mr. Meek became acquainted with Jimmie Cruze when the latter obtained permission to film "The Covered Wagon" on the Meek ranch in Utah. So interested did the rancher become in the film people that he sold his great ranch and now lives at Flintridge. One is always certain to meet a variety of interesting people at the Cruze week-end parties.

An evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Pat O'Malley is certain to be a lively and entertaining affair. Music forms a leading diversion in the O'Malley circle, and two of their closest friends are Roy Ingram, popular song composer, and his sister, who is in vaudeville. "Alabama Black Sheep" and "Cross-Eyed Poppa" had their origin in the O'Malley home. Among the screen stars who are frequent guests of the O'Malleys are Helene Chadwick, Shirley Mason, Viola Dana and Mr. and Mrs. Raymond McKee (Marguerite Courtot).

Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Nagel do not entertain extensively, but when they do give a dinner party, one finds among their guests Mr. and Mrs. Jack Holt, Mr. and Mrs. Ernst Lubitsch, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Franklin, Leatrice Joy, Lois Wilson, Beverly Bayne and Ronald Colman.

Elinor Glyn occupies a suite at the Ambassador Hotel and it is there that she does most of her entertaining. She gives a dinner each week in her apartment or in the hotel dining-room, after which the guests dance in the Cocoanut Grove. Marion Davies, Charlie Chaplin and Aileen Pringle are among her closest friends. At the Glyn parties one almost invariably finds a fascinating Russian prince or royal exile of some other country.

Marion Davies has given several delightful parties since she became domiciled in her Beverly Hills home. Her swimming pool is a popular gathering place during the summer months, and at both afternoon and evening affairs one may find Norma and Constance Talmadge, Seena Owen, Alma Rubens, Anita Stewart, Ralph Graves, Matt Moore, Jack Gilbert, Ricardo Cortez and various other celebrities. Miss Davies, like most of the visiting stars from New York, enjoys having a wide circle of friends around her, and she is frequently the guest of honor at supper parties given at the Ambassador or Biltmore.

Lew Cody is one of Hollywood's most popular bachelors and is welcomed everywhere. Few actors in Hollywood have the *entree* that he has, and his friends are countless. Perhaps his closest personal friend is Cliff Durant, the millionaire racing driver. Among his friends in the picture colony are Marshall Neilan, Blanche Sweet, Ruth Roland, Claire Windsor, the Moore brothers, Tom, Matt and Owen, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Kerry, Mr. and Mrs. Eric Von Stroheim and Mr. and Mrs. Adolphe Menjou. It would be impossible to enumerate them all. Lew plays the piano, reads French-Canadian poetry to an entranced audience and is famous for his "delicatessen suppers," to which actors and newspaper people are frequently invited.

Several of Hollywood's stellar bachelors live in hotels or at the Hollywood Athletic Club, but Edmund Lowe is an exception to this rule. Lowe is a devotee of good music and whenever grand opera stars are in Los Angeles, they are entertained at his home. Tito Schipa, famous tenor of the Chicago Grand Opera company, was his guest during the singer's recent operatic appearance here, and John Steel, star of the Music Box Revue, was also the actor's guest when he appeared here on the Orpheum circuit not long ago. One invariably finds a representation from among the prominent musicians of the city, when Edmund Lowe gives a party.

Huntley Gordon gives "squash" parties—doesn't that sound British?—at the Hollywood Athletic Club. These are stag affairs (of course not the kind of stag which, at eve has drunk his fill), and are usually attended by Wallace MacDonald, Edmund Lowe and Bert Lytell.

And the girls have their fun, too. Helene Chadwick spends many evenings with the Five O'Malleys, meaning Pat, Mrs. Pat and their three little daughters. She and Corinne Griffith, Zasu Pitts and Leatrice Joy are also very good friends.

Louise Fazenda, strange as it may seem, knows very few film people intimately. Louise goes oftener to the homes of some of the old Los Angeles families, where she knows all the leading social workers. She is particularly interested in social work.

The affairs of Our Club and The Regulars have been written up too often to bear repetition here, even if space permitted. The former club is frequently entertained by Mrs. Harold Lloyd (Mildred Davis), and when Mildred invites the girls over for the evening, Harold and his pal, Bill Russell, slip away and leave the Lloyd mansion to the girls.

Members of Our Club, who gather around Mildred and admire the Lloyd baby are, Helen Ferguson, Patsy Miller, Carmelita Geraghty, Gloria Hope, May McAvoy, Julanne Johnston, Virginia Valli, Laura La Plante, Ruth Dwyer, Virginia Fox, Clara Horton, Edna Murphy, Gertrude Olmsted, Lillian Rich, Leatrice Joy, Carmel Myers, Lois Wilson, Zasu Pitts and Vola Vale.

The Regulars include Jobyna Ralston, Duane Thompson, Priscilla Bonner, Marjorie Bonner, Virginia Brown Faire, Marion Nixon, Mary Philbin, Vera Reynolds, Ruth Clifford, Lucille Hatton, Molly Malone, Pauline Garon, Maryon Aye, Dorothy Devore and Kathleen Key.

These girls spend their time much in the manner of all young girls of good family. Afternoons find them at the Country Club or horseback riding at Beverly Hills, while their evenings are frequently spent with one another or at the Ambassador, with one or more devoted suitors in attendance.

If I Were You

(*Continued from page* 26)

let these things trouble you. Try not to associate such things, taken as signs, with incidents in your life.

I. G.: I think, my dear, that the best thing for you to do is to go to your mother and tell her how much her thoughtless words have hurt you. I am sure that she does not realize how you shrink from a nickname that springs from a physical affliction. Ridicule is one of the cruellest methods one can employ. Your mother, in her anxiety to influence you to her way of doing things, does not realize how extreme is her method. Be brave enough to take things in your hands before you do anything else, and face her with the fact of how you feel. Do not do it in anger, but with all sincerity, so that she will be convinced of her mistake.

Do not try to capitalize your affliction. It may be that something can be done for you as you grow older. Science has done much along this line in helping others, and there may be an opportunity for you.

Norma: You have a good voice which you want to develop so that you may become a professional singer. Your father has decided that the best thing for you to do is to stay at home and wait for the right man to come along. You aren't one bit interested in waiting for him. Instead, you want to find your happiness in work. Your mother is in sympathy with you and is willing to help you in every way, even traveling with you if you should have to do that. I think if I were you I would bend every effort toward having my voice cultivated. If you can't win your father over through persuasion, why not earn enough money to pay for your own lessons? The city in which you live is large enough for you to do this.

M. B.: You want to know just how a girl can prevent the boys with whom she goes out from "petting" her. You don't want to hurt their feelings, but at the same time you want them to understand that you are not "that sort of girl." Well, I think the best thing to do is to tell them just that in plain English. You can be just as "good a sport," just as lively as the rest and still maintain your self-respect. You are not going to lose their friendship because you want to live up to certain standards. In cases where this may happen, you will be much better off for not knowing that type of boy and you will doubtless attract to yourself, eventually, those who will appreciate you for your stand.

The Ernest Torrence I Know

(*Continued from page* 15)

that he is too good for this world and that he might be glimpsed on Hollywood Boulevard waving a palm leaf, chanting "Hallelujah!" and benignly dropping coppers in beggars' tin cups. I'd hate to give anyone such an impression of any human being—it savors of a useless existence. For that reason, I rack my brains to think of a fault.

Ah, here it is! He is far too unpretentious. In this day of "intensive competition"—as I have sagely told—the more you talk about what you have done, the greater chance you stand of being chosen to play the lead in the season's superspecial. And that's just what Ernest Torrence doesn't do. He is so reticent and modest in telling of his accomplishments that a casual acquaintance is not aware of his extraordinary intelligence. His friends were overjoyed when he recently came into the sun of success and fame, for, as it is in the vernacular, "we knew he had it in him!"

When one looks up the birth records of some of our foremost leading men, one is slightly shocked to see how very near the half-century mark the majority of them are. But one takes it for granted that Ernest Torrence has scaled the summit of the fifty-year mark and is now slowly coasting into a ripe old age. Not so! He is considerably younger than a great number of our handsome heroes, and I firmly believe that if he were given the opportunity to play a romantic hero and were stripped of his grotesque make-up, he would be an outstanding success as a leading man. He has that "something" that is known as good breeding and refinement.

Who knows but what the future may make Ernest Torrence a celebrated leading man? If it does, I shall sit back with folded hands and say, "I told you so!"

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Life Story of Rod La Rocque

(*Continued from page* 19)

Evidently something had gone wrong with our supposedly well-laid plans.

Presently, when it was evident that nothing was forthcoming concerning my theatrical debut, Uncle Bill said: "Well, what did you think of Rod's performance in the second act?"

"What?" questioned my mother.

"What?" echoed my father.

"Why, the little boy in the second act was Rod," said my uncle.

They wouldn't believe him! My costume and make-up had altered my usual appearance somewhat, I suppose, and as nothing was farther from their thoughts than that I might be in the cast of "Salomy Jane," an honest-to-goodness actor, I had gone quite unnoticed. Our "great surprise" had fallen flat.

When Uncle Bill showed them a program with my name on it, and finally convinced them that I had been in the play, I can't say that they seemed particularly pleased. But the seed of ambition had been sown in me and I knew, even at that age, that a career in the theater was the only one that would make me happy.

My uncle was most sympathetic and encouraged me in my ambition. He presently won my parents over, and they permitted me to remain in the cast of "Salomy Jane," as it was summer vacation time and my schooling was not interfered with in any way. Of course, father and mother were not as set against the stage as they might have been if my father's business, and the constant traveling it involved, had not brought them in close touch with many people of the theatrical world.

Someone has said that intolerance springs from ignorance, and I think this is particularly true of the intolerance displayed so often toward the people of the theater. Fortunately for my budding career, my parents at least realized that actors in general were quite as respectable as persons in other professions, and that the region known as "backstage" was not an evil, dark and mysterious realm.

The "Salomy Jane" engagement did not last very long, but that same summer J. Quigley came to Duluth with "The Middle Man" and, as the company required a child, I was given the part.

Quigley's life, as I can realize now, was one of the tragedies of the theatrical world. He was another such man as Frank Bacon—an unrecognized artist. Bacon, when his hair was white and he was but a few years from the grave, finally forced the public to acknowledge his greatness in "Lightnin'." But such good fortune never came to Quigley. Of course, my childhood impression of him was vague, but I was to meet him again several years later, under circumstances that will cause me always to remember him.

I went back to school again in the Fall, and it was not until the following Summer that I was again given an opportunity to go back to the stage.

Then a repertoire company came to Duluth. Irving Brewer was the leading man. He was a

Bessie Love adds another portrait to her versatile gallery. In *"Tongues of Flame"* she plays an *Indian* girl.

wild Indian. He'd go farther for a laugh than anyone I ever knew.

The company was to put on that good old melodrama, "East Lynne," and I was given the part of Little Willie. I had a death-bed scene in this that rivalled Little Eva's in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Now the woman who played the part of Madame Vine, in whose arms I was to die, was very, very Bernhardt. She certainly took herself seriously and her determination nightly was to make the audience dissolve in a flood of tears during the scene in which Little Willie dies. Brewer was awfully fed up with her, and was forever devising some means of handing the audience a laugh during this particular scene. He certainly accomplished it one night, with my aid.

The performance usually went something like this:

As the curtain rose, Little Willie was discovered in his bed in the nursery, quietly dying, with the spotlight on him. Presently Madame Vine would enter.

Little Willie: "Madame Vine, I am going to die."

Madame Vine (getting in the heavy work): "No, no, Little Willie! What makes you think you are going to die?"

Little Willie: "Because I had a be-au-ti-ful dream that the angels are waiting for me."

At this, Madame Vine would fall across Little Willie's bed and weep her head off. The audience wept with her or walked out.

Well, one night Brewer asked me if I'd be willing to play a joke on her for a dollar. Of course I was willing. A dollar is a lot of money to a nine-year-old boy.

So, when the death-bed scene got under way that evening, I lay peacefully in my little bed dying, to the strains of "Hearts and Flowers," with the dollar in my fist. The following dialogue took place on Madame Vine's entrance:

Little Willie: "Madame Vine, I am going to die."

Madame Vine (getting in the heavy work, as per schedule): "No, no, Little Willie! What makes you think you are going to die?"

Little Willie (abruptly sitting up in bed and speaking in a loud voice): "Because I know damned well I am!"

I can honestly say that on that occasion I stopped the show.

My career on the stage was again interrupted soon after this. My parents placed me in the Sacred Heart Academy in Duluth, and, whether willing or not, I had to turn my attention back to my school books.

I don't believe that any particular incidents distinguished the next two years. I was just the average little boy, studying when I had to, playing hookey from school occasionally, leading the normal life of a school kid. I wasn't very well, though, during those years, and close confinement in the schoolroom did not agree with me. You might not think, to look at me now, that I had ever known illness, but the truth is that up until a few years ago my constitution was anything but robust. If there were any germs floating around, the erstwhile Little Willie was certain to catch them.

When I was about eleven, I left the academy. The family moved back to Chicago again and physicians advised my parents to keep me out of school for awhile. This meant just one thing to me. If I could get out of going to school, I'd go back on the stage. You see, I was still determined to become an actor—or perhaps I should say to remain an actor, for I considered myself one already. From my first appearance behind the footlights in "Salomy Jane," I had definitely aligned myself with the people of the theater, and I was eager to return to the loved atmosphere backstage again.

(To be continued next week)

When *George Beban* was looking for a leading lady for *"The Greatest Love of All,"* he sought in vain. Practically every other member of the cast was *Italian*. But he couldn't find a girl. Then he chanced upon *Helen Holcomb* in an agency. But the agent told him she was playing in *"The Fool."* That didn't matter to *Mr. Beban*. He made her an offer. She accepted it and gave *Trina*, the heroine, her celluloid being.

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Separate Lives

(*Continued from page* 13)

What Has Gone Before

Given three months in which to write a story, the Young Author appears before the Great Producer at the end of the allotted time, minus his material. He gives, as an excuse, that he has been kidnaped, and the Great Producer, stifling his first impulse to fire him, takes him to New York in his private compartment and listens to the following story: Upon the Young Author's departure from the Great Producer's office, he had met Eric Conquest, millionaire and one-time college chum. To him Eric had confided his troubles and had taken him to his home to see, with his own eyes, the life Lorna Conquest, Eric's wife, was leading. Tried beyond endurance by his wife's shallowness and unfaithfulness, Eric enlists the Young Author's sympathy, and makes him an accomplice in kidnaping Lorna and her lover, and transporting them to his yacht, after turning over his fortune to his butler. But much to the Young Author's surprise, he, too, is forcibly detained on the yacht, which sets sail for he knows not where.

Then Eric Conquest appeals to his honor, and calls to mind an old college vow, made in the first flush of their friendship, a vow to aid one another whenever and however they were needed, and the Young Author agrees to stand by his friend. Lorna and Ten Eyck Van Erskine, her lover, are forced into servile positions, and Lorna's maid, Thelma, is treated as an equal. In Lorna's hearing, Eric makes love to Thelma, until Lorna, feeling she can no longer stand the ignominy of her position, throws herself into the sea, calling upon her lover to follow her.

But instead of Ten Eyck following Lorna, he stands against the rail, while Eric goes to her rescue and brings her back to the boat. In spite of this experience, Eric forces Lorna to work, and tells her that he loves Thelma. After three weeks on the water, land is sighted, and dismissing the sailors, to whom he gives the yacht, Eric lands on a small island with Lorna, Thelma, Van Erskine and the Young Author, without food, extra clothing, weapons or water, and with no other resources than their hands, hearts and brains.

us a lesson in instinctive class distinction. She was saying with liquid eyes and graphic hands that that man had indeed been white of skin, even that she had cared about him, but that he, in no sense, compared to either Eric or myself. And that she, as well as Dama, could sense that.

"'Dama not 'fraid of *him*,' she said, with a sort of scorn of past experience. 'He sick when he come here. Cry all time. I take care him and when he get well, he want go home. After while, he go home. I cry long time for his nice words and nice kisses, and after that I only cry now and then sometime.'

"We warned her not to let Dama know of our presence on the island. Eric and I had talked the matter over and had decided that if this little problem was to be satisfactorily and quietly worked out, it would be the wise precaution to steer clear of this Dama. He sounded to us the very kind of a figure who could make black trouble for us. We were nearer right than we thought.

"We told Maraa that the only way she could keep Dama from hearing of us was to keep silence before her family and her friends. Once the secret got past her, it was all over. We didn't fully realize at the time that not even a woman of the Low Archipelago can keep a secret forever.

"But it wasn't Maraa who first told Dama of our presence on the island. It was *Van Erskine!*

"And it was I who discovered them together, hidden, conferring in whispers, two snakes, hidden in undergrowth and tall, dark grasses. I had never, I thought, seen such unpleasant formidable faces. Van Erskine's white mask was all twisted with malice and the sickness of his rage. And the face of Dama, yellowed, half-caste, scarred, was sullen with threat as he listened.

"They didn't see me and I got back to the huts as fast as I could go to tell Eric.

"'It means trouble,' I said. 'It means nasty trouble if anything ever did.'

"'I'm afraid you're right,' said Eric.

"And I was right. I was too damn right. I found that out the next day."

(*To be continued next week*)

The Editor's Mail Bag

This Week's $5.00 Prize Letter

Has it ever occurred to any of the fans how lucky, or rather, I should say fortunate, we are to have such a charming young actor as Richard Barthelmess appearing on our screens today? We have many good-looking young actors in pictures, but they are not all artists. Barthelmess, on the screen, strengthens his good looks by exceptional screen talents—he is one of the few actors who can be called "artist." No wonder! Did he not serve a loyal and sincere apprenticeship under the greatest of geniuses, David Wark Griffith? And have you ever noticed that every one of his characters differ, although the same boyish charm is seen in all? Isn't that the first requisite of a truly great actor—versatility? True, his looks enhance his popularity, success, fame and all the good things that go with a successful career, but if he did not have that genius which he inherited from his charming mother, where would he be? After seeing Barthelmess in "Classmates," I think it would be a good idea to have him do a good college picture, with a background of Yale, Harvard, Princeton, or even my own Queen's University. I am firmly convinced that the year 1925 will be a banner year for pictures depicting life at college.

HAROLD REVINE,
Ottawa, Ontario, Canada.

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On the Set and Off

(Continued from page 24)

"Established writers are becoming more and more willing to write directly for the screen," he says. "Furthermore, producers who formerly hesitated to use their own judgment on stories, preferring to wait until they had received public approval in print or on the stage, have changed their viewpoint. The coming season will see more and more original stories produced."

You never would know Nita Naldi these days, she is so slim and sylph-like. And that isn't all. Nita, we hear, is developing a new personality and has become as quiet and retiring as Lillian Gish. Nita has long been known as one of the most frank, outspoken young women in the movie world, and it may take her admirers some time to become accustomed to the new pose.

She came West, as you probably know, some time ago, and is appearing opposite Rudolph Valentino in "Cobra."

It is said that Glenn Hunter may sign up with the Warner Brothers. He is dickering with the producers on a long-term contract. Hunter recently appeared at the Biltmore here in the stage play, "Merton of the Movies."

Trixie Friganza, noted star of musical comedy and vaudeville, has been signed for one of the leading roles in King Vidor's production of "Proud Flesh."

Others in the cast are Eleanor Boardman, Pat O'Malley and So Jin, the Oriental actor.

Betty Blythe has accepted an offer to appear in another European film and is leaving Hollywood soon. Betty has been back only a few months, but the lure of Paris has again proved irresistible, and Betty is (we were going to say blithely) on her way.

Instead of doing "The Little French Girl," as she had planned, Betty Bronson is to play the lead in a picturization of Alice Duer Miller's novel, "Are Parents People?" it has been announced. The leading role in "The Little French Girl" is really a mother part, and it would change the story too much to feature Betty as the little girl. Mary Brian, who played with Betty in "Peter Pan," will play in "The Little French Girl."

Robert Frazer has been signed by Famous Players-Lasky to play the leading male role in "The Charmer," a Sidney Olcott production for Paramount," which is to be Pola Negri's first starring vehicle for 1925. This is the second

Photograph by Melbourne Spurr

Margaret Morris **is being starred by** ***Arthur Maude*** **in his series of famous paintings transferred to the screen. The first was** ***"The Angelus,"*** **the second,** ***"The Doctor,"*** **the third,** ***"The Mother,"*** **and production has just been started on the fourth, the famous** ***Franz Stuck*** **painting,** ***"Sin."***

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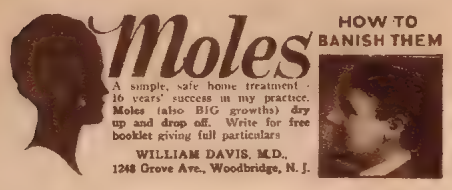

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time Mr. Frazer has appeared opposite Pola, and he is the only leading man who has been given a chance to appear a second time with her. A short time after the first Negri-Frazer picture, "Men," was completed, Pola proclaimed Robert the greatest lover of the screen. "The Charmer" is a screen story by Sada Cowan and was suggested by the novel, "Mariposa." Pola will play the role of a Spanish mountain girl, who later becomes a famous dancer in New York.

When Bebe Daniels finishes work in her new picture, "His Crowded Hour," she is going to star in "The Manicure Girl." Bebe threatens to get a manicure job so she will know all about the profession. And we think she'd carry out the threat, too.

One of the most important roles in Douglas Fairbanks' new picture, "Don Q.," will be taken by Donald Crisp, who was recently engaged to direct this feature. Mr. Crisp distinguished himself as the prize fighter in "Broken Blossoms," and his role in Doug's picture will be that of Sebastian, one of the "heavies." Mr. Crisp shows great courage in attempting to direct and play an important part in the same picture.

Ronald Colman, who is rapidly approaching stardom, was quite severely injured recently while working in his new picture, "His Supreme Moment." The accident occurred when a heavy wooden door succumbed to the attack of a mob of minor players and crashed in on Colman, knocking him unconscious and inflicting injuries which confined the young actor to his home for several days. Blanche Sweet, who was working with him, escaped injury by a narrow margin. Once again we quote, "The life of an actor is not all sunshine and roses."

Louise Fazenda is working on the thirteenth film she has made in the past twelve months. "I'll Show You the Town" is the story, in production at Universal, with Reginald Denny in the masculine lead. Warner Brothers, to whom Miss Fazenda is under contract, loaned her for the part.

With so much talk of *"Peter Pan"* these days—with *Marilyn Miller* (*Mrs. Jack Pickford*) playing *Peter* in a musical version of the *Barrie* fantasy on *Broadway* . . . and with *Betty Bronson* giving *Peter* to the shadows, everyone is curious to see *Maude Adams* in this role. Therefore, we are glad to present *Maude Adams* as the first *Peter Pan.*

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Movie Weekly

MARCH 7. 1925

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VOL. V

MOVIE WEEKLY

Printed in U.S.A.

No. 5

What About Ronald Colman . . .

. . . as a private citizen, as a friend, as a co-worker?

Dorothy Gish

knows him in these roles. She spent months with him in Italy during the filming of "Romola." And Dorothy is a young lady of keen perceptions and a facile pen. D. W. Griffith used to consult her frequently when she was an habitue of his studios. D. W. felt that Dorothy knew about people.

We are glad, therefore, to announce an exclusive story for next week, which was written by Dorothy Gish at the personal request of the editor.

The True Story of My Life
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is destined to be a much-discussed autobiography. Dick has any number of interesting and heretofore unpublished things to say. And he says them well.

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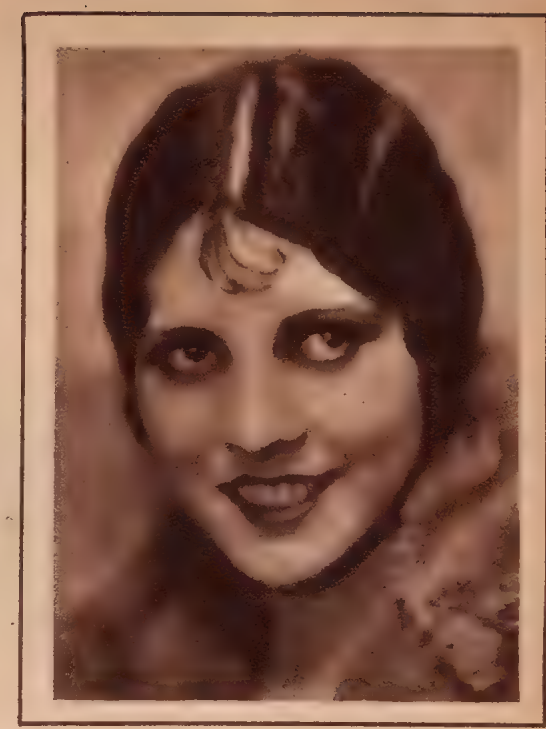
Madeline Hurlock comes from the vaudeville stage. It was while visiting a *Los Angeles* friend that she became interested in the movies and signed a contract with *Mack Sennett*. You may have seen her "vamping" *Ben Turpin*.

And, on the right is *Olive Borden*, convent-bred, with unbobbed black hair and only sixteen years old. After a year in *Hollywood*, she has played several leading roles in the *Hal Roach* comedies.



Photograph by Waxman

If you prefer golden hair, there is *Violet Avon* (sister of *Laura La Plante*). *Violet* took the name of *Avon* so that she would not get ahead on her sister's success.

Dorothy Revier, below, found her way into the motion picture studios which promise her fame, through her dancing career, which she began at the tender age of five years.

Photograph by Waxman

Every year the motion picture press agents obscure, for whom they predict future rec- of instances, their predictions are fulfilled. included in

The Baby

By Helen

HERE they are, the young screen actresses who have been chosen by the Wampas, the film industry's organization of publicity men, as the screen's most promising newcomers for 1925.

Possibly you have never heard of them, but the Wampas assures the public that these girls will be heard from in the future. Many of them are comparative newcomers to the screen, but each girl was selected for her beauty and talent, in competition with the entire array of young screen beauties in Hollywood. To be selected as a Wampas Baby Star is a signal honor, and a mention of the Baby Stars of other years proves how shrewd is the judgment of the screen's publicists.

Many of the girls, who were no better known than the beauties presented on these pages, when they were chosen as Baby Stars, have since proved themselves of stellar magnitude.

In 1922 the first cluster of Baby Stars was presented at the Wampas Frolic, an annual affair. The girls chosen were: Helen Ferguson, Louise Lorraine, Bessie Love, Colleen Moore, Mary Philbin, Kathryn McGuire, Pauline Starke, Lois Wilson, Lila Lee, Claire Windsor, Jacqueline Logan, Patsy Ruth Miller and Maryan Aye.

In 1923 the following girls were selected: Eleanor Boardman, Dorothy Devore, Virginia Brown Faire, Betty Francisco, Pauline Garon, Kathleen Key, Laura La Plante, Helen Lynch, Derelys Perdue, Jobyna Ralston, Ethel Shannon, Evelyn Brent and Margaret Leahy.

In 1924 the beauties chosen were: Dorothy Mackaill, Clara Bow, Blanche Mehaffey, Carmelita Geraghty, Margaret Morris, Julanne Johnston, Hazel Keener, Lillian Rich, Lucille Ricksen, Alberta Vaughn, Gloria Grey, Ruth Hiatt and Elinor Fair.

The 1925 group, who were formally presented to the public at the Wampas Annual Frolic at the Ambassador Hotel in February, includes: Madeline Hurlock, Evelyn Pierce, Olive Borden, Joan Meredith, Duane

Photograph by Waxman

Natalie Joyce came to *Hollywood* when her sister was a member of the *"Passing Show of 1918,"* and they played in *California.* Two years later, *Natalie* came as a member of another revue. *Al Christie* discovered her and she is now leading lady for *Neal Burns.*

While *June Marlowe,* on the right, is the daughter of a retired banker. It was while she was in *Hollywood* on a visit that her beauty won her a place in film circles. *Warner Brothers* have, with foresight, put her under contract.

Photograph by Waxman

select about a dozen girls, more or less
ognition and stardom. And, in the majority
Here is a story about the thirteen girls
the list of

Stars of 1925

Carlisle

Thompson, June Marlowe, Violet Avon, Betty Arlen, Lota Todd, Dorothy Revier, Natalie Joyce, Ena Gregory and Ann Cornwall.

Here is a detailed description of the beauties.

Madeline Hurlock, of the raven locks and dark brown eyes, was born in Federalsburg, Md. When in her 'teens, she went into vaudeville, joining a troupe in Philadelphia. While visiting a friend in Los Angeles, she became interested in pictures, and before long her beauty obtained for her a contract with Mack Sennett. She plays "vamp" roles opposite Ben Turpin.

Evelyn Pierce was born in Del Rio, Texas, nineteen years ago. She went to school in El Paso and began her professional career as a vaudeville dancer. This brought her to Los Angeles. She applied for work at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, was given a small part, and after several screen tests was given a contract with that organization. She has dark hair and grey eyes.

Olive Borden, who has unbobbed black hair and dark brown eyes, was born in Richmond, Va., sixteen years ago. She was reared there and in Norfolk. She attended a convent in Baltimore and came to Los Angeles a little more than a year ago, with her mother. She has played leading roles at several comedy studios, and for the past year has been featured at the Hal Roach studios.

Joan Meredith was born in Hot Springs, Ark. She is a tiny brunette beauty, just five feet tall. Joan was given her screen name by the Wampas, her real name being Catherine Jelks. Winning a beauty contest led to her debut in pictures, where she has appeared as leading woman for Lige Conley. She is a niece of a former Governor of Alabama.

Duane Thompson was born in Red Oak, Iowa, in 1905. Her hair is a soft brown and her eyes are grey. With dancing as a foundation for her career, she embarked on what is apparently leading her to cinematic

Duane Thompson, now leading lady for *Walter Hiers,* first appeared on the screen in *Christie* comedies. It was dancing that served as the actual foundation for her screen career.

And *Lola Todd,* below, comes of a theatrical family. *Carl Laemmle,* president of the *Universal,* is their personal friend, and it was at his suggestion that she took the screen test which proved her beauty of the photographic type.

Photograph by Keystone

The Wampas, itself, christened *Joan Meredith*, her real name being *Catherine Jelks*. And it was a beauty contest that led to her debut in pictures.

On the right is *Ena Gregory*. She spent her childhood on the *Australian* stage. And it was after a year's residence in *Hollywood* that she found herself in pictures.

Below is *Ann Cornwall* who, previous to her motion picture debut, was with the *Dolly Sisters* on the stage. Her latest engagement was with *Douglas MacLean* in *"Introduce Me."*

heights. She has appeared in numerous Christie Comedies, and is now leading lady for Walter Hiers.

June Marlowe, whose hair and eyes are dark brown, was born in St. Cloud, Minnesota. She is the daughter of a retired banker, and was educated in Minneapolis. Miss Marlowe came to Hollywood with her parents, on a visit, two years ago, and her beauty soon won a place for her in film circles. She is now under contract with Warner Bros., and has appeared in several feature pictures there. At present she is leading woman in "Tracked to the Snow Country," featuring Rin-Tin-Tin.

Violet Avon is a sister of Laura La Plante, a Wampas Baby Star of 1923. Violet assumed a screen name to avoid conflict with her sister's career. She was born in St. Louis, Mo. A visit to her sister at Universal City led to her first engagement in pictures, and since then she has appeared in various features, including "Between Friends," "Behold This Woman" and "The Clean Heart." Miss Avon is blonde, with golden hair and blue eyes.

Betty Arlen, a demure brunette of sixteen, was born in Providence, Kentucky. She began her professional career as a dancer, and deserted the stage for the screen when she was appearing in a dancing act in Los Angeles. She has played small parts at several studios.

Lota Todd is a New York girl, having been born at Spuyten Duyvil, New York, nineteen years ago. Her hair is brown, and so are her eyes. Carl Laemmle, president of Universal Film (*Continued on page* 31)

Photograph (right) by Bull

First terpsichore . . . then the footlights . . . then the motion picture studio. That traces *Betty Arlen's* career. And *Betty* is now only sixteen.

***Evelyn Pierce* is another girl who danced her way to this promise of *Kleig* light fame. After a screen test and several tiny parts, she was given a contract with the *Metro-Goldwyn* organization.**

Photograph by Russell Ball

BEN REBELS

Ben Lyon **is tired of being the victim of the wiles of designing femininity. He demanded and was given a "he-man" role. In "*The Pace That Thrills,*" his next production, he is permitted to win the girl o' his heart by means of his fists, and *Ben* is happy.**

Considering Ramon Novarro

As He Strummed a Guitar and Sang Mexican Folk-Songs at a Casual Teaparty

By Adele Whitely Fletcher

RAMON NOVARRO, to our mind, isn't at all typical of either a movie star or a matinee idol. Rather, he reminds us of the Prince in a fairy story, the Prince who risks all manner of dragons and evil things in order that he may rescue the beautiful Princess.

There are many who contend that the popularity which Novarro enjoys is based essentially on a sex appeal. We most emphatically do not believe this to be true. We grant that his appeal is one of high romance but that is, ah . . . so very different.

The first time we ever met Ramon Novarro was two or three years ago. We marked him first before he was presented to us. He was quiet and serene in a crowd of merrymakers. And after talking to him for a little while, we decided that he was bashful and very timid about giving utterance to his convictions, but that both of these things lay in his youth.

We have met him on two or three occasions since then, but it was not until a few weeks ago that we had an opportunity to really know him.

He telephoned us upon his return from Rome and asked us to have tea with him. We went and we have been glad ever since. We did not interview him, because we had no plan of writing that informal tea party.

However, in retrospection, we have decided that on that day we were privileged to see the real Ramon Novarro. So we write of that tea, so casual yet withal so illuminating.

Great theatrical trunks stood about, bearing a colorful variety of labels. Rome . . . Florence . . . Berlin . . . Paris . . . Algeria. Now all the world *is* a stage.

At first we talked lightly of fragmentary things.

Ramon still seemed to us reserved and shy. And he seemed timid of giving verbal substance to the things he thought. Yet we knew that all of this could no longer be laid at the door of unsophisticated youth. The intervening years have brought him travel, experience, wealth and fame. And of these things sophistication is born.

We wondered.

Then a Kind Someone who was there and who knows Ramon and admires him as it is not often given to celebrities to be admired by their intimates, handed him his guitar, which lay nearby on a divan.

Ramon gave us an inquiring look. And, of course, we nodded our approval of the suggestion. We had heard rumors of his singing voice and the other career it would afford him, either on the operatic or concert stage.

He strummed a few chords meditatively, and then broke into a delightful Mexican folk-song. It was fast in its tempo and had a lilt to it which set your head and feet to keeping time.

We looked over at him. The shy youth was gone. In his place sat a gay cavalier, whose eyes and smile pantomimed the courting of the music. We longed for a latticed window and a deep red rose.

Now, we have often thought people had two beings, their real being and an exterior mask which they present to the world. Now and then their surface is pierced by the interior self—the real self which psychologists scientifically and ponderously call the subconscious. It may be brilliant and charming. It may be nearly a counterpart of the exterior. Or it may be dull or evil.

No one ever bore out this theory

Ramon Novarro isn't at all typical of a movie star or a matinee idol. Rather he reminds us of the _Prince_ in a fairy story . . . the _Prince_ who risks all manner of dragons to rescue the beautiful _Princess._

Here he is seen with _Carmel Myers_ in _"Ben Hur."_

more definitely than Ramon Novarro. As we watched him, we realized he was emanating the same thing he emanates upon the screen. His interior self is all the artist; sensitive to a degree, responsive, intuitively intelligent and understanding. His exterior self is youthfully shy and still marveling over the many great things which have come to him so quickly.

He sang "La Paloma" as a second selection. Then others followed, the names of which we would neither attempt to spell or pronounce.

It is not only publicity when they say that the movies' gain is the musical world's loss. We have remembered Ramon singing his native songs many times since that twilight hour. And two or three of the refrains still sing in our mind. We believe he would have a tremendous success if he ever went on the concert stage and offered a repertoire of Mexican songs.

Of course we asked him about "Ben Hur" before we left.

"I think," he said thoughtfully, "that 'Ben Hur' will be one of the greatest pictures you have ever seen. Probably more than that. Everyone connected with it is willing to give their last effort to it. It is still unfinished. But the film we have brought back with us is beautiful. It is more than that, dramatically beautiful.

"As to the galley sequence, I know beyond any doubt what we have there. Even those who participated in it were stirred when they saw it on the screen in the rushes."

He hesitated and it was obvious he was weighing the advisability of his next remark. Then he continued:

"Motion picture producers come in for a generous share of criticism always," he said. "Believe me, I am not being politic when I praise them for the sporting blood they have shown in the way they have poured their money into 'Ben Hur.' They earnestly desire to make a great picture. If it fails to be that it will not be because of any financial repression.

"It is not easy to make pictures in Italy," he went on. "The people are very poor, poorer than you can imagine, unless you have seen them. They have heard, too, of the wealth of motion pictures. And it is natural that, knowing dire want, they should be greedy for some of the gold which they believe so overplentiful in our coffers.

"One day, for example, a great mob scene of native extra people were assembled. It was raw and windy. And the 'Ben Hur' costumes are slight. Well, they refused absolutely to take off the cloaks which had been provided to shelter them during the rehearsals. Nothing budged them in this determination.

"The public would be skeptical if the figures of the cost of this production up-to-date were given out," he told us. "Only one who was there and saw the conditions which had to be overcome could appreciate the reasons for such colossal expenditures."

"What will you do after 'Ben Hur?'" we asked him.

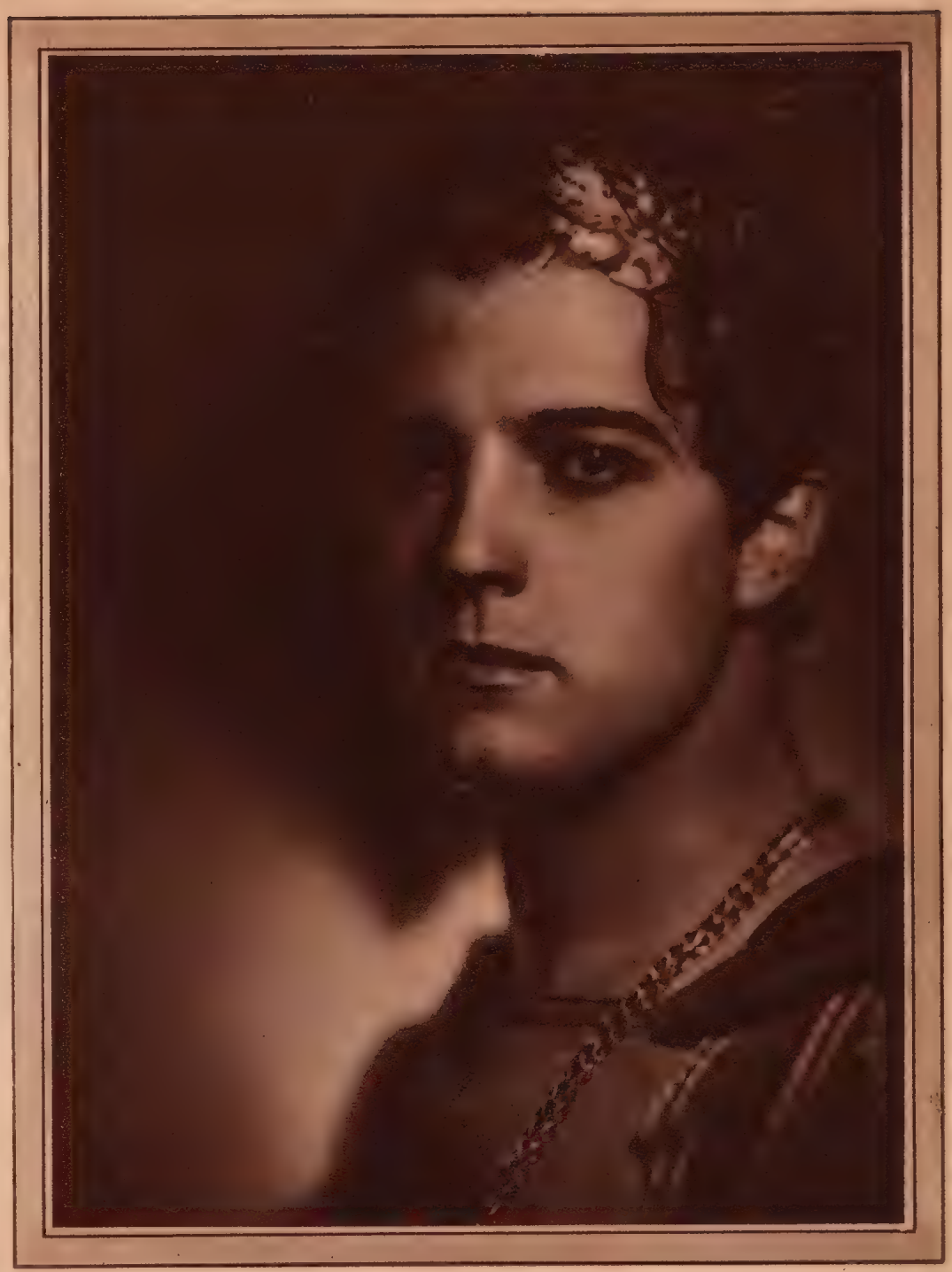
"Nothing that isn't worth while," he said. His mouth shut in a decisive line. It was evident that we had touched upon a phase of his work upon which he had very definite opinions.

"Censorship limits our field of supply as far as stories go," Ramon explained. "Because of it there are innumerable stage plays, biographies and novels which are tabooed for screening."

We scoffed at this. We never have been able to understand why a fact was more insidious when presented in shadows than when it was presented in substance, as on the stage; or in print, as in novels.

However, Ramon does not wholly condemn this taboo.

"Tolerance of everything can have no part in America," he said. "Tolerance is compatible with age and we are a young country. A universal tolerance also leads to decadence. Europe is tolerant to a degree. Europe is an older country. And Europe is infinitely more decadent than America. But in our youth, and the things which comprise it, we have found our leadership.



It is so easy to settle complacently into being a matinee idol. And it takes ceaseless toil and effort to be an artist. Which will the young *Ramon* do?

"I agree with you," he said, "that we overemphasize vertain phases of our Puritanism. But our pattern, on the whole, is worthy.

"My next picture after this will, in all probability, be adapted from the Mark Twain satire, 'The Million Dollar Bank Note.'"

"I don't want a namby-pamby career," he said. "I want to be proud of the things I do. My contract stipulates I am to have a final say in the selection of my stories. With this the case I will insist upon worthwhile material. *I will not make twaddle.*"

He convinced us that he meant what he said.

* * * * * * * *

Fairy stories have no place in this age of Big Business.

But we hope that Ramon Novarro will, like a fairy prince, overcome the cheap things which are sure to beset his starry way. It is so easy to settle complacently into being a matinee idol. And it takes ceaseless toil and effort to be an artist.

Others, potentially artists, have fallen ignominiously by the wayside

We find it in our heart to hope that Ramon will keep that light of idealism in his eyes and, like every true prince, ride forth to glory

The Story of

The Daughter of a Fading Star

Who Sought to Avoid the Very Things Most Girls Desire

By Grant Hubbard

"IS this an attempt at blackmail, Sally?"

"I don't know. I suppose you could get lawyers to prove it that. But I don't mean it that way. All I want is that you should give Loreta a chance."

Wayne Murchison frowned.

"I know. I know," he said. "The picture industry is shot through with that kind of thing. That's why it's still half-baked. Pull and favoritism. The rise of the unfit. No, Sally, I will not give your daughter any more chance than anybody else's daughter."

Bee Burton rose wearily. Had she been before the camera, she would have taken the trouble to "register" fierce determination. But now she was merely a little pale under her make-up.

"You forget that she's your daughter, too, Wayne," she said.

"You've said that before," Murchison answered gravely. "I've never insulted you by expressing doubt. Yet—the thing would be hard to prove. I should have the case pushed by the best lawyers, in open court. It might hurt me a little—but not much. I'm in the producer class. Nobody cares much about my morals. I can go right on making pictures. But it would wipe you right out of the hearts of your fans, and it would utterly ruin Loreta's chance of a career."

Bee Burton—one-time Sally Henderson, of Cowan Comedies—smiled sadly.

"I wish you'd be a little more human, Wayne. Then I wouldn't have to do it at all. But I'm not planning to do it that way. No. I'll go to Glen Kincaid and tell him enough to interest him. The publicity value of the thing will hit him. He'll take Loreta on and try her out. She's not as pretty as I was—thanks to you—but she's got brains—thanks to you. I believe she'll make good. Then we'll begin to hint that she is not my niece, but my daughter—by a secret marriage of years ago with a man now a prominent producer. I will refuse to talk to reporters, but I will be pleasant and let them guess. Then some enterprising one will look up my past and find that I worked under you when I was Sally Henderson and you were stage managing the Cowan Burlesque. Again they'll come to me, and again I'll smile contentedly. Loreta's resemblance to you will be clear to anybody. It will be your move. Either you'll throw mud at yourself and your own daughter, or you'll be silent, or you'll admit a secret marriage and acknowledge Loreta."

She spoke in a tired voice, with no hint of triumph or glee over her cleverness. Murchison's eyes could discover nothing but regret in her face.

"Sally," he said, "you never thought that up yourself. It came from your publicity man. Brant put you up to it."

"You've guessed right," she admitted. "It's Walter Brant's idea."

"Then you've already told Brant?"

"Yes. But he won't talk. He's in love with Loreta."

Murchison stared ahead of him for half a minute, tapping the top of his big table the while with an envelope that he had sealed just before Bee Burton came in for her interview.

"Sit down again, Sally," he said. "Your plan would work, I'm afraid. And it would make me uncomfortable, without giving me an honorable chance to fight back."

"You had your honorable chance nineteen years ago," Bee reminded him, without sitting down.

He made a gesture of impatience.

"Don't be foolish, Sally," he said. "Those shot-gun marriages never work out well. We'd have hated each other from the word go. The point I'm making is this. You have been clever, you and Brant. I'd fight plain blackmail. But I'd find it hard to be the one to throw mud at—at any young girl who was trying for a chance. No. I'll give her that chance myself. Send her to me this afternoon at four."

This time Bee sighed and sat down.

"I'm glad," she said. "I'd rather have Loreta under you than under Kincaid."

"Thanks," he said a bit grimly. "Why?"

Bee shrugged her still graceful shoulders with a delicate significance.

"Well," she said, "you know Kincaid."

He studied her curiously.

"Yes," he said, "I know Kincaid. He's a rounder, and fairly unscrupulous. But I think you're wrong in what you hint. Directors have to be on the level with their stars these days. Motion picture conditions are not—what burlesque used to be."

"In our day?" Bee suggested, with a quaint lift to her eyebrows, that robbed her words of the taint of evil and yet carried her point of reminiscence. "Perhaps not. But I guess you haven't lived so close to the gossips as I have, Wayne. Perhaps you don't know about . . ."

"No, and I don't want to!" Murchison snapped. "What people do is their own business. Send Loreta to me this afternoon."

He indicated that the interview was over by taking up some papers from his desk. Bee rose and went forward until her once perfect but now slightly threadbare morning gown brushed against his table edge.

"All right," she said. "I won't tell you that very interesting bit of gossip. But, before I go, I must warn you that Loreta is not in on my wicked schemes at all. I shall probably have a hard time getting her to come to you. But I think I can manage it."

Murchison was made vaguely uncomfortable by Bee's nearness. He was puzzled and irritated as he looked up into the still pretty face that had only in the past year or two lost its charm for the movie-goers. He controlled his irritation, however, and answered dryly:

"Yes, I rather imagine you can prevail upon her."

Bee looked down at him amusedly, fully appreciating his irony. She knew that there were something like nine thousand and ninety-nine girls in Hollywood who would have been out of their heads with joy at the thought of being personally inspected by Wayne Murchison, producer-director. She started to say something, but changed her mind and merely held out a hand that was still slender and graceful.

He rose and took it awkwardly, dropping it as soon as he had touched it.

"I'm glad you've decided it this way," Bee said, with the glint of amusement still in her eyes. "I hope you're not going to be angry with me. I think I have behaved pretty decently—leaving you untroubled for nineteen years."

He looked at her, flushed a little.

"I'm sorry you have done the thing," he said, "but I don't see that there need be feeling—of any kind. I shall deal with Loreta—not you—I presume."

Again she smiled.

"Oh, yes," she said. "You may feel safe. I have no more blackmail up my sleeve."

He bowed silently, and she went out, still smiling.

FOR the rest of the morning and most of the afternoon, Murchison was troubled at odd intervals by the intrusion of two faces between him and his work—the face of Bee Burton, with its waning youth, carefully preserved by cosmetics and the frame of boyishly bobbed hair; and that same face in its real youth, when Bee was Sally Henderson and wore her yellow hair long and needed no artificial complexion.

As Sally, she was the prettiest of the girls that he had been able to assemble for Cowan's Burlesque, and when off duty he had played around with her considerably.

He had known all along that seventeen-year-old Sally was light-headed and superficial. But that had not made her any the less attractive as a spare-time companion. He felt a little twinge as he remembered the day she came to him with the news of the catastrophe that their reckless play had brought to her. Somehow, as he looked back upon it, it seemed to him that he had been cruel in refusing to tie himself to her for life. He knew that they had both been happier as a result of his flinty resolution. But the twinge of remorse came just the same. He even wondered if, now that Sally—or rather, Bee Burton—had grown too old to be the sweet heroine in pictures, it would not be right for him to settle a comfortable income on her. But, as he considered the idea, he shook his head. She would squander it in no time, and once she knew that he felt responsibility, she would be after him all the time. No. It was bad enough to have to violate his principles and give Bee's daughter a pull.

Bee's daughter! His own daughter, too? He had kept himself so clear of Bee Burton after her advent to the screen, that he had never even suspected the existence of the girl. The fact that Bee called Loreta her niece had made this possible, of course. No one ever hears of a mere niece. And now Bee told him that Loreta was not merely her daughter, but his! It was upsetting. And yet there was a thrill to it, too. He found himself looking forward to the four o'clock appointment with more interest than disgruntlement.

When at last his private secretary announced that there was a young woman named Loreta Hanson claiming an appointment with him, he tossed down the scenario he was trying to read, and leaned back in his chair, more interested than he would have been if Lillian Gish or Gloria Swanson had announced themselves as looking for work.

The door opened and he saw a dark-haired, dark-eyed girl enter the room. She was dressed as if for walking, wearing a home-knitted, gray, slip-on sweater of light weight, and a skirt of some soft but serviceable material that gave her plenty of room to take a natural step. He saw at once that she was not pretty, but he saw, too, that she had personality. He thought it was the wideness between the eyes and the rather large, but not too full-lipped mouth that did it.

But back of all this superficial speculation he found the poignantly throbbing question: "Is she my daughter?" It upset him so that, though he rose politely and bowed, he forgot to speak. So they stood for a few seconds, looking at each other. Then he realized what was happening, and realized, too, that he was more embarrassed than the girl—that, in fact, she had no intention of saying anything until he had opened the interview. He pulled himself together and motioned to a chair.

"Sit down," he said, with a real effort to be agreeable, at the same time wondering at himself for the tingling feeling that was possessing him. "I'm glad to see you—er—Miss Hanson. I understand that you are a prospective star."

"I'll agree to read your scenario if you'll take off your hat," he said.

The color came and went quickly in her face. He looked for a moment and his eyes brightened.

He was trying to be gently humorous. But she didn't smile. Nor did she sit down.

"That isn't true," she said. "I haven't any intention of being a moving picture actress. I came here because I wanted to see you, not because I'm going to do what mother wants me to."

Her words were like a cool breeze blowing through a sultry room. The unwonted tingling ceased. Murchison forgot to wonder if the dark-haired girl was his daughter. She was a personality. And with personalities he was accustomed to deal. He waved again to the chair, and this time he sat down himself, with the result that the girl sat, too.

The light fell on her face now—as it was meant to fall on the face of a person who interviewed Murchison—and he noticed, with a little start, that she had neither powder nor rouge nor lip carmine on her face. The brilliant color in her cheeks was beneath the surface and varied from moment to moment just enough to prove the unbelievable. It struck him that just such a face as hers was needed for his next feature picture, just such real youth and vitality.

But he remembered her words.

"Why don't you intend to be a star?" he asked, still lightly, for he could not forget that she was only eighteen.

"I don't want to be one. I don't like the life. I don't like the people."

She spoke definitely and with a certain set to her mouth that made it plain that she was speaking her real thoughts. Murchison was startled and intrigued. He laughed quizzically.

"What's the matter with the life?" he asked. "Do you really know anything about it?"

"Yes. I've been on the set and watched mother work. It's not acting. It's just puppet show stuff. You never see the play as a whole while you're doing it. It's a patchwork quilt, and the only person who knows where the patches go is the director. The actors aren't artists. They're hacks."

Murchison was keenly interested in this tirade. He knew it expressed a point of view rather than actual truth. But he was amazed that any girl of eighteen should be level-headed enough to get even that point of view. He nodded thoughtfully.

"Did you ever see any other company except your mother's at work?" he asked.

"No. But it wouldn't matter. I don't like the people you have to live with."

Murchison lifted his eyebrows.

"And what's the matter with the people?" he asked.

"They're conceited—always thinking about the publicity they are getting. They're brainless. And they haven't any morals."

"Well!" Murchison exclaimed. Then he smiled a little. "Are they all like this?"

"All that I know," she answered. "And I've seen a lot of them. I'm sick of them, sick of their parties, their drinking, their flirting—and worse."

He studied her gravely, taking a strange pleasure in the snap of her eyes and the firm set of her lips.

"My dear," he said, "you've evidently had an unpleasant dose."

"I have."

"But you're judging all by the few you know—and you're misjudging. There are some mighty decent men and women in the movies."

He suddenly laughed. It had struck him that he was pretty close to pleading with this eighteen-year-old girl to give the movies a trial—he who had refused that morning to give *her* a trial.

"Why did you come to me," he asked abruptly, "if you don't want to have anything to do with the movies?"

She shifted forward a flat package that she had under one arm.

"I've written a scenario," she said. "I thought maybe you'd read it."

He groaned.

"My dear girl," he said, "who told you you could write a scenario?"

She flushed for the first time now.

"I've taken a course," she said. "If you'll read this, you'll see that it's done in the right form."

She held the flat package out to him timidly. But he pushed it back.

"Miss Hanson," he said, "I don't care anything about the form. It's the substance that counts. I—I really haven't the time to read it. I've a dozen here on my desk now—culled out by my readers from several hundred. And I'll be lucky if one is any good."

It seemed to him that the firm young mouth grew just a bit firmer. Certainly her cheeks lacked a little of their vivid color.

"All right," she said. "If you won't read it, I might as well go."

She started to rise. But he put out a restraining hand.

"Wait a minute," he said. "I rather gathered from—your mother—that she was at the end of her rope, financially, and that she was depending on the salary she believed you could earn in pictures. Is that true?"

Loreta nodded her head slowly.

"Yes," she said, "but if mother wants me to support her, she's got to live my way, not hers. I'm not going into pictures."

"What else can you do?"

(*Continued on page* 29)

A glance into the living-room explained things. Her mother and *Walter Brant* were there, smoking before the fireplace.

For Synopsis of Preceding Chapters
See Page 32

Rod writes: "Just as soon as I found I could take care of my family in *New York*, I rented an apartment on *Riverside Drive* and sent for my mother, father and sister."

Despite public opinion that theatrical people enjoy a gay life, it is interesting to read in their autobiographies of their desire for a real home. And in this the motion pictures permit them something the stage has always denied them . . . a permanent residence.

On the left, a younger *Rod* . . . as he appeared with *Mae Marsh* in *"Money Mad."*

Memories of the Many Prominent People Who Patterned His Life in the Early Days of His Motion Picture Career Comprise This Episode of

The True Story of My Life

By Rod La Roque

TO say that I was elated over the success of my campaign when I was given that role is not to exaggerate. New York was not now a chill, forbidding city, nor was I longer to be numbered among the buffeted ones who struggled for a place within her gates. I walked down Fifth Avenue in the bright winter sunshine, feeling that I was indeed a most fortunate individual. I was now identified with one of the great motion picture corporations. I was leading man for Billie Burke.

Joseph Kauffman, the husband of Ethel Clayton, was the director assigned to this picture, but we had barely started work on it when he was stricken with the illness which caused his death.

Robert Vignola succeeded Kauffman, taking the company to Florida, where we filmed exteriors. He, in turn, was succeeded by Charles Giblyn, who completed the picture. It was quite a unique experience to work under the direction of three different men during the filming of one picture!

When we returned to New York, I learned that I was being considered for a lead opposite Marguerite Clark, who was then a Paramount star. Apparently my good fortune was to continue. At the same time the Goldwyn company sent for me. They were looking for a leading man to play opposite Mabel Normand in "The Venus Model."

Now, being considered for a part and getting it are two very different things. I wasn't at all certain that I'd be cast opposite Miss Clark, but when the Goldwyn people sent for me, I gave them to understand that if they didn't sign me up immediately, I would in all probability be snatched back by Paramount. This may have had something to do

with the fact that they did sign me to appear opposite Miss Normand.

Goldwyn had several companies working in the East at that time, and the engagement with Miss Normand led to others with Mae Marsh and Madge Kennedy, who were stars for that organization at the time. I appeared with Miss Marsh in "Money Mad" and "Hidden Fires," and again with Mabel Normand in "A Perfect 36."

Winter gave way to spring and summer while I remained with the Goldwyn company. As one engagement followed another, and there was some talk of my signing a contract, I felt that the time had come when I could send for my mother and sister to join me. Friends—and, of course, I had made friends in the months I had been in New York—could not take the place of my family with me.

So, now that I felt in a position to take care of them, I wrote mother and sister to close our Chicago home and come to New York to be with me. My father was still quite ill and was to remain with relatives until he was strong enough to travel.

I rented an apartment on Riverside Drive at 110th Street and enthusiastically looked forward to a renewal of the home life I had missed during the long months that I had been in New York alone.

Our company was on location—this was during the filming of "A Perfect 36," with Miss Normand—when mother and sister arrived. I could hardly wait to get back to town, and our reunion, when I did return from location, was surely a happy one. We could laugh now over my faring forth from Chicago with that scant fifty dollars; over the campaign which had landed me my first job in New York; over various experiences which had brought me, finally, to my present sense of security and good fortune.

It was well that we could laugh for a little while, for Fate was just biding her time, it seemed, before striking another blow at our little family.

Perhaps I shouldn't put it that way—Fate, during the autumn months of 1918, seemed to hover, a menacing shadow, over so many thousands of homes in our country, so many of us were burdened with the same sorrows and sufferings that those of any individual family must be dwarfed to infinitesimal proportions in considering those of the nation.

However, since this is my life story and the record of my own experiences, I relate them as they affected me at the time, not as I see them now, when the lapse of years has given me a more detached viewpoint.

While we were finishing work on "A Perfect 36," in the New York studio, Clifford Robertson, who was then casting director for Goldwyn, renewed the earlier suggestion that I sign a contract with that company. I asked him to draw one up that I might look it over and make my decision. This was a perfectly logical request—no sensible person signs a contract without giving it careful consideration—and Robertson consented.

The contract, when it was presented to me, contained various clauses which were not satisfactory, among others, one indicating that I might be sent to the Coast. At that time I did not want to go to Hollywood, principally because it would force me to abandon all thought of returning to the stage. I was not ready to give up my work on the speaking stage and would not consider a contract that would make this return an impossibility. I gave the contract back to Robertson and told him that it was not acceptable.

The following day, while working in a scene, Mr. Goldwyn came to the set and asked me to accompany him to his office.

"Mr. La Rocque," he said, "we are not used to having people break their word to us. You promised to sign the contract Mr. Robertson drew up and now you refuse."

I told Mr. Goldwyn that I had not promised to sign it—that I had merely stated I'd take it under consideration and that, as the terms were unsatisfactory, I could not consider signing.

He insisted that I had broken my word, and told me that when the present picture was finished I should do no more work for his company. I felt the accusation, with his resultant decision, to be absolutely unfair, but it was impossible to convince him of the fact. I returned to the set disturbed and angry. My engagement with the Goldwyn company had drawn to a close.

The old adage that "troubles never come singly" now set about to prove itself.

War continued to rage across Europe and the draft became serious. All men between the ages of eighteen and forty were being taken into the army. I had been placed in a deferred class, not only because I had been given an honorable discharge during the early months of the war, but also because I was the sole support of my family. However, because of the national crisis, the men in my class were now subject to call.

Naturally, I was very much worried over (*Continued on page 32*)

Again at about this period in his career, *Rod* knew dark clouds. Influenza laid him low for many weeks . . . and his sister contracted the disease from him . . . and a misunderstanding barred him forever from the *Goldwyn Studios*, which had been one of his greatest sources of revenue. All of this with a family to support.

Above, with *Mabel Normand* in *"A Perfect 36."*

And, on the right, a recent snapshot.

Photograph by Richee

For days we didn't think there was much hope for *Eric*. The wound was a bad one. And I don't believe there would have been *any* hope for him if it hadn't been for *Lorna*. It was as if she was breathing her very life into him. It was a veritable giving of self.

Concluding

Separate Lives

By Gladys Hall

I BELIEVE, sir, that all women are potential mothers if you can tap the maternal spring. In some women the spring is more deeply hidden than in others. But if the Lorna I had seen that first night at the Conquest home, dancing with a monkey on her shoulder, could turn into the Lorna I saw now ministering to Eric, with a tenderness, a capability such as I have never seen surpassed—then anything is possible. It isn't a bad thing to bear in mind when you are doing some characterizations of women for the screen.

For days we didn't think there was much hope for Eric. The wound was a bad one. Fever set in. Remedies were limited, of course. I don't believe there would have been *any* hope for him if it hadn't been for Lorna. It was as if she was breathing her very life into him. It was a veritable giving of self.

It was a beautiful thing to see. You sort of felt, though, as though you shouldn't look. Too intimate.

As you know, there is always, in life, a touch of comedy to relieve almost every situation. Thelma and Ten Eyck van Erskine supplied that touch of comedy for me. I would turn from the thrilling and tender spectacle of Lorna nursing Eric back to life to watch Thelma creating out of the effigy of van Erskine the semblance of a man; Thelma had the care of him now. Lorna, of course, completely disregarded him. Which brings me to another observation of the enigmatic sex—it is weird, it is remarkable, how cleanly and completely women can *turn over pages*.

One would have sworn, at this juncture, that Lorna had barely met van Erskine before. Certainly there was no slightest indication that they had ever had anything in common. He simply had ceased to exist, so far as Lorna was concerned. Thelma took charge. And she *took* it. She ordered him about. She cooked his meals for him. She made him exercise, swim and walk and do the fishing. She filliped him into a sort of appreciation of her own sturdiness and glowing health. For story purposes, I should tell you that van Erskine fell in love with Thelma, that Thelma fell in love with him, and that another pretty romance of the society darling and the child of the people was consummated. I can't go so far as to say that. Thelma did *not* fall in love with van Erskine. Nor did van Erskine fall in love, properly speaking, with Thelma. He was, of course, infatuated with her, in his way. The same way he was infatuated with any and every new woman who crossed his path and remained standing there for more than twenty-four hours at a stretch. Thelma was a new sensation. He craved and demanded new sensations. The fact that she placed her capable hands on her swelling thighs, threw back her head on the strong column of her throat and laughed at him out of a red and scornful mouth, had a salutary effect on him. Van Erskine could stand being despised by men—he was used to it. He couldn't stand being laughed at by a woman—

he wasn't used to *that*. And so he went about trying to measure up to Thelma's drastic notions of what a man should be. And I got a whale of a kick out of watching a van Erskine kow-tow to Lorna Conquest's maid. Such is the evening up of elemental life.

Little by little, Conquest began to improve. I was a bit surprised to note that Thelma made no move to go to him, considering the sentimental relationship there had been between them. I put it down to the fundamental fact that we are all atavists. We all revert, sooner or later, to type. Thelma's type was to serve where service was due—and serve she did. Lorna's type was to give orders and to be wife to such a man as Conquest—Conquest, himself, could not keep away from business, even in the Low Archipelago. He had to twirl a penknife, to set up the motion of successful commerce and competition. Van Erskine was the professional lapdog of women, and he reverted to his type in the only way and with the only person at that time available.

"Atavists—all of us. Take us out of our orbits, transplant us to whatever clime you will, under whatever conditions, with whatever people. Turn the crank and wait a while and everyone of us will revert to his or her original type. Money-makers will be money-makers, though they traffic in images and shells. Home-makers will be home-makers. Those who are born to serve, will serve. And those born to rule, will rule. Those who "go native," *were* native in their very origins. When one reverts, one reverts to the fundamental concept. The layers in between fall away, and the intrinsic man or woman stands revealed.

THREE weeks after the shooting, Conquest was up and about again.

Lorna had never swerved for an instant in her devotion and service. But, so far as I knew, no word had been said between them as to events that were to come. Their status seemed to be simply that of the wounded man and the woman who was tirelessly tending him. I marveled at Lorna's patience and fortitude, when she must be longing to ask him what it was all about, whether he did care for Thelma, whether he would ever come to care for her again. It seemed to be enough for her to serve him and tend him, to cook for him and to wash his clothing. She went about with the expression of an acolyte tending some high altar. Another conclusion: the basis of a woman's true love is *service*. Lorna was learning that. What mighty lessons Lorna was learning, after all. Service and silence, and patience and endurance. For, after all, it must have occurred to her that she was tending a man who was quite likely to step away from her once he was recovered.

It was I who told him about Lorna's attempted sacrifice. He was sitting up outside the hut, propped up with grass mats and such improvised pillows as Lorna had been able to devise or to get from Maraa, who had taken to visiting us again, though not with the same frequency as of yore.

Lorna was bathing in the lagoon.

Eric and I were watching them, lazily, and I suddenly caught the expression in Eric's eyes as he watched his wife swimming with slow, strong strokes the breadth of the turquoise water. That expression made me know that if Thelma had ever occupied a section of his mind, that section was, for all time, sealed away. He had said to me that he was a "one woman man." Well, I thought, he still is.

Finally he said, "Do you know how wonderful she's been?"

I said, "Damned wonderful, if you ask me!"

He must have caught the excess fervor in my voice, for he looked at me and said, "What do *you* mean?"

"I probably mean more than you mean, at that," I said, "knowing more."

And then, at the risk of having my head smashed in with Eric's fast reviving strength, I told him of Lorna's attempted sacrifice of self, of the burning singleness of her desire, of the perfect immolation of all personal thought that had prompted her two strange, martyred trips to the natives.

Eric didn't say a word. What word could he find to say? Only the uttermost thing could be found to express the uttermost deed. And, as I have said, Conquest was never very articulate. But I got the same sort of an impression from him that I had got from Lorna. Everything fell away from him but the need and preoccupation of her. His whole being leaned out to her. They were like two spirits, shorn of everything save the desire of one another. I thought his lips formed a breathless syllable. It may have been "God," which is, I have noted the name men call upon when their spirits go into the extremest places.

After an interval of minutes, during which I seemed to hear, almost to see the naked heart of the man beating, he said, very low, "I haven't even made her an explanation. She hasn't even asked me for one. She has just given . . . and given . . . have you noticed how we men are put to shame . . . by women . . . when they do give . . . again and again . . . Like a child, she holds no malice . . . they say it is sentimental to claim that the love of woman is a holy thing . . . maybe it is . . . but it's true . . . oh, God, how true! What can *I* give her, now, that will repay?"

"Yourself," I said, "the assurance of your love. There is nothing else on earth or in heaven that she wants."

Lorna joined us presently. We watched her walk across the sand of the lagoon and up the slope that led to the hut. The white linen shift, or gown, or pareu, or whatever you call 'em, clung to her slim, straight body, her dusky hair fell about her shoulders, amber in the sun, her face gleamed like a morning glory . . .

She came and sat by us, rubbing her dampened locks with her hands, breathing out aromas of sun and sea and femininity. Eric sat watching her, like a man in a trance. He didn't seem to be aware of my presence, nor, for that matter, did she.

He said, "Lorna, you haven't asked . . . I like to think that you don't need to ask. But it ought to be said. Thelma . . . Thelma and I . . . that was all a game, a plot, a silly make-believe. Thelma was paid for acting that part with me. Cash. It was why I brought her along. I didn't know . . . my dear . . ."

Lorna was smiling at him. "You didn't need to say it," she said, "but I'm glad you did. I'm glad you did . . . without my asking . . . I don't blame you, dear. You had to. Of course, you couldn't know. But you know now. And I know. And everything's all right . . ."

SOME three weeks later still, the story Lorna had told the natives in order to regain her man, came true. *A child was to be born.* And with this knowledge came Eric's determination to return to America, to New York. The dangers that Lorna would be exposed to came uppermost to his mind. Lorna herself said that she was willing to remain if he wished to do so. But I could detect a little undercurrent of hope that Eric's decision would be to go home. It was.

It took a bit of planning, politics and waiting. None of the details of which would interest you especially. Dama had to be conciliated so that passing schooners could be notified of passengers. And we finally got transportation to Samoa and via Samoa to New York.

The journey back was uneventful enough. Lorna and Eric were a pair of lovers. They lived in a remade, reborn and utterly isolated world of their own. If they knew that the rest of us were with them, they gave few if any signs of the fact.

Ten Eyck, once homeward bound, regaled himself with the stories he would tell once he reached New York. He (*Continued on page* 32)

When Youth Is Wiser Than Age

The heroine of the serial story which begins in this issue, will interest you from the very beginning. Her mother is a fading star, who foolishly believed her beauty and youth and stardom would last forever, so she threw her gold away with a prodigal hand. Her decline finds them lacking the money which might have eased the rough spots in a downhill road.

Here the story starts. The mother makes demands upon her daughter which the girl's youth . . . wiser by far than her mother's age . . . tells her it would be suicidal to submit to.

Turn to page ten and begin this story now. We recommend it as one of the finest chronicles of motion pictures and motion picture people ever published.

Photographs Taken by
K. O. Rahmn
For Movie Weekly

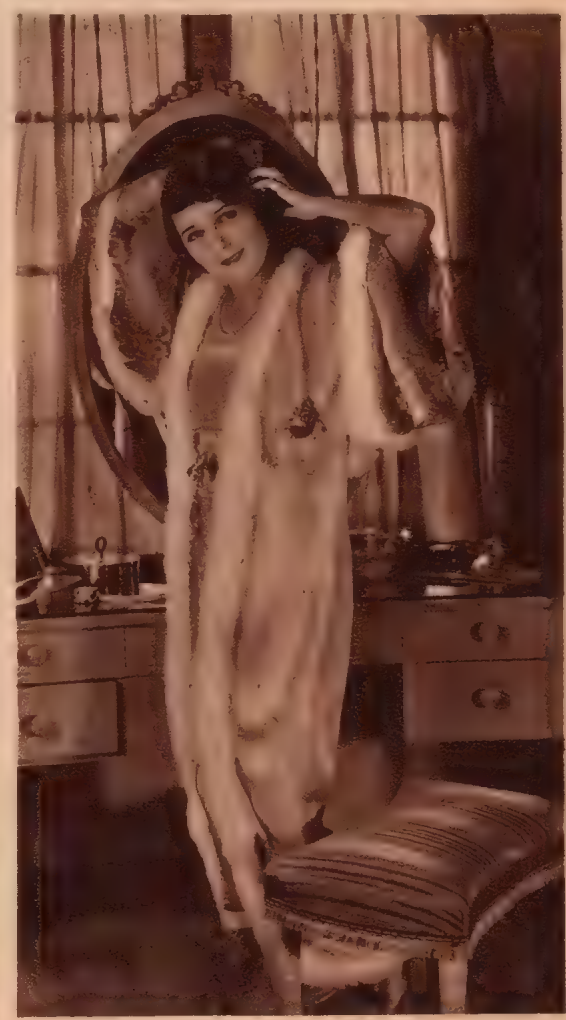
Dressing-rooms used to be ramshackle affairs where the greatest of stars applied their greasepaint and changed their costumes under conditions far from luxurious.

But now *Hollywood* knows delightful bungalow dressing-rooms, where every convenience and luxury facilitates the stars in preparing for their work.

Where Mrs. Fairbanks Is Mary Pickford

At *"Pickfair," Mary* wears her title of *Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks* with a contented dignity. She has never been drawn into the maelstrom of the *Lucy Stoners,* who vigorously insist that they must be known by their maiden names after marriage.

However, in the studios about which her professional life centers, and where her name has become something of a trade mark known around the world, she is still *Mary Pickford.*



CAMERA SCOOPS

Movie Weekly's Illustrated News of Motion Picture Activities Up Until the Time of Going to Press

Photograph by Alexander

At the top of the page we present *Mr.* and *Mrs. Jack Dempsey.* Both *Jack* and *Estelle Taylor* (if we may lapse into her maiden and professional name), have intimated that they will sacrifice the furtherance of their careers and romantically and blissfully retire to private life.

But, with no intention of being cynical, we have our doubts. We have found that human beings find it extremely difficult to give up thousands of dollars yearly . . . not to mention fame . . . once they have become accustomed to it.

Jackie Coogan is the proud possessor of the three medals pictured above. Reading from left to right are *The Pope's Medal* . . . *The Golden Cross of the Order of Jerusalem,* the most highly-prized of all ecclesiastical decorations . . . *The Silver Cross of the Order of George,* from the *Greek Government.*

Jackie was decorated with these medals for his humanitarian service in his *Near East Relief.*

Greater art has no actress than this, that she sacrifices her youth for maturity. And this brings us to *Claire Windsor,* pictured below with her director, *Hobart Henley.* It is in *"The Denial"* that *Claire,* for the first time in her career, masks her golden crown with a gray wig and thus faithfully portrays a mature mother.

Scanned and Donated to Archive.org from the Collection of Darren Nemeth 2024

This is the first picture taken of the *Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudraye* and his bride, universally known as *Gloria Swanson*. *Gloria* and the *Marquis* recently returned to *America* on the *Aquitania*, traveling in the bridal suite. This is probably the first time that the bridal suite ever had a nursery attached, but *Gloria's* two children traveled with them.

Incidentally, *Gloria* has been decorated as an "*Officer of the Academy*." Outside of the *Legion of Honor*, it is the highest honor possible to be bestowed upon a foreigner.

Photograph by *"P. and A."*

Above is *Pat O'Malley* and his daughter *Sheila*, engaged in the daily physical culture period which *Pat* recently decreed for his *Irish* household. Every morning the *O'Malleys* go through their gymnastics to the gay music of the family phonograph.

Claire Adams is *William De Mille's* recent find. Below she is pictured having her first close-up in a scene from "*Men and Women*," in which she supports *Richard Dix*.

Photograph by E. R. Richee

Evidently the girl from *Podunk* HAS a chance in *Hollywood*, after all.

For *Dorothy Sebastian*, above, just signed a five-year contract with the *Paramount* organization. It was two months ago that *Dorothy* left *Birmingham* for *Hollywood*, determined to be a screen star.

She managed to get past the gateman . . . had a screen test . . . played with *Alice Terry* in "*Sackcloth and Scarlet*," and now she has the contract in her safe deposit box.

Photograph by Waxman

The Eternal Feminine

It is all very well to wear quaint, simple young girl frocks upon the screen. But Madge Bellamy's stellar income makes it possible for her to have all manner of perfectly heavenly things for her personal wardrobe. And Madge has them, as you can see by this new photograph.

"The Seventh Heaven," one of the best stage plays we ever saw, has been bought for a motion picture, and it is likely that *Madge* will be given the leading role

Don Your Thinking Cap For This One—Contest Puzzle No. 8 An All'Around Test

The $1,000.00 Goal, with 48 Big Cash Prizes, Is Now Only Three Weeks Away

Ladies and Gentlemen of the Movie Weekly family, permit us to present to you Puzzle No. 8 of the $1,000.00 contest series. We are sure you will prove very congenial. Previously we have made you acquainted with this present puzzle's seven older brothers and sisters, and you have undoubtedly indulged in a considerable number of cross words with each of them. We hope that even the most cross of these words, however, have not seemed insolubly hard.

Take this thought with you as you prepare to dash unhesitatingly through your No. 8 solution. Isn't this contest, when you stop to think of it, really a double competition? One contest within the other? First, of course, is the big $1,000.00 series in which you are striving (if you are not you are missing a really worth-while opportunity), for a share in Movie Weekly's prize money. Then there is the personal contest, where you and the puzzle maker clash wits. Maybe the resulting mental sparks will kindle your inspiration into a puzzle-consuming flame that will enable you to burn up the contest. But—don't get excited and shout fire before you see the flame. False alarms are considered quite bad form this season. (No charge for hints on etiquette).

Puzzle No. 8 contains not only movie names and terms which will cause you to think a bit, but a number of unusual words of general application which will enrich your vocabulary if you are not already familiar with them. It would give you too many clues to the solution if we pointed out the ones we mean. But here is the puzzle. It's yours to play with. We know its solution will be a source of real satisfaction to you.

Schedule of Prizes

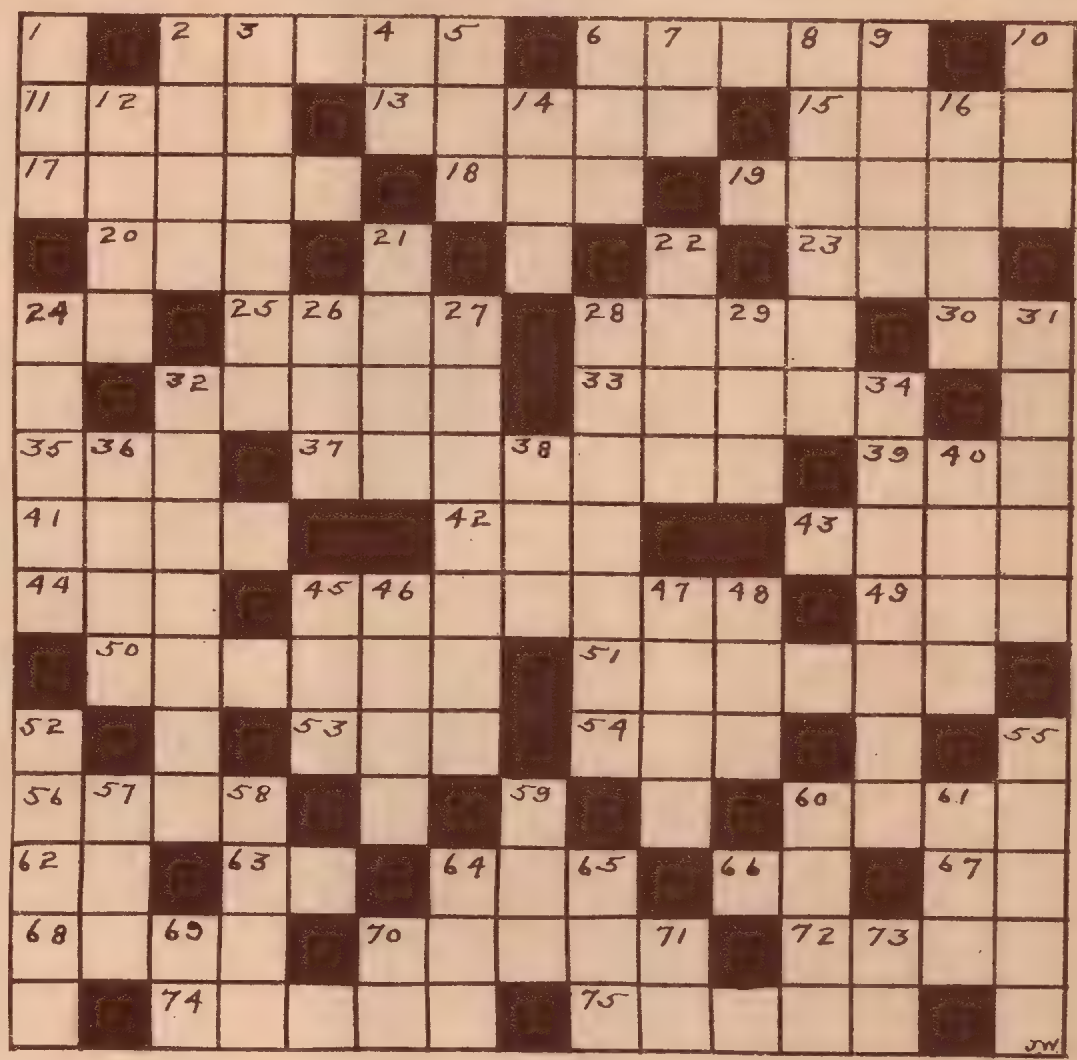
FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	100
THIRD PRIZE	50

25 Prizes, $10 each 20 Prizes, $5 each

CONTEST RULES

1. The contest is open to all except Macfadden employees and their family members and persons professionally engaged in the creation or solution of cross word puzzles.
2. It costs nothing to enter. You do not even have to use a copy of Movie Weekly. The puzzles may be copied from Movie Weekly and submitted on whatever form suits your convenience.
3. Letters should be printed in the proper squares in pencil or ink.
4. Eleven puzzles complete the contest series. One puzzle will appear in each issue of Movie Weekly, the last one appearing March 28, 1925.
5. Each puzzle will be susceptible to only one solution. Sealed master-list is in the safekeeping of Movie Weekly.
6. It is not necessary to formally notify us that you are competing. All that is necessary is that you submit the entire series of eleven puzzles and a letter on "Why Cross Word Puzzles Are So Fascinating," at the close of the contest. The letter must not contain more than 100 words. Winners will be determined by ratings given them by the judges for the greatest percentage of correct solutions and the best letters. The letter that gives the most clear, complete and logical reason or reasons for the fascination of cross word puzzles will be adjudged the best. 100 per cent solutions of puzzles will in all cases rank above those not 100 per cent correct, regardless of the accompanying letter.
7. Three judges will determine the winners. The judges' names will be announced in a later edition of Movie Weekly. All contestants agree to abide by their decisions. If there are ties, each tying contestant will receive the amount of the prize tied for.
8. Write your name and address plainly on each puzzle. DON'T SEND THEM IN ONE AT A TIME. Hold them until you complete the series of eleven puzzles. Arrange them in numerical order, put a clip or rubber band on them, or, if you prefer, paste them in a notebook. Then attach your letter on "Why Cross Word Puzzles Are So Fascinating," and forward by first-class mail to Movie Weekly Contest Editor, 1926 Broadway, New York City, before midnight, March 30, 1925. This does not mean that the completed series must be at Movie Weekly office before March 31st, but that it must be mailed before then.
9. Each contestant may submit as many series of puzzle sets as he sees fit, but only one letter may accompany each series and in no case is a contestant eligible to win more than one prize. As many members of one family as care to may compete and as many prizes as are won by different members of the same family will be paid.
10. All words appearing in the puzzles may be found in unabridged dictionaries and standard works of reference, EXCEPT NAMES OF MOVIE STARS AND WORDS OR TERMS PERTINENT TO FILMDOM, BUT WITH WHICH THE MOVIE-LOVING PUBLIC SHOULD BE WELL-ACQUAINTED.

MOVIE WEEKLY CONTEST PUZZLE—No. 8



Name.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....

HORIZONTAL

2—A featured player in "Inez from Hollywood"
6—A featured player in "The Lost World"
11—A pronoun (Ancient or Biblical Form)
13—The name of a forest in Shakespeare's "As You Like It"
15—A fish (Plural)
17—The trunk of the human body
18—To corrode
19—The name of the Supreme Being among the Mohammedans
20—To permit
23—Of the same family, class or breed
24—A holy personage (Abbr.)
25—Epochs
28—Free from anything that pollutes
30—An adjective suffix denoting the comparative degree
32—To embellish
33—To ascend
35—To equip with weapons
37—Carrying, as a burden
39—To fall behind or linger
41—Moves from one spot to another
42—A fish
43—At this place
44—Even (Poetic Form)
45—Sinking in the middle from weight or pressure
49—Denoting the middle part
50—To endeavor earnestly
51—Spread by rumor or report
53—To drowse
54—A firearm
56—The principal part played in a motion picture
60—To cause to discontinue
62—One indefinitely of a number
63—Exclamation indicating question or slight surprise
64—Assistance
66—Syllable indicating note of the musical scale
67—A pronoun
68—A thought or mental impression
70—A country of Asia
72—To bring to subjection
74—To operate the crank of a motion picture camera
75—A recently released Von Stroheim picture

VERTICAL

1—A Siamese coin
2—Dry; withered
3—Put to the proof
4—The initials of a continent
5—Before
6—A stake
7—A printer's measure
8—Depends
9—To thought
10—A kind of tree
12—One of the principal players in "North of 36"
14—Last name of actress who played opposite Ben Lyon in "The One Way Street"
16—Surname of actress whose given name Alice, who was a stage dancer prior appearing before the camera
21—Underdone, as meat in cooking
22—An act in a vaudeville show
24—A platform on which a motion picture acted
26—Steal
27—Ran upon or entangled with some project
28—Arranging in couples
29—To fit up or equip
31—Stormed
32—Imbecility
34—One of the parts, materials or traits anything
36—Female of the red deer (Plural)
38—A latter
40—Parched; dry
45—Iniquity
46—River on which is located the town Shakespeare's birth
47—A part of speech
48—An alcoholic beverage
52—Unadorned
55—Rapidity
57—Termination
58—Loved; precious
59—An offer to pay a certain price
60—Location
61—Measure of electrical resistance
64—In addition
65—Excavate
69—For example
70—A preposition
71—A measure of area
73—A public notice (Abbr.)

ACROSS the SCREEN

"THE LAST LAUGH"—90%

Reviewed by Aline O'Brien

So different is "The Last Laugh" from an American-made, American-played film, that it is hard to tell whether or no it will appeal to an American film public, not always open to the extremely novel in pictures. It is the simplest sort of a study of an old German porter, whose habiliments and badge of office win him the respect of his neighborhood, and who carries his uniform and homage with squared shoulders, flashing eyes and erect carriage. On account of his age, he is transferred to a minor position in the hotel, and with the loss of his position comes the loss of his neighbor's regard. His step becomes feeble, his head bowed and his heart breaks. Very slow-moving is this German-made film, filled with tragedy and pathos, but marvelously well acted and marvelously well directed, without the aid of a single sub-title. An explanatory note and an additional reel, when we thought the picture ended, gives the story one of the most humorous twists we have ever witnessed.

Emil Jannings, who plays the leading role, is an artist, and although we may feel doubtful of the picture's general reception, we highly recommend it as "one of those photoplays no one can afford to miss."

The cast includes: Emil Jannings, Mary Delschaft, Kurt Hiller, Emilie Kurz, Hans Unterkircher and Georg John.

The picture was directed by F. W. Murnau.

"THE LOST WORLD"—85%

Reviewed by Nan Kehoe

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has made a real contribution to the cinema world in his production, "The Lost World." As an example of photographic skill, it has probably not been equalled. We know that double exposure is used in a number of the scenes, but it is certainly not apparent. When the huge monsters, which we are told roamed the world in prehistoric days, the last of which are found on the Amazon plateaus of "The Lost World," are shown in contrast to the pygmy figures of the men who hunt them, the effect is extraordinary. We have ceased wondering how the picture was filmed. We simply accept it as one of the cinematic phenomena of the day and give unstinted praise to the author, director, research worker and photographer. After the picture is started, there is no end to the thrills in which each sequence abounds. Our one complaint is that the love interest is superfluous, for it usurps valuable footage which might have been devoted to the prehistoric wonders. Wallace Beery runs away with most of the acting honors, in the role of Professor Challenger, who heads the expedition, while Arthur Hoyt, as the bug-hunting professor, supplies most of the numerous laughable moments. "The Lost World" is well worth seeing.

The cast includes: Bessie Love, Lloyd Hughes, Lewis Stone, Wallace Beery, Arthur Hoyt and others.

The picture was directed by W. H. O'Brien and Harry Hoyt.

"FORTY WINKS"—85%

Reviewed by Lyn Winters

"Forty Winks" is directed by the two Cecil De Mille associates, Frank Urson and Paul Iribe, who combine efforts to produce a skillful and finished production. It is adapted from the play, "Lord Chumley," by David Belasco and Henry C. De Mille, and features Raymond Griffith, one of the screen's cleverest comedians, in the title role. Mr. Griffith has all the Chaplinesque subtleties, with a personality all his own.

The directors have picked a splendid supporting cast, headed by Viola Dana, and including everybody's favorite, Theodore Roberts.

Some valuable papers have been stolen by a designing lawyer and his attractive confederate, the little Chinese Anna May Wong. There are plenty of thrills and excitement to find the thief. The audience is in on the secret, or thinks it is, but the actors are not. Therein lies the tale, and everybody has a good time, even to the dog, who enjoys each new excitement.

Somebody evidently picked a box office title, so to speak, and tacked it on, and, if it catches your eye and gets you into the theater, we'll guarantee you'll not be disappointed.

The cast includes: Viola Dana, Raymond Griffith, Theodore Roberts, Cyril Chadwick, Anna May Wong and William Boyd.

The picture was directed by Frank Urson and Paul Iribe.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Our reviews are printed of a uniform size so that they may be kept for future reference. They are written by members of our editorial staff who are skilled critics and whose viewpoints we know to be sane and unbiased. We believe you will find the ratings of special assistance and invite our readers to send in their personal ratings of pictures they see.*

RATING: Excellent, 95%; Good, 90%; Fair, 75%; Poor, 60%

"THE DEVIL'S CARGO"—85%

Reviewed by Harriette Underhill

"The Devil's Cargo" is an interesting tale of the West in the days of '49. Charles Whittaker wrote the play, and he chose Sacramento as the locale. Now it seems that at that time, Sacramento was filled with people who did much as the people of today are doing in New York, only at that time it was considered disreputable to drink, play poker, dance or fiddle. So the reformers botched up a plot to drive the undesirables to San Francisco. The Golden Gate, however, refused to open hospitality to the strangers, and in the excitement there was a mutiny and the river boat drifted rudderless out to sea. The picture is terribly exciting, with Wallace Beery as self-appointed captain of the ill-fated craft. He gives a marvelous performance. Pauline Starke is the heroine, and never before have we seen her so attractive. She seems suddenly to possess not only the semblance but the charm of Gloria Swanson. William Collier, Jr. is very good as the misguided hero, and Raymond Hatton is fine as a small but terribly important first mate. Decidedly "The Devil's Cargo" should go on the list of pictures to be seen.

The cast includes: Wallace Beery, Pauline Starke, Claire Adams, William Collier, Jr., Raymond Hatton, George Cooper and Dale Fuller.
The picture was directed by Victor Fleming.

"THE SALVATION HUNTERS"—80%

Reviewed by Aline O'Brien

Frankly, we didn't like "The Salvation Hunters." It isn't a picture one would like. It depicts Life in a form most distasteful. It is Life portrayed in symbols as seen by one man—but, to give credit where credit is due—viewed and portrayed by that man with utmost sincerity. No matter what may have been lacking in this, Mr. Von Sternberg's first production, we are sure, if his picture is not a success, its failure will not be due to any lack of sincerity on his part or on the parts of his players, and if it succeeds, it will be in spite of greater odds than any producer ever before encountered. Costing, in the motion picture parlance, practically nothing, its author and producer unknown, its cast of players practically unheard of, it has absolutely none of that intangible substance known as box office value. But, if the cast is new, they do nobly. George K. Arthur and Georgia Hale, who portray the leading roles, will be heard of again. And it is well directed. It is not Life as we see it, the symbols are not our symbols, it is sordid, unpleasant, what you will, but we admire the spirit in back of it.

The cast includes: George K. Arthur, Georgia Hale, Bruce Guerin, Otto Matiesen, Nellie Bly Baker, Olaf Hytten and Stuart Holmes.
The picture was directed by Josef Von Sternberg.

"CHEAPER TO MARRY"—65%

By Harriette Underhill

"Cheaper to Marry" is quite a terrible picture, made from rather a good play by Samuel Shipman. But it seems that the scenario writer and the director have conspired to leave nothing recognizable in the film.

Conrad Nagel and Marguerite de la Motte are seen as Doris and Dick, the young people who prove that it is not only more respectable but also cheaper to marry. Lewis Stone and Paulette Duval take the opposite side of the question. Miss Duval has the sort of figure which used to be known as a perfect 36. We had thought that curves were decidedly *passé*, yet this lady's claim to fame seems to lie in the fact that she was constantly being photographed in silhouette, wearing a silver gown against a dark background. Of the girl, saddened by the life which she was forced to lead, the sensitive girl conceived by Mr. Shipman, there was not a trace. There are, however, beauty salons, swimming pools and suicides, of which the author never dreamed, spasmodically springing up in the picture. Louise Fazenda and Claude Gillingwater furnish some much needed comedy. No, we do not recommend "Cheaper to Marry."

The cast includes: Conrad Nagel, Lewis Stone, Paulette Duval, Marguerite de la Motte, Louise Fazenda, Claude Gillingwater and Richard Wayne.
The picture was directed by Robert Z. Leonard.

Dick Barthelmess is something of a good business man . . . nor does this mean we think any the less of him as an actor—or, we might say, an artist. For *Dick* doesn't do the same sort of thing over and over again in his pictures. His portrayals cover a wide scope. He gives the public what it wants, variety. On the right is *Dick* as the musician in *"Soul-Fire."*

Above is what we consider a delightful study of *Noah Beery* in *"The Spaniard."*

And, on the right, *John Gilbert* and *Eric Von Stroheim* admire *Mae Murray's* ballet costume. The latest reports from the *Coast* have it that the temperamental difficulties of director and star have been patched up and that *"The Merry Widow"* waltzes on to completion.

On the Set

JACK DEMPSEY and Estelle Taylor were married on February 7th, and the ceremony, for unobtrusiveness and romance, rivaled the quiet nuptials of Lita and Charlie Chaplin a short time ago. Jack and Estelle slipped away to the First Presbyterian Church in San Diego, and were married in the presence of four witnesses. Jack's mother was present, tremendously proud of her big boy and her new daughter, and Estelle's sister, Helen. Some time shortly before dawn of the next day, the happy pair once again eluded their friends, drove away, speeding northward, and were lost in the fog drifting in from San Diego Bay. They left no word of their destination, but rumor murmured that there was a tiny cabin somewhere in the mountains forty miles from San Diego, where Jack and his bride had long planned to spend their honeymoon. Whether or no Jack intends to give up his pugilistic career and Estelle her place near the top of filmdom's ladder, remains to be seen, for no future business plans are being discussed. Europe is to be the background for their real honeymoon, says Jack, as soon as they can spare the time.

MRS. WILLIAM S. HART announces that she is ready for a reconciliation if her husband will consent to it. She says that her son needs a father's as well as a mother's care.

Friends of Mr. Hart think it quite improbable that such a reconciliation will ever take place. Although passionately fond of his little son, it is said that he cannot forget that for three years he lived under the cloud of charges that he had been cruel to his wife. Mrs. Hart has recently declared these charges untrue. Mr. Hart left for New York immediately upon conclusion of the lawsuit which brought victory to his wife, inasmuch as it granted her the right to return to the screen. Hart will appeal the suit, he says.

THEODORE KOSLOFF, Rudolph Valentino and the other Hollywood sheiks and dancers had better look to their laurels, for no less a person than Doug Fairbanks is to compete for the terpsichorean crown. In the picturesque

Ben Lyon offered his services in the selection of a girl to play in *"Chickie,"* a new production going into work at the *First National* studios. We understand it is the tale of a stenographer. Here *Ben* considers four of the girls who played with him in *"One Way Street,"* hoping to determine which one is most typical of the part in question.

and Off

costume of the Spanish "Don Q.," Doug is to trip the fandango or Spanish tango or some such thing, and 'tis said he is as nimble-footed in the dance as he is in his famous jumps and leaps.

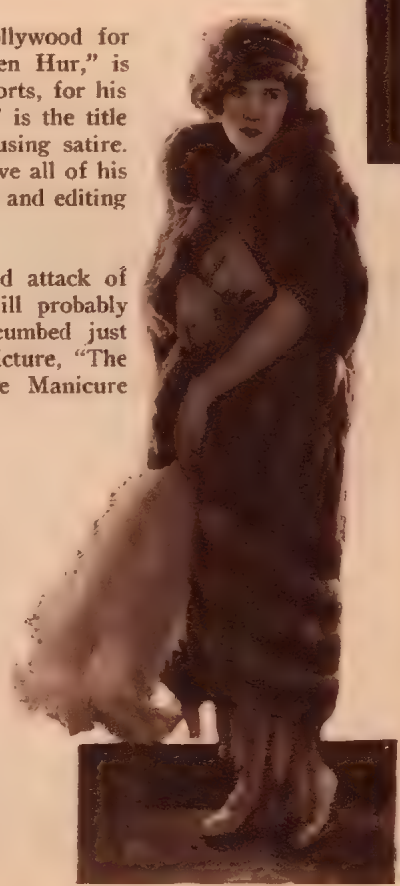
RAMON NOVARRO, who is back in Hollywood for the filming of the final sequences of "Ben Hur," is to return to Europe, according to the latest reports, for his next picture. "The Million Dollar Bank Note" is the title and it will be adapted from Mark Twain's amusing satire. Frank Borzage will direct, as Mr. Niblo will have all of his time for some months to come taken up cutting and editing "Ben Hur."

BEBE DANIELS was suffering with a bad attack of grippe when we went to press, which will probably necessitate a few weeks' vacation. Bebe succumbed just two days before the completion of her latest picture, "The Crowded Hour." Her next production, "The Manicure Girl," will be started when Bebe returns from her vacation.

MAURICE MAETERLINCK has been signed by Metro-Goldwyn, so we hear, to write three original stories, the first of which is to be produced shortly under the working title of "The Power of the Dead."

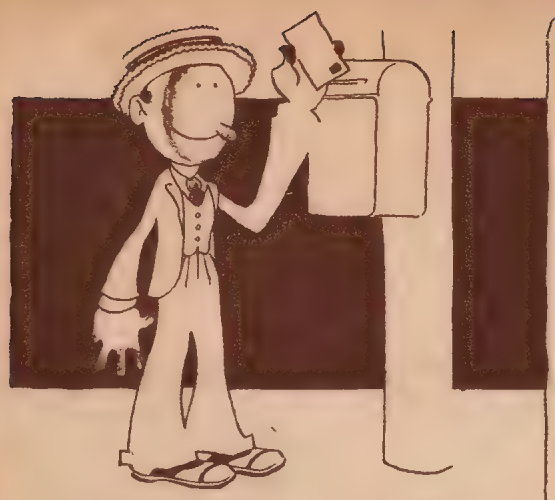
EDNA MURPHY has been signed to a long-term contract by B. P. Schulberg, and her first picture will be made on the Coast as soon as she completes work with Aileen Pringle and Holmes Herbert in "Wildfire."

IRENE RICH has promised herself a nice long vacation in Europe this summer. After making one (*Continued on page* 33)



"Remember, they're human," is the advice *Richard Dix* gives to the majority of us who grow disagreeable and sarcastic when we get the wrong number. Judging by his good-natured grin, *Richard* has no trouble in getting the number he calls.

Louise Fazenda glories in the heroine roles the producers have cast her in all of a sudden. After years of gingham and pigtails, *Louise* wouldn't be a woman if she didn't enjoy the fine feathers with which she is permitted to enhance her pulchritude, so long disguised.
Now *Robert Leonard* is directing her in *"Cheaper to Marry."*



The Colonel

This department is for the service of our readers. No charge whatever is made for the answering of questions, whatever their number. However, if a personal reply is requested, we ask that you send a stamped, addressed envelope. All letters should contain the name and address of the writer and, if it is desired that a fictitious name be used in the publication, this name should also be written at the bottom of the letter.

Are you curious to know if your favorite screen star is married . . . where he was born . . . or the name of his new picture? If so, write to the COLONEL at Movie Weekly, 1926 Broadway, New York City.

THE RIGHT BOWER—Of course I'll answer your questions with a big heart. I always answer questions that have a heart, whether big or little. Lloyd Hughes is twenty-six; he and his wife, Gloria Hope, live at 601 S. Rampart St., Los Angeles. I think he would be glad to send you his picture. John Bowers is in his late twenties and has been married about a year to Marguerite De La Motte. He lives at 141 S. Manhattan Place. Hollywood. Thomas Meighan is forty-two. Mrs. Tom is Frances Ring. Write Tommy at the Famous Players Studio, Astoria, L. I.

FRENCHIE—How is my bald head? I found a hair on it this morning. Doug Fairbanks, Jr. can be reached at the Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood. Sorry I have no address for Winston Miller. June Caprice is Mrs. Harry Millarde. She retired from the screen to play a mother role. The same is true, more or less, of Louise Huff, who is Mrs. Edward Stillman. She plays on the stage occasionally, when it doesn't require her leaving New York, her home. Vivian Martin has been playing on the stage for several years. I believe she is appearing in London now; Robert Warwick also devotes most of his time to the theater.

MARCHETA—You needn't be afraid of hurting me by asking questions; I don't bruise that easily. Tom Mix is married to Victoria Forde and they live at 5841 Carleton Way, Hollywood. Write Baby Peggy at 7250 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles. Claire Windsor is about twenty-five. Write her at Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

A LOYAL FAN—Loyal to whom? Norma Talmadge lives in Hollywood, but is abroad at present. The Joseph Schenck who owns Palisades Park, N. J., is not the one who is Norma's husband. Blanche Sweet doesn't give her age; she lives in Hollywood; I don't know her home address. None of the actresses you ask about gives her age. I doubt if it is possible to get a picture of Wallace Reid now as, obviously, there is no longer anyone sending them out.

COLLEEN MOORE'S PALS—Moore pals for Colleen! It may be true that there was a wishbone scene in "A Man Must Live," and it was taken out when the picture was cut and edited. Yes, Jane Jennings plays in the picture; De Witt doesn't. The title, "So Big," has a symbolical meaning which would take too long to explain here. I see that you didn't read the very excellent book. Besides the pictures you mention, Colleen played in "The Sky Pilot," "His Nibs," "Come On Over," "The Nth Commandment," "Affinities" and "Flaming Youth." Harold Parmalee, in "Merton of the Movies," was played by Elliott Roth. No, Leatrice Joy and Lila Lee have not permanently deserted pictures. Leatrice is making "The Dressmaker from Paris," and Lila returned to the screen opposite Tom Meighan in "Coming Through."

YOU AND I—Unfortunately I can't read Spanish.

KID BREITBART—Charles Cook and Kit Guard can both be reached at the F. B. O. Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood; Doug Fairbanks, 7200 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood. See FRENCHIE. I don't know Jack Dempsey's business address at present, but he and Estelle Taylor are both so well known out there that a letter addressed to them at Hollywood would unquestionably reach them.

SWEETHEART—Whose? Not mine, I hope, writing me right out in public like this. Ben Lyon is twenty-six and is unmarried. He is six feet tall. Lloyd Hughes is a blond with grey eyes. See RIGHT BOWER. Ramon Novarro is twenty-six and still single.

TED—Ramon Novarro was born in Durango, Mexico, February 6, 1899. He gives his height as 5 feet 10. He has black eyes. See above.

PILLOWS—The plots you describe sound like good screen material, but I don't know where to suggest your sending them, as amateur scenarios are not even read by most companies. This is because only one in a thousand or so ever proved usable, so the companies decided it was a waste of money to hire readers for them. Also, most companies buy only well-known novels and plays for production. However, you might try Preferred Pictures, 3800 Mission Road, Hollywood, or F. B. O., 780 Gower St., Hollywood.

SCHILL—And you want me to guess the rest of it? Maybe it's Schilly Day. No, Huntley Gordon has never been starred, but he will be, beginning with "My Wife and I," which he is to make for Warner Brothers Studio, Hollywood. You can reach him there.

CHING CHING—Do call me "Kind Sir" if you think you'd like to. I agree with you about Norma Shearer; she's wonderful. She was born in Montreal about twenty-two years ago. No, she isn't married. She is 5 feet 3 and weighs 109.

EVERYBODY'S FAN—I should say you are; you even accuse me of being good-looking. Perhaps I have reasons for not publishing my picture! Mae Busch was born in Australia and attended a convent in Madison, N. J. She was formerly on the stage with Eddie Foy. She is 5 feet 5, has grey eyes and black hair. She is divorced from Francis MacDonald. Neva Gerber seems to have retired from the screen.

ETHEL BARRYMORE'S ADMIRER—It's been years since Miss Barrymore played in pictures, and I've no idea what her home address is. She wouldn't want it made public, in any case. You can reach her in care of her manager, Arthur Hopkins, 236 W. 45th St., New York. Miss Barrymore is divorced from Russell Colt.

IVANITCH—Where? John Gilbert is thirty, and has brown hair and eyes. He is now making "The Merry Widow." He is married to Leatrice Joy, but a divorce is pending. When you ask for the rating of a picture, I suppose you mean the rating given it by the Movie Weekly critic. "The Lighthouse by the Sea" was rated 80%, and "So Big" was also.

BLUE BIRD—What do you want to know about Ricardo Cortez? He was born in Alsace-Lorraine, France, and is Spanish. He is about twenty-seven and is unmarried. He is now making "The Spaniard."

PEACHES—Not in the "next issue," Peaches! See KID BREITBART.

A LOVER OF GEORGE O'BRIEN—Even the most impatient lovers sometimes have to wait; an answer in the "next issue" isn't possible, because of the time it takes to print the magazine. Yes, George O'Brien is an American; he has only been in movies several years. Write him at the Fox Studio, 1417 N. Western Ave., Hollywood. His latest picture is "The Roughneck."

KIMI ITO—Ralph Graves doesn't give his birth date. He was born in Cleveland, Ohio; I don't know where he attended school. He has blue eyes. No, he does not live with his family; his wife, Marjorie Seaman, died about two years ago.

CUPID'S JEWEL—You mustn't take my kidding seriously; I don't mean it that way. I believe Richard Dix's sister is named Virginia. I don't know much about her, as she isn't in the movies. If you address a letter to her in Richard's care, she'll get it, as she takes care of his correspondence, at the Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood. (*Continued on page* 31)

Marion's Dream Comes True

Lately *Marion Davies* has been presented in elaborate productions. And all the time she has been thinking how nice it would be to make a good story and forget spectacular trappings for a time.

Then, a little over a year ago, she saw *Alice Brady* in that delightful stage play, "*Zander the Great.*" And she thought it was just the sort of thing she would like to do on the screen.

Nor do we wonder at that. For there is something kindred between the heroine of *Zander,* with her blythe sense of humor and her kind heart, and *Marion Davies* herself.

Now *Marion's* dream has come true. For these are the first still-pictures from "*Zander the Great,*" in which she is now appearing in the *California* studios.

At the table is *Harry Myers,* as *Texas; Harrison Ford,* as *Dan Murchison; Marion Davies,* as *Mamie; Jackie Huff,* as *Zander;* and *Harry Wilson,* as *Good News.*

Hedda Hopper plays *Zander's* mother, who entrusts *Zander* to *Mamie's* care before she passes on . . . And how heroically *Mamie* keeps her trust!

What Our Readers Think of Us

This Week's $10.00 Prize Letter

Your new Movie Weekly is truly a revelation of delight. I am planning on keeping every number for its artistic as well as reading value. Movie Weekly, in its thirty-four or thirty-five pages, holds more interesting reading matter and more artistic pictures than any monthly magazine pertaining to motion pictures.

The elimination of cheap fiction matter, replaced by a story such as "Separate Lives," is a decided improvement. The life stories of stars is as interesting, if not more so, than any fiction story could possibly be.

From the first time Movie Weekly made its appearance, to the present day, I have been its reader. And it is indeed surprising how this magazine has grown. I can think of no magazine I read today that I look forward to reading as enthusiastically as I do Movie Weekly.

Your staff of writers seems like such a companionable little family, and I believe that explains why your news and stories are the most interesting on the newsstands today.

Your magazine is the only one that covers every phase of the movie world perfectly, and I know your high standard will always be maintained.

NORMA C. PETERSEN,
Chicago, Illinois.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

This Week's $5.00 Prize Letter

GEORGE H. SIMMONDS,
Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

This Week's $3.00 Prize Letter

MISS VERA WHITING,
London, England.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Honorable Mention

MISS MINNIE G. STOREY,
Vancouver, Washington.

IF I WERE YOU

By

Norma Talmadge

Photograph by Kenneth Alexander

Antoinette: Your problem is rather different from the majority of love problems that come to me. You are in love, but with a man whom you have never seen and whom you do not know except in dreams. It is because of your love for him that you cannot find interest in the men whom you know. You are constantly comparing these men of flesh and blood with the man of your dreams and the result is that none of them can come up to the equal of your ideal. You want to know whether you should take your mother's advice and marry a man who has asked you to be his wife. Since you are only seventeen years of age, I do not think it would be advisable for you to take such a step, particularly when you do not love the man. You are young enough to wait a while, until you find someone who comes nearer to being like the man of your dreams.

Movie Fan: I quite agree with you that you will not be able to find the kind of friends you are seeking by "hanging out" on street corners and frequenting places of unsavory reputation. You are anxious to meet some boys near your own age with whom you can "pal" around. So far you have been unable to find anyone who is congenial. You spoke of attending church. Perhaps if you went to Sunday School you would be more apt to get in touch with suitable companions. If you were to join a local gymnasium, it is possible that you would find someone there with whom you could make friends. I do not know whether you live in a large city or small town, so I cannot advise you about getting in touch with an organization that might be able to help you. Make it a point to inquire about such places, and perhaps you will find just what you are looking for.

G. G.: I sympathize with you deeply in your desire for a home that is full of harmony and happiness instead of quarrels and unkind words. It is unfortunate that you have had to grow up in such an atmosphere. It is rather surprising that, when you have heard so much bickering and outbursts of temper, you have not grown callous to it all and ceased to wish for anything better. You are old enough now to try in some way to change the conditions of your home life. The cause of the trouble is due to a physical breakdown of your father. He has never been the same since and your mother's part in the discord is evidently the result of frayed nerves that have had to stand the strain of many years trying to keep peace with an irritable father and strong-willed children. Now that your two sisters have left home and there are only your mother and father beside yourself, I am sure that things will not be so difficult if you make up your mind that no matter what happens, you are not going to add one word of inharmony or one dark look to the already stormy horizon. Try to bear in mind that your father is not a well man, that your mother is carrying a heavy burden and that only by lifting yourself above the sordidness of the constant quarreling can you hope to help them in any way. Do your share of the home work and try to keep things as cheerful as possible, but never forget that you are not to take part in anything except the peaceful moments of the family life. It will not be the easiest thing in the world, but your trying to bring harmony out of discord will be a worth-while thing to do.

Bella: You have a chronic case of feeling inferior to everything and everybody. You are conscious that your education is limited so that, when you are with people who are better educated that you, you are afraid to talk and you allow yourself to be made unhappy over the fact that you are not "good enough" for them. You have worried over your deficiencies so much that you have changed from a jolly little girl into rather a gloomy young person. The first thing for you to do is to begin educating yourself by means of an outside interest—books and subjects that will help you to improve your mind. You are unfortunate in being able to associate with those who can help you and you should take (*Continued on page* 32)

The Daughter of a Fading Star

(Continued from page 12)

"I don't know. I learned typewriting at high school. I can try for an office job."

He assented gravely. Then he said.

"You know I almost think I have a part that you would fit. Will you take off your hat so that I can get a good look at you?"

But she rose.

"There's no use in that. I won't play in pictures."

He did not get up, but smiled quizzically.

"I'll agree to read your scenario, if you'll take off your hat," he said, and held out his hand.

The color came and went quickly in her face. She handed him the flat package and took off her hat. He looked for a moment and his eyes brightened.

"What luck!" he exclaimed. "Your hair isn't bobbed. Can you ride horseback?"

"I love it!" she exclaimed with the first enthusiasm she had shown during the interview. "You see, my father brought me up on his ranch in Arizona till I was thirteen and he went to France."

Murchison started.

"Your father?" he asked, and then checked himself. "Oh, yes, of course."

"I thought you knew," Loreta said quietly. "Father and mother never lived together after I was born. She ran away from him and he didn't know anything about her till I was ten. Then, when he made up his mind to enlist in France, he brought me here. That was in 1916. I was thirteen years old. He and mother patched things up and he left me with her. He—was killed."

Murchison listened with a strange feeling of discomfort as the girl spoke of her father. Without realizing it, he had begun to feel a satisfaction in the secret thought that she was his own daughter. He saw in her a personality, perhaps a genius, and it pleased him to think that she derived it from him. It was with something of an effort that he brought himself back to the matter in hand.

"Of course you can ride, then," he said. "And that makes you fit the part perfectly. I don't know how you'd screen, or whether you can act well enough to do the part justice, but we could find that out fairly well by tests."

Loreta rose.

"But I'm not going into the movies," she said. "How soon will you read my scenario?"

Murchison was nonplussed—but still amused. Here was probably the only girl in the United States not already starring, who would have refused a part under him. Yet she did it with as much calmness as if she were refusing sugar for her coffee. A chance that ten thousand in Hollywood alone would have leaped at, she cast aside and at the same time talked naively about her scenario—which couldn't be anything but bad!

"I'm sorry," he said. "Please tell your mother that I was ready to do my part. And if you change your mind about pictures, come to me first. About your scenario—I'll try to read it in a couple of weeks. I'm very busy right now."

She looked levelly into his eyes for a moment, gave a little nod and a "Thank you," and went out. He watched her with a queer mixture of feelings. A moment later he dropped his eyes to the big flat envelope in his hands. He shook his head, smiled whimsically, and then, on an impulse, tore it open. He drew out the manuscript that was inside and looked at the title.

"JOAN OF ARC."

He sighed. Could the girl have chosen a more impossible theme!

AS Loreta lef herself quietly into her mother's apartment, her nostrils were assailed by a familiar combination of odors—alcohol and cigarette smoke. A glance into the living-room to the right showed her cause: her mother and Walter Brant sitting on opposite sides of the open fireplace, smoking; on the mantel, just above each, an empty cocktail glass. Walter had a notebook in his hand, and a pencil. They both looked up as Loreta started to pass the door.

Walter jumped up and went toward her eagerly. He was an attractive young Kentuckian, perhaps twenty-seven years old, meticulously dressed, and good-looking.

"Well, what's the news?" he asked. "Did he say he'd give you a chance?"

Loreta faced them a trifle tensely.

"He would have, if I had wanted it," she said. "But I didn't want a part. I wanted him to read a scenario I've written, and hes' going to."

The two stared at her, unable to believe their ears.

"He offered you a part—and you refused?" her mother gasped. "Are you crazy, Loreta?"

The girl's eyes took on an extra brilliance.

"No," she said, "I'm not crazy. I've always said I didn't want to be a motion picture actress."

"But, Loreta, we're stony broke. We haven't a cent, and I can't get a part anywhere. You know that. It's up to you."

The girl's jaw set in a way that carried Bee Burton back nineteen years to the day when Loreta's father had given her his answer to just such a statement.

"All right," Loreta said. "I'll support you, if that's what you mean. I'll get a job tomorrow in L. A. The income from the ranch ought to help some. But there'll be no money for cigarettes and cocktails."

Bee laughed a hollow kind of laugh and she and Walter Brant exchanged glances.

"We won't get much income from the ranch," Bee said, with a shrug of her slim shoulders. "I've just sold it to raise money to put you across in pictures. Mr. Weston is due here any minute with the papers for us to sign."

Loreta stared.

"You have sold the ranch?" she repeated slowly. Then, suddenly: "But you can't. It's mine. Father left it to me. I won't sell it. I——"

The telephone rang. Loreta herself picked up the receiver.

"Yes," she said. "Who? . . . Who? . . . Tell him to come up." She turned to them, putting down the receiver. It's Bill Weston himself!" she cried. "Well, I won't sell. But it'll be good to see him—good to see anybody from a place where men are square and people are decent."

Walter lifted an eyebrow quizzically.

"Don't you think you're a bit narrow-minded, Loreta?" he said. "Cigarettes and cocktails and a little gaiety aren't so terrible."

Loreta had always found herself liking Walter in spite of her prejudice against his frequent enjoyment of the things he had just defended. But she answered him with unhesitating directness:

"Perhaps not. But what I've seen of them disgusts me. I wish I could ——"

The doorbell rang. She stepped quickly to it and opened it. A tanned young man, two or three years younger than Walter, and two or three inches taller, dressed in a ranchman's ready-made clothes of the convential but not too well-fitting type used when going to town, stood in the doorway.

"Hello, Bill!" Loreta exclaimed, and held out her hand.

The lean face of the man showed surprise first, and then recognition. With just a shade of doubt still in his eyes, he put out his hand and took Loreta's. She saw then that the five years had hardened the face that had been boyish when she last saw it. It was the face of a strong man now.

"Well, I sure am glad to see you ain't forgot me," he said, with a smile that broadened as he felt the firm grip of her hand.

"I guess not," Loreta said, a catch coming into her voice. "I don't forget anything about the old Rancho Sangredo." Then she turned. "This is my mother, Bill. And Mr. Brant."

"I'm sure glad to meet Loreta's mother, ma'am," Bill said, bowing. He nodded easily to Walter

"It was good of you to come all this distance with the papers, Mr. Weston," Bee said. "We hate to part with the ranch, but——"

"And we're not going to," Loreta broke in. "Bill, the ranch is mine, isn't it?"

Bill looked at her in surprise.

"Why, yes," he said slowly, his pale blue eyes narrowing. "What do you mean—you ain't goin' to sell. I thought it was all fixed."

"It was," Loreta said quietly, "but without consulting me. I won't sell. And—and" she turned with sudden determination to her mother—"I'm going back there and run it. I could write there, too."

Bee Burton stared at her a moment, and then threw back her head and laughed.

"Now you *are* crazy!" she exclaimed finally. "You couldn't run that ranch."

Loreta's face had reddened under the laughter. Now she answered with grim self-restraint:

"I can, and I will." She turned to Bill. "When do you go back?" she asked.

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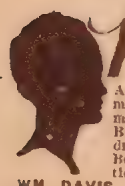

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His pale eyes were still narrowed as if he were trying to get the full meaning of the situation.

"Tonight at ten-thirty," he said.

Loreta's face was very white.

"I'll be on the same train," she said.

Bee got quickly to her feet.

"You *are* out of your head," she said tensely. "Mr. Weston, if you'll be good enough to wait downstairs for a few minutes, I think we can make Loreta see reason."

Bill studied each of the three in turn.

"Well, ma'am," he said slowly, "unless she's changed a big sight since she last rode herd with me, I reckon you've made a mistake. But *excuse* me. I sure am in the way."

He started for the door.

"I'll see you on the train in the morning, Bill," Loreta said quietly.

He nodded.

"I reckon you will," he said, and went out.

Mother and daughter faced each other tensely. Walter had drawn into the background and was looking from one to the other with as much sheer interest as embarrassment.

"Mother," Loreta said, "I'm going and there isn't a chance of your stopping me. You ought to know that. I'm sick of Hollywood anyhow, but I'd have stayed if you hadn't tried to sell the ranch. *That* wasn't fair. You can come with me, or after me, just as you like. I'll support you, but I'll do it *my* way."

She turned to go to her room. But Walter came out of his corner.

"Wait a minute, Loreta," he said. "I know and I guess Bee does, that you'll go if you make up your mind. But there are two things you ought to get straight in your head first."

"What are they?" Loreta asked, her head held very high.

"The first is this," he answered evenly: "You don't have to smoke and drink and take part in the kind of parties that you are sick of, in order to be a motion picture actress. You don't know as much about motion picture people as you think."

He paused.

"Well?" she asked, unmoved.

"The second thing you should know is that this fine, clean, square man of the open places that you plan to go back to your ranch with is probably a crook."

"What do you mean?" Loreta exclaimed fiercely. "Why didn't you say that when he was here?"

Walter smiled.

"It was pretty obvious that he wouldn't have had trouble in making mince meat of me," he said. "It seemed easier and wiser to wait. But the fact is that since his father died and he's been running the ranch, the income has steadily gone down, till now you're hardly getting a thousand dollars a year from it."

Loreta's face was white now.

"And you think he's been stealing the income?" she said. "As if I didn't know Bill better than that!"

Suddenly she snatched up the house telephone.

"Is Mr. Weston there?" she asked.

"No, ma'am. He didn't stop."

She put down the receiver sharply and turned back to Walter. He was leaning against the wall a trifle pale himself.

"He's gone," she said.

"And that's lucky for me, eh?" Walter said with a twisted smile. "Well, I guess you're right. But—you'll pardon me for repeating it—I think it'll be still luckier for you if you take our advice and go into pictures instead of into—Arizona."

Loreta swept him and her mother with one slow look, and then went to her room.

ONCE keyed to action, there was no let-down for Loreta until such action had been carried out. She worked calmly but swiftly at her packing. The decision made, she found herself thrilled at the prospect that lay before her. She pictured the Rancho Sangredo, with its low adobe buildings, the sweeping plains, the nearby mesa and the distant mountains. She saw herself on horseback once more, riding out to inspect the ranges. She remembered, with a throb, the rides she had taken that way with her father, Lars Hanson, and with Bill, then only nineteen himself. What fun she and Bill had had together in those days! She remembered that he used to call her "pardner," or even just "pard." Surely that was the kind of life to lead. That was the kind of a friend to have.

By dinner time she had almost finished the packing. She was relieved to find Walter gone. There was always something vaguely disturbing about his presence. It set up a mixture of feelings in her. She resented his smoking and drinking with her mother. She knew that he had a reputation for cleverness and daring as a publicity man. She knew that more than half the stories that he had put across in the newspapers about her mother were utterly untrue. And when she taxed him with them, he only chuckled and insisted that they had done the trick for Bee. Yes, he was certainly unscrupulous; and yet his mere presence was agreeable. That was the disturbing part about it. She was glad that she had only her mother to contend with.

Throughout the meal, Bee argued and pleaded with her, representing what a fool she was to lose the chance that Murchison had offered to her, representing the misery that would surely come to her, Bee, if Loreta did refuse, taxing her with selfishness and ingratitude. But Loreta only shut her mouth more firmly and ate.

"I've told you," she said, just once, "I've told you that you could come with me or after me, and I'd take care of you. But I won't live this life another day."

"Me live on a ranch!" Bee exclaimed. "I tried it once, and nearly went crazy. You couldn't pay me to go with you."

Loreta looked at her in uncomprehending scorn, and finished her meal in silence.

At nine o'clock that evening she left. At the last minute, Bee ceased scolding, took her in her arms, sobbed once, kissed her, and let her go. But Loreta saw tears in her mother's eyes and in spite of herself experienced a wave of remorse.

In the sleeper, though it was her first experience, she managed to get to bed and to sleep fairly easily, her last waking thought being the homecoming into the Rancho Sangredo.

The next morning she encountered Bill in the dining car. He studied her with a half smile.

"I reckoned you'd come," he said, and rose to place her at his table.

"And you won't mind having me around?" she asked, for it had occurred to her that Bill might resent her intrusion.

He grinned.

"Never did see the time yet when me and the boys objected to havin' a good-lookin' young woman around," he said.

Somehow the remark jarred and the expression that went with it. She couldn't feel that this was the man with whom, as a child, she had enjoyed that wonderfully impersonal comradeship—not the man who had let her share his rides and called her "pardner."

But she overlooked the thing and went on to ask questions. How about the Rancho; was Tony still there? No? Nor Dave Hooper? Well, surely Zen Wallis still cooked for the outfit?

Bill shook his head. She was sorry that his eyes didn't meet hers as he answered.

"Nope. They all drifted off after the old man died an' they heard about *your* father bein' killed over across. I've got a man named Dale with me now—Milt Dale. The rest is Mex. They're cheaper."

Loreta did not speak for a moment. She was remembering that Lars Hanson had always refused to employ Mexicans, declaring that they couldn't be trusted. It disturbed her that Bill had changed her father's policy. But she pushed this aside and asked after the prosperity of the ranch. Again she was sorry that Bill did not meet her eyes as he answered.

"We ain't done so well lately," he admitted. "Stock don't seem to find enough to eat on the range. Still, we're doin' well enough."

They rose then and went to Loreta's car, where Bill sat and visited a while, leading the talk round to old times and making her heart grow eager with the memories their conversation brought up.

But now a new element to disturb her appeared. Before, it had bothered her that Bill did not meet her eyes. As they talked now, she found his eyes on her all the time, and there was a light in them that she had never seen there before. It made her think of the light she had seen in the eyes of certain of her mother's guests who had not yet discovered her distaste for flirting. She told herself that she was foolish, that Bill was just glad to see her again, that her association with her mother's friends had made her suspicious, that she must stop being that way.

So she forced back her doubts and her discomfort and talked for more than an hour with him before he went back to his own car.

It was after he had gone that she noticed an old soiled envelope on the seat beside her. Wondering how it had gotten there, she picked it up and

looked at it. The blank side of it was covered with penciled words. Without thinking, she read them. There were many words crossed out and altered. But at the bottom there was a complete message. It looked like a telegram:

"Game is up. Plans changed. Get Chiquita out of house immediately."

Puzzled, she turned the envelope over. The address was to William Weston, Esq., Rancho Sangredo, Del Moto P. O., Arizona.

A queer chill began to creep over her. Just at that moment she saw Bill's tall figure come into the car at the other end.

(*To be continued next week*)

The Colonel

(*Continued from page 26*)

A NEW READER—And I hope a permanent one. Ian Keith is married to Blanche Yurka, a well-known stage actress; Jack Gilbert to Leatrice Joy. Barbara La Marr is 5 feet 3½, Anna Q. Nilsson, 5 feet 7. The tallest screen actress is, I believe, Blanche Payson, who is 6 feet 3.

GUBBY—Mae Busch was born in Australia; she doesn't say when. Nor do any of the others you ask about give their ages, except Hoot Gibson, who says he was born in 1892, in Nebraska. Mabel Normand comes from Boston, Adolphe Menjou from Pittsburgh, Huntley Gordon and Norma Shearer from Montreal.

JUST A BLUE-EYED BABY—It's quite enough to be a blue-eyed baby, isn't it? Write Ramon Novarro for his picture at Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal. Johnny Walker, c-o F. B. O., 723 Seventh Ave., New York; he doesn't give his age. Eleanor Boardman's latest picture is "The Wife of the Centaur." It isn't customary to answer questions about the screen star's religions, but Thomas Meighan is a member of the Catholic Actors' Guild.

The Baby Stars of 1925

(*Continued from page 6*)

Corporation is a personal friend of her family, and he gave Miss Todd her first screen opportunity. Her most recent work was in "The Phantom of the Opera." Miss Todd comes from a theatrical family, her mother being related to James O'Neill, the tragedian, and Anne O'Neill, the celebrated dancer.

Dorothy Revier was born in San Francisco just twenty years ago. She commenced a dancing career when she was five years old and this eventually led her to motion picture work. She has appeared in "The Virgin," "The Rose of Paris," "The Triflers" and other productions. Miss Revier is a striking brunette.

Natalie Joyce is a Southern miss from Norfolk, Va., and was educated in Pittsburg. Her sister was a member of the "Passing Show of 1918," and Natalie came to California with that company. She returned two years later and joined a local revue. Al Christie discovered her and she is now leading lady for Neal Burns. She is a brunette type.

Ena Gregory, a demure blonde of 17 years, was born at Sydney, Australia, and spent six years of her childhood on the Australian stage. Five years ago her parents came to Hollywood, and a year later found her in pictures. She has been under contract to Hal Roach and Universal and is now a free-lance. She was seen in "The Man from Cold Mountain," "Cold Nerve" and many other features.

Ann Cornwall, whose hair and eyes are dark brown, was born at Fort Hamilton, New York. She was educated at Catskill, New York, lived a short time in New York City, and has been in motion pictures in Los Angeles ever since. She was on the stage with the Dolly Sisters, and has played a number of important parts in pictures. Her latest engagement was as leading lady for Douglas MacLean in "Introduce Me." Other pictures in which she has appeared are "The Seventh Day," "Dulcy," "The Gold Diggers," "Only 38" and "To Have and To Hold."

So here is the Wampas constellation of thirteen lucky stars. Watch them shine!

The Editor's Mail Bag

This Week's $5.00 Prize Letter

In the past few years, since the more or less accidental publication of some bits of verse and prose of mine, I have received countless letters from all parts of the world. Some of the writers just wrote appreciative notes, most of them interesting, and all of them truly welcome. But fully half of the missives were "request letters."

This, you may think, has nothing to do with filmdom, yet consider that these instances are cited by an ordinary individual, then multiply by hundreds, even thousands, and you have some idea of the demands made upon people who live in the spotlight of public notice. Now, why is it that to express our appreciation we must always demand a photograph, or some other concrete evidence of attention? It seems to me that the sincerest admiration asks nothing more than the privilege of giving. Not necessarily the giving of material things, but of expressed appreciation, unaccompanied by requests and demands.

I can best illustrate by relating an incident that occurred a little more than a year ago, while Gloria Swanson was ill in a New York hospital. It was just about the time, too, that she was being severely criticized by some for her "upstage selfishness" in not sharing her baby with the public. I have always found Miss Swanson singularly appealing, so, on impulse, sent her at that time a box of nine or ten little Rust-Craft gifts—"nuts to crack," Japanese flowers, and the like—my object being to relieve the tedium of hospital existence, the entire contents of the box being, from a monetary standpoint, almost worthless. Yet it must have managed to convey my sincerity, for about a month later a letter came to me from New York, marked "From G. S.—Personal." The writing was strange and the initials stranger—then the signature enlightened me. Miss Swanson wrote that the box had been delayed, but was forwarded from the hospital after she had returned home. She said a number of things that proved her an intelligent, thoughtful woman, but just one little bit of her letter I'd like to quote. Here it is: "We took turns, Baby Gloria and I, in opening the various surprises. We had a bowl of water, in which we dropped the flowers one by one, and, like two children, watched them open." With the rest of the letter I am selfish, but the point I wanted to make is this: Personally, if I had been seeking compensation for an impulsive act, I should have found it in knowing that Miss Swanson is really the sort of woman I had always thought her. Nothing is sweeter than to be able to say, "I was right!" But for those who must have a tangible something for a souvenir, what could be nicer than such a reference to the carefully-guarded Baby Gloria? To me, it is an evidence of respect not misplaced, but, in a measure, returned, and far more to be desired than all the photographs in the world.

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Life Story of Rod La Rocque

(Continued from page 14)

What Has Gone Before

Rodrique La Rocque is Rod's full name and he is of French and Irish descent, born in Chicago in November, 1898. His best pal now, and playmate and charge, as a child, is his only sister, Monique, two years his junior. As a boy, Rod devoted all his attention to his little sister, accompanying her to parties and jealously battling with other boys for her attentions. In Duluth, where the La Rocque family moved when Rod was eight, Rod made his first appearance behind the footlights, unknown to his parents, but with the full aid and approval of his Uncle Bill. His first part was the child in "Salomy Jane," which part he filled so well that he was later selected to play the part of "Little Willie" in "East Lynne."

Much to Rod's satisfaction, ill health necessitates his leaving school, and his parents allow him to tour the Middle West in a company managed by Richard A. Cotton, who instructs Rod in the art of make-up. After a successful tour, his health much improved, Rod returns to school and the family moves to Omaha, Nebraska, where the young actor meets his first love.

Rod's first love is the principal of the high school, and with her smile as inspiration, Rod works hard until she is transferred and a man takes her place. So unpleasant is the new principal that Rod leaves school and determines not to return. Then, due to his mother's pleading, he tries the "movies," much against his will. The war interferes for a while, but Rod is discharged on account of ill health and returns to his movie work.

Motion picture activities die down in Chicago after the war, and Rod loses his work. In addition to this, his father falls ill and the responsibility of the little family falls on his young shoulders. He decides to go to New York. After much persistence, he is placed with Paramount by Mr. Ford, the casting director.

what might happen to my mother and sister and my invalid father, if I were again taken into the army. Even as things were, the outlook was none too promising, for the theatrical world was feeling the war keenly.

And then the terrible epidemic of influenza swept across the country, adding to the discouragement and dismay which one faced everywhere.

I had finished the Goldwyn picture and was working in "The Kaiser's Bride," opposite Gail Kane, when I was taken ill with it. Nurses were so in demand that it was impossible to get one, and mother took care of me. She was wonderful, quite undaunted by the seriousness of the situation, and when my sister contracted the disease, too, mother took care of us both.

Too much honor cannot be paid the American women who bore the sorrows and the aftermath of the war so unflinchingly.

I recuperated very slowly, and in my eagerness to be up and around again I taxed my strength too much and suffered a relapse. While I was still ill I was notified to appear before the draft board for examination. I went, as soon as I was able to, and was put up in another class. Every week brought me nearer the time when I would be called for mobilization.

On the tenth of November I received a card calling me to camp. That call never went into effect. On the following day the Armistice was declared.

After the trying experiences of the early winter, I was relieved, as indeed we all were, I'm sure, when life again assumed a normal aspect. I returned to Paramount and appeared opposite Marguerite Clark in various pictures, and met William A. Brady, head of the World Film Corporation, when I was engaged to appear in a World picture called "Life."

(To be concluded next week)

If I Were You

(Continued from page 28)

advantage of what they have to offer you, rather than shrink from much instruction. You are only eighteen now. If you begin at once to study and read good books, you will be able to do a great deal for yourself in less time than you think you can. Don't be afraid to try it. There are books of information and there are dictionaries and encyclopedias to give you the information you are seeking.

Perplexed: If your one desire is to get into the movies, the only way for you to ever hope of breaking in is to let a casting director see what you can do. It will not do very much good for you to have your picture sent in, as it is difficult for a director to judge what you are capable of doing until he sees you walk and has you register a few emotions.

Separate Lives

(Continued from page 16)

assured me that when he had got through with Conquest they wouldn't have an ounce of social standing left. Stripped of the Conquest millions and accused of so contemptible an act—where would they be, socially.

I felt sorry for the silly ass. For that, I realized, was all he was—an utterly silly ass. He simply didn't *see* how little it would matter to Lorna and Eric what their "set" did or didn't do upon their return.

Well, we re-entered New York just as quietly as we had left it. There seemed to be no avalanche of reporters awaiting us upon our return. No one knew that we were coming back; it was doubtful whether anyone knew that we had gone. I did discover subsequently that the notion was that we had left on an unexpected and unplanned trip and there conjecture had ceased.

Conquest went at once to the town house for the purpose of getting some papers, etc., that he would need. Lorna's small fortune would still stand pat and Conquest said, laughing, that he would now give over his role of the *"big, strong man"* and be supported by his wife.

I thought that I might as well finish up the job and go along with them. Also, I was curious to see the Ruggleses living as millionaires. I always have liked the comedy touches.

We took the street car and made our way to the Conquest mansion.

We found the shades drawn and the front door boarded up as it was during the summers when the family were away.

"Ruggles must be at one of his country places," Eric said, laughing.

It was Thelma who suggested that we try the servants' entrance. She knew her own, did Thelma.

We did and were admitted by Mrs. Ruggles herself; clad in a decent blue kitchen frock with white apron, clung to by small burrs of Ruggleses and looking pale for the first time in her hardy, child-bearing life. It was not, I noted, the pallor of fear, so much as it was the pallor of unbelief and a sort of fearful joy.

She called for Ruggles and that Midas advanced upon us in his butler's uniform, rubbing his hands on a dish towel. We demanded an explanation. Had the millions been sunk overnight? Had Mrs. Ruggles squandered it all on extravagances and jewels? Why were they living in the servants' quarters and doing their own work?

Between Ruggles and his "missis" the story then came out. They hadn't liked it all. They had tried it for some weeks. They had even given a dinner party and a dance, but somehow their friends hadn't seemed comfortable. They had, in fact, been "that nasty, sir, about it all. And stiff-like, you know. Not getting their fill of pleasure in any way." Mrs. Ruggles had shopped furiously and after her first expedition there had been the first terrible fight, "a reg'lar row it was, sir," between Ruggles and herself. Ruggles, it seemed, had accused her of looking like a "reg'lar bad one." She had threatened to leave Ruggles then and there, for no man could speak so to her as had always been a decent, God-fearing woman. Their friends had stopped coming to see them. They were lonely in the big Upstairs. The children got sick when they ate the food that they had previously sent upstairs. When they had sent

their children to a private school none of the other children would play with them. And the upshot of it was that they begged Eric to take back his house and his millions and his hydroplane, which heathen thing they never would use anyhow, sir, under *no* circumstances. They wanted to be as they were before. They didn't know what to do with the houses and the millions. Lawyers came and talked to Ruggles and Ruggles was "worrited into fits of colic," because he didn't know and couldn't understand what the lawyers were talking about. They felt that they had looked so silly in the big house that they had given out to inquirers that they were merely keeping the house until such time as the master and the mistress should return. And they had finally reverted to type and had lived in their own quarters and tried to forget the awe-inspiring Upstairs, the lawyers, the millions and all that went with them.

It was really funny. And very enlightening. And before an hour had gone by, Eric had agreed to step into his own habiliments again and had told Ruggles that he might "serve dinner at seven."

We left a beaming Ruggles family to go upstairs ourselves, where occasional signs of damage, jammy fingers passed over tapestried walls and sundry small tokens of a like nature gave evidence that the Ruggleses had tried living "Upstairs."

Seated in Eric's den, we laughed ourselves limp. And then Eric, looking at Lorna, suggested that they give a party to herald their return and to stave off the rumors and reports that van Erskine was, no doubt, sedulously spreading at that instant. But Lorna said, no, she didn't want to begin that way. She wanted to be alone with Eric that first night so that they wouldn't lose the sense of togetherness they had gained. She wanted parties to be a thing of the past and to be able to prove that they could be as content, the one with the other, on Fifth Avenue as they had been in the Low Archipelago.

Just before I left, I caught a glimpse of Thelma, in her conventional black and white, busily going about the halls with piles of linen under her arm. And downstairs Ruggles was unboarding the windows and the front door, out of which I passed on my way to the Algonquin Hotel."

* * * * * *

The Young Author stretched his legs, lit a cigarette and leaned back in his side of the compartment.

"That, sir," he said, "is why I didn't write the story."

The Great Producer threw back his head and laughed. He laughed until tears ran down his well-fed face. "Why, you young ass," he exploded, "you blind idiot—*you have written it! That's your story!*"

The Young Author blinked a little. Then the light broke in upon him as he began to nod. "Gosh a'mighty," he said, "right you are . . . one time when truth is stranger than fiction."

The Great Producer leaned over and clapped the Young Author on the shoulder. "I knew you wouldn't fall down on us," he blustered. "I *knew* it all the time. We'll be in New York tonight. Start working on the continuity tomorrow. Great stuff . . . *great stuff* . . ."

THE END.

On the Set and Off

(*Continued from page* 25)

or two more pictures for Warner Brothers, Miss Rich, with her mother and two daughters, will start forth on their travels.

They plan to occupy a houseboat on the Thames for a month, and the entire trip will be given over to rest and relaxation rather than sightseeing. Miss Rich is completing work in "Eve's Lovers," with Bert Lytell, just at present.

The police searched Hollywood the other day for Patsy Ruth Miller.

Pat was tagged by an officer, who declared that she was traveling at a thirty-two-mile-an-hour clip. She failed to put in an appearance at court, and a bench warrant for her arrest was issued.

Conrad Nagel and Renee Adoree have been chosen for leading roles in "Escape," which is to be filmed by Josef Von Sternberg. The cast will also include Paulette Duval and Helena D'Algy, who came to prominence in films with Rudolph Valentino

Considerable interest centers in the work of Von Sternberg, as his first production, "The Salvation Hunters," created quite a sensation.

One of the sets for "The Dressmaker from Paris," Paul Bern's latest production, was the scene of an accident the other day. Sidney Olcott, who was directing Pola Negri on an adjoining set, wandered over to Bern's set, and stepped up onto a glass platform used in the parade of the mannequins. The glass gave way, severely lacerating Mr. Olcott's foot and ankle, and severing an artery in the leg.

The director is now limping around on crutches.

Betty Blythe is to be seen in Rider Haggard's "She."

The Samuelson Company of England has purchased the film rights to the novel, and Betty, who is already over there, is starting work immediately. Exteriors of the picture are to be made in Italy.

Mary Miles Minter is back in the courts again, in an effort to compel her mother to render an accounting of money Miss Minter earned while under contract with Famous Players-Lasky.

Miss Minter states that, while still a minor, she entered into a contract with Famous Players-Lasky to play leading roles in twenty productions which would net her $1,300,000. She says that this contract was later modified, and under this modification her mother, who had charge of her business affairs, received $700,000.

Miss Minter says that her mother invested this money, and controlled it in her own name.

Fatty Arbuckle is back in Hollywood again, and plans for his marriage to Doris Dean, film actress, are going forward. Fatty was informed recently that his wife, Minta Durfee Arbuckle, had secured a decree of divorce from him, in Paris.

Marie Prevost returned from New York, where she paid a flying visit to her husband, Kenneth Harlan, and is now at work over at the Warner Brothers studio in the new Ernst Lubitsch picture, in which Clara Bow, Monte Blue and Willard Louis also appear.

Miss Prevost contracted a severe cold, during her travels, however, and was forced to remain in bed several days before she could start work in the picture. She says she didn't have much time for shopping in the East, as she was on location with Kenneth constantly, and the scenes for his picture with Bebe Daniels led to the Bowery, Chinatown and back stage at the Music Box Revue. He will complete work in "The Crowded Hour" shortly, and return to the Coast.

Leatrice Joy paused to say "hello" the other day, over at Lasky's. She is looking very well indeed, and seems quite happy, as why shouldn't she? She has just signed one of the most important and high-salaried contracts of the year, with Famous Players-Lasky, at a tremendous raise over the salary she formerly received.

An interesting clause in the contract provides that Miss Joy shall appear in Cecil De Mille's pictures whenever he has a story that especially fits her, although he has severed connection with Famous Players. A story by Mme. De Stael is now being considered by the famous director and star.

Little Leatrice II, however, is unconcerned over her mother's good fortune. She has troubles that weigh heavily on her infant mind. Every day when Miss Joy comes home from the studio, she has to make the acquaintance of the baby all over again, for little Leatrice can't get used to the ever-changing costumes and hairdressing required by Miss Joy's role in "The Dressmaker of Paris."

Hollywood is speculating over the "trial separation" of Virginia Valli and her husband, Demmy Lamson. Virginia is now in the East and her husband admits that they have been living apart for some time, but that she would return to him when she came back to Hollywood. The matrimonial career of the Lamsons has been more or less stormy from the start, and Hollywood would not be surprised to find that they had come to a definite parting of the ways.

The ranks of the free-lance actors are rapidly thinning. Lon Chaney is the most recent deserter. He has signed a long-term contract with Metro-Goldwyn, following the completion of his work in "The Unholy Three," and will be featured by

FAT

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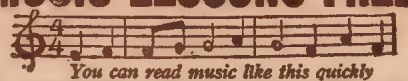

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them in the type of character roles that have made him famous.

Chaney is at present taking a brief vacation, after working steadily for sixteen months.

Huntley Gordon has just signed a starring contract with Warner Brothers. No announcement has yet been made as to what his first picture will be.

Another of Hollywood's bachelors is to become a benedict.

George O'Hara, none other, is to wed Alberta Vaughn, who has been his leading lady for some time, in the series of pictures he's making for F. B. O.

No wedding date has yet been set, but it probably will be in the near future, and the young couple plan to honeymoon in Honolulu.

Pauline Garon has a new voice.

It seems that Pauline was operated upon for throat trouble a few years ago, and the operation left her voice low and husky. So she went to the hospital not long ago and submitted to another operation which, 'tis said, brought her voice back to normal again.

The wheat queen of Chicago is to become a Hollywood movie producer.

Mrs. Scott S. Durand, author and society leader, who won a fortune in the wheat market not long ago, is coming to Hollywood, with the firm and worthy intention of starring Mae Marsh in a series of pictures.

Mrs. Durand and Miss Marsh have been friends for some time.

Alexander Carr, of "Potash and Perlmutter" fame, has been reunited with his wife, Helen Cressman Carr, who sued him for divorce after a marriage lasting only a few months. The suit was thrown out of court and the couple are now reconciled.

Mr. Carr recently spent three days in the Los Angeles jail, on a charge of contempt in connection with an alimony suit by his first wife, Mary Carr. Wife No. 1 is suing him for $3,500 back alimony, and his failure to obey a court order led to his incarceration. However, bail was presently supplied, Wife No. 2 made up with him again, and things look more rosy for "Mawruss."

Discouraged because the film producers insisted on photographing only her beautiful feet and ankles for the movies, Lotus Thompson, former stage star in Australia, gave herself a nitric acid bath from the hips down in an effort to destroy the beauty of her legs, and thereby convince directors of her determination to get ahead as an actress.

She was rushed to a Hollywood hospital, and it is said that her limbs will not be scarred.

Following the extraordinary act, Rudolph Valentino and Harry Rapf, of Metro-Goldwyn, sent telegrams to the girl, offering to give her assistance in gaining a start, upon her recovery.

The latest stage and cinema star to desert the ranks is Dorothy Dalton. Miss Dalton claims she has made her last appearance before the Kleig or footlights and is now content to act as Mrs. Arthur Hammerstein. However, with Leatrice Joy's latest decision in mind, we, like the oft-quoted Scotchman, we "have our doubts."

Herbert Brenon's brother died recently at the Brenon home in Hollywood. Mr. Brenon was one of the best-loved men in Hollywood, and one of the bravest, for the illness which culminated in his death had been of many years' duration.

Howard Higgin and Sada Cowan have been signed to make a series of pictures for Paramount, according to a recent statement issued by Jesse Lasky. The two will work exclusively as a unit, with Mr. Higgin directing and Miss Cowan writing scenarios for him alone.

Louise Fazenda is certainly the busiest person we know of. She has completed three roles during the past four months, and she has now signed with Paramount to play a featured role in "The Night Club," which Frank Urson and Paul Iribe are directing.

"Shenandoah," the famous old American play by Bronson Howard, will be produced by B. P. Schulberg for release later in the year. It will not be made until the Fall. The play was first presented in 1888, before General Sherman, and has been playing ever since that time all over the country. In New York it has had five revivals. The Schulberg offices declare the Civil War background will be made on an extensive scale.

Carlyle Blackwell, one of the screen's popular stars of the past, was married recently to Leah P. Haxton, daughter of the late Barnat Haxton, multi-millionaire diamond king, in England. Carlyle has confined his acting to foreign shores of late.

Frances Teague, San Francisco society girl, has been engaged for the lead in John Considine's "Peter the Great," which Chester Franklin will direct. Frances made her screen debut in the William Fox production, "The Iron Horse."

Incompatibility is the reason May Allison gives for wanting a divorce from Robert Ellis. Miss Allison is to bring suit soon, so we heard, in Hollywood.

Jack Holt suffered two fractured ribs while working on location in "The Thundering Herd," near Mammouth, California in the high Sierras. Though in intense pain, Jack continued working and managed to conceal his injuries for two days.

Anna Q. Nilsson and Ben Lyon will co-star again in a picture. Their first effort was "The One Way Street." Their second will be in Frank Lloyd's screen version of Rex Beach's "Winds of Chance," which goes into production on the Coast shortly.

Mae Marsh has been signed by Vitagraph to play the leading role in the film version of Basil King's novel "In the Garden of Charity." The story is said to be particularly well-suited to Miss Marsh's personality.

Cross Word Fans

In the Movie Weekly for February 21st, the two bottom horizontal words were left unnumbered on the puzzle, but the definitions were nevertheless given.

For the benefit of those who were confused by this, the set of squares running horizontally in the lower left hand corner are Number 66, and those in the lower right hand corner are Number 67.—*The Cross Word Puzzle Editor.*

How a bald-headed barber helped to save my hair!

I had long been a slave to hair tonics. I fell for everything the barber recommended. But the more I tried to do for my hair the worse it got. One day I went into a strange barber shop and then—well here's the story.

FOR months my barber had been commenting upon the way my hair was thinning out. But I used to smile and let it go at that. It was part of his game to sell hair tonics and I didn't intend to fall for it.

Even when my wife said "Bert, I believe you are losing your hair," I gave a little laugh and passed it off with a jesting remark. But when my business associates began to comment on my hair I got worried. I was just as full of pep and vim as I had ever been, yet I worried for fear my associates would think I was headed for the "has been class."

I decided to save my hair if it could be saved. I began to try every kind of shampoo that I heard of—every tonic on the market found its way eventually to my head. But my hair kept getting thinner and thinner.

One day I went into a strange shop. When the barber had finished cutting my hair he said, "Tonic, sir? Finest thing in the world for making hair grow!" Mechanically I said "yes." Then I looked up at the barber. He was absolutely bald. "Here, I said to myself, "if tonics actually grew hair, or even prevented its falling out, there wouldn't be such a thing as a bald-headed barber in the world."

I cancelled the tonic order and left swearing that never again would I use a tonic on my hair.

And I haven't. I decided to do what I should have done in the first place—learn something about the hair.

A friend recommended Hair Culture by Bernarr Macfadden. I got a copy. I put into practice the simple, way-to-apply methods outlined by the noted physical culturist and almost immediately I began to see an improvement. Now my hair is a marvel to all who see it and my friends say I look ten years younger. *Albert Woodruff.*

The Truth About Hair

There *is* a way that will absolutely prevent loss of hair and that will even make it grow healthfully! It was discovered, by purest accident, by Bernarr Macfadden, admittedly America's foremost physical culture exponent. Thirty years ago his hair began to come out by handfuls, and obsessed by the fear of completely losing it, he began at once to find some way to save what hair he had.

At first he tried one of the patent preparations then popular. After a few applications, without any appreciable benefit he threw the bottle away and determined to find out just why hair falls out; for, he said, if he knew what *caused* hair troubles he would then know how to prevent and remedy them.

So he began to make a study of hair. He examined it under the microscope, made an analysis of it in chemicals, obtained the help of physicians to learn the nature of scalp diseases and what causes them. Among many other things, he learned that hair lives—that it must have food to nourish it, that it must have air to grow and develop. And that if it were deprived of its food and its air, like every other living thing, it would decay and die.

Your Hair

What do you know about it?

What are the most scientific preventatives of baldness?
Should a wire brush ever be used on the hair?
When should the hair be forced to fall out?
Of what benefit to the hair is singeing?
How often should the hair be washed or dampened?
Which is the one great cause of dry scalp and hair?
What is the best soap for oily hair? for dry hair?
What are the three causes of baldness?
What is a dry shampoo and how does it affect the hair?
What is the strongest stimulant that can be used on the scalp?
What one thing is most important to luxurious growth of the hair?
Why does hair fall out after sickness?
What causes gray hair?
Is dandruff contagious?
What has diet to do with dandruff?
What is the best way to kill the dandruff germ?
How can the eyebrows and eyelashes be strengthened?
How often should a baby's scalp be washed?
What is the best kind of brush to use?
How often, and with what, should a baby's scalp be oiled?

Bernarr Macfadden's Discovery

With this background of scientific information, Mr. Macfadden devised some very simple methods of treatment that proved to be a really amazing discovery. He applied these methods to his own case, and found that they not only prevented the further loss of hair, but in a comparatively short time, made it grow again, made it grow more abundantly, more thickly than ever!

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STARDOM
IN 1925 ?

Colleen
Moore

Jay Weaver

Win $2,000 In Prize Contests - See Page 8

Movie Weekly

April 18
1925

A MACFADDEN PUBLICATION
15 CENTS

We Interview the STARS' BOSS
by Gladys Hall and Adele Whitely Fletcher

KEN GREENE

Betty COMPSON

You can rule your health as surely as you rule your actions!

Bernarr Macfadden says that practically all sickness and disease is entirely unnecessary—that dying before one reaches a hundred is premature—that any one who will take the time to study the laws of health and will follow a sane, scientific plan of life will not only escape disease but will accomplish ten times as much as the man who recklessly violates the laws that Nature has laid down for our guidance.

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FROM maturity to old age the breaking down or wearing out of vital organs is in process. But because there is no pain or noticeable symptom the victim ignores the little signals of warning which nature is constantly issuing until face to face with a dangerous disease.

When one is easily exhausted, even with a moderate amount of work—or suffers from a headache, loss of appetite, a cold in the head or on the chest, a dull ache across the back, spots before the eyes, ringing in the ears, these are all signals, the neglect of which may lead to serious—perhaps fatal—illness.

Yet the cause of degenerative changes are preventable if taken in time. In fact, you can rule your health as surely as you rule your actions. Bernarr Macfadden, the world's outstanding exponent of physical culture, has, perhaps, had more experience than any other one person in guiding thousands from physical weakness and ill health back to wonderful health and vigor. Out of this great experience he has built

The Encyclopedia of Physical Culture

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It is neither dull nor technical, but is comprehensive and complete in every sense. It is the crowning effort of Bernarr Macfadden's rich, full experience in the science of health and physical culture.

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—to possess exhilarating health every day in the year?
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—to have almost complete freedom from sickness or disease?
—to have no medical or hospital bills to pay?
—to be relieved of the suffering and worry attendant upon sickness?

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Another says: "Permit me to thank you for the great work by Mr. Macfadden—the Encyclopedia of Physical Culture—which I got from you some time last month. I have read much of it already, and consider it to be one of the best books on health ever published. I wish to thank Mr. Macfadden for his great work. The Encyclopedia is going to be my best doctor now and always."

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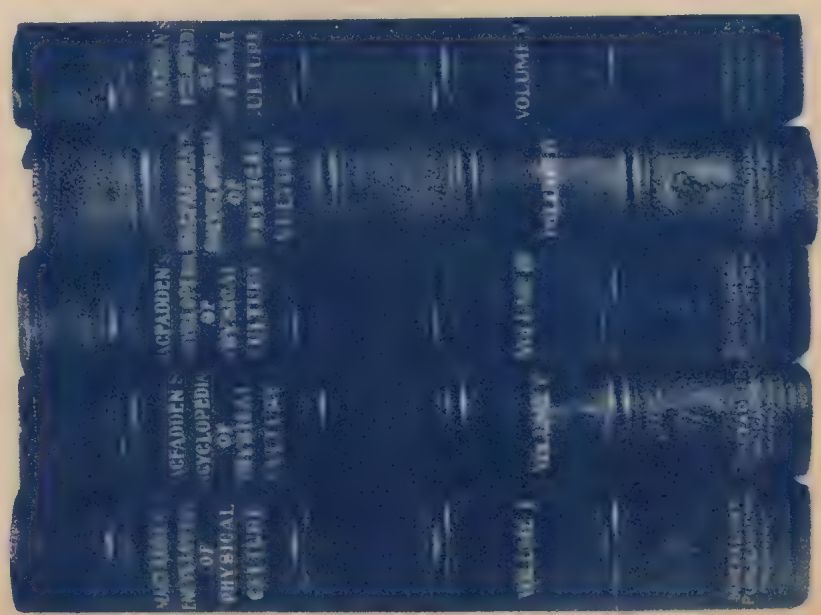

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VOL. V

MOVIE WEEKLY

Printed in U.S.A.

No. 11

My Screen Loves

by Ramon Novarro

heads our list of contents for next week. Alice Terry . . . Barbara La Marr . . . May McAvoy . . . Enid Bennett . . . Carmel Myers . . . Ramon writes frankly of all these beautiful girls. And he confesses, too, about those love scenes which look particularly realistic to the audiences.

Then

Why Leatrice Joy Came Back to the Screen

is another special feature. In it are many revealing things about Leatrice which

Helen Carlisle

writes of for the first time.

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APRIL 25TH

MOVIE WEEKLY *NOW!*

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Imported models are the thing today. Women's gowns come from Paris. Men's clothes come from London. China comes from Switzerland. Motors from Italy. Are our screen sirens to come to us from Europe, too? Witness Pola Negri's vogue and

Photograph by Pach

In *Budapest, Vilma Banky* is billed as *"Our Mary Pickford."* And when the producers of *Budapest* learned *Samuel Goldwyn* was over there for the purpose of signing *Miss Banky* to a long-term contract and bringing her to *America*, they did all in their power to keep the two apart.

But *Miss Banky* heard about it and caught *Mr. Goldwyn* by his coat-tails as he was boarding the train which was to take him away. Now she has signed the contract and is in *Hollywood*, where she will be *Ronald Colman's* leading lady in his next picture. Will she be a new sensation?

Enter

By Faith Service

Miss Banky from Budapest

MISS VILMA BANKY from Budapest speaks no word of English. And it was natural that all the motion picture interviewers in New York were anxious to interview her when she arrived, and it was learned that she was to be given an opportunity of making a place for herself in American studios. So an interpreter was engaged. That was wise. It might have been all right for Miss Banky the other way. She knows the art of pantomime. But the interviewers, poor things, would have had to register perfect types of low-class morons.

She stopped at the Hotel St. Regis and when you went there to see her you were shown forthwith and without any ceremony to her suite. There the interpreter greeted you and introduced you, in words half English, half German, to Miss Banky.

Two cunning dolls occupied the large divan. They were Miss Banky's "Good Luck" dolls. And Miss Banky confided, through her interpreter, that they were fine screen types. However, these bits of information might have been gleaned without benefit of interpretation, merely by watching Miss Banky cradle the pair within the lovely circlet of her arms.

By this time everyone knows that Samuel Goldwyn "discovered" Miss Banky in Budapest upon his recent trip abroad. There have been newspaper tidings of her beauty, ability and charm. And now she is scheduled to play opposite Ronald Colman in his next picture, story as yet unannounced. And under the direction of George Fitzmaurice. Naturally everyone is curious . . .

Further, it is known that Miss Banky has been billed abroad as "The Mary Pickford of Budapest." She had also been announced as a countess. To my way of thinking, she is NOT the former. And to her own knowledge she is not the latter. I was, via the interpreter, especially requested to say that Miss Banky is *not* a countess, she has never been married, she is, in her own words, said with a charming little grin and a mischievous glint in her turquoise eyes . . . "just . . . Miss Banky from Budapest."

To those with a passion for statistics, it may be well to say that Miss Banky's birthplace was but a few miles from Budapest and that she was brought up, educated, etc., in Budapest itself. Her family are not in any wise connected with the stage. "Just private people."

She is quite marvelously lovely to look at. A fairy-tale princess come to life. And this despite the fact that she does not remind me of Our Mary. No, nor of Lillian Gish, nor of any other stellar beauty

mine eyes have yet beheld. She is taller and altogether larger than Our Mary. She has lovely, corn-silk hair, simply parted in the middle and rolled in the nape of her neck. She has milk-white skin and wide, sweetly-expressioned blue eyes. Perfect teeth, a charmingly warm, not-too-small mouth. She doesn't look like any stereotyped conception of an actress. She looks as though she came from "just a private family." Her previous stage and screen experiences have left no slightest trace. She is as fresh as May, as ethereal as Mab and as wholesome, withal, as roses and cream. She is sweet with simplicity and delicious with lack of pose. She has a gentle, tender sort of voice. A pity it cannot be heard. Even if I didn't understand her, I liked the tender pitch of her voice. The words ceased to matter.

Via the interpreter, I learned that Mr. Goldwyn had seen Miss Banky's pictures, both motion and still. He had immediately tried to get in touch with her and had as immediately found himself up against a barricade. It seems to be impossible for him to see Miss Banky, or even to reach her by 'phone. The company in Budapest, for which she was completing her second picture, had a contract all drawn up ready and waiting for her to sign. Miss Banky says that she doesn't know what prevented her from signing it, unless it may have been her very good angel . . . but the fact remains that she didn't sign it . . . she kept holding off . . . instinctively . . . waiting . . . for Mr. Goldwyn, though she didn't know it.

But the company in Budapest knew it. They knew about Mr. Goldwyn—knew what he was in Budapest for—knew very well what he wanted with Miss Banky, and only too well knew *why*.

They kept her working day and night so that a meeting with Mr. Goldwyn was impossible. Then, just as he was about to leave, having given up hope for the time, Miss Banky heard about it, heard that he was leaving and when and where, and, with her studio make-up still on she rushed from the studio, willy-nilly, drove furiously to the station and caught him by the coat-tails —inelegant but true—just as he was going through the gate . . . Even so did Dick Barthelmess catch D. W. Griffith by the coat-tails as he was embarking for California one day years ago . . . "Broken Blossoms" was the most notable and immediate result. Thus and in such haphazard manner are many careers precipitated. Fate takes a hand.

Mr. Goldwyn stepped 'tother side of the gate forthwith. He cancelled his reservations and remained another day and night. On that night he and Miss Vilma Banky had dinner together and that same night, too, the contract was signed which has brought Miss Banky from Budapest.

She is thrilled, is Miss Banky. There are dreams in her eyes. Oh, very lovely dreams . . . and New York has not robbed her of one of them . . . it has not only come up to expectations, it has exceeded them. It is beautiful, she says, even more beautiful than she had visioned it The sky-scrapers . . . the size . . . Fifth Avenue . . . the shops . . . the Capitol Theatre . . . the Ziegfeld Follies . . . the Lido Venice . . . the hotels . . . her hands spread like the wings of small white birds in curves of lovely admiration as she enumerated these first impressions of hers . . . and the American people . . . their hospitality . . . their generosity . . . the way they have taken her to their hearts . . .

The New York business men, she said . . . oooh, she had thought they would be only business . . . business . . . business . . . business . . . the white hands spread again and I deduced the fact that there had been, recently, a considerable sloughing off of business . . . who knows how many bankers, brokers, dry-good merchants and oil magnates have turned poets . . . turned romancers . . .?

Hollywood, whither Miss Banky was bound that very week, was still another dream. She had lovely visions of a green and golden city on the blue Pacific . . . a dream city with the added glories of the American stars who have long been her admirations and favorites. Gloria Swanson . . . ahhh . . . Lillian Gish . . . so lovely . . . Mary Pickford, of course, of course . . . Norma Talmadge . . . Pola, too, . . . And for the men, Ronald Colman, whom she had not yet met in person . . . and Milton Sills and Lewis Stone . . .

For herself, she doesn't know as yet just what her work is to be. She likes, she said, parts with a touch of comedy. She was careful to explain that she did *not* mean slapstick. She needn't have made the differentiation. One could not conceive of the poetic Vilma in juxtaposition to a custard pie. No, delicate comedy . . . nuances . . .

American studios, American methods, she imagines to be somewhat similar to the German, or vice versa. Faster . . . that was the difference she noted. Everything seemed faster . . . Thus far she had had very little to go by, having only had a few screen tests made at the old Biograph studios 'way up town.

She is, evidently, not going to demand the luxuries that some of her predecessors have considered their just due and need. Take the matter of a dressing-room, for instance. Some of the stars have small houses de luxe given over exclusively to the rites of grease-paint and mascara. Miss Banky needs only, she told me, a good mirror and two good strong lights . . . sufficient . . .

We parted, with the assurance on Miss Banky's part that our next verbal encounter would be "in the English," which same rhetoric she is rapidly learning. And with the assurance on mine that America is just that much more the beautiful, pictorially, and that the fans are about to have the so-called desirable thing, "a new sensation."

For it seems that imported models are the vogue today, from women's gowns, which come from Paris, to the last word in motors, which hail from Italy. We find that even in motion picture stars "the new sensation" is apt to be an imported one. And this, in spite of the fact that our own country probably leads the world in the production of artistry and pulchritude. Witness the lovely Negri's vogue . . . and now . . . enter Miss Banky from Budapest.

Photograph by Pach

The *New York* business men, she said . . . ooh, she had thought they would be only business . . . business . . . business . . . business. Her white hands were spread forth and somehow I deduced the fact that there had been, recently, a considerable sloughing off of business. Who knows how many bankers, brokers, dry good merchants and oil magnates have turned poets . . . turned romancers . . . since *Vilma Banky* came from *Budapest?*

She doesn't know as yet just what her work is to be. She likes, she said, parts with a touch of comedy. She was careful to explain that she did *not* mean slapstick. However, one could not conceive of the poetic *Vilma* in juxtaposition to a custard pie. No. Delicate comedy . . . nuances . . .

Do the Men Grow More Handsome?

The dark gentleman above, with the crop of dark hair, suggests only faintly the *George Walsh* we know today. It is a photograph sent out to magazines and newspapers when *George* first gained attention through his dare-devil stunts.

The old photographs of our girl stars were so interesting that we managed to resurrect these four of present-day matinee idols. We'll bet they'll be about as pleased with this display as everyone is when a member of the family shows visitors erstwhile and would-be-forgotten pictures.

The picture above, of *Tom Moore*, was taken when he was with the old *Kalem* company and married to *Alice Joyce*. Remember when the men wore those awkard high collars? And remember, too, how the girls raved about them once upon another time . . .

On the left is the nice *Tommy Meighan*. *Tommy*, we think, has changed least of all. It is just that he has gained a *savoir faire* and other things born of sophistication which go to make his countenance more interesting . . .

And almost the same thing proves true of *Bert Lytell*, on the right. *Bert* was giving most of his time to the stage when this photograph was taken. The movies were a side issue and he had never even heard of the beauteous *Claire*.

Heigh ho . . .

Times change. And people do, too!

$1,000 in Prizes and Absorbing Fun Richly Repay Movie Weekly's Readers

48 SUBSTANTIAL PRIZES FOR WINNERS. YOUR CHANCE FOR ONE IS STILL GREAT. ENTER TODAY, USING LATE ENTRY BLANK.

This second great $1,000.00 Cross Word Contest, with its 48 big cash prizes, progresses only a fraction beyond the quarter-way mark with the solution of Puzzle No. 3 at the right. The competition is just gathering headway so, if you have previously neglected to enter, your chance is still excellent. Solve Puzzle No. 3 now. Hold it to accompany your complete set in accordance with the rules. Send the late entry blank for the first two puzzles of the series. By solving them you will readily bring yourself on even terms with the early starters who are now ahead of you. Your own chance for one of the valuable awards will be as bright as anybody's. Let's make it unanimous and have 100 per cent of the readers represented by solution sets when the judging starts. Movie Weekly's $1,000.00 prize fund is offered for the benefit of every one of its readers. Don't neglect your personal opportunity.

If circumstances have prevented your solving the first two puzzles in this great series, which were just as interesting as the one on this page, a glance at the synonyms will convince you quickly that you have postponed a surprising amount of entertainment and fun. Then solving Puzzle No. 3 will clinch your forming determination to make up for lost time, to get into the running, and to assure yourself of ten more equally entertaining clashes of wit with Movie Weekly's master puzzle maker. And always in the background of your fun will be the fact that you are eligible for a share in the abundant prize money.

The rules are simple. The contest, like every one of the component puzzles, being built entirely of squares, is itself entirely square. Square off and fill in the squares of No. 3. SUCCESS!

Schedule of Prizes

FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	100
THIRD PRIZE	50
25 Prizes, $10 each	20 Prizes, $5 each

CONTEST RULES

1. The contest is open to all except Macfadden employees and their family members and persons professionally engaged in the creation or solution of cross word puzzles.
2. It costs nothing to enter. You do not even have to use a copy of Movie Weekly. The puzzles may be copied from Movie Weekly and submitted on whatever form suits your convenience.
3. Letters should be printed in the proper squares in pencil, ink or type.
4. Eleven puzzles complete the contest series. One puzzle will appear in each issue of Movie Weekly, the last one appearing June 13, 1925.
5. Each puzzle will be susceptible to only one solution. Sealed master-list is in the safekeeping of Movie Weekly.
6. It is not necessary to formally notify us that you are competing. All that is necessary is that you submit the entire series of eleven puzzles and a letter on "The Things I Like Best About Movie Weekly and Why," at the close of the contest. The letter must not contain more than 100 words. Winners will be determined by ratings given them by the judges for the greatest percentage of correct solutions and the best letters. The letter that gives the most complete and logical reasons for Movie Weekly's popularity will be adjudged the best. 100 per cent solutions of puzzles will in all cases rank above those not 100 per cent correct, regardless of the accompanying letter.
7. Three judges will determine the winners of this contest. The judges' names will be announced in a later edition of Movie Weekly. All contestants agree to abide by their decisions. If there are ties, each tying contestant will receive the amount of the prize tied for.
8. Write your name and address plainly on each puzzle. DON'T SEND THEM IN ONE AT A TIME. Hold them until you complete the series of eleven puzzles. Arrange them in numerical order, put a clip or rubber band on them, or, if you prefer, paste them in a notebook. Then attach your letter on "The Things I Like Best About Movie Weekly and Why," and forward by first-class mail to Movie Weekly Contest Editor, 1926 Broadway, New York City, before midnight, June 20, 1925. This does not mean that the completed series must be at Movie Weekly office before June 21st, but that it must be mailed before then.
9. Each contestant may submit as many series of puzzle sets as he sees fit, but only one letter may and must accompany each series and in no case is a contestant eligible to win more than one prize. As many members of one family as care to may compete and as many prizes as are won by different members of the same family will be paid.
10. All words appearing in the puzzles may be found in unabridged dictionaries and standard works of reference, EXCEPT NAMES OF MOVIE STARS AND WORDS OR TERMS PERTINENT TO FILMDOM, BUT WITH WHICH THE MOVIE-LOVING PUBLIC SHOULD BE WELL-ACQUAINTED.

LATE ENTRY BLANK

Sign and Return This Coupon if You Require First Puzzles and Synonyms.

CONTEST EDITOR, MOVIE WEEKLY,
1926 Broadway, New York City.

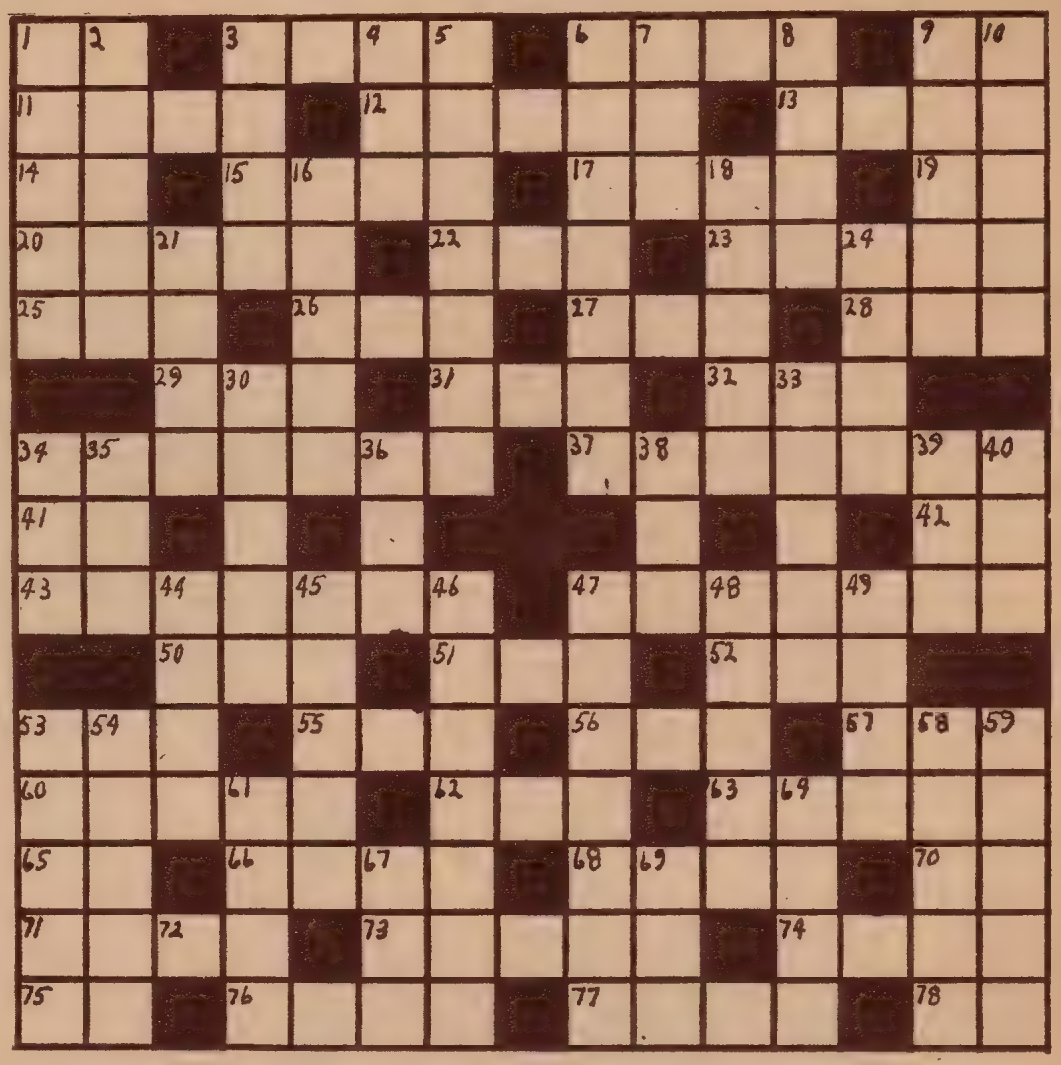
Dear Sir: Please send me the first two puzzles with synonyms in Movie Weekly's second $1,000 Contest Series.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

MOVIE WEEKLY CONTEST PUZZLE—No. 3



Name.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....

HORIZONTAL

1—Afternoon
3—Surname of a comedy star, now dead, who with his wife, played in comedies of domestic life
6—A movie villain who has a brother Wallace
9—Before Our Lord
11—A lap covering
12—She starred in "Barbara Frietchie"
13—— ——— "the tentmaker"
14—A printers' measure
15—Given name of an actor selected to direct Rudolph Valentino's next picture, reported as the cause of his recent break with Ritz Carlton Pictures
17—That upon which the film is wound
19—You (poetical)
20—He played in "The Lost World"
22—To shadow or make darker
23—To expiate or make amends
25—A replica of the surrounding in which the action of a story takes place.
26—Part of the verb "to be"
27—A beast of burden
28—To enter the state of matrimony
29—A prefix meaning threefold
31—To possess
32—A compass point
34—One who selects
37—Deprives of weapons
41—August (abbr.)
42—Aloft
43—Surname of a star who played the leading part in "The Iron Horse"
47—Surname of a comedy actress who played in "Galloping Fish"
50—A theory
51—A lubricant
52—The first two syllables of the name of a division of insects.
53—— ——— O'Malley
55—Sick
56—Writing fluid
57—To pilfer
60—To pass as a law
62—What all movie stars must be able to do
63—An actor who played in the Fighting Blood series. His first name is George.
65—A compass point
66—Surname of a star who played opposite Gloria Swanson in "Wages of Virtue"
68—A tropical plant whose edible root is used as food
70—Indefinite article
71—— ——— Q. Nillson
73—A viper
74—— — — — Lee
75—Lieutenant (abbr.)
76—A movie vampire of "Blood and Sand" fame
77—To separate with violence
78—Initials of a Utah city

VERTICAL

1—Machinery used in printing
2—Given name of a star who played the leading part in "The Lover of Camille"
3—She plays Naida in "A Cafe in Cairo"
4—Given name of an actress who has a sister Jane in the movies
5—She played in "The Denial"
6—She played in "Molly O"
7—Native metal
8—Surname of a famous star who wears a little moustache
9—She is the wife of Francis X. Bushman
10—A doctrine or profession of faith.
16—Given name of 20 horizontal
18—Makes lighter or lessens, as pain
21—A man's name
24—Same as over (Scotch)
30—Rotates
33—Played opposite Aileen Pringle in "Three Weeks"
34—A taxi
35—The particular shade of a color
36—A kind of tree
38—A girl's name
39—Wet and sticky earth
40—A mineral spring
44—Married Charles Chaplin
45—Friendly relationship
46—Marion Davies starred in this picture
47—To flutter
48—A well-known producer in five letters
49—A girl's name
53—Pertaining to punishment
54—Concerning, in regard to
58—Oralisms
59—Meaningless from over use
61—A tribe
64—To grasp and retain
67—A grain
69—Part of the verb "to be"

We Interview the Stars' Boss

The stars' boss is *Earle Hudson,* who has many interesting things never before published to tell about the stars. After all, he knows them as no one else possibly could . . . in the same way we know our next-door neighbor . . . the girls in our school . . . the people with whom we work in the office

Below, reading from left to right, are *Earle Hudson, A. H. Blank, May Allison, Robert Lieber,* president of *First National; Doris Kenyon* and *Milton Sills,* who were appearing in *"I Want My Man,"* and *Herman Bruenner, Mr. Hudson's* assistant.

THE CAST

The Stars' Boss.....*Earle Hudson*

We.....*Gladys Hall and Adele Whitely Fletcher*

A Guide.....*Who Is Yclept Efficiency*

Supernumeraries (so-called for the First Time):
Dorothy Mackaill, Myrtle Stedman, Lincoln Stedman, Hobart Bosworth, Viola Dana, Ben Lyon, Dagmar Godowsky, Lenore Ulrich and George Archainbaud.

(Diplomatic Note: *These people are not so nominated in order of their brilliant importance, but in the safer way—that of their appearance*).

SCENE I.

The big glass studios of the First National Productions in the Bronx, that portion of Manhattan Isle where the Subway finally terminates and commuters are at peace. The scene parallels that of most huge studios, but nothing else in the world. There is confusion. Chaos . . . out of which Losts Worlds and Chickies and other phenomena are eventually evolved. Lights sputter. Hammers pound. Directions are megaphoned. And in some such way motion picture production goes gigantically on.

While stage hands demolish one set, carpenters build another. Worlds and epochs are built and rebuilt. Creation hums. Actors and actresses whose weekly checks read as improbably as the War Debt or your particular Income Tax, stand about waiting for a light to be repaired or an article of furniture to be shifted. Greater luminaries repose in armed camp chairs, upon the backs of which are lettered their world-famous names in type of significant black.

The two interviewers enter this scene, not new to them, but still confusing and impressing them in something of the manner that those who have believed themselves saints might exhibit upon finding

$2,000 IN PRIZES
See "Cross Word Puzzle Contest" on Page 7 and "$1,000 for a Name" on Page 15.

themselves in the Lido Venice for eternity. An efficient guide has them in tow, offering them Viola Dana, Ben Lyon, Dorothy Mackaill, Hobart Bosworth, etcetera, etcetera, with a sweeping, gratuitous hand. Gladys Hall looks beseechingly at her co-worker, Adele Whitely Fletcher, as she stumbles over a light cable and upsets Viola Dana's camp chair. One might suppose that Adele Whitely Fletcher had had these stumbling blocks placed there purposely.

The Guide (in a "Seeing New York" manner): "This is where Dorothy Mackaill's company is at work—'Chickie,' you know . . ."

Gladys Hall (looking straight at a young girl who is enveloped in a large apron while she stirs something in the kitchen stove used in the scene): "Isn't Dorothy here today?"

Adele Whitely Fletcher (with editorial superiority addressing the aproned girl): "Hello, Dorothy!"

(Then, as Dorothy comes over to join them):

"Forgive Gladys for not recognizing you. Without furs and jewels stars are a total loss to her. She has to have the appurtenances . . . a one-tracked mind."

Dorothy Mackaill (laughing): "Then woe is me. I'll have to introduce myself every time we meet."

G. H. (in no wise abashed, although, as you must admit, she should be): "Oh, MY! I can't be prepared for everything. I was never taught at my mother's knee to expect a star in a kitchen apron. I thought that such were the accoutrements of writers. Besides *(turning to Dorothy)*, I am accustomed to seeing you adorned with long, golden tresses—and now your hair is bobbed."

(It is easy to believe that her literary apologies would go on forever if it were not for——)

A Directorial Voice from Somewhere: "On the set, please, Miss Mackaill. We'll take it now. Never mind another rehearsal."

(As Dorothy steps on to the humble set, the interviewers are guided on for a few paces and, literally, run into——)

Myrtle and Lincoln Stedman: "Hello, there . . . hello . . ."

G. H. (pleased in her immediate recognition): "Hello, Miss Stedman. Hello, Mr. Stedman. I didn't know you were in town."

Myrtle Stedman: "We came on because I'm playing in 'Chickie.' Lincoln is working here, too. Let's go over and sit with Mr. Bosworth over there."

(Continued on page 27)

Above is an interesting portrait of the man who had the courage to give *Colleen Moore* the role of *Selina* in *"So Big."*

"I knew *Colleen* could do it," he said. "She has marvelous powers of mimicry and for weeks before she began to create *Selina* she studied her little grandmother like a hawk. You see, I know her, not as the flapper, as she is so consistently pictured, but as an actress of excellent ability."

Below is *Mr. Hudson*, pictured with his wife and family. After all he is the ideal type of man to have charge of motion picture production. He knows life, because he is so completely a part of it.

Photograph by Melbourne Spurr

All Dressed Up And...

. . . skumpty umpty places to go. For *Tom Mix* and *Tony* are going to tour *Europe* as soon as they finish *"The Everlasting Whisper."* As a matter of fact, they will be on the high seas as you read this if all goes well.

Heads were lifted and little whispers ran around as they came into the *Montmartre* and found a corner table. "A small body of movie folks entirely surrounded by tourists," murmured *Vera,* drawing off her driving gloves with an effect of perfect unconsciousness which the man tried unsuccessfully to match.

The characters in this story are members of the social set and motion picture celebrities. And the scene is a gay summer hotel. It is a story you'll recommend to your friends.

The Fortune That Came True

By Montanye Perry

"MORNIN', little playmate. Great day. The sun always——"

"For Pete's sake, cut it!" rasped the man. "If one more person says to me 'the sun always shines like this,' I shall go mad and run amuck biting innocent little movie vamps. I'm sick of your everlasting, blazing, glaring, fiendish sun! Lord! How I'd like to see the common covered with snow and feel the wind bite at me when I came up into Tremont Street, and——"

"You'd hardly get that now, even back in God's country, this being within four days of the first of June," laughed the girl. "Still, you never can tell. Anything can happen climatically in New England. But why all the gloom in your soul? Takes more than a cloud on a man's face to dim *our* sunshine!"

"I'm all fed up on Hollywood lingo. Everyone you meet has just three topics of conversation: the weather, the money they made or just escaped making on a corner lot, and himself or herself. First, last and always, themselves!"

"I'm sorry," said the girl quietly, beginning to move away. "I was so tired last night, and you——"

"Oh, please, Vera! You know I didn't mean anything like that." Hastily he fell into step beside her, his six feet of brunette perfection making an almost spectacular foil for the girl's golden slenderness. Heads turned to look at them as they threaded their way across the lot. A wearied publicity man, patiently enduring a party of five women and one lean magazine writer from Indiana, made a gesture in their direction and the six stopped, transfixed, staring and exclaiming in half-hushed tones. The girl seemed neither to see nor to hear, but the man's lips tightened grimly. As keenly as if he actually heard every word, their dialogue stung him:

"That's Vera Redfern, DeMotte's latest find. Just finished 'Flaming Innocence,' you know."

"How wonderful! Is that her leading man?"

"Him? He's nobody. Just a chap that's been hangin' around the lots lookin' for a job."

"You know I didn't mean anything like that, Vera," he began all over again. "You can't doubt that I'm interested in everything you tell me, and honored by your confidence. Bloomin', boastin' bounders giving you an earful are one thing, and the confidences of friends are another. And we are friends, aren't we?"

She only smiled at the sudden, little-boy wistfulness. If Vera Redfern had been dependent on spoken lines for the expression of her emotions, the world would never have heard of her.

"I'm through for the day," she said, "and I'm hungry. Let's go down to the Montmartre and give the tourists a real treat. I'm good hearted."

Vera at the wheel of her newest roadster, they skimmed the sun-baked road. The man's dark eyes became a shade less restless, the tension of manner and attitude relaxed visibly. The girl sensed, rather than saw, this, and turned the car out toward the hills. For a half hour neither of them spoke. When she swung back toward town, he gave her a laughing, half-penitent glance.

(*Continued on page* 29)

Photograph by Wide World

Fellow Travelers on a Starry Road

One of the loveliest pictures which has ever come to our desk is this of *Esther Ralston* and *Mary Brian*, fellow travelers on a starry road. *"Peter Pan"* gave them both an opportunity to begin their exciting journey, and they seem to be making the ascent in double-quick time.

We saw both of them at the bon-voyage dinner given to *Pola Negri* a few weeks ago, and we couldn't decide which was the more enchanting to look upon.

Mary wore a frock of shell pink tulle . . . and *Esther* wore a white satin frock with webby gold lace. And neither of them were wall-flowers for a single dance.

They had just finished playing together again in *"The Little French Girl."*

The True Story of My Life

By Richard Barthelmess

(*For Synopsis of Preceding Chapters See Page* 33)

THE letter, written with much sweat of the brow and considerable burning of the well-known midnight oil, follows:

Capt. Holland,
Hartford Film Corp.,

Dear Sir:—In speaking with Mr. Ralph Wolfe of the Hartford Sunday Courant in reference to summer work he advised me to write to you. I do not believe I have met you, but you may know my mother, Caroline Harris, who at present (is) with the Empire Stock Company in Syracuse. I have done professional work in stock for the past four summers—the last two seasons with the Dominion Stock Company of Ottawa.

At present I am still in college at Trinity in Hartford, but I am free for summer work on June 24th. I wish, in casting your company, you would consider using me if the opportunity should offer. If you think an interview advisable I can make a point of seeing you any afternoon.

My work is juvenile. I have played with various companies about New York before the camera, during vacations. For immediate reference you might write to Mr. Parsons of Parsons Theatre, Hartford, where I played the lead in our college dramatic's play, "Tom Moore," this winter, or to Mrs. Henry Perkins, a professional at 83 Gillette Street. She is very enthusiastic about my work.

If possible, please let me hear from you so that I may plan my vacation.

Very sincerely,
RICHARD BARTHELMESS.

Recently, by the way, there have been two pages in the Hartford Courant about this company, its activities, some of the letters of application received, humorous or pitiful, as they happen to strike you, and also including my letter and some very nice biographical, statistical and laudatory facts about my career, past, present and future.

Funny . . . how things change. Once upon a time the press agents sent out only far-fetched and bizarre yarns about the stars they represented. Always the luminaries of the stage and screen were presented to the public as exotic creatures doing weird things.

But nowadays the stars stand before the public as understandable human beings. They make no extravagant pretenses. Take this Dick Barthelmess autobiography, for instance. Nothing we have ever read was more human or delightfully refreshing.

Well, I finally received a letter from Captain Holland, opened it with shaking hands and a damp brow, and it said, "Come down and see me."

I was wild with enthusiasm. I thought that I was made . . . for the summer. If my memory serves me correctly, I am sure that even then, even despite my ardor over the enterprise, I still had no remote thought of making movies my life-work. And on the other hand, I know, too, that I had never felt quite so pepped up over anything, any other job, as I did about the prospect of this one. My subconsciousness may have been getting in its dirty work! But as a matter of sober fact, I think my enthusiasm was due to the fact that now I wouldn't have to leave Hartford and the fellows.

I went down to see Captain Holland. I thought, "Well, what the ——— can I do?"

So I said, sweepingly, "I am an actor."

"Ah," said the portentous Captain of the Cinema, "Ah, ha, hum."

I cleared my throat uneasily and repeated, "Yes, sir, I'm an actor . . . but . . ." I added, tripping over my words, "I am willing to work as carpenter or anything else around the studio."

I thought that he felt I was taking too many laurels unto myself when I proclaimed myself "an actor." I had felt quite set-up on my way down, turning over in my mind all of my achievements and experiences which would, I felt, make pretty telling. But have you ever noticed how your achievements dwindle into insignificance when you are face to face with a new job? You're not as fine a fellow as you thought you were!

It was when my junior year came to an end that I went to stay with my mother. I had been away from her for a long time. But her letters had never failed to show me that she understood the demands made upon my time elsewhere. Now I tried to make up to her for the long absences we had undergone and also to see what I could find to do in pictures.

I never went back to college.

I always envied the chaps who seemed to know, as by a predestined pattern, what their life-work would be. Doctors, advertising men, merchants, lawyers, etcetera . . . I couldn't seem to see myself in any one of the activities so matter-of-fact. And this worried me a lot. I wanted to do something big. And my mother told me of my father's life, so sadly thwarted because he had never done the things he wanted to do. I determined to find my niche.

I added another bit of information, "My mother," I said, "my mother has been in pictures."

I don't know whether that clinched the matter where personal history had failed, but at any rate he nodded and said, "All right. I'll give you a job as an actor. At $25 a week."

I got red and said *"Great!"*

As I remember it the first production was to be "The Poisoned Heiress," from the fluent pen of W. E. Sainsbury, who was a local fiction and scenario writer. A Hartford newspaper reporter was to assist Mr. Sainsbury and Captain Holland in getting the script into shape. So much for that.

The studio was erected right near the State Penitentiary, which may or may not have been an omen. The address was 22 Wilcox Street, Wethersfield, and the concern was under the presidency of Captain H. H. B. Holland, and the secretaryship of Edward M. Dahill. The activity attendant upon getting the house into shape for production purposes had all the effect of a circus come to town. The house itself was transformed into an office building for the "executive staff," which consisted, I believe, of an office boy with movie ambitions and a stenographer with the same.

Outside of the house some gorgeous giant trees were hewed down by men who had never read "Woodman, spare, etc.," and a high fence was erected further to pique the curiosity of the natives already at fever pitch. A long, shed-like building was erected, theatrically designed to be the property room and boasting, likewise, a small stage whereon the budding actors and actresses were to trumpet a new art to a waiting world. Alas for dreams! The sad fact is that money must back dreams when dreams are transmuted into tangible subjects.

The first part I had in this enterprising concern was that of a cop with a great big mustache. The second part I had was that of a waiter. I got hit with a bottle of vichy, had a pie thrown at me and fell down a flight of stairs, all in the interest of my Art. As a matter of fact I can't, to this day, look a custard pie in the face or descend a flight of stairs without a shudder. So much of both befell me in those by-gone days.

The only people I remember very distinctly there were the Werners. Freddie Werner imitated Chaplin, shoes, cane, everything. We made two comedies a week. That was what the pictures were based on.

This kept up for only a nominal length of time. Things began to get strained.

Photograph by Altman

Summer vacations for *Dick Barthelmess* were not lazy days in the country or gay weeks at the shore. It isn't out of his own life that he knows the country boy philosophy which he depicted with rare artistry in *"Tol'able David,"* the role in which he is shown below. The summer holidays meant a job. Above is *Dick* in a snapshot taken during that summer when he appeared in motion pictures in *Hartford* under *Captain Holland*.

Demands began to be made. I got my first week's salary. But at the end of the second week there seemed to be a blank drawn when it came to money.

Then Captain Holland went to New York "to dispose of two of the negatives." *He never came back.*

I managed to get two weeks' salary out of it and turned my face away from screenland.

The only other thing I could think of was Insurance. Some of the boys had gone in for it . . . those who were in Hartford. I went down to the Travelers to ask for a job like the rest of the boys were having—at $8 a week.

"When do you want to start?" asked the man who interviewed me.

"This afternoon," I said.

So I got up a stepladder, and began to file cards all summer for the Travelers.

Some boys and myself clubbed together at the Psi Upsilon house.

In the Fall, college opened.

Meanwhile, our dramatic club had put on "Tom Moore," and we made a lot of money. We were the only undergraduate organization that really did make money. Incidentally, the Hartford debutantes used to play in the company with us.

This year we went out and put on "The Gentleman of Leisure," Doug Fairbanks' old play.

Also, I was made Junior Cheer leader and became manager of the musical clubs, chairman of the Junior Smoker Committee.

I was also a member of the prom committee, and we put on a musical comedy, another chap and myself, written, produced and acted in by ourselves. *I* was one of the chorus girls.

All in all, I had a marvelous time. The only thing that worried me was the fact that my mother wanted to see more of me and that I couldn't seem to figure out what it was I wanted to do and be when the blissful campus days should come to an end, as even the most blissful days must do.

I envied the chaps who seemed to know, as by a predestined pattern, what their life-work would be. Doctors, advertising men, merchants, lawyers, wholesalers, etcetera . . . I couldn't seem to see myself in any one of the activities so matter-of-fact and complacently staked out by my college friends. It worried me a lot. I wanted to do something big, artistically and financially, both. I groped and could see no light. The stage . . . the screen . of course, of course . but not quite what I wanted. . . . My mother

(*Continued on page* 33)

$1,000 in Prizes for a Name!

A BEAUTIFUL young screen actress, whose first appearance may possibly create a sensation among picture-goers, is asking your help in selecting a suitable screen name, through a contest being staged by the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios and Movie Weekly.

Five hundred dollars will be awarded for the winning name and the next ten best names will receive fifty dollars each. Any number of names may be submitted and should be sent to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Contest Editor, Movie Weekly. Each name must be submitted on a separate sheet of paper, with your own name and address.

Thousands of readers of this magazine have entered this contest but no final decision has been made, so read the rules, study the hints toward success and suggest a name. It must be moderately short and euphonious. It must not imitate the name of some already established artiste. It must be easy to spell, pronounce and remember. It must be impressive and suitable to the bearer's type.

Miss Lucille Le Sueur is ready to appear in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer pictures and she must have a suitable screen name immediately. Her name is too hard to remember and (*Continued on page* 34)

RULES

1. The duration of this contest will be six weeks, during which time the issues of Movie Weekly will carry photographs and text matter on Lucille Le Sueur which will aid the readers in their choice of a screen name for her.
2. All suggested names must be postmarked by midnight of May 2, 1925, and addressed to "Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Contest Editor," care Movie Weekly, 1926 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.
3. There is no limit to the number of names which can be suggested, but each suggested name must be submitted on a separate coupon, even if they are all mailed in the same envelope.
4. The judges have been chosen because of their ability to judge the name best adapted for this purpose and their decision is final.
5. Eleven prizes, totaling one thousand dollars, will be awarded. The first prize will be $500. And there will be ten other prizes of $50 each for the sponsors of the next ten best names.
6. In the event of two persons suggesting the name finally selected, both will receive the designated award.

NAME COUPON

(Suggestions must be made on this coupon, a tracing of it or a similar one of your own making)

Name Suggested.....

Your Name.....

Your Address.....

Photograph by Clarence S. Bull

Lucille Le Sueur

Concluding

The Daughter of a Fading Star

By Grant Hubbard

***Illustrations by* R. A. Cameron**

BEE BURTON fumbled and groped her way forward till she caught sight of Murchison and Sturtevant standing in the tunnel near the vertical shaft, examining something in their hands by the light of an electric torch. Then she ran forward with a warning cry:

"Wayne! Quick! Get out of here! Bill has laid dynamite!"

Murchison stared at her while she stumbled to his side and seized his arm.

"What are you talking about, Sally?" he asked.

She had no time to answer. Walter came close on her heels.

"For heaven's sake, don't talk. Get out!" he cried, at the same time seizing Bee and pulling at her arm.

But Bee clung to Murchison.

"Wayne! Wayne! Come!" she cried.

At the same moment Walter felt Loreta's hand on his shoulder.

"Oh, mother, hurry!" she cried.

By this time Murchison and Sturtevant got the fact of danger clearly. Murchison swept Bee into his arms and ran for the tunnel opening. Sturtevant followed, bumping against Loreta in the passage and instantly rushing her ahead of him.

Outside the tunnel Murchison set Bee down and, seizing her arm, pulled her down the slope.

Bee cast a frantic glance over her shoulder, saw Loreta appear with Sturtevant, and ran on.

Loreta suddenly discovered that Walter had not followed them. She shook herself free from Sturtevant's grasp and tried to re-enter the tunnel. But he snatched her back and then half carried her down the hill.

"Let me go! Let me go!" she cried passionately. "Don't you see, something has happened to Walter?"

But Sturtevant lifted her completely off her feet and ran swiftly down the canyon to the place where the group of frightened men and women stood gathered. He handed Loreta to Joel Burney, still struggling and sobbing frantically. Then he started back towards the tunnel entrance.

At that moment Walter appeared at the mouth of the tunnel. He held something in his hand which he looked at briefly. Then he came rapidly down the slope. Sturtevant went forward to meet him. Fifty feet from the awed group they met. Walter held up the thing in his hand. Sturtevant looked at it, nodded enthusiastically, and clapped Walter on the shoulders. The two approached the anxious waiters.

"He's pulled the fuse," Sturtevant called. "There won't be any explosion."

The crowd stared, only half comprehending. Loreta twisted out o Burney's grasp and ran to Walter. Just before she got to him, she stopped. Her hand flew to her breast. Her face was white.

"Oh, Walter, why did you stay?" she cried under her breath. "You might have been killed!"

He grew red with embarrassment.

"I couldn't tell," he said. "I didn't know when the darned thing might explode. The sensible thing seemed to be to grab the fuse. I didn't know whether there'd be time to get away or not."

Sturtevant held up the charred end of the fuse. There had been perhaps an inch left to burn.

"It looks to me like you got it just in time," he said. "Where did you find it?"

"On the far side of the dynamite pile about ten feet beyond where you and Murchison were," Walter said. He took Loreta's arm and started to lead her back toward the crowd.

But Sturtevant laid his hand on Walter's shoulder.

"Then you didn't just happen to see the fuse sputtering," he said. "You went on and looked for it while we ran."

Walter flushed again.

"Oh, hell," he said abruptly. "What difference does it make? Come on, Loreta, let's get back. The old thing may go off yet."

Sturtevant shook his head.

"No chance," he said.

But they didn't seem to hear. He lifted his eyebrows, looked down once more at the bit of fuse, smiled and nodded. It appeared that he

"Glad!" *Walter* exclaimed. "Glad? Scared is the word. So scared that I've bribed the minister to make it two weddings instead of one. For if I wait another month, you'll be so famous that I won't have the nerve to marry you."

understood. Then he strode up into the tunnel mouth to investigate. When he came back, he had a bundle of dynamite sticks in his arms.

The crowd had drawn nearer now. He put down the dynamite.

"There's enough in there still to have blown us all to hell, even where we were standing," he said quietly. "You can thank Brant for being alive now."

Then he went back for more dynamite.

There was a general gasp, and then a sudden query for Walter.

"Where is he? Hey, Walter Brant, where are you hiding yourself?"

Murchison and Bee were standing apart, further from the tunnel than the rest of the crowd. Bee tapped his shoulder and pointed. Walter and Loreta stood some hundred feet away, hidden from the crowd by a huge boulder. As Bee pointed, the two drew close together, and Loreta lifted her face to his.

Murchison watched and turned back to Bee with a smile.

"There are times when a piece of rock like that is very useful, aren't there?" he said.

Down in the shelter of that piece of rock, Loreta had just said:

"You might have been killed doing that."

And Walter had replied:

"That really wouldn't have mattered an awful lot, you know. I had to be sure it didn't go off before you got away."

"It would have made a great deal of difference to me."

She was looking up at him with something in her eyes that had never been there before. But it was something that Walter could understand even in its newness. Then it was that he put out his arms and drew her close to him.

"You're sure this isn't just—gratitude or something?" he asked before he allowed himself to touch her lips.

"I—I don't know what it is," she stammered, "but I—I think it's—love."

After that he kissed her.

OF course, there was an indignation meeting among the actors and the rest of the staff as they got over their first awe of the huge pile of dynamite that Sturtevant brought out of the tunnel. Some of them with stronger imaginations than nerves were still pale and shaky as they realized that only the short inch of fuse which Walter had pulled from the magazine at the very last minute had lain between them and almost certain death.

"Who did it? Who is this fellow, Bill? I thought he was in jail. Where's the little Mexican girl that warned us? Why don't they send for the sheriff?"

These and dozens of other questions flew back and forth from lip to lip. Presently it was reported that Murchison had sent for the sheriff, but that the Mexican girl, Chiquita, could not be found. Nobody had seen her since the first mad rush away from the old mine shaft. She must have slipped away among the rocks.

"Do you suppose she's gone back to Bill?" Loreta asked Walter.

The two were sitting somewhat apart, leaving it to Murchison to decide the next step, and wishing to avoid the questions of the crowd.

The crowd, oddly enough, seemed to have sensed the stress of emotion that had moved the two at the time of the panic, and had the delicacy not to approach them, though many inquiring eyes were cast in their direction.

"Gone back to Bill?" Walter repeated. "It's hardly likely, is it? She's spoiled his game and had her revenge. She must know he'd be furious with her. No, probably she's gone back to the ranch and hunted up Pasquali."

Loreta looked somberly off over the canyon wall.

"I'm not so sure," she said. "She loves him, you know."

"She did love him, you mean," Walter corrected. "Don't forget how he treated her."

Loreta looked at him steadily for a moment or two and then looked away.

"I don't know," she repeated. "Once you've loved a person—"

Walter's hand closed quickly over hers. She looked up and her eyes grew misty.

"Does a girl feel like that?" he asked in a low voice.

"I think—I—would."

Her hand trembled under his. He couldn't trust himself to speak.

So, because they were in full sight of the crowd, they only sat and let their eyes carry their thoughts.

After a while the shooting of certain other scenes began, and the tension of the occasion relaxed with the work.

But it came again early in the afternoon when the Sheriff and his deputy arrived. There was a heated conference between him and Murchison, with Walter and Sturtevant standing close by, and the remainder of the staff at none too great a distance.

It seems that the Sheriff had taken Bill to a Justice of the Peace, who had then released him on his promise to refrain from violence. Apparently Bill's story about the mineral rights not belonging to the ranch had some foundation in fact. To the Sheriff, it had seemed reasonable that Bill had wanted to protect his claim. The fact that Bill had been hurt in the affair was in his favor. At any rate, Bill had been released.

It was only by a strong effort that Murchison managed to keep from speaking his opinion of the Sheriff in such a way as to destroy all chance of co-operation. He managed it, however, and laid the new case before him, demanding that Bill and Milt be arrested and jailed.

"How are we goin' to get 'em?" the Sheriff demurred. "You say they're hid away an' you don't know whereabouts."

"We'll find them. And we'll furnish a posse," Murchison assured him, anticipating his next objection.

"All right," the Sheriff agreed.

(Continued on page 28)

Camera Scoops

...of Motion Picture News

She's Pinch Hitting for Mary Pickford

The story of *Sally O'Neil* is a real *Cinderella* tale of the movies. *Marshall Neilan* and *Blanche Sweet Neilan* were impressed with *Sally's* beauty when they saw her dancing on the roof of one of the *Los Angeles* hotels. And now *Sally* is playing the leading role in *"Mike,"* an original story by *Mickey,* which he wrote, at first, for *Mary Pickford,* and in which he planned to direct *Mary* before she changed her mind and decided to do something else.

Artist and Model

Kathryn Menjou is an artist who earned her living in this field of endeavor before *Adolphe* slipped a slim platinum band on her proper finger and made her *Mrs. Adolphe.* However, there is no reason why she should give up painting as a pastime, considering the fact that she can have one of *Hollywood's* highest-salaried actors as her model.

Photograph by Richee

Photograph by P. and A.

Gloria and Her Marquis

It was the Good Ship *Paris* that brought *Gloria Swanson* and her titled husband, the *Marquis de la Falais de la Courdray* back to *America* the last week in *March.* Here they are as our news photographer snapped them on deck as they steamed into harbor.

Certainly *Gloria* looks radiantly happy . . . and so does the Marquis.

We'll Say It's a Camera Scoop . . .

. . . to get a picture of *Conway Tearle* laughing. *Conway* comes second to *Buster Keaton* as far as smiling on the screen is concerned. No wonder *Irving Cummings*, who is going to direct him in *"Just a Woman,"* feels pleased with himself.

Conway says he likes to look cheerful now and then, but that the producers insist the public likes him serious.

On the Beach at Waikiki . . .

. . . are sights other than those sung about in the popular songs. Recently *Mr.* and *Mrs. Douglas MacLean* might have been seen vacationing there on the sands of the *Pacific*.

Photograph by P. and A.

When Lillian Took the Stand

This photograph was taken in the court-room recently when *Lillian Gish* appeared against *Charles H. Duell*, who claimed that she was under contract with him and had no legal right to appear for another company. Seated with Lillian is her attorney, the famous *Max Steuer*.

There Ain't No Sech Animal!

A cat that doesn't scratch! *Rin Tin Tin* seems to doubt the possibility of such an animal. At any rate, he views the little wooden *Krazy Kat* with honest amazement and distrust.

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ACROSS the SCREEN

"SALLY"—90%

Reviewed by Aline O'Brien

Colleen Moore has done it again! We rather feared for "Sally's" transference to the screen. Any stage play is liable to suffer in the process of adaptation and it is especially true of a musical comedy, almost the entire success of which depends upon its appeal to the ear. But "Sally" has proved the most adaptable of plays, and Alfred E. Green and Colleen have done wonders with it. Winsome, dainty, adorable Colleen with eyes like Baby Peggy's and toes that twinkle like those of the original premiere danseuse of "Sally," Marilyn Miller! Colleen's performance is entirely charming and satisfactory. But it is her versatility that rates and gets our whole-hearted admiration. She runs the entire gamut of emotion in "Sally" and there is not a single note off-key. Leon Errol, the original Duke of Checkergovinia, is immense. He proves himself a screen as well as a stage comedian. The entire cast is perfect, though we found it hard to devote our attention to anyone else but the little star. "Sally" is one of the few productions we have seen which manages to stage some impressive and lavish sets without sacrificing either the story or the star. Don't miss it. You can't fail to enjoy it.

The cast includes: Colleen Moore, Lloyd Hughes, Leon Errol, Myrtel Stedman, Dan Mason, John T. Murray, Eva Novak and others.

The picture was directed by Alfred E. Green.

"THE AIR MAIL"—80%

Reviewed by Harriette Underhill

"The Air Mail" is an exciting story of a lover who fell from the clouds into the lonely arms of a beautiful prairie rose. Warner Baxter is the lover and Billie Dove is the prairie rose. Two other players are also featured. They are Mary Brian and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. The story provides two sets of villains and it was a quaint idea to set them to shooting each other up, only it took some regular minions of the law to finally carry them all off to jail. Most of the thrills come out of the air and the production is filled with airplanes, heroic aviators and new-fangled parachutes.

Warner Baxter is a nice manly hero and Billie Dove is beautiful as the lonely heroine. The only fault one could find with her is that possibly she is too sweet. Mary Brian gives an interesting performance as a precocious child and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. plays a boy inventor very well. The young man has charm. Irwin Willat directed the picture for Famous Players. "The Air Mail" is worth seeing.

The cast includes: Warner Baxter, Billie Dove, Mary Brian, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and others.

The picture was directed by Irvin Willat.

"BAD COMPANY"—75%

Reviewed by Nan Kehoe

"Bad Company" is rather a nice little picture with Madge Kennedy at her sweetest and prettiest. There may be many cinema artists who enjoy greater popularity than does Madge, but somehow we always find her mighty appealing. She plays the role of Gloria Waring, an actress, who attempts by the theft of a will to prevent her young brother from falling into the toils of a fortune-seeker, and who thereby almost sacrifices her own love. Conway Tearle appears in his most popular role—the strong, silent lover, and though Conway says he prefers to portray another type, we always find him very attractive in his well-fitting evening clothes. Charles Emmett Mack is the weak young brother; and he does very nicely with his part, which entails much love-making with Lucille Lee Stuart, the beautiful "gold-digger" who loses out in the end.

An elaborate studio party at the home of the siren and a complete scene from Earl Carroll's "Vanities" are two of the attractive features of the picture. E. H. Griffith has handled the production nicely.

You will probably enjoy "Bad Company" if you are not in too critical a mood.

The cast includes: Madge Kennedy, Bigelow Cooper, Conway Tearle, Lucille Lee Stewart, and Charles Emmett Mack.

The picture was directed by E. H. Griffith.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Our reviews are printed of a uniform size so that they may be kept for future reference. They are written by members of our editorial staff who are skilled critics and whose viewpoints we know to be sane and unbiased. We believe you will find the ratings of special assistance and invite our readers to send in their personal ratings of pictures they see.*

RATING: Excellent, 95%; Good, 90%; Fair, 75%; Poor, 60%

"SEVEN CHANCES"—85%

Reviewed by Harriette Underhill

"Seven Chances" is a vastly amusing picture and ten chances to one you'll like it. Besides the frozen-faced comedian, Buster Keaton, the picture features that most delectable ingenue, Ruth Dwyer, who burst on the screen to delight the eye a few months ago in a picture with Reginald Denny. "Seven Chances" is a whole lot funnier than it was when David Belasco produced it on the stage and besides that it has a novel prologue, done in natural colors, which adds greatly to its mirth-producing qualities.

Jimmy Shannon is desperately but silently in love with Mary Neil. When, on his twenty-seventh birthday, he receives a letter from his lawyer saying that his grandfather has died and has left him seven million dollars providing he is married before seven o'clock on his twenty-seventh birthday, Jimmy bungles his proposal to the only girl and his efforts to get married before seven o'clock are vainly lamentable. Mr. Keaton, himself, probably furnished much of the comedy. T. Roy Barnes is seen as a distracted friend and business partner, and Snitz Edwards has one of the most effective roles he ever has played, as the lawyer. Miss Dwyer is vivacious and beautiful. The picture should be advertised "You take no chance on 'Seven Chances.'"

The cast includes: Buster Keaton, T. Roy Barnes, Snitz Edwards, Ruth Dwyer, Frankie Raymond, Jules Cowles, and Erwin Connelly.
The picture was directed by Buster Keaton.

"THE DRESSMAKER FROM PARIS"—75%

Reviewed by Aline O'Brien

"The Dressmaker from Paris" is certainly an expensive production, we will say that for it, and, being a woman, we cannot but admit that we enjoyed every moment of the elaborately staged fashion revue but, as far as the story goes it could hardly be more absurd. We had looked forward to Leatrice Joy's return to the screen and we are sorry that the background chosen for her initial production was not a more suitable one, for although Leatrice is as lovely as ever, we have seen her play to better advantage. Even Ernest Torrence, who always revives our waning faith in things cinematical, failed to measure up. However, there are three, or rather we should say seventeen, reasons for rejoicing in this extravaganza: Mildred Harris, Larry Gray and the fourteen dress models. Little Mildred annexes practically all the charm and personality honors in this picture. Larry Gray's is a new face but a most attractive one and we hope we will see lots more of it. But the models—we run out of superlatives relating to pulchritude when attempting to describe them. Even though the picture is absurd, few women will want to miss it.

The cast includes: Leatrice Joy, Ernest Torrence, Allan Forrest, Mildred Harris, Larry Gray and others.
The picture was directed by Paul Bern.

"A CAFE IN CAIRO"—65%

Reviewed by Harry De Gray

"A Cafe in Cairo" is a potpourri of Arabian bandits, sands of the desert, cute little English girls believing themselves true daughters of Isis melodrama, American lovers, stolen government papers, bearded sheiks, bearding the sheiks, mothers defending their honor, spoken interludes, and just plain bunk. In it Priscilla Dean stars though she does not shine and we cannot believe that "A Cafe in Cairo" will be interesting even to the least sophisticated spectators. How could anyone have been so misguided as to make such a picture? It seems like a terrible waste of valuable film and a little less valuable time. In a prologue Naida's father and mother are presumably killed by a tribe of wandering Arabs; only the mother lives, and twenty years later she recognizes her child as a rival for the affections of the old sheik, whose favorite wife she is. Miss Dean plays Naida. Evelyn Selbie is good as the old native nurse. Robert Ellis is the American lover in the picture and in the spoken interlude he is played by Roland Bottomly. Screen stars should be seen (sometimes) but not heard. Chet Withey directed "A Cafe in Cairo," but the programs say, "Personally conducted by Hunt Stromberg." That is a brave thing for a man to do.

The cast includes: Priscilla Dean, Robert Ellis, Carl Stockdale, Evelyn Selbie and others.
The picture was directed by Chet Withey.

Photograph by Apeda

We Told You So

We hate people who go about saying in smug accents, "We told you so!" But we can't resist calling attention to the immediate fulfillment of our prophesy of two or three weeks ago. Remember we used a picture of *William (Buster) Collier, Junior,* and declared he would soon make a mark for himself? Well, after canvassing all the available men of the screen, the *Powers-That-Be* have cast *Buster* in the leading male role in *"The Wanderer."*

Director George Archainbaud had a terrible time getting production finished on *"The Necessary Evil"* the other day. Every time he wanted *Ben Lyon* on the set, *Ben* was nowhere to be found. Finally the altogether irresistible reason was discovered. *Lenora Ulrich*, the stage star, who comes now and then to the screen, was visiting the studios.

Rosie O'Grady and movie stars are sisters under the skin. Here *Betty Compson* puzzles her stellar head over "What will we have for dinner?" The only difference is that no cook stands at attention for *Rosie O'Grady*.

On the Set and Off

ENID BENNETT and Fred Niblo are the proud parents of a lovely baby boy, who will be known henceforth as Thomas Bennett Niblo. The Niblos have a little girl, Loris, aged three, who with her parents is delighted over the arrival of her baby brother.

ELSIE FERGUSON will be starred by Vitagraph in "The Unknown Lover," under the direction of Victor Hugo Halperin. Mildred Harris and Frank Mayo will appear in supporting roles.

A THREE months' quest to cast the role of the Prodigal Son in the Paramount production of "The Wanderer" was ended by the recent announcement from Jesse Lasky that William Collier, Jr., familiarly known as "Buster," had been selected from a field of over one hundred candidates for the part. Some idea of the importance of this production can be gained from Mr. Lasky's statement in which he said: "Just as 'The Covered Wagon,' 'The Ten Commandments' and 'Peter Pan' each advanced a step in the progress of motion pictures, so we hope to make another stride with 'The Wanderer.'" Ernest Torrence is also to be cast in an important role.

F. W. MURNAU, youthful motion picture director, whose titleless picture, "The Last Laugh" scored a recent success, will come to the United States early next year to direct a number of productions for William Fox. Mr. Murnau, from the announcement by the producer, will be given some of the most ambitious photoplays on the Fox release schedule to direct.

Above is *Tod Browning* directing a scene from *"The Unholy Three,"* a crook melodrama soon to be flashed on the screen. Reading from left to right are *Lon Chaney, Harry Earles,* the twenty-three-year-old midget and *Victor McLaglen.*

Setting-up exercises are becoming as definite a part of *American* morning life as coffee and the sporting page. However, all of us haven't black crepe pajamas in which to do *Walter Camp's Daily Dozen* to the tune of the family phonograph.

KATHLEEN KEY, so the latest rumors rumor, has admitted to leaving her heart in old Turin, when she departed from Italy a short while ago with the "Ben Hur" company. The lucky man is Dr. Octavius Prochet, a broker and member of an old and wealthy Italian family. The date of the marriage has not as yet been disclosed.

ETHEL CLAYTON will be seen in the role of the widow in the William Fox screen version of "Lightnin'." Miss Clayton is the fourth member of the cast to be announced. In addition to Jay Hunt, who will appear in the name role, Madge Bellamy and and J. Farrell MacDonald will have important parts.

WANDA WILEY, Century comedy star, may rise to real dramatic heights through foreign films. Recently, when F. W. Murnau, director of "The Last Laugh," was here, he noticed a vivid resemblance on the part of Miss Wiley to Norma Talmadge and he is now negotiating with Joseph Stern, president of Century, regarding a release or loan of the young actress for U. F. A. films.

CARMEL MYERS has received her final decree of divorce from Isidor B. Kornblum, young attorney of Los Angeles, according to recent Hollywood reports.

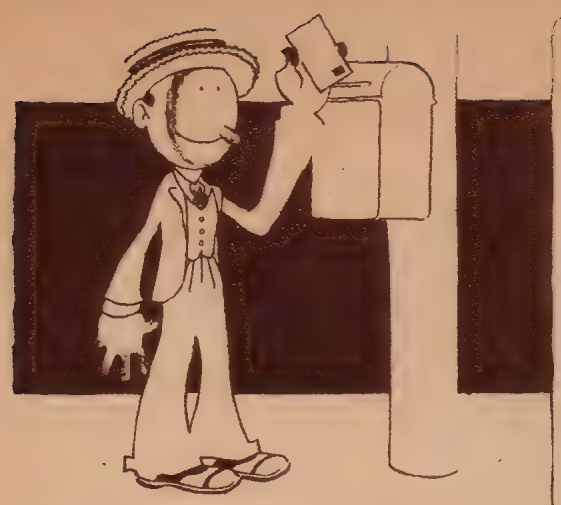
Here is a pleasant snapshot of two of the younger generation who are knocking at the portals to stardom . . . *Buster Collier* and *Mary Astor.*

THE newest gigantic stage production to be transferred to the silver sheet is the Chauve Souris, so we hear. This popular Russian musical fantasy is to be filmed by Dr. Lee De Forest, inventor of the talking movies. Balieff, with his fascinating accent, "Katrina," the dance of the wooden soldiers, and all the other features that Morris Gest has popularized, will be exploited by means of the De Forest method. Chauve Souris will be done in colors, with all the musical hits of the Russian vaudeville played by the talking device. The production, however, according to report, is to be taken abroad for its initial presentation. It is expected that this extravaganza, in colors and accompanied by the strains of its fascinating music, will mark a new picture era.

RENEE ADOREE and Tom Moore have severed domestic relations. They were married in February, 1920, and separated just three years later. Miss Adoree charged Tom with desertion and waived all alimony.

PAULINE STARKE has signed her name on the dotted line, which makes her the thirty-eighth member of the Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer stock company. Louis B. Mayer has been watching the work of Miss Starke for some time. Her first successes were "The Connecticut Yankee" and "Salvation Nell." Her performances have shown a marked improvement in power and understanding of late, and after seeing her work in "The Devil's Cargo," Mr. Mayer started negotiations which

(*Continued on page* 34)



The Colonel

This department is for the service of our readers. No charge whatever is made for the answering of questions, whatever their number. However, if a personal reply is requested, we ask that you send a stamped, addressed envelope. All letters should contain the name and address of the writer and, if it is desired that a fictitious name be used in the publication, this name should also be written at the bottom of the letter.

Are you curious to know if your favorite screen star is married . . . where he was born . . . or the name of his new picture? If so, write to the COLONEL at Movie Weekly, 1926 Broadway, New York City.

MRS. COLONEL—No, of course that signature doesn't insult me, though the government might object. They've always had peculiar ideas about bigamy. Priscilla Dean is about 5 feet 3; I'm sorry I have no information about Joseph Striker's birthplace, but he is an American, I think—I have met him. And I believe he is not married. Violet La Plante is about twenty. Mary McAlister doesn't give her age; Virginia Lee Corbin says she was born in 1912; Madge Evans is sixteen. John Jones lives at 4211 Delmar Ave., Los Angeles.

CONNIE'S LOVER—Lots of wives and lovers in this column today! Well, since they have Mother's Day, why not Sweetheart's Day! The latest home address I have for Priscilla Dean is 5611 Hollywood Blvd., Los Angeles. Richard Barthelmess has all his mail sent to Inspiration Pictures, Inc., 565 Fifth Ave., New York. Dorothy Dalton has been abroad for months, except for a brief visit at home. Joseph Striker's address is the Lambs' Club, 130 W. 44th St., New York. As Mary Miles Minter is no longer connected with pictures, I've no idea where she can be reached. Malcolm McGregor lives at 6043 Selma Ave., Hollywood; Kenneth Harlan at 1327 Le Moyne St., Los Angeles

GEE! BABY PEGGY—Looking for an answer in the forthcoming issue! I do hope you didn't strain your eyes, as an answer isn't possible that soon. Jackie Coogan lives at 673 S. Oxford Ave., Los Angeles. As long as Baby Peggy continues in vaudeville, she can be reached, care Keith Booking Office, Palace Theatre Building, Broadway at 47th St., New York. Jane Novak lives at 7139 Hollywood Blvd., Los Angeles. She is 5 feet 7; she doesn't give her age. You can probably reach Cleve Morrison in care of his sister, Colleen Moore, at 530 S. Rossmore Ave., Los Angeles. Marilyn Miller, Charles Dillingham office, Globe Theatre Building, New York. See above. It is not customary to answer questions about the screen stars' religions.

BREEZY—Yes, in Ontario, I should think it might be. Jack Mulhall is married to Evelyn Winans; his address is Fox Studios, 1417 N. Western Ave., Hollywood. Lloyd Hughes is the husband of Gloria Hope and they live at 601 S. Rampart St., Los Angeles. No, Ben Lyon isn't engaged to Pola Negri; in fact, I don't think he is engaged to anyone. Robert Frazer lives at 1905 Wilcox Ave., Los Angeles, and Bert Lytell at the Hollywood Hotel, Hollywood. His latest picture is "Eve's Lover."

PEG—Square or round? Art Acord hasn't made a picture in some time; I understand that he recently returned from South America. I haven't seen an announcement of his beginning on a new picture, but no doubt he will soon do so, as I don't think his retirement is permanent.

THE LITTLE GERMAN GIRL—I don't blame you for liking Ronald Colman; I think he is one of the most attractive of the screen's current leading men. I've no idea in what month he was born, and I'm not even sure about the year. Mr. Colman is rather uncommunicative about himself. Yes, he will make pictures in this country for some time now, I think, as he is definitely connected with First National. Doris Kenyon is now working on "The Halfway Girl." "Ben Hur" will probably not be released until Fall; the release date of "The Sporting Venus" hasn't yet been announced. Yes, Lillian Gish will continue to make pictures as soon as her lawsuit against Charles Duell—President of her famous company—determines for which company she will work. It is impossible for me to tell when any certain picture will reach your town; that depends on when your theatre owner arranges for it to be shown.

KING TUT—So I'll hear of you again! I do hope you're not planning to set fire to my house or anything like that. Jacqueline Logan was born in Corsicana, Texas, but she doesn't say when. She isn't married; as far as I know, that is her real name. No, she is not a star; her latest picture is "Playing With Souls." She doesn't give her home address; you might be able to reach her at United Studios, 5341 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles

BLACK EYES—Natural or accidental? Ian Keith is married to Blanche Yurka a charming stage actress, but a divorce is pending. His real name is McCauley Ross; I'm not sure whether he is English or American. The only address I can suggest for him is United Studios—see above.

K. W. D.—Thanks for the kisses; do you want them returned? Hoot Gibson is 5 feet 10 and weighs 160; he is married to Helen Johnson. Tom Mix is 5 feet 8. Fred Thomson is 6 feet 3, I believe; he is married to Frances Marion, one of the most famous scenario writers in pictures. William Desmond is 5 feet 11 and weighs 170; Edmund Cobb is slightly over 6 feet and weighs 165.

MISS MAE—May will soon be here and we won't have to miss it Pola Negri is abroad but you can reach her at the Famous Players Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood. Gloria Swanson's home at present is in Westchester County, New York; she gets her mail at the Lasky Studios, Astoria, Long Island.

DOROTHY—Ruth Royce was born in Missouri, but she doesn't say when. I don't know her husband's name, or any recent picture in which she has appeared.

NOT MY BUSINESS—Even though you do send me two separate letters, you can't fool me! So you think I should ask for a raise in salary? Well, do you think I should get it? No, Rod La Rocque has not been a star heretofore, but he is going to be now; his new picture is "The Night Life of New York."

TORNADO VICTIM—Has Conway Tearle ever been married! Only three times; his present wife is Adele Rowland. His newest picture is "The Great Divide." Little Farina is a colored boy, named Allan Hoskins. It is Tom O'Malley whom you refer to? If so, he played several years ago in "Cappy Ricks," and in a Vitagraph picture called "Rainbow." I don't know any more about him than that.

LOVER—Of course you didn't see the answer to the letter you wrote two weeks before this one—though you've seen it now, haven't you? You must allow at least three weeks for an answer to appear, usually four. Nazimova is Russian. Richard Barthelmess is thirty, so even if he weren't married, don't you think he's too old for a fifteen-year-old girl? I think Jane Novak uses her real name. Lloyd Hughes is married to Gloria Hope and they live at 601 S. Rampart St., Los Angeles. Colleen Moore lives at 530 S. Rossmore Ave., Los Angeles. Write John Gilbert at the Los Angeles Athletic Club; I'm sorry I can't send you his picture, as Movie Weekly has only enough screen stars' pictures on its hands for its own use

IVOR'S CRUSH—I don't really know whether Ivor Novello answers his own fan mail or not; you see, he has been home in England for the past year or two. But he is so popular there that I think he would hardly have time to answer his own mail. Yes, it is true that Colleen Moore went to school at the Convent of the Holy Name in Tampa, though she was born in Port Huron, Michigan. Sorry I don't know about Pierre Bendron.

THE BLOND LADY—I found your letter very something, but the something was nice. Ricardo Cortez gives his birthplace as Alsace-Lorraine, though at the same time he says he is (*Continued on page 34*)

What Our Readers Think of Us

This Week's $10.00 Prize Letter

The temptation to write you in reference to your fine "Movie Weekly" has at last become so strong I have succumbed to it.

Compliments are out of place, as you have earned the reputation you have gained by giving the "Movie Fans" what they most desire in movie literature.

The intimate glimpses into the lives of the great screen artists are always worth while, and the fact that they write these stories themselves makes them doubly interesting. More of these autobiographies would undoubtedly be welcomed by all your readers.

Your "Screen Reviews" are a very worth-while feature; speaking personally, I have proved them very correct in most instances. However, I must say that it is a great pity that some of the producers have great stars in poor pictures, which does not allow them to do full justice to their ability, and also fools the public somewhat, as most of us think when one or more of the stars are playing, the picture is sure to be good.

"On the Set and Off," "The Colonel" and "If I Were You," are all features which cannot be spurned under any circumstances. To be candid, I never read the "serials," so am not in a position to comment on them, but I know of neighbors who like them, as well as my own people; under these circumstances, I will not be selfish.

Your new cover is very attractive and the coloring is fine; yet somehow, the sepia tone cover was more familiar to us, and I feel that it carried a dignity in keeping with the contents; as it is now we do not know what kind of a cover to look for.

I am longing to see an intimate sketch of "Percy Marmont" soon; while he has often been miscast, in my mind I feel sure his work in "If Winter Comes" will at all times keep him popular with the majority of the fans.

Our "Movie Weekly" is dispatched every week to a sick relative in a London, England, Convalescent Home; after she has read it, we are told that the nurses have a friendly fight for opportunities to read it. Such actions alone prove its popularity.

Wishing you every success,

J. Imeson,
Syracuse, N. Y.

This Week's $5.00 Prize Letter

Miss Edith Hopkins,
North Carolina College for Women,
Greensboro, N. C.

This Week's $3.00 Prize Letter

Jack Iams,
Waynesburg, Pa.

Honorable Mention

Miss Bob O'Mahoney,
London, England.

IF I WERE YOU

By Norma Talmadge

Photograph by Albin

Sorry Fifteen: Indeed, your letter about yourself did not bore me in the least. Instead, I was quite interested, as it helped me to understand you and your problems better. I would not worry any more about your former friendship with a boy who was wholly unworthy of a sensitive, high-minded girl such as you are. You were wise to end it when you realized what he was. I greatly admire your having resolved to find interest in better things than running around with a girl whose influence has not been of the best for you. I am sure you will find some friends who will appreciate you for what you are instead of attempting to make you stoop to a lower standard of ideals.

It is impossible for me to give you the address of any one who has written to me through this department as I am unable to keep the many letters that are sent to me.

L. S.: I have said so many times in answer to letters that are similar to yours that I cannot give advice on how to get into the movies. The chances are so slim because the supply is greater than the demand that I dare not hold out hope for anyone. One can only try to get an interview with a casting director. Sometimes this is not a difficult thing to do and other times it is exceedingly so. If you happen to be the particular type that he is looking for at that time, he will take you; if you are not, then he will tell you so. I do not know of any other profession that is more uncertain for beginners than the motion picture work.

G. T.: Many artists' models in New York find extra work by posing for commercial concerns who do photography to advertise the merchandise of various firms. A well-built and good-looking young man such as you describe yourself to be, is admirably fitted for such work, but unfortunately, there are so many others who are seeking the same kind of work that openings are rather scarce. Many actors use this same avenue as a means of increasing their income derived from the stage.

J. B. O. K.: I was very much interested in all that you wrote me. I think perhaps the wisest thing for you to do is to finish your high school course before attempting to start out on a career. You will need that much education whatever you decide upon doing later. However, if you can arrange to study dancing and carry on your work at school, I think it will add to your contentment. It may be possible for you to find some employment that will enable you to pay for your dancing lessons without having to ask your parents for assistance.

C. E. C.: Possibly the best thing for you to do is to try to arrange for an audition with a theatrical booking firm in your city. If they desire to take your act on their circuit they will select the route which they wish you to have. Tell them what you can do and have done, and show them pictures of yourself and your partner in some of your acts. If they are interested, they will allow you to show them what you are capable of doing. This is the only way that I know of to go about to attain what you desire.

G. L. B.: The young man with whom you were going without any apparent reason, suddenly stopped coming to see you. You cannot understand his actions, for when you happen to meet him now at any social affair he seems perfectly indifferent to you. He has never in any way tried to offer an explanation for his attitude although when he last came to see you he professed to care for you. Well, my dear, it looks to me as if he didn't, or if he ever did he has changed his mind about it completely. Since there was no quarrel between you or any misunderstanding, I am afraid you will have to attribute his actions to lack of interest in you. I think the best thing to do is to try to put him out of

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We Interview the Stars' Boss

(*Continued from page 9*)

A. W. F. (some instinct on the qui vive—is it reportorial or sympathetic?): "Is that Mr. Bosworth swathed in blankets? He's ill? Oh, I'm sorry . . ."

Myrtle Stedman: "Yes, he's been at home in bed for several days. And he should be there now. But he knew he would be needed here today and nothing would induce him to remain away."

G. H. (is it cryptically?): "Discovered—a man with a Conscience!"

Lincoln Stedman: "Hear, hear!"

A. W. F. (melodramatically remembering her Shakespeare): "Alas, 'tis my ill fortune to hearken to her wailings time without number. Methinks, oft, that 'tis for this woe alone I grace our mortal coil . . ."

(Fortunately for the reader and the participants of this scene, a messenger arrives at this juncture with the news that Mr. Earle Hudson, who plays the titular role in this interview because he is the chief executive of the studios herein described, has arrived and awaits the scribes in his private office).

SCENE II.

The private office of Mr. Earle Hudson. In this sanctum careers have been made, featured players have put their signatures on optional contracts and have become stars, literature has been visualized as screen material, talent of pen and picture has been moulded nearer to the fans' desire. And here, too, those who have abused their stardom have heard the decree which has placed them again in the ranks. Here many have undoubtedly stood with eager eyes and quickened pulse awaiting the executive decree. Here stars have wept and done their best emotional scenes when they have learned that some long-dreamed-of role was to come to the shadows through the medium of their art.

Something of this drama suggests itself to G. H. and A. W. F. as they cross the threshold and Mr. Hudson rises from his desk to greet them.

Times innumerable they have had criticism for the men who make the movies, who tell the stars what to do and what not to do. They have gone so far as to feel that they could have improved upon many things which they saw done and which they also saw undone. It is not too soon to tell our eager audience that they are about to be humbled in their bearing. The pleasant personality, the tolerant wisdom, the judicious balance of Mr. Hudson are about to exert their sway.

Earle Hudson (genially, as he draws two chairs at social angles about his great desk): "It is pleasant to meet you and to have the opportunity of talking with you, but I am wondering why I am thus honored. I thought it was the stars that the public wants to hear about."

A. W. F. (more the truth-sayer than the diplomat this time, though it is doubtful whether or no she is cognizant of this): "And sometimes, if I may say so, they pause gratefully to hear about the men, who, like yourself, make the stars and give them to them."

G. H. (looking with admiration at A. W. F. for what is certainly the first and probably the last time in their questioning careers): "Exactly, if *I* may say so!"

Earle Hudson: "Actually, the Public is responsible for the stars. Look back, for confirmation of this, on the few stars one or another producer has attempted to foist upon the Public. The box-office is the barometer of the actors' career. With the receipts of the box-office he or she rises or falls."

G. H. (always hoping for the worst): "Do you have much difficulty with the A. T.—the Artistic Temperament?"

Earle Hudson (with what seems to be honesty rather than diplomacy): "Practically none. No more than I would expect to have with workers in any line of artistic endeavour. The stars, I have found, are not the beautiful and dumb creatures which some would paint them. And if they are, then their stardom is a brief-lived interlude.

"After all, a star has his or her career to protect quite the same as a merchant must protect his trade, if I may use the comparison. Sometimes, this zeal on their part is misunderstood. Particularly in newspaper stories. I do try not to misunderstand. I try to get their point of view, knowing that their point of view, their job, their demands may be only one of many to me, but are all-important, vital and essential to them. A star who sues her firm because her name isn't used in the large letters in which her contract stipulated it would be used in the advertising matter is not stupid. Far from it. She has given years of untiring endeavor to make her name matter because of her work. She would be an idiot not to protect it. Not to see that it is properly used and placed. It isn't vanity or conceit or temperament when she telephones me and complains. Her name symbolizes her stock-in-trade. If this is slighted the basis of the thing she has to offer is also slighted. And so, when one of our stars telephones me or talks to me, excitably, about a thing of this sort, I listen respectfully and try to put myself in her—or in his—place."

A. W. F. (obviously impressed. Feeling, no doubt, that hers is the type of mind sympathetic to this sort of thing): "That's awfully true. And when all is said and done, the hey-day of a star is all too short anyway . . ."

Earle Hudson: "Too short, many of them tell me, to pay them for the years of unflagging effort and concentration which it demands. However, motion picture stardom is coming to be based on more lasting things. I believe that with better stories behind them the stars might last indefinitely. The trouble is that we used to exploit them as merely beautiful personalities instead of as actors and actresses. That was fatally wrong."

G. H.: "Who casts the pictures?"

Earle Hudson: "I do. But actually, casting is almost automatic. By the time you are through talking over a scenario with your writers the story has cast itself. Types suggest themselves as you go along . . ."

A. W. F. (voicing something she has burned to know for months): "And who was it who had the courage to cast the flapper Colleen Moore as 'Selina' in 'So Big'? I thought they were crazy when I heard about it . . . I may add that I've changed my mind now I've seen it."

G. H.: "Yes, who was it?"

Earle Hudson (smiling his nice, modest smile): "You make it embarrassing for me to tell you that I did. But I don't deserve the acumen for which you seem to be giving me credit. You see, I know Colleen . . . It is an interesting story . . . let me tell you about it. The morning after I had read "So Big" at home, with Mrs. Hudson, and had commented about its suitability as a screen story, Colleen came into my office, all pepped up with enthusiasm and said, 'I've just finished reading Edna Ferber's "So Big" and what wouldn't I give to play "Selina"! At that very moment I was dictating a wire to Richard Rowland suggesting the story for the screen and Colleen for that very role. I had also remarked to Mrs. Hudson the night before, while reading the book, that I knew beyond any doubt Colleen was the one to play 'Selina.' I continued dictating my wire and when I had left off I handed the copy to Colleen and her eyes nearly came out of her head."

G. H. (interrupting, not very courteously): "I know, but . . . but what made you so sure that she could do it?"

A. W. F. (following up the probe): "After all, she had done nothing in any sense similar. It is such a distant city from the flapper roles in which she has won her fame, to a woman like 'Selina.'"

Earle Hudson: "I know that, too. But Colleen is an actress. She can do anything. Her powers of mimicry are nothing short of marvelous. Perhaps they are gifts from her Irish forbears. Just tell Colleen, effectively enough, about some little crippled girl you have chanced to see on the street and Colleen *is* that little crippled girl. It is as if she knew intuitively the things you would like to convey to her about that little girl. She doesn't only hobble around the room. It is something more subtle than that. You get from her the poignant essence of that girl, retarded, crippled, barred.

"Colleen has an old grandmother. She watched her like a hawk, for weeks, before she created Selina Grown Old. I saw her studying the old lady one night when I was there for dinner. And when I saw the wrinkled 'Selina' on the screen I thought I was watching the little grandmother herself. There were the bent fingers, stiff at the joints. There was the dreadful tread. There was the drawn mouth, tired with years of sorrow and slow-won happiness. Age emanated from that old 'Selina.' It was a fine piece of work. One that should place Colleen high in the ranks of the Screen's Great."

G. H.: "Do you think that Colleen will still travel to greater heights on the screen? And who would you name as candidates for future high honors?"

Earle Hudson: "Colleen is now on the crest. But I don't think she will begin a downward tread. She will remain because she has artistry.

"Doris Kenyon, I believe, will soon come into her own. Norma Shearer is a comer. I've rather had my eye on Mary Astor for some time. Clara Bow, if properly managed and trained . . .

"Lloyd Hughes is doing excellent work. He is maturing mentally and going right ahead.

"And Ben Lyon, of course. We can't put Ben in enough picutres to please the exhibitors. Nor do we rush him with work. We know that that would be fatal. Ben is one of those for whom we have the highest hopes. He, too, is in a sense 'arrived.'"

A. W. F. (a fan with a vengeance where certain personalities are involved): "Tell us about Lewis Stone. What is he like?"

Earle Hudson (surprised): "Haven't you ever met him?"

G. H. (complacently): "No, Miss Fletcher has never met him. Odd, isn't it. Now, take me. *I* have."

A. W. F. (with what seems to be a pitying glance at G. H.): "*I* believe in preserving some of my illusions. I couldn't stand being disappointed in Lewis Stone. One is disappointed, occasionally. So I have never really wanted to meet him."

G. H. (intercepting): "*I* have told her—"

A. W. F. (witheringly): "Miss Hall has told me so many—things—"

Earle Hudson: "Let me assure you, Miss Fletcher, that you may meet Lewis Stone and lose no illusion. I know him well. I admire him enormously, both personally and professionally. I have week-ended on his yatch and he is a most delightful host—almost humble in his desire to have you enjoy yourself, in his anxiety that his guests shall have everything they may desire. And he is an intelligent man, well-read, thoroughly well informed, a delightful sense of humor. Whenever we have a difficult character to cast we always think of Lewis Stone, knowing that any characterization is safe in his capable hands. Meet him without a qualm the next time he comes to New York."

G. H. (realizing that this conversation has robbed A. W. F. of any consideration of time or space): "I'm afraid we had better be going. Mr. Hudson is a busy man. We've taken a great deal of his time already."

(This is said with considerable unction, as of one who seldom has the opportunity to say the proper thing at the proper time).

Earle Hudson (rising as the interviewers rise) "Good-bye—and come to see me again some time. I have ordered the car to take you wherever you may wish to go down-town."

G. H. and A. W. F.: "Good-bye . .

"That is kind of you . . .

"Hope to see you again soon . . .

"Did we congratulate you upon 'The Lost World' . . .?

"Thank you for giving us so much of your time . . ."

(They exeunt. Mr. Hudson returns to the sheaf of documents which he had pushed to one side).

SCENE III.

Another section of the studio. See description of Scene 1. It is identical. The same efficient guide accosts the interviewers.

The Guide: "Mr. Ben Lyon is here and when I told him you were with Mr. Hudson he asked me to have you stop on your way out and be photographed with him. Have you time?"

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The Daughter of a Fading Star

(Continued from page 17)

"I don't see what else we can do. You get your folks together an' I'll swear 'em in."

Word was passed around, and in half an hour a dozen and a half of Murchison's men were gathered around the Sheriff, exhibiting weapons of one sort or another, and offering their services. He went through the necessary formalities, and presently the party moved across toward the canyon, six on horseback and the rest in automobiles. Walter rode beside the Sheriff to help find the way to the hidden canyon.

They had gone scarcely a quarter of a mile when, on looking back, they saw a horse and rider galloping after them. Walter recognized Loreta and rode back to meet her.

"I'm coming with you," she declared. "I may be able to remember the trail."

He shook his head.

"I can't let you do it," he said. "There's a fair chance of some shooting, and I can't let you get into any more danger."

She looked into his eyes across the necks of their horses in a way to make his heart leap and swell within him.

"There isn't a thing you can do to keep me from coming," she said quietly. "If there is any shooting, do you think I want to be anywhere but right beside you?"

"But, you dear girl, don't you see that I can't bear—"

"Because you—you love me?"

"Yes."

"Then you know why I can't bear to have you go without me."

"But, sweetheart—"

"I'm coming."

She said it with all finality, swung her horse's head to the right and urged him forward. Walter was reminded of that time back in the Hollywood apartment when Loreta had made her decision to come to the ranch. He realized that her decision now was ten times as strong, and he followed her back to the waiting group.

There were more protests from these, but Loreta only smiled at them in a way that said, "You couldn't possibly understand," and rode forward without waiting to see if they would follow. Walter shook his head and threw out his hands helplessly.

"She insists on helping to find the way," he said. "I can't stop her."

Then he rode forward beside her and the rest followed.

The search lasted all the afternoon. At times they thought they were on the trail. At other times they felt that the exploration of the innumerable side canyons was entirely hopeless. Loreta and Walter had only the recollection of the length of their blindfolded trips and the general feel of the way to help them. The rest had eyes but the ground was hard, and very little in the way of trail could be seen.

And yet, just before five o'clock, they found the secret entrance to the hidden valley, a place where a fault in the rock had thrust up a layer of red sandstone in such a way that it overlaid the natural gorge and left an irregular tunnel beneath. The opening was concealed by chaparral and scrub oak. But Loreta's eye found it, and she summoned the others.

With a poor grace, and evidently more from shame than anything else, the Sheriff and his deputy took the lead. Walter would have gone next, but Murchison thrust him aside.

"Don't you know that SHE is going to stick to your side? he whispered. "Keep back."

So both he and Sturtevant got ahead. Then Loreta, comprehending and realizing how Walter must feel at being left behind, took his arm and entered the tunnel next.

Cautiously the little posse crept through the tunnel and came out in the tiny enclosed valley.

There was no sign of life. The door of the little adobe house stood open. But no smoke came from its chimney.

The Sheriff began encircling the building. But Murchison started straight across to the door and Sturtevant went close beside him. The rest followed, with Loreta and Walter in the lead.

As Murchison stepped to the door, he gave an exclamation of horror, hesitated, and then went in. Sturtevant kept with him. Walter and Loreta reached the door next and Loreta gave a low cry.

On the floor of the little room lay three motionless bodies, Bill, Milt and Chiquita. Chiquita had huddled herself about Bill's head. Her hands still cupped his face. But her own face was white.

Sturtevant was already bending over Milt. Loreta ran forward to the Mexican girl and dropped on her knees beside her.

"Dead," announced Sturtevant briefly, and moved to Bill. "Same here," he added. "They're cold. Must have been dead for hours."

Loreta lifted her face to his.

"Chiquita isn't cold," she said. "Oh. do see if she's alive."

Sturtevant bent over the Mexican girl. As he moved her to put his hand over her heart, the limp form fell away from Bill's head, and her neck and shoulders were exposed, lacerated with great welts from which oozed blood. Loreta cried out in pity and even the men in the room gave vent to exclamations of horror.

Sturtevant looked across into Loreta's face.

"I think she's still alive," he said. "Get some water. We'll see what we can do."

"Can't we carry her into the other room?" Walter asked. "There's a bed there."

The two men lifted the limp, bruised form and carried it gently between them. As they laid her on the bed, there came a moan.

Loreta, hurrying in with water, heard it. As she stooped over and laid the wet cloth tenderly on the girl's forehead, she called her softly by name:

"Chiquita!"

The dark eyes opened but they were dull with pain. Loreta smiled down at her, and faint recognition came into the eyes. Then Loreta began bathing her face and eyes and the great ugly welts.

Walter made a sign to the men and all withdrew, leaving the two girls alone.

In the outer room the Sheriff and his deputy had already examined the two dead men, and had found the cause of death: in each case, a bullet squarely through the chest. Also, each man's revolver showed one empty shell.

"Must've drawn on each other at the same time," the deputy suggested.

His superior nodded.

"Question is: why?" he said. "I reckon the girl can tell us."

And an hour later Chiquita did tell the grim story.

"I come home an' tell Bill I have warn' you about the dynamite," she said. "Milt ees not here then. Bill ees ver' angry. He take the beeg whip an' beat me till I almo' don't know any more. Then Milt come. He has been away in Phoenix. He make Bill stop but I am on the floor. They talk an' I try to understan'. Eeet ees some plan. Milt says Bill mus' marry me. Says all mines on thees ranch belong to me on account of gran' story he has made up in Phoenix. Bill ees ver' mad. Milt ees ver' mad. All at once I hear bang! bang! Both are on the floor near me. I creep over to Bill. I take hees head in my hands. Then I don't know any more."

It was a pitiful story. The pity of it wrung Loreta's heart all that night as she sat beside the battered, feverish, heart-broken creature, and realized that in spite of all his brutality and treachery, the Mexican girl had still loved Bill—still wanted him back.

When Chiquita could be moved, they took her back to the ranch house and Bee, whose part in the picture was small, nursed her for days, Loreta spending what time she could with her.

Meanwhile an examination of the papers in Milt's pockets showed the meaning of the whole thing. They were documents purporting to show that Chiquita was the lineal descendant of the original Spanish landholder who had sold the land to the first American buyer, and who had reserved the mineral rights on that land to himself and his descendants for all time.

It was plain that the documents were faked, as far as Chiquita was concerned. Pasquali, when questioned, gave her ancestry as far back as was necessary to prove that she could have no connection with those original owners.

That Milt and Bill had quarreled because Bill would neither marry Chiquita himself—thus giving up hope of Loreta—nor let Milt marry the girl, seemed probable. Apparently the two men had come to distrust each other. Chiquita's recollection of the quarrel went to corroborate this guess.

"Then the mine doesn't belong to Chiquita or Loreta?" Walter asked, as he and Murchison and Murchison's attorney came to the end of their conference on the subject.

"Mine?" Murchison repeated. "Mine? There is no mine. It's just a hole in the ground. Sturtevant has been over it carefully. He declared there is no gold in the rock."

"But how about the piece of ore that I found? And how about Bill and Milt? They certainly thought the mine was real."

Murchison smiled.

"Salted," he said quietly. "The two old miners that Loreta tells about must have brought good ore over from some other diggings, and salted the place. Nobody knows what's become of them, but Pasquali says he thinks Bill and Milt murdered them after the salting. He says that wherever the old miners worked, Bill and Milt spied on them."

Walter shook his head grimly.

"What a lot of trouble those two old fellows made!" he said. Then suddenly his eyes brightened. "By all that's holy!" he cried. "What a story it will make! Talk about your publicity!"

Murchison regarded him searchingly.

"And—do you want that publicity for—Loreta?" he asked.

The eager light died out of Walter's eyes. He gazed out of the window. Then he shook his head.

"It would be great stuff," he said. "But—we might have to tell too much. I guess Loreta doesn't ever want to hear of Bill again."

Murchison nodded and turned to some papers he was looking over.

It took them three weeks more to finish the outdoor scenes of "Gold and the Girl." Meantime Chiquita recovered completely, and her wounds from Bill's whip healed. She was all gratitude to Loreta and Bee for their care of her, and insisted on doing every bit of work that Bee would let her. When the cast was ordered back to Hollywood, Loreta put the care of the ranch in the hands of Pasquali and took Chiquita with her.

Back in the old apartment, things seemed strangely different. The very first night that they were there, after Walter had gone home, Bee took Loreta by the shoulders and looked into her eyes with an earnestness that the old Bee had never shown.

"Are you glad that you are working in pictures after all?" she asked.

"I'm happy working in this picture," Loreta answered slowly. "I don't know about more. You see I've gotten to know Mr. Murchison. I feel—well—comfortable working for him. His people are—oh, I don't know, they're —"

"They're different from those you've seen me work with," Bee interrupted. "You needn't mind saying it. I know it. The tone of one company is altogether different from the tone of another. I got started wrong, dear, and I didn't have sense enough to see it till you taught me." She paused. "What do you want me to do about—my friends? You know—I'm afraid—you'll be supporting me—just as I planned. But I don't mean to take advantage of you. You'll be paying. You have a right to say who comes here."

There was just the slightest quiver about Bee's lower lip, but her eyes were steady, and Loreta didn't see it. Nevertheless, she put her arms around Bee, drawing her close.

"Oh, mother," she said, "I don't want you to give up anybody you like. I don't want to drive your friends away. Of course, I want to pay for everything. But the home is yours just the same. Besides—aren't you going to get parts now—of a new kind?"

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The Fortune That Came True

(*Continued from page* 11)

"It *is* good to look at," he admitted. "Gets me, all over again, every time. The way the eucalyptus stand up against that utterly blue sky, and all the gay, bright houses go scrambling up the hills, and the flowers come bursting out of every nook and corner, and the air gets so golden you can swear you see bright flakes dancing through it —"

"That's our sunshine," she laughed. "The sun *always* shines like this."

"So I've heard 'em mention before," he grinned.

Heads were lifted and little whispers ran around as they came into the Montmartre and found a corner table. "A small body of movie-folks entirely surrounded by tourists," murmured Vera, drawing off her driving gloves with an effect of perfect unconsciousness which the men tried unsuccessfully to match. "Bring us all those trays of things to choose from," she told the waiter. Then, suddenly, she bent toward her escort. Across the table her eyes searched his, steadily.

"Ted Montford," she said, "in this month that we've been pals we have talked about every subject in the world but one, and that is you. I admit this reticence is a distinctly novel and refreshing line. But let's say I'm just a woman, and curious. Tell me about *you*, today."

"I'm just as you see me. Tall, brunette, American, possessing complete wardrobe, knowing the ways of society, good at golf, tennis, polo, riding and swimming. Name, Frederick Montford, commonly abbreviated to Ted," he quoted from the cards in many a casting director's file.

The girl said nothing, but her eyes remained steady. Against his evident wish, his own fell. "You think it isn't cricket, when you've been so frank," he said. "Well, all right. If that's the way you feel about it, here goes. Not much to tell.

"I can't remember my father. My mother died when I was eighteen. I was through prep school. Had been brought up in the most select circles of Brookline. Aunt Nancy, mother's sister, came forward, when they found there wasn't any money left, and sent me to Harvard. She made me a very liberal allowance, and because she liked to have a socially presentable nephew to bring fellows to her teas and dance attendance on any young woman she might happen to be entertaining, she never stinted me on anything like clothes or trips or amusements. So I came out of Harvard with a bit of general culture and a vast knowledge of how to enjoy myself. Aunt Nancy decided we would go abroad for two years. We went. At the end of a year and a half she wanted me to do something I couldn't do. So we quarreled and parted. Her sense of duty made her give me five thousand, because she had made me waste two years, she said. I decided to go back to Boston by way of the Orient. Landed in San Francisco with five hundred dollars and three trunkfuls of good clothes. Modestly thought I was good lookin' enough to get by in the movies. So down I came—you know the rest. Everyone looks at me with a 'my-Gawd-I've-found-something' air, tries me out, and *lets* me out. I don't know why. I look a lot better than some of these chaps that get by in society roles, if I do say it as shouldn't. So now you know all."

Vera selected a chicken's breast and a mixed salad. Then, "Why didn't you marry the girl your aunt wanted you to?" she asked.

"Why—why—listen, sister, you're wasted in the movies. As a female sleuth you'd be a whiz. May a poor mortal of only average intelligence ask how you knew that?"

"Do you really want me to tell you?" Suddenly the girl's sky-blue eyes had turned dark with seriousness. "Well, I *will* tell you, Ted Montford. I know that is the one thing you would draw the line at. Marrying against the grain was too much even for a man who had been content to live for years on a woman's money, and would have been content to go on that way indefinitely."

"Vera!" He was on his feet, his face dead white, his eyes aflame. Vera remained quite unmoved.

"Sit down, Ted. Don't make a spectacle of yourself. It doesn't matter about me, of course."

"I'm sorry," he said, and dropped into his chair again. He was trembling so that he could make no pretense of resuming his luncheon. As he struggled for self-control the girl spoke again.

"You don't like to hear it expressed so crudely, but it is exactly what you told me. At nineteen, an age when many a boy is supporting a widowed mother, you entered college on your aunt's money. You didn't even work in vacations. Auntie liked you to be an ornament to her drawing room and you lived off that manly job for four years. Then, at twenty-three, when lots of men are supporting a wife and a home, you came out of college, not having troubled to equip yourself to earn a living and gracefully consented to ornament auntie's trip abroad. As an ornament, you are an unquestioned success. So it never has occurred to you to try another line. Confronted with a necessity for money, your mind leaped to the grand idea of capitalizing your beauty. Give the public a treat. Let them gaze upon you at so much per gaze."

"Look here, Vera, that's about all—"

"Yes, it is," she cut in decisively. "Because I've just about finished. I only wish to add that it takes something more than you are offering, to make a screen success. You have good looks and good clothes, and a feeling that nothing more is needed—and the camera registers just that. You make a pose of not talking about yourself, but you *think* of nothing else, and the result is a self-consciousness that the camera records with no mercy. You may fool your friends, or your enemies, or yourself, Ted, but you can't fool a camera. So if I were you I'd leave Hollywood. And I might say 'you'll thank me for all this some day,' only I don't really feel that you ever will. So that's that. Good-bye, Ted."

There was finality in voice and eyes and outstretched hand. Dead white, he rose, ignoring the hand, bowed silently, and treaded his way among the little tables toward the door.

"Well, it had to be done," Vera told herself, watching his dignified exit. "But I feel like a direct descendent of King Herod. Is the boy awake now? . . . Will he grow up? . . . There's something beneath that spoiled child exterior . . . I wonder . . ."

Under a barrage of curious eyes she finished her luncheon. And within twenty minutes the Rialto was babbling that Vera Redfern and the Montford chap had quarrelled and parted forever; that they were about to elope to Mexico that night; that Vera had threatened to break her contract if DeMotte wouldn't give him a part; that DeMotte had abjectly agreed to this; that DeMotte had absolutely refused and asked her who she thought she was, anyhow; each of these stories being vouched for by someone who "had it straight from the inside."

Having stopped at the desk to pay the luncheon check, Montford stood in the outer doorway and counted his change. Five forty-five. Well, he had known that morning what he had to do. All the more reason for doing it now. Go into the city and pawn some clothes. Beyond that, his mind refused to go. Vera's attack had literally stunned him, physically as well as mentally. He walked up the street seeing nothing but the scorn in her eyes, feeling nothing but the flick of her cool, level tones.

"Mr. Montford!"

A long, low car, its good lines refusing to be obliterated by mud, scratches or tattered curtains, swung up to the curb. "Would you lend me a coupla bucks, Mr. Montford. Got to go into the city in a rush and I'm shy on gas."

"If you'll swing around by my boarding house, and take my three trunks with us, I'll give you *three* bucks," Montford offered promptly. "Wont delay you more than fifteen minutes at most."

"Right-o! Hop in. 'Taint so much of a rush only I hate to go back to the studio and get bawled out for startin' out with an empty tank. Fact is, I had my mind on my own troubles. Got to make a train?"

"No. I want you to drive me to the place where I can get the most money on some clothes. That in your line?"

"Is it? Say, you'd be surprised if I should give you a list of the famous folks I've drove to pawn shops. Not that I'd tell. A chauffeur's like a doctor; he knows a lot of secrets, but if he's a regular guy he keeps 'em."

"You fellows learn a lot, don't you? How would you advise a man to go about getting a job, Reilly?"

"Advertise. Don't lose time with agencies. Write out a little piece about what experience you've had and just what you can do. Don't be too afraid of a few extra words. An ad oughta make folks *see* you."

"M-m-m, thanks," and Montford lapsed into silence. Reilly, no poor judge of men, glanced sidewise at him and said nothing. When the trunks were in and they swung out on the road toward the city the silence continued. Threading the narrow streets of down-town Los Angeles, Montford straightened himself suddenly, with a grim little smile.

"You gave me a valuable idea, Reilly. This the place? Help me off with the biggest trunk, will you?"

When he came out, pocketing a small roll of rather dirty greenbacks and asked to be driven to the Bayview, Reilly looked a bit startled. "That's all right," Montford told him, showing the new, grim smile again. "I need a good address for a day or two. Here's five for you, and thanks again. You furnished an inspiration."

"Glad of that. Good luck to you." Reilly drove off, as bellboys and porters swarmed around the baggage. In five minutes Montford was quite at home in a fourth-floor, front room. There he settled himself at a desk and began to write. He tore up several sheets of paper before he finally sat back and read, half aloud:

HANDSOME YOUNG MAN, six feet tall, brunette, college bred, from conservative old family, proficient in all sports, six years' experience in being ornament to society, wishes situation where these assets and attainments may be utilized. Best personal references. No motion picture producers need answer. Address for three days, T. M., care The Bayside.

"There!" he declared. "If Miss Vera thought she was crushing me with her fresh little opinions, she's got two more guesses. I'll see that she gets this."

But it is doubtful if he would have derived much satisfaction had he seen Vera next afternoon looking at her marked copy of The News. She read the advertisement through twice before she laid it down with a faint, almost maternal smile.

"He's *such* an infant," she sighed, "making his defiant little gesture. Of course no one will answer, but he's had fun writing it."

And at that very instant Ted Montford was staring almost unbelievingly at a thick, cream-colored envelope which had just been handed to him by a bellboy.

The address on the envelope was typed. So were the two lines within:

Will T. M. call between four and six this afternoon? M. R., Suite 1012, Worthley Bldg.

"Will I?" exulted Ted, brushing his hair, straightening a six-dollar tie, grabbing his hat. "Who says the spirit of adventure is dead in American business men? The Worthley's is the best office building in this town. Some dignified old duffer has got a sense of humor!"

The directory in the vestibule showed that Suite 1012 was occupied by Garrett and Rodgers, Investment Brokers. "Ah-ha! I see it all! They want me to sell phony stocks to trusting ladies," Ted thought, and almost decided not to go up. But an inborn tendency to see things through carried him into the elevator, though the starter assured him that Garrett and Rodgers were always closed on Saturday afternoons.

He felt quite pleasantly excited as he opened the door of 1012 and stepped into a spacious and dignified reception room. On one side a closed door, lettered Mr. Garrett. On the other side a door, ajar, lettered Mr. Rodgers. As he stepped toward it, it swung wide open and a girl stood there, a rather tall young woman, not attractive, at first glance. About thirty, with a lot of reddish hair curling out from a small, jade-green hat, a smile that looked as if it would wash off; greenish-gray eyes without the dark, heavy lashes which that shade of eyes needs, and a general impression of bones and angles beneath the smart white frock with its green facings and sash. All this Ted, not an unskilled observer of such matters, noted before she spoke.

(*Continued on page* 33)

Do You Know--

"How to Keep Fit"

"How to Keep Your Hair"

"How to Bathe for Health"

"How to Raise Strong, Healthy Babies"

"How to Avoid and Cure Sore Throats"

"How to Avoid and Cure Pneumonia"

"How to Cure Blood Diseases By Fasting and the Milk Diet"

"How to Break Weakening Habits"

If you know all of this, you will probably know how to live to be a hundred years old. If you don't, you can easily learn. We will send you any three of the above booklets.

FREE

Simply select those most intimately concerned with your personal health problems. The facts you send us will be incorporated in a great mass of data contributed from thousands of people all over the United States. Your name will never appear in connection with it in any way. The coupon below is provided for your convenience. Fill it in, check the names of the booklets you desire and mail it to us. Send for yours *today,* while they last.

Name .....

Address .....

Town .....

Occupation .....

Do you own your own home .....

Do you drive a car.....

What make .....

Have you a radio .....

What size .....

Do you read Movie Weekly every week .....

Or only occasionally .....

How many members of your family read Movie Weekly .....

What other Movie Magazine do you read .....

Face Powder .....

Rouge .....

Lip Stick .....

Nail Polish .....

Deodorant .....

Cold Cream .....

Vanishing Cream .....

Talcum Powder .....

Perfume .....

Depilatory .....

The Daughter of a Fading Star

(*Continued from page 28*)

But Bee shook her head.

"No," she said. "—I'm done. I've never been an actress. I've just been—pretty. Now that I'm old—I'm no good. I'm the poorest one in the cast. Didn't you know that?"

There was a tremor in her voice. It made Loreta hold her closer. She knew that her mother was right. Looking at the "rushes"—the daily showing of the scenes filmed the day before, she had realized from day to day that her mother was below the standard of the rest of the cast as an actress, and it had troubled her. Now, as she held Bee close to her, she said a little huskily:

"Never mind that. You don't seem old to me, and—and I love you—so much more—now. You are different. I don't understand. But I'm very happy."

Bee gave her a return hug.

"So am I," she said, and turned away to blow her nose with sudden energy, while she looked out of the window.

Loreta's dark eyes followed her, and her throat grew lumpy for just a moment. But Bee gave a toss of her golden, bobbed head and walked with resolute gayety out into the kitchen.

"Well, that's settled," she said. "Let's wash the dishes and go to bed."

But Chiquita had already done the dishes. There was nothing to do but go to bed.

In this way the new life began. During the weeks that followed, things adjusted themselves. The old crowd came visiting. Bee received them pleasantly. Even Loreta was cordial, for a new bigness of heart had come over her—a new tolerance. But they went away as thirsty as they had come. Bee had seen to that without even speaking to Loreta. And those who needed drinks to make them happy soon stopped coming.

Walter pretended to be greatly put out by the Sahara-like nature of the parties. But those who knew him—except Loreta—noticed that he refused drinks elsewhere, when he might have had them.

Murchison dropped in quite often in the evenings—to talk over the work of the next day, he said, though Walter privately lifted a skeptical eyebrow at this. Often when he and Loreta had been off for a drive along the Beach Road or over Cahuenga Pass and out on the beautiful Ventura Boulevard, they would find Murchison there on their return.

It was on such an occasion as this, the day after the last scene of "Gold and the Girl" had been filmed, that Murchison spoke to Loreta with an unwonted gleam in his eye.

"Well, young lady," he said, "have you decided to become a movie star?"

Loreta blushed, but she met his eyes squarely.

"I'm willing to try," she said. "But probably nobody will want me."

"Don't you fool yourself," he said. "There are plenty of offers coming your way. You'll forget that you once refused to do anything but write scenarios."

Again Loreta blushed but again she met the challenge of his teasing glance.

"Did you ever read the one I gave you?" she asked, with a challenge of her own.

Murchison avoided her eyes.

"Well," he said. "I'll tell you. You see 'Joan of Arc' has already been done—not very successfully either. I don't think I could use a story with that title, no matter how good it was. By the way, I've been sketching out some publicity for my next picture, and I want you to play in it. Will you look this over?"

He drew a folded sheet from his pocket and handed it to her. She took it with a thrill, for she had not dared hope for another engagement with him right away. She read, and her heart began to throb:

MURCHISON TO MAKE "MAID OF ORLEANS"

Story, to be titled, "The Sister of Joan," written by the producer's new star, Loreta Hanson, who has just finished doing a fine piece of work in "Gold and the Girl," and who has just become Wayne Murchison's daughter through his marriage to our old favorite, Bee Burton. It is said that . . .

But Loreta's eyes blurred completely here. She looked up to find the other three beaming at her with the broadest of smiles.

"Are you—are you—just having a joke with me?" she faltered, looking from one to another tremulously.

Murchison shook his head, still smiling, while Walter and Bee gazed into her face with their own eyes glistening.

"It's all true," he said.

She stood dazed for a minute. Then suddenly she dropped on her knees and buried her face in her mother's lap.

"Oh, mother! mother!" she cried. "I can't believe it. Is it really true?"

Bee stroked her brown hair gently and bent over.

"It will be true, dear," she said, "just as soon as you wash your face and powder your nose so that we can go and get married. I'm afraid we've been keeping the minister waiting."

Loreta looked up now, smiling through tears.

"But—but—about the picture—'The Sister of Joan'—is it really my story?"

"Every bit," Murchison assured her with a pride in his eyes that she alone did not see and understand. "We shall hardly have to change a scene. It's a work of genius, my dear. And you are to be—the sister of Joan. How a girl who'd never been in love could write such a romance, I don't know. Still less do I understand how you had common sense enough to know that the play must have romance in it, and the wit to bring it close to Joan in that way. But you did it, and you're going to play it—and—I am going to win fame—through—my—my daughter."

His own voice had suddenly become very throaty. But Loreta had thrown her arms around Walter's neck and did not notice.

"Aren't you glad!" she cried. "Aren't you glad!"

"Glad!" Walter exclaimed. "Glad? Scared is the word. So scared that I've bribed the minister to make it two weddings instead of one. If I waited another month, you'd be so famous I wouldn't have the nerve to marry you. Come. The car is waiting downstairs."

THE END.

If I Were You

(*Continued from page 26*)

your heart and mind just as quickly as you can. He is not worthy of your anxiety. I dare say, from what you have written me about him, he is the type of man who loses interest in anything which he feels he has won.

G. M. S.: Directors come and go in motion picture studios so that it is not necessary that you have a list of their names. It is the men in the positions whom you wish to see and I should advise you to ask the studio the name of the man whom you happen to want to interview.

F. K. C.: A girl who is five feet, one inch tall, and weighs one hundred and thirty pounds, is very much overweight. Perhaps you have not used the proper diet in attempting to reduce. Merely cutting down on the amount of food consumed is not going to help you. You will only succeed in weakening yourself. It is the kind of food you eat more than the quantity that counts. If you will avoid starches, sweets and fats you will find it a great help in trying to get rid of excess flesh. Give up white bread for whole wheat, graham, rye or cornmeal. Try walking several miles per day. Walk as briskly as you can. Strolling along won't help you. Daily exercises taken from some health magazine will also aid you in making your hips become slender. Neck exercise—the rotary motion and turning the head vigorously from side to side—will aid you in eliminating your double chin. You are quite wise in wanting to get rid of so much extra flesh, particularly at your age. But be sure that you do not deny yourself the proper amount of nourishment for you must remember that you are still growing. Besides, you should be careful to select a *regime* that will prevent you from losing the necessary vitality.

We Interview the Stars' Boss

(Continued from page 27)

A. W. F. (all unaccustomed as she is to waiting limousines): "Well . . . er, Mr. Hudson said the car was waiting to take us down-town . . .

G. H. (her unaccustomedness to waiting cars overplayed by the still greater unaccustomedness of being photographed with a star): "Oh, let the car wait . . . where is Benjamin? Oh, I see him . . .

Ben Lyon (coming forward): "Hello, girls. Glad to see you. I have to have some off-stage pictures made. Will you pose with me?"

G. H.: "Love to, Ben. Does the well-known fish swim?"

A. W. F. (coyly): "If it wont take too long . . . the car is waiting . . ."

Ben: "Here we are. Righto."

(Two or three pictures are taken, with Ben at a golden harp singing vociferously to the two rather rigid interviewers who stand, camera-unwise, on either side of the musical instrument. During the taking of the pictures the interviewers discover Viola Dana and Lenore Ulrich, on the side lines, chatting. Dagmar Godowsky is also in the unusual role of side-liner. A. W. F. points them out to G. H. as they leave Ben and start toward the door. En route, G. H. stops to exchange the time of day with Dagmar and Viola . . .).

A. W. F. (calling back, with the effect, if not the pep, of a megaphone): "Gladys, GLADYS, *the car is waiting!"*

G. H. (impersonating an autocrat): "Let it wait a minute, can't you? It won't get klieg eyes."

(A few more amenities are exchanged between G. H. and Viola Dana, Lenore, et al. Viola, it may be noted, was wearing a bridal costume, it being her celluloid wedding day. Little flower girls with golden curls and flower baskets stand about. Finally, however, A. W. F.'s insistent, persistent stage-hisses of "The car—is—wait—ing" has its long deferred effect and the interviewers depart encountering a fresh star with every other step).

G. H.: *"My eye, but ours is a starry way . . ."*

A. W. F.: "Hurry, will you, the car is waiting!"

G. H.: "SO I HAVE HEARD!"

SCENE IV

The interior of one of the studio limousines. The Interviewers loll back with an elegant ease as their car drives by the other cars lined up along the studio block. There are all manner of swanky makes, there, awaiting their swanky owners . . . many of them bearing the stellar monograms . . .

A. W. F. (relieved for once that no meter drops at the customary alarming rate): "Well?"

G. H. (always a little high-hat when she has been hob-nobbing with the Great. More high-hat than ever today since her conveyance is a limousine and not the B. R. T.): "WELL?"

A. W. F.: "I like him tremendously. I don't know when I've been so impressed. Still more, I believe in what he says."

G. H.: "Uh, huh, me, too."

A. W. F.: "I'm encouraged about the future of motion pictures after having met him."

G. H.: "That's a great help to motion pictures, I'm sure. But, uh huh, me, too."

A. W. F.: "His personality, too . . . did you get that?"

G. H.: "Am I blind, deaf, dumb?"

A. W. F.: "Not the two former at any rate, my friend. And, you know, he has brains . . . sympathies . . . humanity . . . after all . . ."

G. H.: "After all, tain't fair. It's cribbing all the good things. He ought to be minus something. Some people . . . *(she subsides into a grumbling semi-silence)*.

A. W. F. (delighted to have struck the quick): "And he has children, too; weren't their pictures sweet?"

G. H. (startled): "WHO has children? Why wasn't I told of this? What paper carried the story?"

A. W. F.: "WHOM are you referring to *now?*"

G. H. (wide-eyed): "Ben Lyon, of course. Don't be silly."

A. W. F. (dropping back against the upholstery with a tired little sigh): "I have been referring to Earle Hudson."

G. H.: "Ohhhhh! Well, it fits both ways, doesn't it? All except the children. I talk about the last person I see. You ought to know that. By the way, Mr. Hudson is sending us to our destination in a manner to which we are unaccustomed. He is, also, then, a gentleman. Add that to the list and count up the total. Yes, a brilliant young man, my dear confrere—young, too, that's another point you might jot down for our interview. In which, I may add, I hope to write many fine things."

A. W. F.: "In which we are, for once, at one. No better hand could be upon the helm . . ."

CURTAIN

The Editor's Mail Bag

This Week's $5.00 Prize Letter

Permit me to enter a vigorous protest against the proposed measure in the Minnesota State legislature to close picture houses on Sunday. A measure of this kind is also being considered in other states. The fact is, we have been pestered to the limit with a lot of narrow-minded people butting into the actions and amusements of others. And the time has come to call a halt. They have tried all down the line, from dancing, cardplaying, theatres, moving pictures, beer, tobacco, etc., to compel others to do without these things, and do not offer anything in their stead

If the churches are unable to convince people that their views are right, their effort to compel the recognition of them by law, is not only an unjustifiable interference in the affairs of others, but an admission of the weakness of their own cause. There is nothing intrinsically wrong with the motion pictures. Lessons in morale and the real ethics of Christianity, are well and vividly portrayed, by the motion pictures many times, compared with much of the dry, fossilized matter, entirely out of touch with our times, tediously emitted from many pulpits. The oft-repeated statement that the pictures are vile and lewd is largely bunk.

An act to close the motion picture houses on Sunday would be a gross injustice to many of our working citizens, whose weekly joy is to see a good picture with their families on a Sunday. As I have observed the crowds coming and going from these houses, I see no signs that these folks are any different from the people coming out of church on Sundays. The passage of this act would be more unjust and unreasonable, than an act to close all the churches for six months, and compel every member to attend at least one moving picture on a Sunday evening each week, and get the truth in this matter. They need not be afraid of their morals. I venture the opinion that the morals of few if any of our young people are seriously impaired by the big majority of pictures shown, and the broad knowledge of human nature and life illustrated are of infinitely more value to them than a good deal of the dead stuff with which they are bored in some of the churches

No, let us quit legislating about everything under God's firmament. Let us leave a large percentage of these things to the good sense and judgment of the people.

EDWIN O. WELDE,
1329 Yale Place,
Minneapolis, Minn.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Honorable Mention

MRS. EDITH SPIEGELTHAL
New York, N. Y.

$50,000 In Cash For An Idea

"LIBERTY" Magazine is offering $50,000 for a story suitable for publication in "Liberty" and as a motion picture to be produced by the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation.

"Liberty" will pay $25,000 for the best bare synopsis of such a story and $25,000 for the best idea submitted in complete story form. The contest closes June 1. We will send you full details on request, together with a pamphlet showing how to prepare a story synopsis in the form most acceptable to editors and motion picture directors.

Can you win this prize?

This offer is just one of many similar offers that are being made by magazine editors and motion picture producers to help develop new writers.

In every section of the country, in crowded cities and on isolated farms, there are men and women who long to write for the magazines and the motion pictures, and yet do not know just how to begin.

They have the precious gift of imagination and the latent ability to write that are conferred as a priceless heritage upon a fortunate few. They see things that other people do not see. They dream dreams that other people do not dream

Are you the "One in a Hundred"?

If you are one of these fortunate men or women who has the urge to write—if you have been longing for years for some way to learn how to make your stories sell—we have a message for you today that will be the means of changing your entire life.

It is simply that there *is* a way for you to master the technique of story telling right at home in spare time through the Palmer Institute of Authorship

Let us tell you if you can succeed as a writer

The Palmer Institute of Authorship was founded seven years ago to co-operate with motion picture producers and magazine editors in the development of new writers

The Palmer Institute holds a unique place among educational institutions because it enrolls only those who can pass its Creative Test and who show that they can profit by its instruction

Send for the Palmer Creative Test and full details of the $50,000 offer

If you believe that you have the natural ability to succeed as a writer, you are cordially invited to send for the Palmer Creative Test, fill it out and return it to us for analysis. Our Board of Examiners will study your reply and send you a frank report on your indicated abilities. There is no charge for this service and you incur no obligation. Just mail the coupon and we will send this Creative Test to you, together with full details of the $50,000 "Liberty" Prize Contest mentioned above

Mail this Coupon

PALMER INSTITUTE OF AUTHORSHIP
Affiliated with Palmer Photoplay Corporation
Dept. 10-R, Palmer Bldg. Hollywood, Calif.

Please send me, without cost or obligation, a copy of your Creative Test and full details of the $50,000 prize being offered by "Liberty" Magazine. I am interested in—

☐ Short Story Writing ☐ Photoplay Writing
☐ English Expression

Name

Address

All correspondence strictly confidential

$1,230.00 IN PRIZES

108 Handsome Cash Awards in Big Auto Contest Offer "Easy Picking." Enter Now by Means of This Puzzle

If you have a fair general knowledge of American built motor cars—if you recognize many of them on sight—you have an excellent chance to win one or more of these liberal cash prizes and have a world of fun while doing it.

You can enter the contest immediately by means of Puzzle No. 1 printed below. All that is necessary is to cut out the pieces jig-saw fashion and with them assemble four well known, easily recognizable American-made motor cars. If you have a fair knowledge of cars you will have no trouble at all and you will already be on the way to winning one or more of the big prizes. It is possible for you to win as many as seven prizes during the life of the contest. No tricks —no catches—purely a matter of skill.

When you have cut out and assembled the pieces into four cars, paste them upon a piece of paper and then see a copy of the May issue of "Your Car Magazine" for easy instructions and simple rules of the most interesting auto contest ever staged. The entire operation should occupy only a few minutes of your time each month for six months. Big cash prizes awarded every month. Magnificent major prizes at the end of the contest.

This is your opportunity. Seize it today.

Your Car

ON SALE AT ALL NEWSSTANDS 25c

This cutout contains four complete, easily recognizable American motor cars. Cut them out and paste them up today. Then see a copy of "Your Car Magazine," on sale at all newsstands, for simple contest rules that will show you how to go about winning one of the 108 big cash prizes totaling $1,230.00 that will be awarded during the next six months.

CUT ON THIS LINE — CUT ON THIS LINE

YOUR CAR CONTEST PUZZLE No. 1

The Fortune that Came True

(Continued from page 29)

"I am M. R.," she said. "Will you come in here, please, and take that chair. There, that makes us seem quite businesslike, doesn't it? I borrowed the keys to this office, pretending I had letters to write. Mr. Rodgers is my second cousin. Now I decided that if you really were a gentleman, when you appeared, I would plunge straight to the point before I lost my courage, and leave the details until afterward. So I will tell you at once that I wish to employ you for a few weeks, or possibly months, to be my devoted admirer."

Across the flat-topped mahogany desk Ted Montford stared almost wildly at the girl who had just made the amazing statement. But the greenish-gray eyes continued to meet his own with a cool steadiness.

"You wish to *employ* a devoted admirer?" he repeated dazedly. Then, rallying to his usual form, "but *why?* It seems so unnecessary."

"That speech convinces me you're going to play the part well if you take it," she said grimly. "You're one of the kind that makes 'em all happy, just to keep your hand in."

Ted laughed outright. She wasn't so bad, after all. "Please go on," he begged. "Or would you like my name and reference first? Frederick Montford. Home town, Brookline, Boston's most Bostonese suburb. College, Harvard. I can give you a list of good old families who will vouch for my perfect respectability and total lack of any worthy ambition."

"I'm satisfied. As you may have guessed, I'm not so young that I haven't learned to size people up. I'm twenty-eight, and I look thirty-five, and I'm quite aware of it. It's due to worry. You have no idea how worrying it is, trying to appear busy and happy and gay when all the time you are just hanging on the fringes of things, watching young and prettier girls have fun, feeling their secret contempt or their amused toleration for the girl who never was popular and is getting decidedly passee. Well, I've made up my mind to have one good season. Be in the very center of things. Have the others envying me and running after me. Just for once I'm going to be that "awfully popular Rodgers girl." That is, if you really want a job."

"Do I gather that I am to be your fiancee?"

"No, indeed. You are madly pursuing me. Being nice enough to the other girls to make them perfectly crazy to get you and perfectly furious because they can't. And you needn't be afraid of any unpleasant complications at the end. All I ask is that you play the game hard and never, so long as you live, let any one but you and me know the reason. I happen to have rather a lot of money in my own name. Whatever you name as salary will be all right."

She put her elbows on the desk and rested her face against her clasped hands. Far back in the defiant, half-bitter eyes burned a little flame compounded of wistfulness and faint mockery and unadmitted desire. In the man's heart stirred suddenly the admiration one feels for a gallant front. He nodded decisively.

"I'm on," he said, "when do we start?"

For an hour they discussed details and laid careful plans. At the end, he bowed low over the slim hand she gave him.

"In two weeks then, at Bar Harbor," he said. "And I hope there's a northeaster raging when I get in and the sun doesn't shine for a week. In the meantime I shall bombard your humble Park Avenue home in New York with telegrams a yard long. Also, I shall say it with flowers daily. Sure you don't want me to tag along with you?"

"No. I want to watch the girls look unbelieving, and see them wilt when you really appear at The Breakers. Just plain catty, you see. Well, good-night, Ted."

"Au revoir, Daphne. You'll hear from me soon."

Two hours later, having dined exceedingly well, given a worthy pawnbroker the surprise of his life, and walked for a half hour in a palm-shaded park flooded with moonlight, Ted came into his room, lit a cigarette, drew a roll of banknotes from his pocket and looked at them quizzically.

"Ten beautiful centuries! One thousand dollars, on account. And there'll be a beautiful new sport model waiting for me in Boston. It's a wise man that knows his own line and cashes in on it. And I swear I'll earn it. The girl will get value received. Wish she was more attractive—but then she wouldn't need me. It's going to be some change, after being with Vera!"

He frowned impatiently, thrust the thought of Vera away and the money into his pocket, and decided to go down and find someone to play billiards with. Somehow, he didn't feel like sitting around alone thinking things over.

(To be continued next week)

The Life Story of Richard Barthelmess

(Continued from page 14)

What Has Gone Before

Left fatherless before he had completed his first year, Dick felt his sense of responsibility early, for the entire burden of him had fallen upon his mother's slight shoulders. An intimate friend of his father's, whom Dick knows as Uncle George Semler, takes charge of the little family, left almost penniless upon Mr. Barthelmess' death. After all their financial affairs have been settled, Mrs. Barthelmess discovers she has left but fifteen dollars and her baby son.

Mrs. Barthelmess and Dick go to live in an old brownstone house where Mrs. Barthelmess lets rooms to some charming people. Here Dick forms his first interests, before his mother receives a stage offer, and Dick is sent away to a military academy. On his Christmas vacation, he too, is given a small part in the theatre. Then he changes his school.

Dick's new school is the Manor School in Stamford, Conn., from which he graduates in 1913, after forming some of his greatest friendships and spending some of the happiest days of his life. There, as editor of the school paper, he develops a literary taste. Upon his graduation, he plays in stock in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," and other plays, and then appears the problem of whether to continue on the stage so he may help in the support of his mother and himself or go to college. Uncle George Semler advises a business career, but all Dick's inclinations are for a higher education.

College wins, and Dick departs for Trinity College in Hartford, where he leads a normal university student's life, develops an interest in the feminine sex, and spends some of his happiest years. Then something happens, and Dick is suspended for six months. He then goes to New York, where he obtains a job as assistant stage manager of a stock company in Philadelphia.

In Philadelphia Dick has a terrible time for he is forced to live under trying conditions due to his lack of money, but he takes it as a penance until he loses his job. He soon finds another one and goes to Canada, where he has a most enjoyable time until he goes back to college. Then he resolves to try movie work with the Hartford Film Company, having had as experience a few "bits" when a child in the old Biograph Company where he had met the Gishes and the Pickfords.

had often told me of my father's life, so sadly thwarted because he never did the thing he wanted to do, never found his niche. It was because of my father that mother carefully refrained from exerting any pressure whatsoever upon me. She had made up her mind that mine must be a free choice . . . made from as perfect a combination of love and toil as I could combine.

Uncle George Semler had offered me a job with him. But I couldn't seem to see office work. I shuddered when I thought of being shut in all day and every day from the sunshine. I would feel that I was in prison, entombed . . .

My junior year came to an end, and I went to stay with mother, to try to make up to her for the long absences we had undergone and also to see what I could do in pictures.

I never went back to college

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We recommend Othine Complexion Soap for use with Othine, also as a shampoo—it's wonderful for bobbed hair—25c a cake at all drug or department stores or by mail. Othine Laboratories, Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

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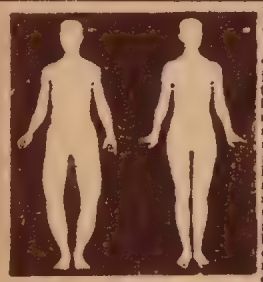

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$1,000 *for a Name*

(*Continued from page* 15)

spell and difficult to pronounce correctly.

She is going to be one of your screen favorites. Of this Harry Rapf, associate executive of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio is certain. He "discovered" Miss Le Sueur while attending a performance of the "Passing Show," in which she appeared, and he has discovered and developed more motion picture directors, executives and artists than any other man in the motion picture industry.

Miss Le Sueur was a Kansas City debutante before going on the stage. She is eighteen years old, weighs one hundred and twenty-five pounds, has dark brown hair, large blue eyes and fair complexion. She is athletic, energetic and ambitious. She was born in Texas and educated in Kansas City, Mo., is of remote French and English ancestry, but a typical American.

Under her long-term contract she will appear in support of such famous Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer male artists as: Ramon Navarro, Lon Chaney, Lew Cody, John Gilbert, Conrad Nagel, William Haines, Nigel de Brulier and George K. Arthur.

This is your opportunity not only to win the five hundred dollars award for the best name but to share in the success that Mr. Rapf predicts for this charming young actress. If your suggestion for a name is chosen, some reflection of her climb to stardom will fall your way, so send in your favorite names now.

The judges will be Adele Whitely Fletcher, Editor of Movie Weekly; Harry Rapf; Florence Lawrence, dramatic editor of the Los Angeles Examiner, and Edwin Schallert, dramatic editor of the Los Angeles Times.

The Colonel

(*Continued from page* 25)

Spanish; you can figure it out for yourself. Naturally, Rudolph Valentino is sophisticated, but does that prevent his being nice? He doesn't seem particularly cynical. I hope you'll write again.

QUESTION BOX—Messala in "Ben Hur" will be played by Francis X. Bushman. Betty Bronson has been working in "Are Parents People?" Norma Shearer doesn't give her age, but she is only about twenty. Dick Barthelmess' little girl is Mary Hay Barthelmess, Jr. I don't recall what grounds for divorce were given in the Doug Fairbanks-Beth Sully case; that was years ago.

KIKO—I must say your letter doesn't sound very much like a Chinese. Gloria Swanson's little girl is the daughter of Herbert Somborn, from whom the star was recently divorced. The other child is adopted. Pola Negri is divorced from Count Dombski. Lillian Gish is twenty-nine; she is 5 feet 4 and weighs 112.

On the Set and Off

(*Continued from page* 24)

resulted in her signing a long-term contract.

George K. Arthur, who gained considerable fame as the leading man in Josef Von Sternberg's "The Salvation Hunters," is the proud and happy father of a little girl. Mr. Arthur is married to Milba K. Lloyd, a sculptor of note, and the baby has been called Milba Jean.

According to a notice from the Cecil B. De Mille studios at Culver City, the menace of "Kleig-eyes," terror of the film-worker, has been killed forever. What is claimed to be a positive preventative has been discovered and is being used at the De Mille studios. The preventative consists of a new type of blue lens for the studio lights, made from a glass imported from Belgium by George Hager. A patent was applied for by Mr. Ince but with his death the invention was temporarily forgotten. It has been used to advantage, however, as the lights are softer and one can gaze directly at them without fear of drastic results.

Michael Arlen, the brilliant young author who has captivated England, the Continent and the United States during the past year by his sparkling stories of the doings of sophisticated people in the drawing-rooms of London, has signed a contract with Paramount to write two original stories for Pola Negri. It is expected that Pola will begin work upon one of the stories immediately upon her return from abroad.

Marion Davies went out to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio the other day and looked over a location for her dressing-room. Her next picture will be made at this studio, for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer release. As previously announced, it is probable that "Merry Wives of Gotham" will be the subject, though one or two other stories are being considered.

Ben Lyon, who is commuting so continuously between New York and Hollywood that it's almost impossible to keep track of him, is on the Coast again, appearing in the Frank Lloyd picture, "Winds of Chance."

Ben didn't have time to rejoice over the balmy California breezes upon his arrival, but was hurried off to Truckee and other glacial regions, on a location trip.

"The Phantom of the Opera" is in serious trouble.

F. A. Todd, scenarist and motion picture producer, has brought an action against a number of corporations and individuals, alleging "piracy" of a copyrighted scenario of Goethe's "Faust."

Mr. Todd declares that he owns the copyright to the scenario and photoplay "Faust," and that the defendants have disregarded this copyright and "lifted" from the "Faust" film large portions of the stage settings, scenes, titles, acts, etc., in "The Phantom" production.

The defendants named in the action include the Universal Pictures Corporation, Technicolor Motion Pictures Corporation, Carl Laemmle, Rupert Julian, Mary Philbin, Virginia Pearson, Julius Bernheim and many others.

The former Mrs. James Cruze, known on the screen as Marguerite Snow, is to be married soon to Neely Edwards, vaudeville and screen actor.

The wedding will not take place for some time, as Edwards' vaudeville engagements keep him in the East, and Miss Snow is going soon to Mexico to appear in a picture made by the Torres Picture Corporation.

No finer story has ever come out of Hollywood than that of the devotion Lois Wilson gave to little Lucille Ricksen, sixteen-year-old film actress, who died recently after a wasting illness.

Lois never met little Lucille until the child's sickness had made her an invalid. Then a friend, knowing of Lois' kind heart, told her about the younger girl, and suggested that she call. This she did, and from then until Lucille Ricksen's death, Lois Wilson spent much of her time at the sick-bed.

When Lucille's mother died, shortly before she, herself, was taken away, it was Lois whom she called for, and to whom she clung during the dark days that followed. Sometimes she would say "Hold my hands tightly, Lois, I'm dying," and Lois would soothe and quiet her until she slept. When death finally came, the little, wasted hands were clasped firmly in Lois' own.

Charlie and Sydney Chaplin expect an announcement from Secretary of Labor Davis, stating that their mother, Mrs. Hannah Chaplin, will be permitted to remain in this country. Mrs. Chaplin's mental condition, impaired by the strain of war times in London, is said to be improved when she is near her sons, and the Chaplin brothers have requested the immigration board to grant her special permission to remain in America.

Jack Pickford is ill, and work on "The Goose Woman" in which he is featured with Louise Dresser out at Universal, has been halted until his recovery. The illness started with a cold which affected his eyes, and is so serious that it threatens the sight of one optic.

Jack is said to have done the best work of his career in "The Goose Woman." Some day the public will wake up to the fact that he is one of the finest artists the screen has ever produced. I wouldn't be surprised if he outshone his sister and famous brother-in-law in the long run.

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Wouldn't you like to have your favorite talk to you? To tell you his life, his hobbies? How she happened to go into the movies? The sort of a person he or she really is? These "Little Movie Mirror Books" have been written by the stars themselves and when you read them it will be just as if they were talking to you face to face.

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These splendid little books, never before obtainable at less than the individual price of 10 cents each — itself astoundingly low — are, through this special arrangement, offered Movie Weekly's readers at the bargain price of 50 cents for the complete set of all ten. This provides you with 165 pages of personal information of the sort you yearn to possess. And even in addition to this unusual value, there is the Rudolph Valentino book described at the left, which you receive gratis. Can you imagine yourself neglecting this offer?

Among the prominent stars whose lives are so delightfully covered in this set of big little books are such artists as Lillian Gish, Colleen Moore, Corinne Griffith, Viola Dana and Mae Murray. A very remarkable feature of the set is the book by Wallace Reid, that lovable actor who occupies such a spacious place in the memory of every true movie lover.

While They Last

we will supply these "Little Movie Mirror Books" to readers of Movie Weekly for only 50 cents a complete set. As soon as the present supply is exhausted, this special offer closes. Act at once and secure your personal set. Fill in the coupon provided for your convenience and mail it with your remittance today.

SPECIAL

"THE LIFE OF RUDOLPH VALENTINO"

(By Himself)

With your set of Little Movie Mirror Books, Movie Weekly will send you, absolutely free of charge, another book—"The Life of Rudolph Valentino," by himself—which was printed specially for purchasers of the Little Movie Mirror set. In it you will find the real truth regarding Valentino's childhood, youth and later life. It will answer once and for all the thousand and one questions you have so often asked yourself about this super-star. In it he describes the palace in which he was born, his mother, father and brothers. He tells of the schools he attended, his military training the real reasons he came to this country, his desperate struggle for recognition—and, of course, his increasingly successful steps up the ladder leading to film fame. A reading of this little book will put you in possession of all of the main features of Valentino's early life and many, many facts regarding his popular screen career that will interest and delight you. This book is obtainable only in connection with this special offer.

MOVIE WEEKLY, 1926 Broadway, New York City.

Gentlemen: To take advantage of your unusually generous offer I am enclosing fifty cents for which please send immediately to the address below a complete set of ten Little Movie Mirror Books, and also a copy of "The Life of Rudolph Valentino," written by himself.

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- 1 Platter, 13¼ inches
- 1 Covered Vegetable Dish (2 pieces)
- 1 Baker, 8¼ inches
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Movie Weekly

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the STARS

by Gladys Hall and Adele Whitely Fletcher

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Betty COMPSON

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April 25
1925

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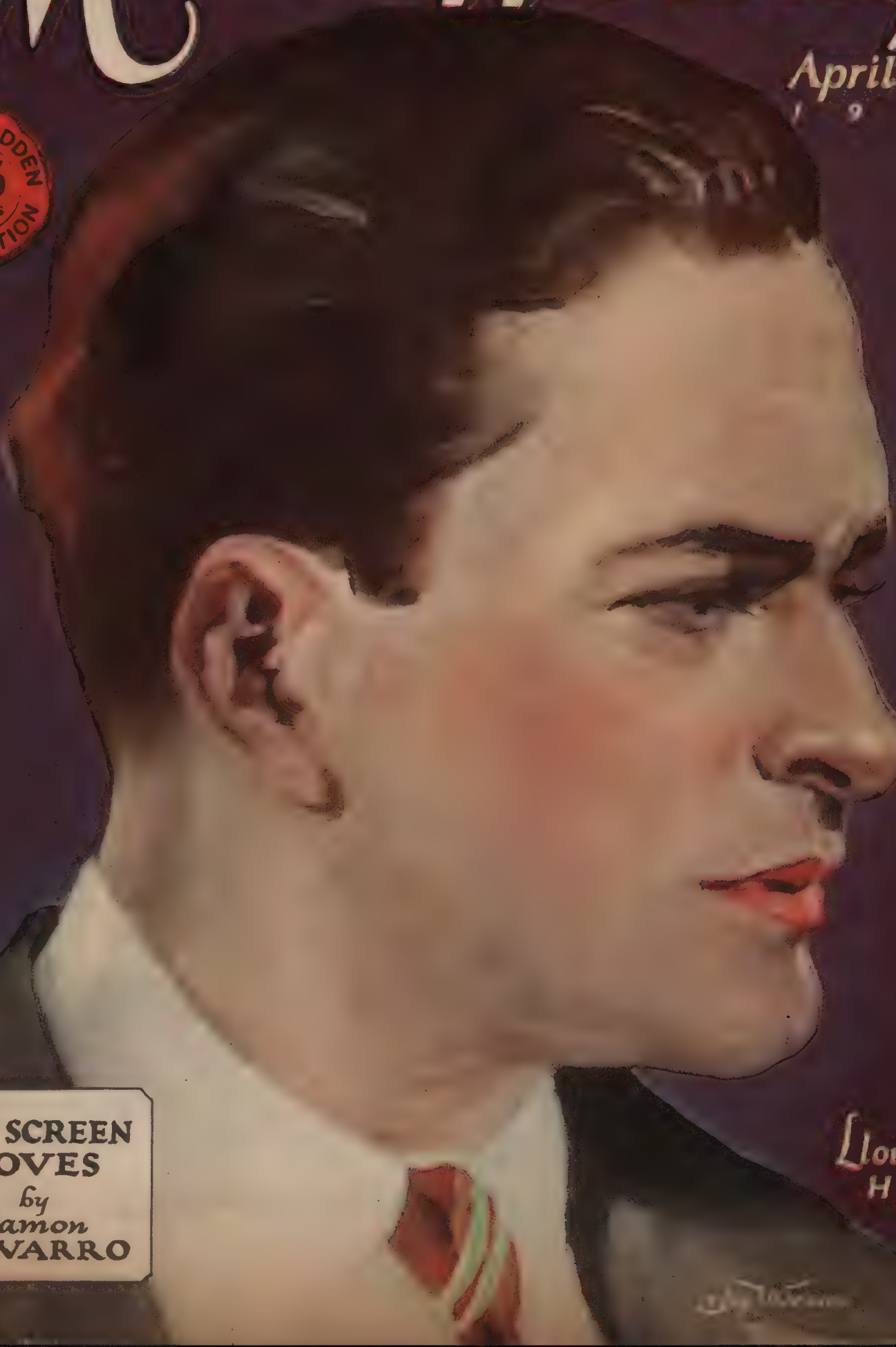

MY SCREEN LOVES
by
Ramon NOVARRO

Lloyd HUGHES

Personalities of Paramount

Pola Negri

DO not attempt to solve the enigma of Pola Negri's personality in cold daylight.

She is of the theatre, theatrical, and the logic of her magnetism is the divine logic of art, as potent as the perfume of the tuberose which sways the senses.

People who saw her first picture, "Passion," left the theatre feeling that they had experienced an electric storm, yet this was but Pola Negri's first attempt.

With her first American productions this extraordinary Polish girl swiftly picked up all the threads of American screen technique and in the same gesture inflamed ten thousand audiences with the determination to miss no Paramount Picture she ever made.

If you did not see her in the "Spanish Dancer," "Shadows of Paris," "Forbidden Paradise" and "The Charmer" you have hours of intense excitement in store.

Joseph Hergesheimer, famous author, is now at work on an original story for Pola Negri's next Paramount Picture.

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A *photoplay*—the pictures and accompanying music of the screen. The reason is that the movies contain something for everyone, sentiment and merriment, adventure and romance.

It is the emotions of men and women that are universal, and it is of the emotions that the photoplay tells, starting gasps, sighs, tears and laughter.

Paramount Pictures make life brighter and gayer and more exciting, touching the greyest of days with a little color of rose.

You thoughtful people appreciate the influence of the screen today, and you see that no competent judge of entertainment values can deny that Paramount's long leadership has been earned season by season.

Ask "Is it a Paramount Picture?" and *go*. You can know no more, whatever you ask, if it's the best you want.

"If it's a Paramount Picture, it's the best show in town!"

VOL. V

MOVIE WEEKLY

Printed in U. S. A.

No. 12

Why Has Gloria Swanson Married Three Times?

Because she fell in love three times . . . and out of love twice? Perhaps! But is there another reason . . . a fateful, preordained reason? Read Anne Austin's numerology analysis of Gloria next week and see what amazing truths she finds in the number science of Gloria's name and birthdate.

The Truth About Huntley Gordon

By Helen Carlisle

is another feature you won't want to miss. It is illustrated with new and exclusive pictures . . . some of them taken at the quaint house which he recently built just outside of Hollywood.

"It Isn't What She Wanted"

Eleanor Boardman

can now buy a pink stucco bungalow . . . imported gowns . . . swanky motor cars. These are the fruits of stardom. But these aren't the things she wants. Read the story

Adele Whitely Fletcher

has written about Eleanor and learn what it is she wants. It is something finer than the things we have mentioned. We'll give you that hint.

Space forbids listing the entire table of contents, although every page of the next issue of Movie Weekly deserves advertising as a special feature.

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MOVIE WEEKLY *NOW*

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Photograph by Waxman

ALICE TERRY
with whom the love scenes seem truly real.

CARMEL MYERS
who is enchanting without being reptilian.

ENID BENNETT
who suggests the wife and mother.

Ramon Novarro Tells of

Are the hero and heroine ever swept off their feet in the love scenes? Or is love-making before the camera so impersonal that a romantic element never enters into it? Read Ramon Novarro's confessions about his leading ladies and see whether or not your hunches about some love scenes being real to the lovers is true.

"MATING on the screen has almost as much to do with a man's success as it has off screen," observes Ramon Novarro, adding, with an inevitable wit, "so far I've been fortunate—all my marriages have been happy ones.

"That's a record, I believe, even for Hollywood, known the world over for its 'happy marriages'—each man in his time having several of them. I mean on the screen, of course!"

We agree, especially when considering the diversity of types which have enchanted the romantic Ramon before the camera—Alice Terry, Barbara La Marr, Enid Bennett, Carmel Myers, May McAvoy . . . Mr. Novarro unquestionably is versatile.

In an earnest tone, quite different from the gaily satirical one, he speaks of his first love—

Alice Terry

WERE I starting my screen life over again I would want to start as I did—with Alice Terry and Rex Ingram. My appreciation of Mr. Ingram's direction is based on an understanding of his ability to bring forth the individual without imposing any extraneous characteristics or mannerisms. Few directors can do that.

My appreciation for Miss Terry, both as artist and individual, is due to a realization of her ability to inspire and to stimulate anyone she may be with.

Alice is witty, Alice is serious, Alice is care-free, Alice is conscientious, Alice is ethereal with a loveliness not of this earth and vivacious with a diablerie that's distinctly earthly.

She is the ideal screen mate because she always has a mood to suit your occasion.

Her wit is joyous, a reliable tonic for the most trying moments. She delights in burlesque. One of her most successful ones is that of our first love scene together. I will let her tell it:

"I had been playing with the greatest of screen lovers, suave and cultivated in technique, but I wasn't swept off my feet until Ramon blew in," says Alice. "I use the term 'blew in' metaphorically. He actually came like a passionate young cyclone. I took one wild look at him and braced myself. He made a rush, seized me and threw me completely off balance. All I could register was, 'My Heavens, where's my hat!'"

I could laugh with Alice then, but later the courting of her became a much more serious matter. I never shall forget the love scene in "Where the Pavement Ends," when she rejected me because I was a native, a Polynesian.

She was so lovely and so sincere that the thing was real. I felt my heart dying in me. If she had laughed about that scene I should have thrown myself over the falls before the story required it. But she didn't. There were real tears in her eyes.

At lunch that day she came to me and said very sweetly, "I felt so sorry for you in the scene today, Ramon, that I hardly had the heart to say 'no.'" Then sheathing her real sentiment in mockery, as she always does, she spoke loud enough for Mr. Ingram to hear. "And what's more, Ramon, I wouldn't have said it if my husband hadn't been there to make me. I just want you to know that if I had my way in this story I would marry you even though you *are* colored!"

Mr. Ingram, as usual, could only exclaim with a gasping smile, "For the love of God, Alice!"

He swears he doesn't understand her. I don't think anyone does. Alice is baffling. There are times when all the wisdom of the ages seems to lie behind those calm and fatalistic blue eyes—Those are her unguarded moments. The real soul of Alice is masked with a twinkling mockery.

She rejected me in "Where the Pavement Ends," but in "Scaramouche" she said "yes." That's one reason it is my favorite picture. I

MAY McAVOY
with the face of a doll and the mind of an *Amazon.*

BARBARA LA MARR
under whose glittering artificiality there lies an even greater allure.

IN THIS DAY OF CONFESSIONS, WHAT COULD BE MORE FITTING AND PROPER THAN A SCREEN IDOL'S CONFESSIONS ABOUT HIS LEADING LADIES?

His Screen Loves

thought her adorable. She floated through the picture like a sweet refrain.

Of one thing I am certain, I am Alice Terry's most adoring fan. Whenever I vision myself in a new picture I see Alice opposite me. I hope the dream may come true again. In the meantime I humbly salute the shadow of her loveliness.

Barbara La Marr

BARBARA LA MARR and Alice Terry have one trait in common—a lack of self-confidence. Neither does justice to herself.

Barbara is one of the humblest, most conscientious, sincere and generous human beings I have ever known. Highly strung but never temperamental in the disagreeable sense.

I recall how nervous she was when Mr. Ingram tested her for the role in "The Prisoner of Zenda."

He had tried out a number of actresses. Then one morning Barbara walked on the "set." I, for one, was gone. I made up my mind that she would play the part if it were in my power. But my power was lamentably little; I was playing my first big part with Mr. Ingram.

I think Mr. Ingram was just as much for Barbara as I was but he has a devilish sort of wit that enjoys harassing you. Perceiving that I was eager to the point of explosion in her behalf, he suggested that I rehearse her in the role.

I had seen Mr. Ingram rehearse a half-dozen actresses but I hardly was a director! My confidence, however, was not wanting. Barbara, always intensively appreciative, was wonderful. I thought our scene marvelous. But when Mr. Ingram came over, he grinned broadly. "You're a hell of a director!" he said to me.

Nevertheless, Barbara achieved the role. I played with her again in "Trifling Women."

Barbara La Marr is a hypersensitive woman. She has told me that it was humanly impossible for her to work with certain directors and leading men.

Because of this sensitiveness she cloaks herself in an artificiality, a glittering, enchanting personality but not Barbara. The real Barbara has even greater allure, plus a human warmth and kindness that makes her lovable.

Few people ever penetrate to this personality. I don't think she has been able yet to take the public entirely into her confidence. When she does you

(*Continued on page* 32)

RAMON NOVARRO
who says "Mating on the screen has almost as much to do with man's success as it has off the screen. I have been lucky in my screen love affairs. So, as a humble courtier in *Mexico,* I look up to their balconies and salute five charming girls who have been charming to me.

Julanne Johnston

Photograph by Keystone

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Sitting next to Julanne Johnston at luncheon the other day, we heard her telling a friend about her days on shipboard with Gloria and the Marquis. We didn't mean to eavesdrop, but our tables adjourned and we couldn't help overhearing the interesting things she was saying.

So we waited for her in the lobby . . . apologized for seeming to have listened in . . . and asked her to put the things we had heard on paper. She was charming and the next day sent us the confidences we publish below.

A. W. F.

Gloria and the Marquis

As They Appeared to Fellow Voyagers on the "S. S. Paris"

By Julanne Johnston

(*Who Was One of Them*)

I HAVE been asked one thousand and one questions about the Marquis de la Falaise, not to mention his starry bride, the Marquise Gloria Swanson de la Falaise. One thousand and one times I have had said to me, "Oh, you crossed with Gloria and her new husband, didn't you? What is he like? What does he look like? How does he act toward Gloria? How does she act toward him? Is he a snob? Is he a good sort? What did Gloria wear on Monday? What did she wear on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday . . . etc., etc., etc.?"

I have answered the thousand and one questions a thousand and one times. "Yes, I did cross with them. He is very charming. He is attractive to look at. He acts toward Gloria as any man in love acts toward the woman he is very much in love with. She acts in a corresponding fashion. He is *not* a snob. He *is* a good sort. I don't remember what Gloria wore on Tuesday at eleven a. m. She only dressed for dinner on . . . etc., etc., etc.

I answered them all—and still they kept popping out at me. Popping out of dark corners, out of the mouths of friends and critics, interviewers and chance acquaintances, by phone and by mail, in theaters, shops, restaurants and hotel lobbies. I have never known such an epidemic of curiosity. It is a phenomenon.

When, however, I was the patient recipient (for I have been patient, being interested myself) of the thousand and second question, I felt that my throat, tongue and vocabulary would stand the strain no longer. So I was glad when I was asked to write my memories of the trip for Movie Weekly and so quiet the questioning ghosts forever.

Here goes!

I had only met Gloria once before . . . some time ago . . . at a dinner party or tea or some social event here in America. I had never met the Marquis, but before I sailed for home I had, of course, heard a great deal about him. And all extremely pleasant things. I was curious, too, as who, indeed, is not?

The first day on board I saw them in the dining-salon. I smiled over at Gloria and bowed to her. She stared right at me—and right *past me.*

I was indignant. I thought, "Well, so that's *that!*"—and the next couple of days I took sedulous pains to avoid them.

A day or so later, as we were going into the dining-salon, Gloria was directly in back of me. A voice came over my shoulder. A voice that said, "Is this Miss J. Johnston?" I turned—to face Gloria and the Marquis. And I admitted that I had so nominated myself on the passenger list. Gloria then explained that the Marquis had amused himself by a careful and thorough survey of the dining-room listings and the passenger listing and had figured me out, correctly, as Miss J. Johnston. Gloria went on to say that I had looked familiar to her after the first day, upon which occasion, by the way, she had NOT seen my friendly overture, and that she had placed me upon the reading of the name.

Then began things.

I knew no one else on board and Gloria and the Marquis knew only one other couple, so that we were together quite a bit. We had a very quiet sort of time. Gloria, as I have said, dressed for dinner only one evening and so did I. The rest of the time, for the benefit of those who have asked the questions *a la mode,* Gloria wore charming things in the order of simplicity. She never dressed the least bit *actressy.*

Gloria and the Marquis walked the deck a great deal and I slept a great deal. Truth compels me to confess that the Marquis accused me of sleeping with my mouth open. I can only trust that he was either being facetious or was mistaken.

Before I go on about the Marquis, I must say how impressed, how thoroughly charmed I was by the Marquise, his wife. By Gloria! She has the loveliest poise, the most delightful naturalness and simplicity and a fascinatingly interesting and inquiring mind. She reads books that are fathoms deep. She is alive and alert to all of the most vital topics and questions. She is altogether cultivated and wide-awake and interesting.

She treats the Marquise like a little boy, like a good comrade, like the man she is very much in love with. They have the best time . . . (*Continued on page* 34)

The *Marquis* was ill for a day or two coming over and *Gloria* nursed him in the most maternal fashion, despite the fact that she is not herself quite strong. She treats him like a little boy, like a good comrade, like the man she is very much in love with. They have the best time together. You get the impression that they don't really need anyone else . . . He was terrified at the idea of the *Press* when we landed and the reporters and photographers came aboard. And even *Gloria* was a trifle nervous.

Incidentally, an old *Frenchman* on board told me, speaking of the *Marquis,* "that boy is from one of the oldest and finest of *French* families. There's no purer blood in our country, and I pray that all this notoriety and excessive wealth won't spoil him."

A great reception was given *Gloria* and the *Marquis* at the *Famous Players* studios the day they returned. On the left are *Marilyn McLain* and *Betty Sargent,* two little girls who gave her great sheafs of roses . . . and above are *Jesse Lasky,* the *Marquis, Gloria* and *Adolph Zukor* standing before her portable dressing-room, in the studios.

Photograph by Melbourne Spurr

Marion Davies

Marion Davies continues as a star despite the fact that she was featured in motion pictures before she had properly acquired the rudiments of screen technique. We do not mean to dig up the past. We mean this as a very sincere compliment. She kept plugging in spite of often severe criticism, when she knew she was appearing to a disadvantage. And today she stands worthy of the high place she enjoys.

We're anxious to see her in *"Zander the Great."* Really she has a lovely sense of humor and we know she'll be delightful as *"Mamie."*

Photograph by St. Elmo Boyce

Soon *Leatrice Joy* promises to have *Leatrice II* photographed for *Movie Weekly*. She hasn't had her photographed before because she wanted her to look like an individual before she posed for the camera and she thought all tiny babies looked more or less alike.

Standing with *Leatrice* just above are *Malcolm MacGregor* and *Lois Wilson*, both her friends.

Why Leatrice Joy Came Back to the Screen

A Story About Leatrice, Her Plans and Little Leatrice II

By Helen Carlisle

A GREAT many of us, in and out of Hollywood, wondered why Leatrice Joy announced that she had retired from the screen forever, shortly after the birth of her baby daughter, and then, within a few months, went back to work on the Lasky lot in "The Dressmaker of Paris."

Upon her return to the studio, we dismissed her former statement as "just a publicity story," a means of keeping her name before the public during the time that she was absent from the screen. The majority of film stars realize that it is nearly fatal to their careers to drop out of the public sight even for a few months, and employ one means or another to keep the fans aware of their existence when in retirement.

But I called on Leatrice the other day, in her pretty bungalow home in Hollywood, and she told me, during the course of our talk, that she actually intended leaving the screen forever when she made the statement to that effect. Then she told me why she had returned to the studio. I have the entire story from Leatrice—but, on the other hand, Leatrice has my promise not to use it for publication. There's no deep, dark mystery involved, but a film star, like anyone else, has the right to a few reticences. This is Leatrice's and I shall respect it. I'm sure you would, too, if she requested it of you.

I find Leatrice unchanged. There's no use talking about the light of motherhood in her eyes or anything of the sort. She is, outwardly at least, the same smartly-groomed young woman we've always known, primarily interested in her career, building toward a secure future.

She is just entering work on "Grounds for Divorce," her last picture for Famous Players-Lasky, after which she will join the Cecil B. De Mille company. As you probably know, she is to be the star of his first picture under the new arrangement with Producers and Distributors Corporation. She is looking forward eagerly to this. What the story is to be she does not know as yet, but whatever it is, it will bring her back under the De Mille direction, and that is enough to make Leatrice happy. Like most of the noted director's discoveries, she can never cease to be grateful to him.

"I can't tell you how glad I am to be back at work again," she said. "I was away from the studio less than a year, but so many changes had taken place during that time that I felt almost a stranger at first. It made me realize how fast life moves in Hollywood. I'm certainly back to stay.

"Some of the newspaper reports said I had retired in order to devote all my time to the baby. That is silly. I think it is much better for me to work, and earn enough money for her to have the care of a trained nurse, than to stay at home and assume duties of which I know nothing. No mother could possibly love her child more than I do mine, but my temperament is not such that I could devote myself to her to the exclusion of all other interests."

Knowing that the readers of Movie Weekly are eager to see a photograph of Leatrice II, I asked when some pictures of her would be taken.

"Soon," promised Leatrice. "I've not had her photographed up to this time because I wanted her to look like an individual before she posed for the camera. Tiny babies all look more or less alike, I think, but she is old enough now to be photographed.

Photographs by St. Elmo Boyce

It would be silly to write a "motherhood" story about *Leatrice Joy*. She's just as she has always been, a nice, talented *American* girl, conscientiously applying herself to her work, and her baby seems to her more or less a quite amazing gift out of the skies. However, I doubt if she will ever bore her friends telling about baby's first word or baby's first tooth.

She will be too busy earning for the little *Leatrice* the things denied her in her earlier years. A *Twentieth Century* mother. I rather like that kind.

Leatrice is not content with her success as an actress. She is studying vocal and the violin and seems to be doing very well at both.

"It thrills me," she continued, "to feel that people are interested in her just because she is my baby. When I think that a few years ago I was utterly unknown, while now I'm receiving requests from all over the country for pictures of my baby, it—it just seems too wonderful to be true. Really it does."

I believe that the public's interest in Leatrice II has thrilled Leatrice more than anything else that has ever happened during her career. When she speaks of it, there is almost an incredulous expression in her eyes. Thousands of people eager to catch a glimpse of her baby. *Her baby!*

As we talked, I heard a merry crow from another part of the house. "May I see her?" I asked.

Leatrice hesitated for a perceptible second, and then laughed. "Yes, if you like. But she wasn't expecting company."

Right then and there I saw a new and delightful side to Leatrice Joy's nature. For she got up, led me out into the rear kitchen and introduced me to her young daughter, who was superintending the ironing of a basketful of frilly baby finery. Let me tell you right now that when you find a famous film star who will take you out into the laundry to introduce her offspring, you're dealing with a regular and very human person—the sort of person jolly well worth knowing, both on and off the screen.

The young Leatrice, dressed in an immaculately clean but very simple frock, sat enthroned in a high-chair, pleasantly pounding with a spoon as she watched the laundress. She immediately welcomed me with a friendly smile and, reaching out, clutched one finger with her baby hand. She then subjected me to a grave scrutiny.

Now, I don't know very much about babies, but I'm certain that the little Leatrice is an unusual one. Believe it or not, that child has personality, even at her age. There is an intent, exceptionally intelligent look in her dark brown eyes which are very like Leatrice's. You almost expect her to start a conversation. After being given the thorough once-over by her, I felt a compelling desire to seek out a mirror somewhere and see if there was anything wrong with my costume, though I seemed to pass muster fairly well, for at least she showed no signs of marked disfavor. Presently she dismissed her mother and myself with another pleasant smile, and turned her attention back to the laundress.

"Don't you think," said Leatrice the elder as we returned to the living-room, "that she would screen well?"

"She certainly would. You are thinking of a screen career for her?"

"Yes, why not?" asked Leatrice. "If, when she grows older, she shows any aptitude for the work, I shall be very glad for her to take it up.

"I could make the road much easier for her than it has been for me, though, perhaps," mused Leatrice, "it wouldn't be wise for me to shelter her too much. I know that every rebuff, every heartache I have had has helped me. Certainly it has given me a deeper knowledge of human nature than I might have had if my life had been a more sheltered one. As a mother, my impulse is to save my own child from life's harshness, but I hope that when the time comes for her to go out into the world, I'll be strong enough and wise enough to let her know life as it really is."

(*Continued on page 29*)

48 Big Cash Prizes Spur Puzzle Solvers To Try for Part of $1,000 Prize Fund

GET INTO LINE NOW FOR A SHARE. IT IS NOT TOO LATE TO ENTER. YOUR CHANCE TO WIN STILL GOOD.

This week, at the right, Puzzle No. 4 of Movie Weekly's second great $1,000.00 Cross Word Contest calls for your attention. A second call will be unnecessary because once you glance at this worthy successor to the first three interesting puzzles, your attention will not waver until you have accomplished a satisfactory solution. Take a tip and get your dictionary and your favorite collection of synonyms now, before you start the solution of No. 4. Then you will be able to devote all your attention to the puzzle without interruption.

In Puzzle No. 1 of this series, the space number 59, through a mechanical defect, did not register on the proper square. In fact, it did not register at all. The correct synonym appeared in the list of horizontal "clues" (as our English cousins call them), and consequently the omission of the number did not interfere with arriving at the correct solution. However, to make assurance doubly sure, and to remove every possibility of misunderstanding, follow these instructions. Starting at the square numbered 58, the next square to the right is black. The next square to the right of the black one is that from which number 59 was omitted. If your solution is not complete, mark this square correctly and then finish the puzzle.

Now to get back to the contest. Your chance, even if you have neglected to become a competitor until now, is remarkably good. Solving Puzzle No. 4 will start you in the contest. Hold your solution in accordance with the rules and then file the late entry blank for the first three puzzles. Solving them will place you even with the other contestants. As the contest progresses you will be amazed at the fun you are having from these specially constructed puzzles. And in addition there is the ever-present opportunity of being paid in cash for your fun. Why postpone such enjoyment?

Schedule of Prizes

FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	100
THIRD PRIZE	50
25 Prizes, $10 each	20 Prizes, $5 each

CONTEST RULES

1. The contest is open to all except Macfadden employees and their family members and persons professionally engaged in the creation or solution of cross word puzzles.
2. It costs nothing to enter. You do not even have to use a copy of Movie Weekly. The puzzles may be copied from Movie Weekly and submitted on whatever form suits your convenience.
3. Letters should be printed in the proper squares in pencil, ink or type.
4. Eleven puzzles complete the contest series. One puzzle will appear in each issue of Movie Weekly, the last one appearing June 13, 1925
5. Each puzzle will be susceptible to only one solution. Sealed master-list is in the safekeeping of Movie Weekly.
6. It is not necessary to formally notify us that you are competing. All that is necessary is that you submit the entire series of eleven puzzles and a letter on "The Things I Like Best About Movie Weekly and Why," at the close of the contest. The letter must not contain more than 100 words. Winners will be determined by ratings given them by the judges for the greatest percentage of correct solutions and the best letters. The letter that gives the most complete and logical reasons for Movie Weekly's popularity will be adjudged the best. 100 per cent solutions of puzzles will in all cases rank above those not 100 per cent correct, regardless of the accompanying letter.
7. Three judges will determine the winners of this contest. The judges' names will be announced in a later edition of Movie Weekly. All contestants agree to abide by their decisions. If there are ties, each tying contestant will receive the amount of the prize tied for.
8. Write your name and address plainly on each puzzle. DON'T SEND THEM IN ONE AT A TIME. Hold them until you complete the series of eleven puzzles. Arrange them in numerical order, put a clip or rubber band on them, or, if you prefer, paste them in a notebook. Then attach your letter on "The Things I Like Best About Movie Weekly and Why," and forward by first-class mail to Movie Weekly Contest Editor, 1926 Broadway, New York City, before midnight, June 20, 1925. This does not mean that the completed series must be at Movie Weekly office before June 21st, but that it must be mailed before then.
9. Each contestant may submit as many series of puzzle sets as he sees fit, but only one letter may and must accompany each series and in no case is a contestant eligible to win more than one prize. As many members of one family as care to may compete and as many prizes as are won by different members of the same family will be paid.
10. All words appearing in the puzzles may be found in unabridged dictionaries and standard works of reference, EXCEPT NAMES OF MOVIE STARS AND WORDS OR TERMS PERTINENT TO FILMDOM, BUT WITH WHICH THE MOVIE-LOVING PUBLIC SHOULD BE WELL-ACQUAINTED.

LATE ENTRY BLANK

Sign and Return This Coupon if You Require First Three Puzzles and Synonyms

CONTEST EDITOR, MOVIE WEEKLY,
1926 Broadway, New York City.

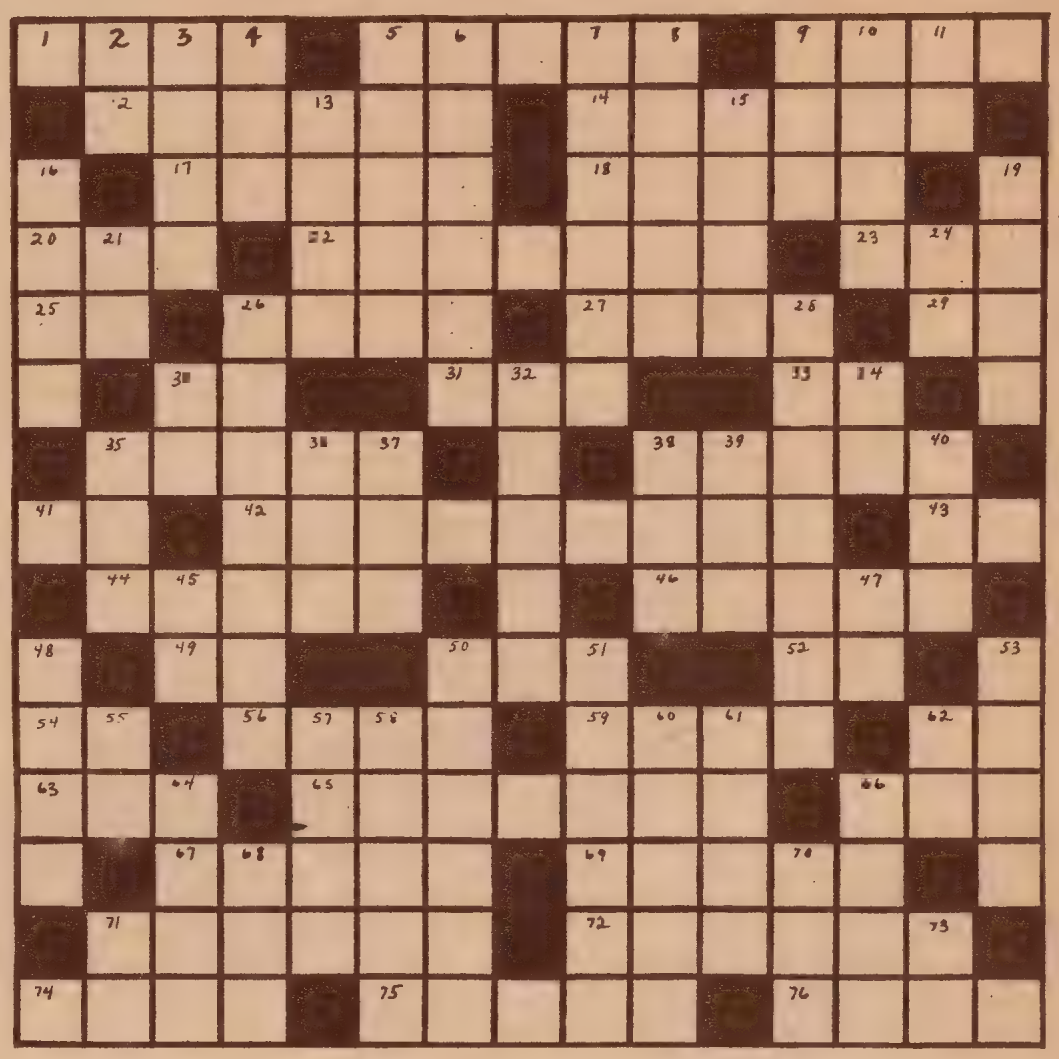
Dear Sir:—Please send me the first two puzzles with synonyms in Movie Weekly's second $1,000 Contest Series.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

MOVIE WEEKLY CONTEST PUZZLE—No. 4



Name.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....

HORIZONTAL

1—..... Hampton
5—Ethel .....
9—To schedule a picture for showing at a theater at a certain time
12—Robert ..... who played with Bebe Daniels in "Miss Bluebeard"
14—Posts from which the steps of a winding stairway radiate
17—An Egyptian Revolutionary leader
18—A wound made by a bee
20—She played opposite Richard Barthelmess in "New Toys"
22—Belonging to Hayakawa
23—George ...., who took a minor part in "Peter Pan"
25—Atop of
26—..... Hiller. He played a minor part in "The Last Laugh"
27—That upon which the film is wound
29—Postscript
30—A note of the diatonic scale
31—To be in debt for
33—Each (business abbreviation)
35—A motion picture production company
38—Margaret ....., who played opposite Buster Keaton in "The Seven Ages"
41—Third person singular pronoun
42—A town made famous by the movies
43—Half an "em"
44—Wearied
46—Those who habitually employ as serviceable
49—Initials of the Knickerbocker City
50—To stitch
52—Initials of a star who played with Conrad Nagel in "Excuse Me"
54—A personal pronoun (Plural)
56—..... Gerber
59—Daughter of Nyx, sister of Ares and Goddess of Discord
62—Initials of a star who was featured in "The Old Homestead"
63—..... Gregory, who played in "The Palace of the King"
65—Surname of a young girl star who died recently in California
66—..... Keith
67—A type of male voice
69—Contrivances for fastening doors
71—Rumple, crease
72—Belonging to ..... Barrymore
74—A strong light used above the heads of the actors
75—Day by day, every day
76—A period of time

VERTICAL

2—Belonging to
3—To make pious invocation of the Supreme Being
4—Part of the head
5—Lois ..... A well-known producer
6—Best (a combining form)
7—To guarantee
8—A long wooden seat with a high back
9—Given name of a google-eyed comedy star
10—Given name of a Polish actress who was once on the screen and is now touring in "Hurricane"
11—Bone
13—Miss Pitts
15—Learned
16—One scene of a motion picture
19—Surname of sisters who both appeared in "Romola"
22—Indefinite article
24—Initials of Mary Pickford's sister
26—..... McGuire
28—Blank negative attached to the beginning of each film (Plural)
30—French definite article
32—Richard ..... He played in "Cheaper to Marry"
34—An exclamation
35—Came together
36—Fish spawn
37—Aged
38—Given name of the actor who played with Corinne Griffith in "Single Wives"
39—The Goddess of Dawn (Greek mythology)
40—Affirmative
45—A preposition
47—The Egyptian Sun God
48—Mary Pickford's first husband (Given name)
50—Holy
51—Given name of a freckle-faced boy star
53—Surname of the star who played opposite Glenn Hunter in the screen production, "Merton of the Movies."
55—Into (A prefix)
57—Eagles
58—Given name of 53 Vertical
60—The underground part of a plant (Plural)
61—A unit of linear measure
62—Nickname for mother
64—A tiny particle
66—A body of land surrounded by water
68—A female sheep
70—Kathleen ....., who has a part in "Ben Hur"
71—Toward
73—Initials of a continent

Photograph by Apeda

Milton Sills

It is not hard to believe that *Milton Sills* is one of the most intellectual and well-read men in the motion picture industry when one is talking to him, nor does it take one long to discover the source of his magnetic charm. There is a quiet force in back of his keen blue eyes, but those eyes know how to twinkle. *"The Comeback"* is the title of his next picture.

The True Story of My Life

By Richard Barthelmess

(*For Synopsis of Preceding Chapters See Page* 33)

Cross-roads in a career usually mean a turning-point. Often success or failure lies in the balance as we decide which route we will take. This week Dick Barthelmess writes vividly of a cross-road in his life . . . and of how he took the uphill road on the crown of which he found his stardom.

I DIDN'T go back to college.

Once again the fork of the road appeared—the fork between duty and desire—and this time the Hand pointed unmistakably. Mother had had enough responsibility. I had got my college training. A year would be pleasant, but not strictly necessary. It was obviously "up to me."

Trusting that I would know what I was about before the summer had run its course, I decided to make a try for pictures, since I seemed better fitted for that type of work than any other—at the time.

Besides, for a beginner pictures paid more in immediate returns than any other job I might tackle. Approximately thirty dollars a week, as against eight or ten. I struck for the thirty—and my first job was one day's work at ten dollars the day. It was at the Biograph and the picture was called "Gloria's Romance." I got the ten dollars and, as the Packard Agency had sent me down, I had to pay them one dollar. I never forgave that dollar.

Then Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne were making "Romeo and Juliet," and I was engaged for extra work.

My mother was, at the time, in a Cleveland stock company. I lived around New York, ate poor food and had poorer pleasures. The life neither glittered nor appealed. I wasn't, I thought, en route to being either a Barrymore or a Vanderbilt at this rate. I finally decided to the dogs with this and, on an impulse, departed for a naval training course. The navy should be my goal and my life-work. Why not? I could roam the seven seas, I would be out among men in the sun and air. I would see the world. I would adventure and explore. Fine stuff. I passed my physical examinations and enlisted. And I was all set to join a ship in the Hudson River, when I heard from my mother. She was wild. She didn't want me to go. I said, "I think it will be great—going to sea. I'd like a taste of it, anyway." The spirit of Adventure was having its way with me.

"War Brides," **in which I appeared with *Nazimova,* as the boy, was a very emotional play. In it I had to cry and be highly dramatic. I was nervous about it, but more intensely interested than I had ever been in anything before.**

And it was this picture which gave me an impetus on the road to *Fame.* Odd, how a turn of the wheel will determine a whole life.

Mother's disapproval upset me. I had thought the idea a splendid one until I heard from her. Twenty-four hours were to elapse before I set foot on shipboard.

That evening I got a telephone message at the hotel. The card read, "Mrs. Charles Bryant, Knickerbocker Hotel."

I didn't know who in the world Mrs. Charles Bryant was. Her identity didn't occur to me off-hand.

I got the number, got Mrs. Charles Bryant, and an accented voice said:

"Don't you know me, Dickie? This is Madame."

It was Nazimova. Nazimova acting as an agent of Fate. Acting as the instrument of Destiny that was to shape up for me my still unblazed Future.

"Herbert Brenon is looking for a boy," she said, "a boy to play with me in 'War Brides.' I told him I couldn't vouch for your being an actor, but—go and see him."

Mother and Nazimova, by the way, had been good friends for years.

So I went to the studio, rather confused in my mind, but realizing that this was a better opportunity than any I had encountered thus far. I saw Brenon—and got the job. There seemed nothing for it but to resign from the naval training cruise and go to work in "War Brides." Which same I did forthwith.

Odd, how a turn of the wheel will determine a whole life. Odd how we, almost instinctively, do the thing that we must have been predestined to do. I might so easily have been strongheaded and gone on the naval cruise. It was what I really wanted to do had I merely followed my immediate inclinations.

"War Brides" was a very emotional play. I had to cry and be highly dramatic. I was nervous, but more intensely interested than I had ever been in anything before.

When it was finished, Brenon said to me, "I thank you. Very good work you did. I want sign you up."

I said, "Thanks."

But I was highly elated. And I went back to New York.

We made "War Brides," by the way, at the Ideal Studios on the Palisades.

It was getting near the end of the summer, and I thought: "Here I am. What shall I do? All very well to have done good work and to have been commended for it

I had meant to go back to college. But at about this time I began to do some tall thinking. I had lost a year and was behind in my studies. And I seemed to be hitting it right in the film world. Furthermore, it didn't seem fair to mother for me to turn my back on the opportunities that seemed to be lining up. Then *Mr. Brenon* offered me a year's contract at fifty dollars a week. That clinched my decision to stick to pictures.

Above is one of *Dick's* first fan photographs.

but, after all, nothing further may come of it." I was conscious, though for the first time, that I wanted something more to come of it. That taste of real acting, that taste of approval, had fired my blood and whetted my appetite. I began to dream Thespian dreams.

It was about that time that mother said to me, while I was wondering about the next step, "Dickie, do you want to go back to college?"

I didn't know . . . I had been about quite a bit and had seen so many unsuccessful actors. Pitiful down-and-outers who may, in their youths, have been commended, too, and dreamed too high because of it.

I said, "I don't know."

And then, like a stroke of fate, like one of those things that happen mostly in fiction, the phone rang almost as I said the words.

It was Ouida Bergere. She said:

"Do you want a job?"

I said, "Yes, sure I want a job."

"Well," she said, "there's a film company at Glendale. Evelyn Greeley and Pedro de Cordoba are in the picture. They're looking for a young man of your type. If I were you, I'd take a run over."

I took the run and got the job—at $70 a week. I'd only been getting $30 from Brenon.

I said to mother, "Well, here's what I'll do—I'll take this job and use the money toward the last year of college. It'll make it fairly easy."

I took a run up to Trinity, explained matters to them and said, "I'll just finish this picture and then I'll be back."

I meant to go back, too. But when the picture was finished—and it took longer than I thought it was going to—I did some tall thinking. I was behind in my studies, anyway, for losing that year. I seemed to be hitting it about right in the film world. It didn't seem fair to mother for me to turn my back on the opportunities that seemed to be lining up. And, too, I had begun to take a vital interest in the work for the work's sake.

To put the final clinch on my indecision, Mr. Brenon offered me a year's contract at $50 a week. I said, "You're on"—and bade farewell to college for all time. In a way, I was glad to have it so. I was relieved that I had begun to know what it was I was going to do. Certainty of any kind is better than uncertainty—and I had begun to have a warm fondness for this certainty. Of course, I felt somewhat sentimental about it . . . the fellows . . . the campus . . . the Dramatic Club . . . Psi Upsilon . . . all that . . . Even now, today, my best friends are in Hartford. I love them up there. They were and are altogether charming.

Then, too, this decision would substantially help my mother and go to cancelling the bills I had run. Never again, I vowed, would I get into debt.

I played then in a picture more dramatic than anything I have ever done since. It was the part of "Gennaro," son of Lucrezia Borgia, in "The Eternal Sin," with Florence Reed. I saw Florida for the first time. Brenon became ill.

Well, they refused to pay me my salary. I had a contract, but it was signed by Brenon, which meant nothing to anyone at that time.

My mother was working down in Florida and I went flat broke in New York. Much against my will and cursing my luck, I wired her, "Please send me *something.*"

She sent a hundred dollars. I ate again—and finally got desperate and went to the Selznick office. There I was turned down hard.

I went home literally seething without my money, and in the midst of my seethe I got another job at $100 a week at the Erbograth Studio. I was a heavy in a white tie, with coattails, and stole things from a safe. It was terrible. Inexpressible.

Then I played Petrova's younger brother at Metro for

(*Cont. on page* 33)

Cora and *Marguerite Clark* had been to see "*War Brides.*" And they had asked someone who the boy was with the result that I got a telephone call from *Cora.* Soon after that I was playing with *Marguerite.*

On the right is a scene from "*Bab's Burglar,*" in which *Dick* played with *Miss Clark.*

"Will the pretty lady in green come first?" wheedled the gypsy?" And *Daphne*, not unlovely in the soft light, with the glow of happiness in her face, went forward readily. "A nice fortune, please," she begged laughingly as she gave the gypsy her hand.

See Page 30 for Synopsis of Preceding Chapter

The Story of the Most Unusual Bargain Ever Made Between a Man and a Woman Is Told in

The Fortune That Came True

By Montanye Perry

OUTSIDE, the surf pounded steadily at the massive sea wall that saves The Breakers from utter demolition when a northeaster is on. Gray sky was knit to gray sea with a gray shroud of fog. In a gay wicker and chintz sitting room on the top floor, a group of girls about an open fire yawned and smoked, and gossiped lazily.

"Where's Daphne this morning?" asked one, practising smoke rings and admiring her ridiculously long, scarlet holder.

"Most likely writing to the beautiful mystery," drawled a dark-haired beauty. "Honestly, do you-all reckon she's makin' him up? Think of little old Daphne Rodgers with an honest-to-goodness beau-lover, sendin' her bushels of flowers every day and millions of telegrams. And did you-all see that cigarette holder that came yesterday? Really truly jade, hand-carved and a mile long. Makes Esther's pretty red one look like Mr. Woolworth sent it to her."

"Personally," declared Esther, pointing her remarks with the maligned holder, "I don't believe there's any such annymile living as this Ted person. I've heard of girls sending themselves flowers and stuff before. Mark my words, she'll have a telegram announcing some family calamity that prevents his joining her."

"There was a girl down in Atlanta that never did have any man pay attention to her," began dark-eyes again. "Oh, she was a No'thern girl," as they jeered incredulously, "but she had been livin' down there quite a spell. One summer she went away and came back with a big diamond. We all made showers for her, and she got her trousseau all ready, and eight of us was goin' to be bridesmaids. We had a right smart lot of fun out of it. And a telegram came sayin' he was dyin', and she went, and she brought his body back and buried it in her father's lot, him havin' had no kin anywhere. And after awhile it just natchelly leaked out that there never was any beau-lover and she got that body from an almshouse in Buffalo."

A gale of laughter greeted the close of this tale. "Well, if there *is* anyone, he must be a fortune hunter——"

"I beg pardon," came a voice from the doorway, "but have you any idea where I could find Miss Daphne Rodgers? I was told she might be up here."

Blank silence, while a dozen pairs of eyes widened and stared, forgetful of all the rules of society. The pretty Southerner recovered her senses first.

"Have you tried the billiard room? Daphne's been improvin' her game the last few mornings and I reckon she might be there."

"Thanks awfully. I'll try that."

Silence again; then a babel. "Did you ever see anything like that? Is it possible that *that* has followed Daphne Rodgers across the continent? Now what? Why? Where? How *did* she? Will he stay long?"

"I can tell you one thing," came the crisp speech of Priscilla Parker of Boston, "he's no fortune hunter. He's from (*Continued on page* 30)

Could You Use $500? If So

Here is *Lucille Le Sueur,* the girl whose screen name will be worth $1,000, talking with *Harry Rapf,* the *Metro-Goldwyn - Mayer* studio executive, who discovered her in one of the successful *New York* shows. He believes that he has made, in her, his greatest discovery during his ten years of picking motion picture talent.

Can you think of a name for her to use in her screen career? If so, hurry up and send it in.

Hurry Up and Enter

The $1,000 for a Name Contest

NAMES, names, names and more names!

The Movie Weekly Contest Editor has been deluged with names. Every mail the postman staggers in under a load of hundreds more. It has seemed like a bombardment of telephone and city directories. Short names, long names, simple names and tongue twisters. First names from Fifi to Prudence and Mary to Hydrodendron. Last names from Smith to de la Montparnasse. Enough of them to name every parlor car that ever will be made.

But among the thousands that have been submitted, we have not selected THE name as yet. You still have a chance to win that $500 prize!

Readers of this magazine are helping us select a suitable screen name for Lucille Le Sueur, newest and one of the prettiest players signed by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. She will appear exclusively in films made by that big producing organization.

They have helped us to the extent of very nearly swamping us with suggestions. The response to our appeals, which were accompanied by the incentive of offering a large cash prize for the name finally selected, has been tremendous. However, the judges will not choose one for the beautiful young actress until the contest has closed. The $500 still is all dressed up and no place to go.

Yes, it's all dressed up except the name after "Pay to the order of ....." Why don't you try to get yours there—by suggesting the winning *nom de screen* for Miss Le Sueur. You still have time. The contest hasn't closed yet. But you'll have to hurry. And we'll hurry with the $500 if you send in THE name.

Contestants may submit as many names as they can originate. Each one must be written on a separate sheet of paper with the senders' name and address on the same side. Read the rules carefully.

The cry for help in giving Miss Le Sueur a screen name that has not finally been answered yet came about this way:

Harry Rapf, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio executive, who "discovered" Miss Le Sueur in one of the successful New York shows, believes he has made his greatest (*Continued on page* 31)

NAME COUPON

(Suggestions must be made on this coupon, a tracing of it or a similar one of your own making)

Name Suggested.....

Your Name.....

Your Address.....

The main thing to remember in suggesting names is that they must be euphonious, easy to say and remember . . . moderately short, that they must not infringe on or even remotely suggest the names of any other recognized players, and that they must be suitable to this young lady's fascinating type.

Photograph by Clarence S. Bull

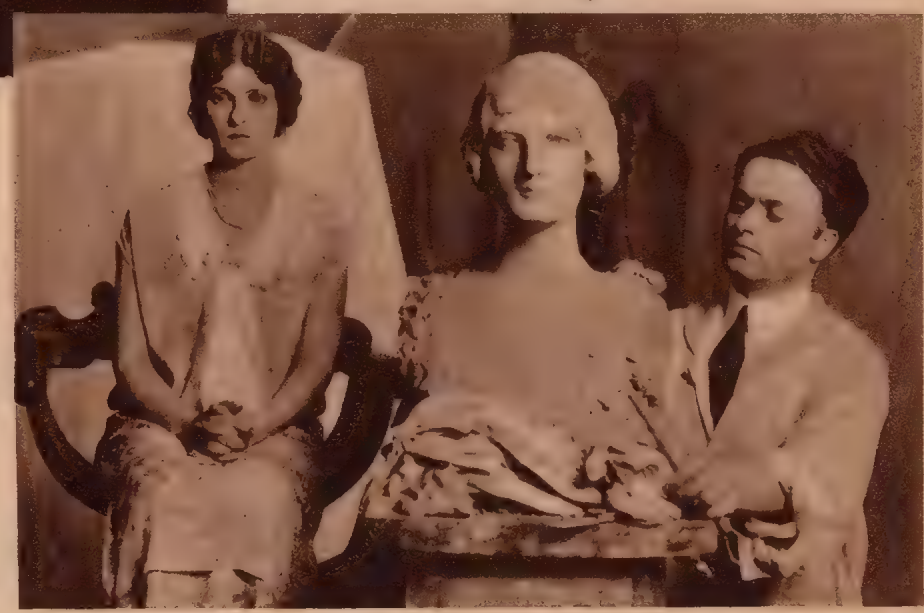
RULES

1. The duration of this contest will be six weeks, during which time the issues of Movie Weekly will carry photographs and text matter on Lucille Le Sueur which will aid the readers in their choice of a screen name for her.
2. All suggested names must be postmarked by midnight of May 2, 1925, and addressed to "Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Contest Editor," care Movie Weekly, 1926 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.
3. There is no limit to the number of names which can be suggested, but each suggested name must be submitted on a separate coupon, even if they are all mailed in the same envelope.
4. The judges have been chosen because of their ability to judge the name best adapted for this purpose and their decision is final.
5. Eleven prizes, totaling one thousand dollars, will be awarded. The first prize will be $500. And there will be ten other prizes of $50 each for the sponsors of the next ten best names.
6. In the event of two persons suggesting the name finally selected, both will receive the designated award.

CAMERA SCOOPS

Which Depict the Highlights in Motion Picture News

Mrs. Griffith lives in *Texas,* but she doesn't find it difficult to keep track of her famous daughter. All she has to do is pick up any newspaper or magazine and the chances are that she will find both news and photographs of *Corinne.* A few weeks ago, however, she visited with *Mr.* and *Mrs. Walter Morosco* in their new *Beverly Hills* home . . . and posed with *Corinne* for this exclusive picture for *Movie Weekly.*



Oh, it's great to be a movie star and run over to *Paris* between pictures for a stroll down the *Rue de la Paix* and an orgy of shopping in the world-famous ateliers.

That is the happy lot of *Mae Murray* right now. And here's a picture of her seeing the sights.

Rumor has it that she will arrange for a divorce from *Robert Leonard* before she returns.

Photograph by P. and A.

Priscilla Dean's face is said to be the "model of exquisite *Grecian* facial lines" by *Frank Vittor,* the renowned sculptor for whom *Miss Dean* recently posed. The bust he has made of her will be shown in his coming exhibition of sculptored art.

It was between her personal appearances in *Pittsburgh* that *Priscilla* managed to pose for *Mr. Vittor* in his picturesque workshop which was designed and formerly used by *Moretti.*

No, it isn't *Jackie Coogan* below. It is *Mrs. Coogan* as she appeared when she was somewhere between four and five years old. Like mother, like son, we'll say.

If he can act like he can fight . . . well, there'll be another movie star! At any rate, *Jack Dempsey* is preparing to appear with his wife, *Estelle Taylor* in *"Manhattan Madness."* Remember *Doug Fairbanks* made this story once.

Jack says there is nothing in his film contract prohibiting him from continuing in the ring, but that he is giving all his thought to pictures right now.

Photograph by International Newsreel

Claire Windsor gave *Bert Lytell "Pal"* for a gift. And when *Pal* departed from the *Lytell* precincts, *Bert* was all wrought up over it and advertised so extensively in the local newspapers that the *Wise Ones* said it was a publicity stunt. However, one sunny morning, as the *California Chamber of Commerce* would have us say, *Pal* came back. And *Bert* thinks it only fair that the reward money should go to him in the form of a new studded collar and other canine luxuries.

Let *Anna Q. Nilsson* show you the latest thing in ring watches. A *Norwegian* watchmaker recently sent *Anna* a platinum ring watch which, unsnapped, revealed a pot of lip rouge.

American novelty manufacturers have now copied the idea and it looks as if the little rings would become a fad.

ACROSS the SCREEN

"CONTRABAND"—85%

Reviewed by Harriette Underhill

"Contraband" is a most attractive picture. The story is bucolic but "different," the cast is ninety-nine and fourty-four hundredths perfect, and the direction is clean-cut and imaginative. The four stars are Lois Wilson, Noah Beery, Raymond Hatton and Raymond McKee. It seems to us that the whole cast deserves stardom, especially Victor Potel and Cesare Gravina. Miss Wilson plays Carmel Lee, a New York Librarian, whose uncle dies and leaves her the Odian Free Press, a newspaper much in debt. The young woman sets out to make the paper a paying proposition and she accidentally cleans up the town. She finds the political bosses are all bootleggers and murderers, and the vicissitudes of life in a small town prove vastly exciting. Miss Wilson is thoroughly ingratiating as Carmel Lee. Noah Beery is excellently brutal as the sheriff thug; and we thought all the time we were looking at Wallace, so closely do the Beery brothers resemble one another. Raymond Hatton is a bad bootlegger and the village dandy, and Raymond McKee turns out to be the hero. No matter whether you like rural mystery dramas or not, you're sure to like "Contraband."

The cast includes: Lois Wilson, Noah Beery, Raymond Hatton, Raymond McKee, Charles Ogle, Luke Cosgrave and others.
The picture was directed by Alan Crosland.

"THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS"—80%

Reviewed by Alma Talley

The latest "Warner Brothers Classic of the Screen" is far from that. It's just a harmless little second-rate picture with a mediocre, somewhat banal story.

It employs one of the three original movie situations, that of an innocent man going to prison for another's crime. Though the complications, in this case, add a certain amount of interest; the characters all seem quite human, and there is a rather charming little love story which occupies the main theme of the plot.

Dorothy Mackaill is likely to be colorful in any role she plays, and this one is no exception. She is altogether charming. Creighton Hale has not a great deal of opportunity for comedy as the hero in the story, but he does make the most of what there is.

The plot has several rather glaring discrepancies; for instance, a man is accused of stealing and his trial takes place apparently within a few days—at least, we are assured that the hero heard nothing of it because he left town "for a few days." If only justice were as speedy as all that in real life!

The cast includes: Dorothy Mackaill, Creighton Hale, Alec B. Francis, Richard Tucker, Ralph Lewis, Fanny Midgley, and Clifford Saum.
The picture was directed by Phil Rosen.

"DECLASSE"—65%

Reviewed by Aline O'Brien

"Declasse," according to our program, is an adaptation of Zoe Akins' stage play, in which Ethel Barrymore starred a few seasons ago on Broadway. We are glad we had a program—we should not have associated stage and screen plays in our mind, otherwise, so lacking in similarity are they. Of course, the stage play *was* Ethel Barrymore—her performance dominated the entire play—but unless we remember incorrectly, she rendered some beautiful lines which most certainly do not appear in the extremely poor subtitles. And we remember her graceful, realistic exit from this world of ours as one of the outstanding performances of that particular theatrical season. Needless to say, Corinne Griffith, who portrays the same role on the screen, fails to exit at all. She recovers, as all good screen heroines do, much to our mental rebellion, to make the hero happy. We will say she looks distractingly pretty throughout the entire six reels. There is an excellent cast in "Declasse," but somehow their performances fail to ring true. The screen Lady Helen Haden manages to supply a number of incongruous moments, trading valuable pearls for food, without waiting for change, etcetera. Clive Brook gives an interesting performance.

The cast includes: Corinne Griffith, Lloyd Hughes, Clive Brook, Rockcliffe Fellowes, and others.
The picture was directed by Robert Vignola.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Our reviews are printed of a uniform size so that they may be kept for future reference. They are written by members of our editorial staff who are skilled critics and whose viewpoints we know to be sane and unbiased. We believe you will find the ratings of special assistance and invite our readers to send in their personal ratings of pictures they see.*

RATING: Excellent, 95%; Good, 90%; Fair, 75%; Poor, 60%

"PERCY"—80%

Reviewed by Catharine Brody

Everyone knows what to except of a man named "Percy," and Charles Ray fulfills these expectations.

He is a mama's boy, brought up to play the violin and take his tonic regularly. He lives in San Francisco so he can't go west and grow up with the country. Instead he is taken in hand by a friend of his father's, who is a Senator, and this friend slips a cocktail into his ginger ale. The rest of the picture shows what a few drinks will do. Mama's boy engages in a free for all and wakes up on a freight train at the edge of the desert. In a Mexicali saloon, he finds some use for his violin. In his spare time he makes good on a ranch and marries the boss' daughter.

It is a very lively picture, and Charles Ray as the big pouting baby of a man turned loose on a rough world receives many punches so wistfully as to break your heart. Betty Blythe puts her old gaiety into being a dance-hall girl, and Charlie Murray is a fine old character of a Bible-quoting strip-poker player. Barbara Bedford looks and acts more intelligently than most heroines of ranch dramas.

The cast includes: Don Marion, Louise Dresser, Joseph Kilgour, Charles Ray, Betty Blythe, Barbara Bedford, Charlie Murray, Clyde McAtee, David Winter, Victor McLaglen, Jack Cosgrave, Richard Neill, Adelbert Knott, Chew Ho.

The picture was directed by William Neill.

"CONFESSIONS OF A QUEEN"—75%

Reviewed by Harriette Underhill

"Confessions of a Queen" sounds interesting, but it isn't in the least so. All characters which move across the screen are necessarily mere shadows, but Victor Seastrom's people always seem shadows. Somehow, this director never blows the spark of life into them. His thrills are anti-climatic. "Confessions of a Queen" is an adaptation of Alphonse Daudet's novel "Kings in Exile," a fascinating story. In the Seastrom picture Alice Terry plays the Queen and Lewis Stone plays the King. They are both excellent, even though they did use up hundreds of feet of film posing before the camera while doing a great deal of serious thinking. More than anything else, "The Confessions of a Queen" needs pace. The whole thing seems vague so that the hero, played by John Bowers, suddenly turns out to be the villain. The story contains such excellent picture material that viewed in retrospect one wonders why the screen version was not more exciting. The supporting cast is excellent. It has Eugenia Besserer, Helena D'Algy, Joseph Dowling and a number of other favorites. "Confessions of a Queen" is at least soothing.

The cast includes: Alice Terry, Lewis Stone, John Bowers, Eugenia Besserer, Helena D'Algy, Frankie Darro, Joseph Dowling and others.

The picture was directed by Victor Seastrom.

"SACKCLOTH AND SCARLET"—65%

Reviewed by Aline O'Brien

As we did not read George Gibbs' novel entitled "Sackcloth and Scarlet" we cannot say how closely the screen adaptation follows the original but we are safe in betting that the novel could have read no worse than the screen subtitles. It is, however, the originality of the plot which captures our admiration. No longer does the city man take advantage of the innocence of the country maiden, leaving her at length, a broken flower, alone with her fatherless child. Not so—Polly Freeman lures her rural cowboy indiscreetly on, and then leaves him broken-hearted while she flits toward further conquests, leaving her disgrace and child on her sister, Joan's, frail hands. But Polly reckoneth not that, according to a colorful subtitle, "having had her scarlet day, she must now wear the sackcloth." Her rustic lover becomes a Congressman, meets and loves the virtuous Joan, marries Polly to give his child a name, patiently waits for her death, into which she most unrealistically coughs very shortly, and thus—to the picture's happy (for all but Polly and the spectators) ending. Alice Terry is lovely to gaze upon. Orville Caldwell plays his part eagerly. Dorothy Seastrom, the naughty little sister, is a new actress.

The cast includes: Alice Terry, Orville Caldwell, Dorothy Sebastian, Jack Huff and others.

The picture was directed by Henry King.

Photograph by Freulich

A New-Fashioned Girl

This portrait of *Patsy* reminds us of the quaint portraits we sometimes see of ladies who belonged to other years. However, despite her demure charm, *Patsy Ruth Miller* is a modern young lady. Besides gracing the screen with increasingly lovely and interesting characterizations, she manages her business affairs in a commendable manner.

She has just signed a five-year contract with the *Warner Brothers* and her debut under this regime will be *Rose* in the *Kathleen Norris* story, *"Rose of the World."*

If You're Interested in Motion Picture News Read

On the Set and Off

ERTE, the Parisian designer of women's clothes, who has come to Hollywood to take charge of the costuming of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer stars, was the guest of honor at a luncheon given at the Beverly Hills Hotel last week.

Erte had some very interesting things to say about clothes. He declares that skirts are longer in Paris than in New York now, and said that he was indifferent to passing vogues. Each gown should be designed for the wearer, he insists, rather than to meet any particular style.

A few things were said about men's clothes as well. Erte would dress the men in colors to blend with the gowns of their women companions. He wears dark brown and plum-colored dinner-jackets, he says, but finds that most men are obstinate about following so striking an example.

There were several celebrities at the luncheon. Elinor Glyn sat next to the guest of honor. Claire Windsor, Paulette Duval, Carmel Myers and Carey Wilson were also present.

CARMEL MYERS had a wonderful time abroad with the "Ben Hur" company, and she doesn't care who knows it. Carmel's unquenchable enthusiasm is one of her great attractions.

She says that Berlin seems very prosperous, and that the German film companies are able to pay enormous salaries to American film stars who will work there.

Vienna left her sad. There she found poverty on every side, but she says that the Viennese will go hungry in order to attend the operas.

In Rome, her favorite pastime was seeing the Coliseum by moonlight. Every one of her admirers insisted on taking her to see the ancient ruins in the light of the moon. It was extremely romantic, says Carmel with a sigh. I think she would go back tomorrow if she could.

COLLEEN MOORE and her husband, John McCormick, will sail for Europe early in May. They plan to visit England, Ireland, France, Italy and Germany, and will be gone for about three months.

Stars and directors talk production plans over more and more. And this is the best thing that could happen to motion pictures. Here are *Corinne Griffith* and *Al Santell* discussing the next scenes to be shot for *"The National Anthem."*

For a little while, just after *Robert Coogan* was born, *Sport* thought his nose was going to be out of joint. But *Jackie* has discovered that *Bobbie* remains in the nursery and doesn't fly away if he turns his back, so *Sport* enjoys his romping company once more. This picture of them was taken in one of their rare quiet moments.

You never can tell. *Gloria Swanson* was a comedy queen once upon an almost forgotten time. Now she's a brilliant star, fabulously wealthy, a marquise and everything. And little *Ruth Hiatt* reads the story of her life optimistically . . . dreaming, perhaps, of a similar fate. *And who can tell?*

Glenn Hunter is back on the screen. He is being starred in *"The Little Giant,"* with *Edna Murphy*. *Aline O'Brien*, associate editor of *Movie Weekly*, was photographed with them and *Director Nigh* the other day when she was over at the studios scouting for the latest news.

Martha Hedman, who played in *"The Boomerang"* on the *New York* stage, under the direction of *David Belasco*, visits *Anita Stewart* as she prepares to play in the screen version of this story and presents *Anita* with the *Red Cross* costume she wore on the stage.

Before she leaves, however, Colleen has several weeks' work ahead of her in "The Desert Flower." This picture was abruptly halted when Miss Moore met with a serious accident in which her neck was nearly broken. The disaster occurred while the company was on location, and Colleen has been forced to spend many weeks in the Hollywood Hospital, while the torn vertebræ in her neck healed. She's out of the plaster cast now and will be back at work within a couple of weeks.

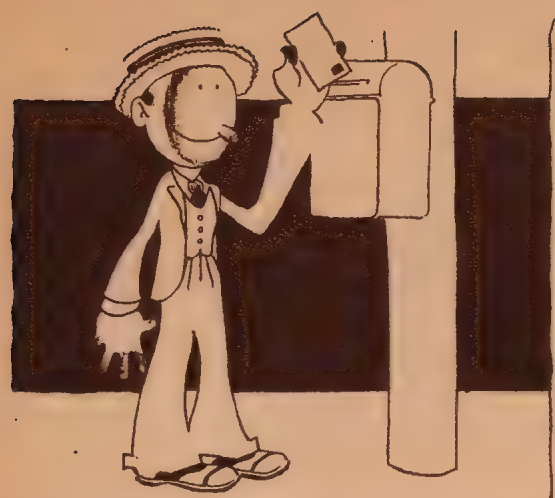
JOBYNA RALSTON did a Prince of Wales the other day, and had a narrow escape from death.

Jobyna is a fine horsewoman, and was practicing some difficult stunts out in Griffith Park. Unfortunately, her horse, in rearing up into the air, lost his balance and fell backward, throwing the actress to the ground. Though badly skinned and bruised, Jobyna escaped without serious injury, but, as she would no doubt express it, "I don't guess I'll try that stunt for a while."

OH, HUM. Now it's Alice Lake who wants a divorce. She was married just a year ago to Robert Williams, stage actor, and left Hollywood with a flourish, declaring she was through with films and was all for the domestic life thereafter.

But the marriage was a stormy one, she says, (*Continued on page* 29)

Perhaps this picture of *Viola Dana* and *Ben Lyon* is difficult to understand when most of us are worrying about a straw hat and a spring suit. However, let us explain the furs and the electric heater. *Frank Lloyd* has cast both of them in *"Winds of Chance,"* and *Banff, Alberta, Canada* is the locale.



The Colonel

This department is for the service of our readers. No charge whatever is made for the answering of questions, whatever their number. However, if a personal reply is requested, we ask that you send a stamped, addressed envelope. All letters should contain the name and address of the writer and, if it is desired that a fictitious name be used in the publication, this name should also be written at the bottom of the letter.

Are you curious to know if your favorite screen star is married . . . where he was born . . . or the name of his new picture? If so, write to the COLONEL at Movie Weekly, 1926 Broadway, New York City.

JINKS FRIDAY 13TH—Just to prove that I am not afraid of Jinx, I'll start out the day with this one. J. Warren Kerrigan lives at 1743 Cahuenga Blvd., Hollywood.

INQUISITIVE—Not so very inquisitive—at least I've seen worse. You ask only five questions. Conrad Nagel is married to Ruth Helms and they live at 1846 Cherokee Ave., Hollywood. He might send you a picture if you write him there. He is under contract to Metro-Goldwyn; his latest picture is "The Exquisite Sinner."

BABBLING BROOK—What do you mean by "Just a little mistake?" Are you the mistake, or am I? Jackie Coogan hasn't made any pictures since "The Rag Man." He is ten years old, and has blond hair and brown eyes. He lives at 673 S. Oxford Ave., Los Angeles. No, I don't recall seeing Pauline Curley's name in connection with any recent pictures. She lives at 806 Waterloo St., Los Angeles; she doesn't give her age. Rudolph Valentino is thirty; he returned from Italy last fall and has made three pictures since then. Yes, Gloria is home again; she is much better and will start work in about a month. William S. Hart is married to Winifred Westover; he doesn't give his age. Ramon Novarro is twenty-six. Mary Carr lives at 500 Riverside Drive, New York. The title role in "The Recreation of Brian Kent" was played by Kenneth Harlan; Judy (was that the crippled girl?) by Zasu Pitts. She is twenty-seven years old; her address is Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal. Betty Joe in the picture was played by Helen Chadwick.

A VUNCE—Yes, your signature does sound funny; is it? Ben Alexander lives at 1770 N. Vine St., Hollywood. He is thirteen years old. His pictures include: "Hearts of the World," "The Turn in the Road," "The Family Honor," "In the Name of the Law," "Penrod and Sam"; his latest is "Hunted Hands." Tom Mix is about forty-five; he lives at 5841 Carleton Way, Hollywood. His pictures are too numerous for me to have space to list them here; his latest ones are "The Deadwood Coach," "Dick Turpin," "Riders of the Purple Sage," and "The Rainbow Trail."

JUST THE SAME MONKEY—You might as well be the same monkey as another one. Yes, Eddie Burns—now Edmund—was the leading man in "The Humming Bird." Eddie is twenty-eight and a bachelor, living at 1346 Sycamore St., Los Angeles. He recently returned from abroad where he made two pictures, "Garrigan," and "A Farmer from Texas." He is now to be leading man in Cecil B. De Mille productions. I don't know whether Harold Miller is married. I don't think he has been playing in any recent pictures.

THE FOUR HORSEMEN OF HAZELTON, PENNA.—So you think it took so long to make "The Ten Commandments" because no one in Hollywood knew them! Knowing Cecil De Mille, do you think it was necessary for him to know them in order to make the picture? Dick Barthelmess and Mary Hay have been married about three years. Rudolph Valentino is thirty; Ben Lyon about twenty-six. Pearl White is about thirty-seven.

STEAMBOAT SAL—It's good of you to write me so I won't get out of work. But there's no danger; I've been out of money and out of luck, but I can never get out of work. Antonio Moreno is now abroad making "Mare Nostrum"; you can write him care Metro-Goldwyn, 1540 Broadway, New York. Rod La Rocque lives at 1756 Orchid Ave., Los Angeles. Estelle Taylor is making "Manhattan Madness," with her husband, Jack Dempsey. Bobby Vernon's address is Christie Studios, 6101 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood. I don't know where Olive Borden can be reached.

WEAK KNEES—Valentino gives his height as 5 feet 11, but he doesn't seem that tall. Doug Fairbanks is 5 feet 10.

LILY OF THE VALLEY—I rather agree with you that you want to know a lot; someone should certainly buy you the Book of Knowledge. Lloyd Hughes lives at 601 S. Rampart St., Los Angeles; Tom Moore at 1919 Van Ness Ave., Los Angeles, and Matt Moore at the Los Angeles Athletic Club. Florence Lawrence had an accident some years ago which incapacitated her for screen work for four years. When she was recovered, she found she had been more or less forgotten. She lives at 1938 Argyle Ave., Hollywood. Laura La Plante was born November 1, 1904; she is 5 feet 2 and weighs 112. She lives at 4632 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood. I haven't space to give you a list of her pictures; her recent ones include: "Butterfly," "The Dangerous Blonde," "Smouldering Fires," "The Teaser," "Doubling for Cupid" and "Winnie and the Wolves." Bessie Love's address is Box 43 Hollywood. "Dr. Nye" was filmed under the title "Idle Tongues," with Percy Marmont, Doris Kenyon, Malcolm MacGregor and Lucille Ricksen in the four leading roles. "Peacock Feathers" is now being made by Universal, with Jacqueline Logan and Cullen Landis. The leads in "Counterfeit Love" were played by Joe King and Marion Swayne.

DI—Oh, never say "Di!" Gloria Swanson has returned from France; write her for her picture at Famous Players' Studios, Astoria, Long Island. I'm sorry to say that I haven't the addresses of any of the children you mention. None of them has played in enough pictures to be listed in the screen directory. But the next time you see any of them on the screen, notice the name of the company which produced the picture, and then you can write to your favorite at the studio of that particular company. You'll always find the studio addresses on this page.

IONA FORD—What is my name? I believe in safety first and there's safety in obscurity. I don't know whether some of the players you ask about use their real name or not; Shirley Mason was born Leonie Flugrath, and Pola Negri, Appollonia Chalupez (I believe that's Polish for Pauline Schwartz). Virginia Lee Corbin gives her age as fifteen. She has very blond hair and blue eyes. She is living in New York at present; you can reach her through Film Booking Offices, 723 Seventh Ave., New York. Gaston Glass was born in Paris, France, about twenty-eight years ago.

A CONSTANT READER—I'm sure you must have looked too soon for your answers. Unless personal replies are sent, every inquiry is answered in Movie Weekly in about a month's time. Mary Astor is about nineteen. Her present address is Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, 7100 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood. Huntley Gordon doesn't give his age, but I should guess he is well into the thirties, anyway. His address is Warner Brothers Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood. He is starring for them now, his first picture to be "The Golden Cocoon."

ELSIE—No, Mary Astor isn't married. Her latest picture is "Don Q," opposite Doug Fairbanks. See above.

CHRIL—I'm not sure about the signature. Alma Rubens was born in San Francisco, but she doesn't say when. She has black hair and eyes, and is strikingly beautiful. She is living in Los Angeles at present, but the only address I know for her is Fox Studios, 1417 N. Western Ave., Hollywood.

GLAD—Just a little glad girl! No, William Haines isn't married. He has played in pictures about four years; his address is Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

CURLEY TOP—As to whether Alberta Vaughn has the most perfect figure in Hollywood—that, of course, is a (*Continued on page 51*)

What Our Readers Think of Us

This Week's $10.00 Prize Letter

In the old days when Movie Weekly appeared in its plain sepia colors I wrote and told you I couldn't see how it could be improved from an editorial standpoint. I was wrong. It has been improved and improved greatly.

The striking cover portraits printed in color add much to the appearance of the magazine and to a lover of the beautiful that counts much. However, I am glad that the sepia color scheme has been retained throughout the body of the magazine.

I am surprised that criticism should be made of the Across the Screen department. Invariably I have found your reviews fair and discriminating. They strike a middle course between the reviewer who praises everything and the one who takes a pride in condemning and picking flaws in worthy productions. I am always interested in reviews and read them in all the newspapers and magazines I come across. I know of no reviewers whose views accord with my own as closely as yours.

I have only one criticism to make of the issue of March 21st, which is before me. Too much space is devoted to full page portraits of movie celebrities. A full page each is given Wesley Barry, Mary Philbin, Monte Blue and Percy Marmont. Now I am strong for pictures, but in a magazine the size of Movie Weekly I believe that it would be better to print fewer full page portraits and more reading matter. I am aware that all movie magazines print many pages of photographs, but these are merely my personal views which may, or may not, accord with the ideas of a majority of your readers.

Personally I like a story liberally illustrated with pictures pertaining to the text. Like the story about George O'Brien or Richard Barthelmess' autobiography. But to my mind the most interesting article in the issue under consideration is the "Confessions of the Studio Telephone Operators." The pictures add much to this.

Among your regular departments, "On the Set and Off" is most interesting to me. The breezy items about the stars and the attractive pictures always draw my attention. The page of "Camera Scoops" is also very interesting.

DEWEY M. OWENS,
Knoxville, Tennessee.

This Week's $5.00 Prize Letter

MARION MAHER,
New York City

This Week's $3.00 Prize Letter

LOUISE L. RANDALL,
New Orleans, La.

Honorable Mention

C. ANNIE DOUTE,
Winnipeg, Canada.

IF I WERE YOU

By Norma Talmadge

Photograph by Albin

L. P.: You asked me to tell you what I really thought about your mad infatuation for a movie actress after seeing her in a picture. So you must not mind when I tell you that I think you are in love with love. This actress evidently typifies your conception of a perfect woman. She is the personification of an ideal which you carry in your heart of a dream woman. You are not so much writing poetry and dreaming of the actress as you are of that which she stands for in your life. You are young, full of romance and dreams and as long as you do not attempt to intrude upon her private life, I do not see any harm in your continuing to idealize her or sing her praises in rhyme. Sometime you will probably meet in the flesh, a girl who will seem to posses all the virtues that you think belong to the actress. It is a way those who are in love have of hanging on the subject of their affection the fabrics of which their dreams and ideals are made of. Don't worry about this admiration which you call "a secret sin." If it helps you to write better verse or inspires you to climb to greater heights it is a force for good in your life.

A. E.: I think perhaps you could get the advice you want by writing to the editorial offices of a motion picture concern. They would be able and glad to give you the information which you want. It is in their own particular field and they are in a better position to tell you how to go about your work than anyone else.

F. P. B.: Perhaps the best thing for you to use on your fingernails is vaseline. Rub it into the fingertips at night after washing the hands in warm water. This will tend to soften them and prevent them from peeling.

Discouraged Betty: I cannot give you the information as to whether certain concerns are reliable or not. I think it best for you to have your scenarios typewritten before submitting them to the editorial department of a motion picture company. It does not matter whether you have ever sold a story previously to the one you are sending in, as long as it is good and is what is needed.

Native Canadian: If your heart is set on making a dancer of yourself and your mother is willing to let you study I do not think you have anything to worry about. If you develop into a good dancer your mother may be more reconciled to your earning a living from the stage. It may be, however, that you will be more interested in teaching or in establishing a school of dancing in your own city.

Mrs. F. L.: Very often delays in editorial offices in regard to holding manuscripts are due to the flood of scenarios that come in. Such may be the case with your story. Since you have written them several times and failed to get a response I think you are at liberty to send your remaining copy elsewhere, after you have notified them of your intentions.

S. R.: Whether you will be able to secure a position in the movies or not is a matter which I cannot foretell. It may be that your training will enable you to get a small part. Everything of course depends upon your ability and the need at the particular moment for one of your type.

Rob: I do not think I would resort to the use of artificial applications unless I were sure of the ingredients used. Perhaps the only sure way is to find out from some one who has overcome a similar trouble just what they used without any ill-results, and then follow their example.

M. V.: I am afraid your overweight would be a handicap to you unless you took a character part. People like their heroines slim. At least slenderness has been the accepted standard so far.

Patricia P.: A list of the motion picture concerns situated (*Continued on page 32*)

Photograph by Seely

Louise Fazenda

Louise Fazenda **has reigned long in the hearts of her myriads of fans as queen of comedy, and few suspected the beauty that lay beneath her grotesque makeup. Of late, however, she has been coming into her own with rapid strides. She will shortly be seen with *Raymond Griffith* and *Vera Reynolds* in *"The Night Club."***

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Photograph by Nickolas Muray

Madge Kennedy

Lovely, demure *Madge Kennedy* is seen far too seldom upon the silver sheet and so we complained to her a while ago. Whereupon she confided, much to our delight, that she hoped soon to make arrangements whereby she could make a number of pictures, even though she remained on the stage. *Madge* is now playing in *"Badges,"* on *Broadway,* and her current picture is *"Bad Company."*

On the Set and Off

(*Continued from page 24*)

and she's going to get a divorce and go back into pictures. She is again domiciled in Hollywood.

Marguerite De La Motte and John Bowers returned from New York, where they have been working before the eastern cameras, and admitted as they stepped from the train that they are engaged to be married, and that in all probability the wedding will take place soon.

Mr. Bowers was divorced from his wife some time ago, and it has been rumored frequently that he and the fair Marguerite were secretly married. They deny this, but the wedding bells will no doubt ring shortly.

By the time you read this, Roscoe Arbuckle and Doris Dean will probably be on their honeymoon. The wedding is to be a simple affair at the home of the bride's mother in San Marino, with just a few close friends in attendance.

Arbuckle, under another name, is now directing two-reel comedies. His bride has been playing leading roles opposite Al St. John for the last year.

If you remember Helen Holmes, star of many a serial thriller, you may be interested to know that she has married a rodeo champion and cowboy, Lloyd Saunders, recently.

The marriage took place in Fort Worth, Tex.

Mrs. Art Acord, wife of the cowboy film actor, is suing her husband for back alimony. She declares that her trick dog Rex, of some film fame, supports her better than Acord did.

Mrs. Acord, in her divorce complaint, suit of which is still pending, says that her husband left her because of Louise Lorraine, his leading woman.

"He is welcome to Miss Lorraine," she says, "but leave me my dog."

Mrs. Acord charges that her husband is not only $425 in arrears on alimony, but that he kidnaped Rex some time ago and the dog returned home half starved.

It begins to look as though the Famous Players-Lasky Company will not willingly give up Noah Beery, noted character actor, who recently announced that he would quit the Lasky fold upon the completion of "The Light of Western Stars," now being filmed.

While he quietly insists that he's through, members of the studio organization quietly insist that he isn't, so—we'll have to wait and see how it turns out.

Personally, we hope that the difficulties may be patched up satisfactorily and that he will remain with the company for which he has worked so long. The majority of us can name innumerable pictures on the Lasky program that have been "saved" by the presence of Mr. Beery in the cast.

The Saturday noon luncheons at the Montmarte are again in high favor with the Hollywood film stars. For several months attendance dropped away, but now the cafe has again swung forward into popularity.

Recently we glimpsed a score of popular film stars at tables around the dance floor. May McAvoy came in with Bobby Agnew; Mildred Davis Lloyd and Pauline Garon were together; Leatrice Joy in the smartest white sports costume imaginable, with a flaming silk scarf about her throat, was lunching with Lois Wilson, who wore a striking black and white outfit. Mrs. Ernest Torrence in a smartly tailored blue suit, was accompanied by Mabel Ballin and Edwin Earle. Adolphe Menjou was with a group of friends, and Robert Frazer, whom Pola designates as "the perfect screen lover," was, as usual, alone at a table near the doorway.

While Lucille Ricksen, child film star, died in straitened circumstances recently, she left an estate of $50,000 life insurance. Her father, Soren Erickson, is sole heir under the law, it is said.

Mr. Erickson has filed a petition for an appointment as guardian of his eighteen-year-old son, Marshall. Before Lucille's death, she and her brother had requested Rupert Hughes and Conrad Nagel to become their guardians. Mr. Ericksen declares that he has "no feeling" against the film men, but wishes the guardianship of his son. He says that he plans to spend a large part of the money willed him for his son's education.

Although Lucille was reported to be sixteen at the time of her death, her petition requesting that Hughes and Nagel be appointed her guardians stated that she was but fourteen years old.

In all probability Mabel Normand will be back before the cameras soon. Negotiations are under way, and according to present plans she will sign up with Tiffany-Truart Pictures. If the deal goes through Miss Normand will be starred in a picture based upon the novel "Sheila." The story is said to be along lines similar to those chosen for her in the past

We went out on location the other day and saw the first scenes shot for "The Wanderer." Buster Collier, who has won the much desired role in the big Lasky feature, wasn't present, but two thousand extras were, and there was a spectacular fire in which a biblical city was destroyed. Also there were elephants and camels—oh, yes, and goats—chasing all over the place, so it was anything but a dull afternoon.

Raoul Walsh, in a handsome camel's hair coat and scarlet muffler, is directing the picture. Others in leading roles are Greta Nissen, who plays the role made famous on the stage by Florence Reed, Ernest Torrence, Tyrone Powers and Katherine Hill.

A very interesting experiment is going on in Hollywood right now. The Stereoscopic Production organization is making a picture called "The Ship of Souls," and if it turns out as they hope, the third dimension will be brought to the screen.

The company is now at Truckee, its cast headed by Bert Lytell and Lillian Rich.

"The Dark Angel," perhaps the most coveted of Broadway plays suitable for motion pictures, has been purchased by Samuel Goldwyn for George Fitzmaurice production as a First National release. Ronald Colman will play the leading role and Vilma Banky, famous European actress, who recently arrived in America, will make her American debut supporting him.

Through the action of the board of directors of the Culver City Commercial and Savings Bank, Cecil B. De Mille now holds the distinction of being the first motion picture executive to be made a bank president. The election of Mr. De Mille to the presidency of the Culver City bank is particularly interesting as evidence of the close relationship developing between the motion picture industry and the financial interests of the country.

The next production for Constance Talmadge, to be made by Joseph M. Schenck for First National release, will be "The Twin Sister" instead of "The Man She Bought," as previously announced.

"The Man on the Box" will be Syd Chaplin's first starring vehicle for Warner Brothers It was a stage play adapted from Harold MacGrath's famous novel of more than two decades ago. It was first produced on the stage in 1905. At the time it was published "The Man on the Box" was perhaps the best advertised book of its day, and the fact that it is still being read and played after more than twenty years, is proof of its popularity.

The search of a month to find a girl to play the brief but important part of the Madonna in "Ben-Hur" was ended when the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer officials borrowed Betty Bronson from Famous Players-Lasky for the role. Betty had just finished "Are Parents People?" when her name was suggested to the M.-G.-M. casting directors, just as those gentlemen were despairing of finding the type they sought in Hollywood.

The first story in which Lowell Sherman will make his reappearance on the screen under a Warner Bros.' contract has been selected for the star by Jack Warner. It is "Satan in Sables," a powerful story of New York life suggested by a tale written by Edmund Goulding and adapted for the screen by Bradley King, formerly of the Ince staff.

Mr. Sherman is expected to complete his theatrical engagement in "High Stakes" this month, and will go directly to the Warners' Hollywood studio. Work on his first picture is expected to be under way in May.

A shift has been made by Warner Bros. in the plans for Marie Prevost. It had been decided that Miss Prevost next would play the lead in "Why Girls Go Back Home," but owing to the success of "Bobbed Hair," which recently finished as a serial in Collier's weekly and has now just been issued as a novel, the Warners changed their plans and decided to do "Bobbed Hair" as the next picture for their popular star. This is the novel conceived by the Warners and George Putnam's Sons, who engaged twenty of the foremost authors of America to write it. Each author wrote a chapter and critics say it is of the greatest unity and strength because of the fact that many of the writers were short story authors, who knew how to put in the punch. The result is, that every chapter is alive with interest. Alan Crosland, who was also engaged to direct "Why Girls Go Back Home," has been shifted to the direction of "Bobbed Hair," and the scenario is being prepared by Lewis Milestone. Supporting Miss Prevost will be Kenneth Harlan and Louise Fazenda in the principal roles. Fans who have been clamoring for a chance to see Miss Prevost and Mr. Harlan, to whom she was married last autumn, play together, will now have an opportunity.

We don't know what it's all about, but anyway, it seems that Elinor Glyn is planning an extension of her film work and announces that Sir Rhys Williams, Bart., president of Elinor Glyn, Ltd., has appointed John Wynn to be the company's executor for all arrangements in America. And that's that.

Ernst Lubitsch has completed "Kiss Me Again," with Monte Blue and Marie Prevost in the leading roles, and plans a trip to New York. He is looking for a story, it is said.

Lubitsch will probably direct John Barrymore in at least one of the productions the famous star is to make for Warner Brothers.

Kathlyn Williams and her husband, Charles Eyton, general manager of Paramount West Coast studios, have returned to Hollywood after a five-months' pleasure trip around the world.

The remarkable thing about the Eytons' trip was that they journeyed in opposite directions, Mrs. Eyton sailing for China, while Mr. Eyton sailed for Europe. They met in Colombo, and completed the trip together.

Why Leatrice Joy Came Back to the Screen

(*Continued from page 10*)

Leatrice's vocal teacher arrived just as I was leaving. Not content with her success as an actress, Leatrice is studying vocal and the violin, and is doing very well at both.

It's no use trying to write a "motherhood" story about Leatrice Joy. She's just as she has always been, a nice, talented American girl, conscientiously applying herself to her work. Her baby seems to her more or less a quite amazing gift out of the skies, but I doubt that Leatrice will ever bore her friends telling about baby's first word or baby's first tooth.

Her adoration for the child will take a much more practical turn. She will be busy earning for the little Leatrice the things denied herself in earlier years. A Twentieth-Century mother. I rather like that kind.

The Fortune That Came True

(*Continued from page* 15)

What Has Gone Before

Ted Montford has been brought up in luxury by his Aunt Nancy, who in return for his social attributes, gives him an education, clothes, trip abroad, and finally chooses the girl she wishes him to marry. He rebels and turns his face toward Hollywood, depending upon his good looks to get into the movies. Here he meets Vera Redfern, movie star, who frankly tells him her opinion of him. Annoyed, he leaves her and inserts an ad in the paper, offering his social services. It is answered by Daphne Rodgers, who employs him at a fabulous salary, to act the part of her devoted admirer for a few months. They part to meet at Bar Harbor.

Brookline and I've seen him before. At the June prom at Harvard two years ago. My cousin Jack was a freshman that year and this man was a senior. And I remember distinctly that Jack said he had heaps of money to spend. He's the sole heir of a rich aunt or grandmother or something like that."

"Then all I have to say is that Daphne must have answered one of those 'Do you want to acquire power over men?' ads," sighed Esther. "Well, cheerio, sisters. No engagement has been announced and it is the open season for handsome men. Tonight's the first big dance. I'm going to wear my orchid crepe instead of that rose voile."

So Ted and Daphne were off with a good start, Fate having taken care of the one point they had seemed to cover—the probability of Ted being set down as a fortune hunter. At the dance that night he showered his attentions impartially on the bevy of girls who had suddenly discovered that Daphne Rodgers was really their favorite friend. He danced with all of them—but his eyes followed Daphne. And not for an instant was that suddenly glorified girl a wall-flower. The other girls saw to that, urging reluctant men along with, "You've simply got to dance with Daphne. I want to meet that man!" Several men of their own accord asked for a second dance. There *was* something about the girl, they decided. Not pretty, of course, but striking in that silver lace frock over green. Witty, too, and sort of baffling. Her eyes seemed to be laughing at a joke that no one but herself saw.

The storm had passed by morning. The sun turned the angry white caps to crests of molten silver, riding in on deep green waves. It was nearly two o'clock when Daphne and Ted came into the big dining room which overhung the sea. Hands went up in greeting from all over the room. Daphne turned toward a table laid for six and occupied by but four, but Ted laid a possessive hand on her arm and guided her to a table for two in the farthest corner.

"I'd just like to know what he finds to say to a girl who looks like *that* after a walk in the wind," murmured the girl from Georgia.

The walk had been a bit hard on Daphne's appearance. No one could deny that, but Ted's eyes strayed neither to right nor left. Eagerly he bent across the table talking in low, devoted tones.

"We've got 'em coming, all right," was what he said. "Satisfied?" and at her nod, "Let's go off for a long drive tomorrow. Be gone all day. And the next night, let's give a beach party. Start it just before sundown. We'll have a bonfire, and hot coffee made over it in a gypsy kettle, and a lot of hot supper brought out from the kitchen here. Three or four good waiters—I like a picnic with service. Some stringed music hidden behind the rocks somewhere. Like that?"

"I'd love it, and the girls will all be crazy about it. I'll ask them right after lunch."

"Did I pass all right with your aunt?"

"You went over with a bang! Isn't it wonderful that Dad and Mother won't be here for a month? Parents ask so many more questions than aunts. Aunts are romantic. Aunt Myra says you have a sweet way with you. And somehow the report has run around that you are the sole heir of a devoted female relative. Aunt Myra heard that last night from the side-lines."

"If they only knew my rich aunt was off me for life! What's for this afternoon?"

"Nothing. I'm going to rest. You take a nice ride—alone, or with one of the others. That's up to you."

"Alone, then. I want to enjoy the change of climate. Wish the northeaster had lasted one more day. But this is great."

He started for his ride with the pleasant consciousness that a lot of feminine eyes were following his new sport roadster with distinct disapproval of the empty place beside him. It was good to have his own car again, good to feel the mechanism respond to his touch. He flew up the hard white road, wind in his face, blood tingling with the crisp tang of the air, eyes delighting in sunlit sand and bare, grim rocks, and brave, straight firs and pines.

A few miles and he turned off the shore drive, following a twisted country road edged with wild roses banked against stone walls. A stretch of daisied fields, a bit of woods, a bridge that crossed a wide stream, and there, on a bank, a half-dozen swarthy men and women in the gay dress of gypsy folk. Back of them a cottage on wheels, a rickety touring car and a battered limousine with closely drawn curtains. With one of his sudden impulses Ted came to a stop.

"Hello, folks," he called, "got any one with you that can tell fortunes?"

A man stepped forward as if to answer, and stopped, evidently listening to a voice from behind the limousine's curtains. "Well, we might have," he conceded then.

"I want one of you to come up to a beach party, Wednesday night. A picnic, with a bonfire, and all that, you know. If you've got a woman that can do the thing right I'll make it worth her while. All dolled up in costume and a good line of interesting stuff. Got any one who can turn the trick?"

Again the listening to the voice, then, "Our queen says it will be all right. You can depend on one who reads the future like an open book. A man will accompany her."

"Fine! At the Point of Pines, just below The Breakers. Just as the sunset fades. Thank you."

He drove off, well pleased with himself, nor heard the laughter that arose the moment he was safely away.

The beach party was an immense success. The weather, the blazing fire of driftwood, the stringed orchestra concealed by a convenient pile of rocks, the supper and service, were perfect.

"Even the sunset is doin' its stuff better than usual," declared the girl from Georgia. "I believe you're a wizard, Mr. Montford. You wave a little wand and the nicest things happen. Now look, the sun's goin' plop into the sea!"

The sun plopped. A blaze of crimson and gold ran up the sky, and faded into soft tints of rose and silver. The fire died to a flickering, opalescent glow. The Song of India floated on a misty air that was waiting for starlight. A hush held the party for a long moment. Then,

"Oh, *look!*" cried one of the girls.

Coming toward them, so near that it seemed they must have sprung from the sand, were a tall man in a velveteen suit, bright neckerchief and broad hat, and a woman in a flowing robe of deep yellow, girdled with scarlet cords. A scarlet and yellow turban bound her head and from it hung layer upon layer of filmy veils, completely hiding her face. With a swift movement she dropped on the sand before the fire and the man took his stand a few feet behind her.

"Would any lady like a fortune?" she asked Her voice was slow and wheedling. "A true fortune, ladies *and* gentlemen!"

Little cries of delight went up. "Lovely! And you didn't know it either, Daphne? *Such* a nice surprise!"

"Will the pretty lady in green come first?" wheedled the gypsy. Daphne, not unlovely in the soft light, with the glow of happiness in her face, went forward readily. "A *nice* fortune, please," she begged laughingly.

"A true fortune," corrected the fortune-teller, taking Daphne's hand and peering into the palm. "What is to be will be. Ah, I see pleasant things. Riches, many friends, a long life and a pleasant journey soon. A husband, tall and straight, with dark hair well streaked with gray —"

"No! no! That's wrong!" interrupted the crowd, but the gypsy lifted an imperative hand. "What I see, I see," she said. "The man has hair of iron gray and keen, steady gray eyes. There is a fine, large house, and there are children, one, two. And there is disaster, but it will turn to joy. And that is all."

They stirred the fire so that the flames gave brighter light, and in it the gypsy crouched and read the palms, one after the other, with enough skill to keep the party athrill with a half belief, even while they jested at every clever hit.

Last of all, Ted knelt before her. He had a curious sensation of her eyes, through the many veils, searching his face. "Ah, there is good luck here—for the present. There is a long, long road," her dark, pointed finger traced the line, "but it ends, *where?* A long life, but it comes to, *what?* The lines blur at the ends, which means that your fate lies within yourself, handsome gentleman. Sometimes it is so. But you have one enemy, very tall, very dark, very handsome and clever and full of laughter at life and fate. Sometimes your heart warns you of him, but you refuse to believe though the voice is true as the stars. You can see your enemy, handsome gentleman, *in any mirror*. And that is all."

She rose then and with a little gesture of aloofness withdrew from their laughter and eager questionings and took the arm of the dark man who had waited, an unmoving sentinel. It was the man who took the banknote from Ted and bowed gravely in response to his thanks, but Ted retained that curious sense of the woman's eyes, piercing the veils, shattering his shell of gaiety, looking into his heart. Impatiently he shook off the feeling, but hours later, before a long mirror, he grinned sardonically at his reflection.

"My worst enemy, are you, old man? Well, I'll tell the world that you're pretty useful to me just now."

Contrary to his usual custom he awoke early, with a feeling that he had slept enough. An hour of tubbing, shaving and dressing and he emerged on an empty veranda and walked down to a boathouse where he secured a canoe. "Green, my lady-love's color. Who says I'm not loyal?" he jeered at himself, breasting the waves in the painted toy with a skill born of long practice.

Out and out, past a lighthouse, past the Witches' Ledge, past a little island that had a sizeable cottage and two or three boats bobbing at its wharf. A bit further on, something floated on the water, just ahead of him. Something vaguely familiar. Oh, yes, red and yellow—the gypsy woman's colors. Looked like her turban He headed toward it, came close, and it ducked and disappeared. But it had had a girl's face in it—and his heart had stopped beating.

"I'm seeing things," he muttered, and his heart began to pound. The girl had swam under water and come up at the stern of the canoe. A white hand rested lightly there. A face laughed up at him.

"Since you've caught me, I think I'll come in," she said. "Hold her steady. There! I'll sit here, thank you."

Slim, lithe, lovelier than ever in her wisp of a scarlet suit, she planted her elbows on bare, dimpled knees, cupped her face in wet, rosy palms and laughed, an elfish, golden laugh.

"Vera!" he grasped.

"Yes, Vera!" she admitted, and gave way to helpless laughter. "Oh, Ted, don't look so *dumb!* I never used to think you were stupid but at the present moment you look perfectly dense."

"It may be quite natural and reasonable to leave a girl in a restaurant on the Pacific coast and three weeks later pick her out of the Atlantic like this," Ted retorted, but somehow it seems rather amazing to me. "May I ask whether you floated around by way of the Arctic regions? Must have been a bit cool, in that suit."

"There, now you begin to sound natural. Well, my dear, a motion picture star is *not* a fixed star,

(*Continued on page* 33)

The Editor's Mail Bag

This Week's $5.00 Prize Letter

There are motion pictures that linger in the memory as a sweet strain of music, heard but once, sometimes haunts the inner consciousness, long afterwards. Such pictures, for example, as "The Covered Wagon," "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," "Abraham Lincoln," and some others. These are worth wading through miles of so-called "slush" to see. They are food for the soul. They lift you above mediocrity, take you out of yourself. By depicting the beauty of human sacrifice, they inspire to better things.

With ever-increasing enthusiasm, I have watched the evolution of the motion pictures from the old Nickelodeon days—when it hurt the eyes to look long at the dancing figures on the screen—up to the state of near-perfection they have achieved. I thrill at the thought of what the future may bring about. I am convinced that it will become the greatest of the Arts.

The imagination must be taxed to imbue a painting, a piece of statuary, or a literary gem with life—make it throb with action; but the screen drama is, in itself, a living, breathing, pulsating thing, human and real. What can be more interesting than to watch the play of expressions on the faces of the actors? There are the speaking eyes! eyes like Lila Lee's, Glenn Hunter's, Rudolph Valentino's—they fascinate, hold you spell-bound! Then the humorists, the ones who put the gags in the plays—Zasu Pitts is unimitable anywhere you find her. No one will deny that it takes more genuine talent to depict humor than it does to portray melodrama.

That there is much to deplore in pictures still the preachers and reformers never tire of telling us; but I believe it is only a matter of time until this jazz-made era will give way to a saner, more God-fearing epoch. Then the photoplay writers and the producers who have vision will come forth with the new art in all its magnificence.

LAURA DAY.
Odin, Illinois.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Honorable Mention

JANETTE RAYBOULD,
Detroit, Michigan.

New Kind of Pore-Massage *While You Sleep* Remakes Complexions!

Susanna Cocroft's amazing discovery is giving new complexions for old—in a few nights! Even the most unsightly and unattractive skins become fresh, clear, smooth, lovely!

SUSANNA COCROFT, world-famous health authority, has at last perfected a remarkable mask treatment that accomplishes the same results as a $100.00 course of beauty treatments—but in double-quick time, while you sleep, and at a mere fraction of the cost! So effective is the treatment, which takes only a few minutes before retiring, that women everywhere report an astonishing change in the facial appearance the very first morning.

The whole treatment is based on the simple, fundamental principle of thorough pore-massage. All night long, minute by minute, the sheer glove silk mask rises and falls with the natural breathing, and at each breath the silk gently massages the skin. This continuous automatic massage purifies the pores, freeing them of all dirt, poisons and accumulations—and by morning the skin is almost as fresh, clear and smooth as an infant's.

The night-long massage of the silk against the skin also tones up the muscles and tissues, miraculously moulds away the lines and acts to lift a double chin and flabby muscles. It's very simple and natural—but it never fails to work because it IS so natural.

FREE PROOF!

No matter how blemished your complexion may be, how dull and sallow, how spoiled by lines, blackheads, open pores—no matter how many methods you may have tried in vain—you can now learn, without risking one penny, of the splendid benefits the new Susanna Cocroft mask treatment holds for you. You MUST be delighted with the results your mirror shows you; morning by morning—or the test costs you nothing!

Do you want a skin of clear, fresh beauty? Do you want to see whatever lines and blemishes you have disappear—vanish while you sleep? Do you want to prove to yourself that this new discovery remakes complexions? You may prove it to your entire satisfaction without the risk of one cent.

Mail This Coupon at Once for the Details

Don't put it off. The coupon will bring you promptly all information concerning the Susanna Cocroft Face Mask, and the special free proof offer that enables you to make the amazing test without the loss of a penny if you aren't delighted.

Mail this coupon NOW. There's no obligation. **Thompson-Barlow Co., Inc., Dept. F-174, 130 West 31st Street, New York City.**

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

THOMPSON-BARLOW CO., INC.,
Dept. F-174, 130 W. 31st St., New York City.

Please send me a copy of your interesting booklet, "The Overnight Way to a New Complexion," which tells all about the wonderful mask treatment; and also full details concerning the special free proof offer that enables me to test the treatment without risking a cent. This does not obligate me in any way.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

$1,000 *for a Name*

(Continued from page 16)

discovery during his ten years of picking motion picture talent.

But he believes her name is too difficult to remember, too hard to spell and too easily mispronounced.

Mr. Rapf wants a new name for his "find"—a name that the public will like and remember. Can't you suggest it, and try for the prize, which is waiting for a winner?

The name must be euphonious, moderately short, must not infringe or even remotely suggest the names of any other recognized players, and must be suitable to this young lady's fascinating type.

A jury consisting of the Editor of Movie Weekly, Adele Whitely Fletcher; Harry Rapf; Florence Lawrence, of the Los Angeles Examiner, and Edwin Schallert, of the Los Angeles Times, will make the final selection, and the person who sends in the winning name will be awarded the first prize of $500. The next ten best names will win prizes of $50 each, just by way of rewarding interest in this contest. If you "obey that impulse" and send in some names you may win one of these awards, if not the grand prize.

Miss Le Sueur is eighteen years of age, weighs one hundred and twenty-five pounds, has dark brown hair and large blue eyes and is fair of complexion. She was born in Texas and educated in Kansas City, where she was a society debutante until overtaken by the urge to win fame on the stage and screen. She is athletic, ambitious and energetic, and is typically American in charm, personality and appearance, although her remote ancestry was French and English.

Irrespective of winning the cash award, think of the satisfaction you will get, when she is one of the most beautiful stars of the screen, being able to say "I chose her name."

Miss Le Sueur, or what she will be named by the winner of the $500, will appear exclusively in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer pictures under the direction of famous directors and in casts containing famous stars now under contract to this big picture producing company.

Roles will be written for her by famous authors and continuity writers, such as Rupert Hughes, Elinor Glyn, Benjamin Glazer, Waldemar Young, Agnes Christine Johnston, Carey Wilson, Jane Murfin, Albert Shelby LeVino, Kenneth B. Clarke, Curtis Benton, Alice D. G. Miller, Marion Frances Lee, Bela Sekely, Ray Doyle, Leete Renick Brown, Lew Lipton, Ruth Cummings, Suzanne Pehkoff, Lillian Ducey, Joe Farnham, Arthur Statter, Madge Tyrone and Dora Ingram.

Study the hints and rules of the contest carefully and send in your suggestions to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Contest Editor, Movie Weekly.

You may be the one to create the $500 name. There's still time!

The Colonel

(Continued from page 16)

matter of opinion. No doubt the company for which she works says that she has. No, she and George O'Hara have not decided on a date for their wedding. John Gilbert is divorced from Leatrice Joy. Aileen Pringle is Mrs. Pringle; she doesn't give her age. She is 5 feet 4. Her next picture is "A Kiss in the Dark." It's impossible to tell Nita Naldi's weight, because it varies constantly, according to whether Nita has been dieting or not.

L. D. M.—Yes, Earle Williams seems to have stopped playing in pictures; I suppose he has had his day. Barbara La Marr's dancing partner in "The White Moth" isn't mentioned in the cast.

ROSE MARIE No, Ann Pennington isn't married. Lillian Gish was born in Springfield, Ohio.

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Ramon Novarro Tells of His Screen Loves

(*Continued from page 5*)

are going to feel as I do that Barbara La Marr is not only an enchantress of rare physical charm but a woman of brilliancy and rare sincerity—a loyal, fascinating friend.

There is about Barbara, in her life and in her personality, a curious fatalistic strain of which I think she has a dread. In the face of it she is sometimes oppressed with the futility of her efforts. When she banishes this feeling of an overwhelming Fate against her and emerges fearlessly herself she will have won a very great battle.

Enid Bennett

I played with Alice Terry in four pictures, with Barbara La Marr in three, hence I cannot be accused of fickleness. With Enid Bennett I have had the opportunity to appear but once, in "The Red Lily." Perhaps I know her better as Mrs. Fred Niblo, the gracious and encouraging friend to everyone who went abroad with the "Ben Hur" company.

It seems to me that Miss Bennett represents on the screen precisely what she does in life, the ideal of womanliness in the wife and in the mother. She is the young matron.

In "The Red Lily" there were moments with her when I felt a great exaltation. Her role might have been interpreted quite differently, with a harder, more striking brilliancy, but she gave to it an appeal for the heart. She was a helpless, tossed figure of fate, pathetic and wistful. With a true understanding of psychology she knew that the woman who arouses primarily the protective instinct in man is also the one who may arouse the brutal.

Helplessness may excite the tenderness of pity, but it may also excite the brutality of contempt.

Previous to "The Red Lily" I had always thought of Miss Bennett as a comedienne of delicate charm. In playing with her I sensed an emotional sincerity that was stimulating.

The Dresden delicacy of her personality, the sweetness, can be translated to the screen. It is more difficult to translate the charm of her that evokes the greater admiration, the charm of fine character.

May McAvoy

May McAvoy has the face of a doll and the mind of an Amazon. I don't mean by that that she is a warrior! I mean that mentally she is not what she physically appears to be. The stature is altogethr different.

And therein lies the secret of Miss McAvoy's success and of her rather unusual position. She can take an inane, incredible character and make it not only real but delightful.

In reading "Ben Hur" I saw all the characters clearly save Esther. She was just a girl, sweet, clinging, good—too good to be compelling, it seemed to me. I wondered how I was going to fall in love with her instead of with Iris.

When I saw Miss McAvoy as Esther I felt guilty of a lack of imagination. I felt she was precisely the Esther conceived by Lew Wallace. But I still have a sneaking doubt that I am giving Mr. Wallace undue credit.

As I say, Miss McAvoy can take a toy character and animate it, not only make it walk and talk but actually think. She can do all sorts of fluttery things with her eyes and her hands and give character, as well as personality, to a part, where with another actress doing the same things the part would remain just a mechanical toy—with mechanical mannerisms.

Miss McAvoy's particular gift is for saving innocuous characters from death. For that reason producers pay her the highest salary of any leading woman. She can be relied upon to save the day for them as surely as she does for the hero in his screen dilemma. She never arrives too late!

But this ability to create characters out of pasteboard parts may operate against her by keeping her from getting great ones. She proved herself in "Sentimental Tommy," and I think she is realizing the role of Esther so perfectly in "Ben Hur" that it will live as one of the great characters of the screen—due, I repeat, to the art of Miss McAvoy rather than to that of Mr. Wallace.

Carmel Myers

Miss Myers is the Iris who almost wins Ben Hur away from Esther. And, true to the part of Ben Hur, there are moments when I feel she is going to do it. So much of the interest in the story depends upon the conflict between these two that had the parts been badly cast all the sets in the world couldn't have redeemed the mistake. I can think of no actresses so perfectly equipped for the roles as Miss Myers and Miss McAvoy.

Carmel Myers is a glowing, voluptuous, enticing Egyptian. I have always admired her beauty on the screen but I never realized her full ability as an actress until I played opposite her. In fact, I think she has developed tremendously since her experiences abroad in European productions.

She's enchanting without being reptilian. She accomplishes the difficult task of making a siren a convincing human being by the simple process of realizing that there is no such thing as a siren, merely a woman with the sirenic qualities predominant.

Miss Myers is such a consummate mistress of technique, of timing, camera angles and composition that I think she has reached a position where she can afford to forget them and give spontaneous expression to her own mind.

You are going to find her ravishing as Iris and I think, an actress perfect to her part.

* * * * * *

As I say, I have been exceedingly fortunate in my screen love affairs. I have been so lucky, in fact, that while I am not a polygamist, I would like to have all of them in my first independent production, thus making it a genuine all-star picture. But the only way to devise a happy ending, so far as I am concerned, would be to have me marry them all, and I realize that wouldn't get by the censors—not even in Utah.

So, as a humble courtier in Mexico, I look up to their balconies and salute these five charming girls who have been so charming to me.

If I Were You

(*Continued from page 26*)

in the city which you intend going to can be obtained from the classified telephone book. The only thing you can do is to go to the lots of the various studios and get in touch with the casting director. If he feels that he can use you he will do what he can. But you must bear in mind the fact that I have written so often in this department, that you will not be alone in your endeavors. I have said so many times that the supply of movie actors is greater than the demand so you must not be too disappointed if you do not walk right into a position. The life of a beginner in the movie world is never an easy one. You will need lots of courage for disappointments are many and the way is none too easy.

Mrs. T. C.: I am afraid that you misunderstood the object of this department. Instead of establishing it for the purpose of helping people to enter the movies I have tried to help them by letting them know how difficult such a venture is and to save as many as possible from the heartbreaking disappointments that must come to those who gamble everything they possess for a chance to achieve fame and money almost overnight. However, I am always glad to give any advice about the life that one might expect to find in motion picture work or to help my readers with any personal problem that is troubling them.

M. S.: We are living in a generation the younger members of which are inclined to hide their real feelings under a certain flippancy of manner. This does not signify that they feel things less deeply is to show weakness. And so it has led that they think to show they are hurt or love deeply is to show weakness. And so, it has led to these discussions in a flippant manner of love. When a boy says "I love you" today, it does not necessarily mean that he wishes to assume the responsibilities and ties of matrimony, but most girls can easily discern in a man's attitude the difference between a light affection and the deeper feeling of love. If the man you love returns your affection, he will ask you to marry him. Until then I should be content to leave things on a friendly basis.

The Life Story of Richard Barthelmess

(Continued from page 14)

What Has Gone Before

Left fatherless before he had completed his first year, Dick felt his sense of responsibility early, for the entire burden of him had fallen upon his mother's slight shoulders. An intimate friend of his father's, whom Dick knows as Uncle George Semler, takes charge of the little family, left almost penniless upon Mr. Barthelmess' death. After all their financial affairs have been settled, Mrs. Barthelmess discovers she has left but fifteen dollars and her baby son.

Mrs. Barthelmess and Dick go to live in an old brownstone house where Mrs. Barthelmess lets rooms to some charming people. Here Dick forms his first interests, before his mother receives a stage offer, and Dick is sent away to a military academy. On his Christmas vacation, he too, is given a small part in the theatre. Then he changes his school.

Dick's new school is the Manor School in Stamford, Conn., from which he graduates in 1913, after forming some of his greatest friendships and spending some of the happiest days of his life. There, as editor of the school paper, he develops a literary taste. Upon his graduation, he plays in stock in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," and other plays, and then appears the problem of whether to continue on the stage so he may help in the support of his mother and himself or go to college. Uncle George Semler advises a business career, but all Dick's inclinations are for a higher education.

College wins, and Dick departs for Trinity College in Hartford, where he leads a normal university student's life, develops an interest in the feminine sex, and spends some of his happiest years. Then something happens, and Dick is suspended for six months. He then goes to New York, where he obtains a job as assistant stage manager of a stock company in Philadelphia.

In Philadelphia Dick has a terrible time for he is forced to live under trying conditions due to his lack of money, but he takes it as a penance until he loses his job. He soon finds another one and goes to Canada, where he has a most enjoyable time until he goes back to college. Then he resolves to try movie work with the Hartford Film Company, having had as experience a few "bits" when a child in the old Biograph Company where he had met the Gishes and the Pickfords.

Dick is given a position with the Hartford Film Company at twenty-five dollars a week, but the company goes broke and once more he has to look for a job. He finally locates with the Travelers' Insurance Company, where he earns eight dollars a week until the opening of college. At the end of his junior year he leaves college for good.

$100 a week, too. I found Petrova very charming, very nice to work with and very stimulating.

In the beginning I was terrifically impressed by all the picture people. I was awed by them. I figured that they knew so much more than I did that I might never touch such heights.

After that I got a job playing lead with Gladys Hulette who played my lead in "Tol'able David." We made this picture at Pathe, where I had the pleasure of meeting Pearl White, who was engaged in the midst of "The Perils of Pauline."

One day about then, I got a telephone call from Cora Clark. About this time, too, "War Brides" was released. Cora and Marguerite Clark had been to see it, and they said:

"Who is the boy in 'War Brides'?"

(To be continued next week)

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

Of Movie Weekly, published weekly at New York, N. Y. for April 1, 1925.

State of New York }
County of New York } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Adele Whitely Fletcher, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the editor of the Movie Weekly and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, Movie Weekly Publishing Corporation, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Editor, Adele Whitely Fletcher, Kew Hall, Kew Gardens, Long Island, N. Y.

Managing editor, none.

Business managers, none.

2. That the owner is: (If the publication is owned by an individual, his name and address, or if owned by more than one individual, the name and address of each should be given below; if the publication is owned by a corporation, the name of the corporation and the names and addresses of the stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of the total amount of stock should be given).

Owners, Movie Weekly Publishing Corporation, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Stockholder, Macfadden Publications, Inc., 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Stockholders in Macfadden Publications, Inc.

Bernarr Macfadden, West Nyack, N. Y.

O. J. Elder, 95 Harrison Street, East Orange, N. J.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state).

None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by her.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is .....

(This information is required from daily publications only).

Adele Whitely Fletcher,
Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 20th day of March, 1925.

BELLE LANDESMAN,
Notary Public.
My commission expires March 30, 1926.

The Fortune that Came True

(Continued from page 30)

you know. In fact she's probably the movablest body in the solar system. We are making a picture here. The Gypsy's Bride—remember that old mellodrammer? When you saw us the other day we had just come down from a spot fifty miles above here where we made a lot of woodland scenes. Now we are working on and around the little island you passed. We came up here because there's a big, wonderful radio station here, and by way of modernizing the old classic and making it unrecognizable, which is absolutely necessary in a movie, you know, they have worked in some thrilling scenes in the radio tower. When Old Lady Fate sent you up that road looking for a fortune teller, I just naturally decided we'd help you out."

"You were the voice in the limousine! And—"

"Corkin' title that would be. The Voice in the Limousine. I musn't forget it. Well, go on."

"And you were the fortune teller. But how could I not have known you?"

"I'm an actress, dearie. My enemies may dispute it, but that's the way I make my living. And

Secret Way To SLENDERNESS revealed.

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naturally you were not expecting to see me at your party."

"But I might have known no one but you would have read those things into my hand," he said with a wry smile. "I've had time to do a bit of thinking, odd times, since I left you, and I admit you were right. But I haven't found any solution for the problem that is myself. Not yet."

"I think you have managed things very nicely." There was an aloofness, almost a contempt, in her cool tones. "You see, one of our company has a lady friend living at The Breakers. He was over there yesterday and she told him all about Daphne Rodgers' wonderful new man. Is it too early to congratulate you?"

"You certainly don't think," began Ted, angrily—and stopped, confronted by the appalling thought that he had no right to explain, no way to square himself with this disdainful girl who was making little effort to conceal her scorn. "Play the game hard, and never, so long as you live, let anyone but you and me know the reason," was the compact he had agreed to. He had accepted Daphne's money and her faith in him as a man of honor. Well, that was that! His jaw suddenly set in the firmest line it had ever known. He swung the canoe around and began to send it, with swift strokes, back toward the little island, a mere speck in the distance now. Vera watched him curiously. This was a new Tad.

"Aren't you going to say anything again, ever," Vera presently asked, in rather a small voice.

"There's nothing to say." The green canoe made a little more speed. The man's eyes were fixed on the water, ignoring the lovely picture the girl made.

Silence again. Again it was the girl who broke it. "I was wrong to judge so quickly, Ted. It's a fault I have. I never did believe in letting money affect a marriage, either way, if the people really cared. But this seemed so *sudden*. It didn't occur to me that you might have cared for her for years!"

"I have known her exactly three weeks." The speed did not abate. Inwardly, Vera thanked fortune that it was a calm morning and a low tide. It would be a long way to swim back to the island. Her mind was working busily now. As has been shown before, Vera was a young lady whose wits were quick on the trigger. Three weeks. That would have been just about the day he shook the dust of Hollywood off his feet. What did he do then? Went into town That advertisement—yes, the advertisement! The girl caught her breath quickly. There was the key! It didn't turn the lock all the way, yet. But there was *some*thing! Her eyes began to shine. A horrid, frozen feeling in her heart began to melt. She stole another glance at that grimly intent face. Had his jaw permanently hardened into that shape? Was that grim little line between the smouldering eyes unerasable? A bit hysterically, she giggled.

"My mother used to say to me 'What if your face would freeze that way and you couldn't ever get it nice again!' when I made a cross face," she said. "Listen, Ted, please. Stop trying to make a speed record with a bright green toy canoe, and look at me, just once. Then if you wish it I'll subside into silence forever."

Unwillingly he slackened speed and turned reluctant eyes toward here. She bent forward, facing him steadily.

"I just want to say that I believe in you, Ted. I don't understand. I don't admire everything I see on the surface of you, but the real you, down underneath, is sound and true, and I have faith in it. Please, let's stay *friends*, always."

For his life, the man could not have spoken at that moment. His look alone answered her, but it was enough. She began to speak, casually, of other things, hastening away from the thin ice of sentiment where she so rarely skated. Wasn't Bar Harbor gorgeous? His picnic certainly was the prettiest thing ever. Oh, perhaps he would like to bring some of his crowd out to the island to see a scene or two shot. It might be a novelty to most of them. They could have an outdoor supper. The island had a nice, pebbly beach on the sheltered side.

Inwardly, Ted dreaded such a party. He didn't want to be with Daphne, under Vera's eyes. But such a party would be a feather in Daphne's cap. He could hear all her crowd raving about it—folks were fools about motion picture people. He must accept the offer. The only way to keep a vestige of self-respect was to give his employer value received for her money. But could he go through with it?

(*To be continued next week*)

Gloria and the Marquis

(*Continued from page 7*)

together. You get the impression that they don't really need anyone else. At the table they would sit and sort of whisper together in the most delighted fashion, apparently perfectly tickled to death with one another.

The Marquis was ill for a day or two on the trip coming over and Gloria nursed him in the most maternal fashion. She told me that he is a perfect baby when ill and that she had to amuse him by telling him the nursery rhymes she tells her little girl. The Marquis good-humoredly retaliated by recounting his services when Gloria was ill—and she was very ill indeed, he gravely said.

I like the Marquis! I think that everyone will. I don't see how they will be able to help it. And this, despite the fact that he is very much worried about the reception he will receive in America and the way people will feel about him. "You know," he said to me, "they may hate me—*I have stolen America's Prize Package.*"

He is so boyish, so natural—so full of enthusiasms, so courteous and friendly and naive. He has the combination of audacity and shyness peculiar to the Irish, and he isn't a bit foreign and kiss-the-handish as you might expect a Frenchman to be.

The boyish zest with which he studied the table charts, his interest and curiosity about everyone on board, the way he doped out who everyone was and why, all indicate the little boy that still persists in the heart of the Marquis de la Falaise

He speaks English perfectly, even to a very fair smattering of New Yorkese slang. He informed me, greatly amused, that he intends to speak French to the telephone operators in New York because Americans in Paris are always so annoyed and indignant when the French operators can't speak English!

The Marquis completely won my mother's heart. He was so thoughtful, so courteous and so interested in her, which last was the greatest tribute of all. He didn't act as so many young men do act toward older women, that is, either with a patient air of tolerance or by ignoring them. No, he seemed actually interested in her, glad to be with her and eager to talk to her. Mother was enchanted. And equally so with Gloria, whose praises she is still chanting daily.

He was terrified at the idea of the Press . . . He said that he just didn't know WHAT he would say to them . . . and I don't think he said one word. I noticed him running up and down stairs for a perfectly phenomenal number of times on countless errands of a vague nature when the Press came on board. Even Gloria was a trifle nervous. But I think that was largely because she still isn't very strong.

An old Frenchman on board told me, speaking of the Marquis—"that boy is from one of the oldest and finest of French families. There's no purer blood in our country and I pray that all this notoriety and excessive wealth won't spoil him . . ."

Somehow I don't think that it will. I wasn't with them for very long, of course, still it is well known that on shipboard a week counts for a month or two under any other circumstances. And my impressions of him boyishly figuring out "who's who," being sweet and thoughtful to mother, walking the deck with Gloria like a conquering hero, whispering to her at table, the enchanted lover, listening to nursery rhymes in bed and evading the Press with his business of funny errands, make me believe that it would be very hard indeed to "spoil" the Marquis. His heart is in the right place. Locally and maritally. And the purest blood in France will run the tempered course.

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Movie Weekly

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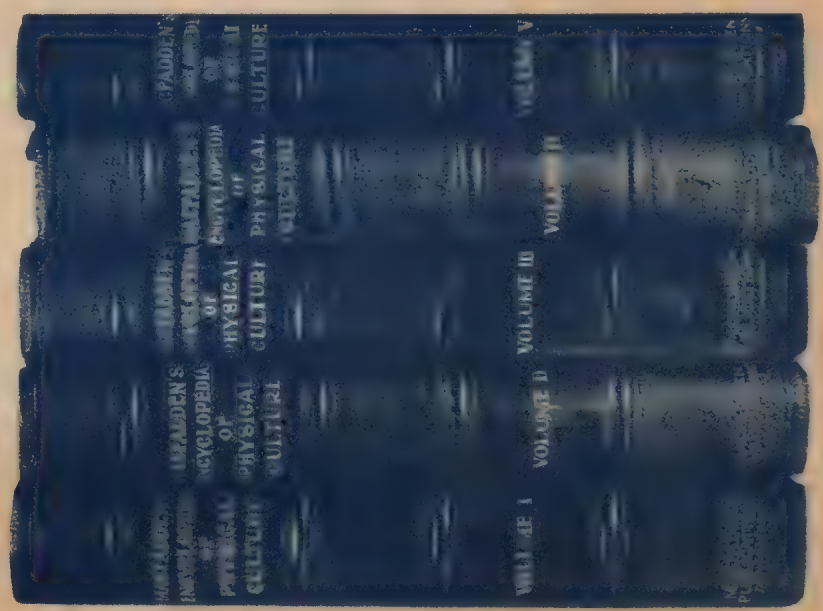

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VOL. V

MOVIE WEEKLY

Printed in U. S. A.

No. 15

Which Film Stars Are Jealous?

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Helen Carlisle

has written an amazing story for next week's issue. Some of the facts in it will surprise you. Did you know, for instance, that Bill Hart discovered Lon Chaney?

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My father was a fairly prosperous farmer and if he had lived, my life would probably have been that of the average girl whose parents provide her with an education and the modest comforts of life until the time when she marries and has a home of her own. But while I was still very young, father was killed in a street-car accident. Then things were different.

On the left is *Alice* as a sweet high-school girl at the time when she first began to think of the movies. And, just above, is an old scene from a picture in which she doubled for the star and went up in a hydroplane.

Beginning

The True Story of My Life

By Alice Terry

SOMEONE asked me not long ago to tell them what had been the darkest hour in my life. Honestly, I couldn't name it. Perhaps it's because I've known so many dark hours, so many discouragements, so much disillusion. It seemed for years that Fate was working overtime just making things hard for me.

I got to the place where I would actually run away from any suggestion of a promise of better things. I simply knew the promise wouldn't materialize. It would mean just one more discouragement for me, and I felt that I could bear no more heartbreak. When things have gone just as wrong as they can go for you, over a period of several years, you do break under it. You get to the point where you fear life. You're facing a stone wall and you can't go any farther. Looking to right or left, everything seems to menace what little security or protection the wall itself affords you.

In my case, an opening was found in the wall, but I often wonder what becomes of those who find no opening? I happened to be one of the lucky ones, but by the time good fortune came to me I feel that I surely had earned a little bit of it, anyway. For years *I was one of the unluckiest girls in Hollywood*, and I defy anyone to contradict that statement.

But I really should start at the beginning of the story, I suppose, instead of in the middle of it, and during my early childhood days things were pleasant enough.

I was born in Indiana, on July 24, 1900. We lived on the outskirts of Vincennes. My father was a farmer, and we were comfortably well-to-do at that time. Father owned considerable farm land and if he had lived, my life would probably have been that of the average girl, whose parents provide her with an education and the modest comforts of life until the time that she marries and has a home of her own.

I don't remember having had any ambition toward a career when I was a child. A great many girls who have made a success in some line of creative work can trace the impulse toward self-expression back to their earliest childhood. But it wasn't that way with me. I went into picture work because I had to earn my living at something, and the rewards seemed greater in that field than any other.

But I musn't get ahead of my story. To go back to Indiana, I can't say that I remember much about it, for we came to Los Angeles when I was five years old. Thinking that he would like to locate here, father sold his Indiana property at that time and we moved West. Our family consisted of my parents, my sister, Edna, who was eleven years old, and my brother, Bob, who was ten. I might say right here that my real name is Alice Taaffe. Father was Irish and my mother French.

Father felt that the move to California was a wise one. He planned to invest his money in real estate here, for even then people were beginning to realize that this country out here was to prosper.

But within a short time after our arrival, father was killed in a street-car accident. I remember him lying dead in his coffin, and I know that I cried a great deal, though I really couldn't understand just what had happened. Mother and my brothers and sisters were crying, so of course I cried too. But the tragedy itself did not mean anything to me. I don't remember my father at all, except as he looked in his coffin.

I don't think mother knew just what to do after that. It all happened so suddenly, you know. One day she was the wife of a prosperous man

Enid Markey, who lives in the same *Los Angeles* apartment house with us, asked me if I didn't want to go in the movies. The thought fascinated me and *Enid* took me to *Inceville*. It was through her that I got my first screen work.

On the left are *Alice's* brother and sister, *Edna* and *Robert*. And just above is *Alice* . . .

Alice Terry doesn't write of a childhood as a poor little rich girl. She tells simply of her family trying to make both ends meet on the small estate left by her father, who died in an accident.

As the children grow up they go out into the world in order to help the family budget, and Alice, dreading the thought of clerking in a shop, goes into the movies . . .

You're sure to enjoy her autobiography. It is written with a delicate and frank charm and presents a perfect picture of American family life . . . and of an extra girl's tragic career.

who was planning a comfortable future for his family, and the next day she was a widow with three little children and no secure income with which to provide for them. All she had was the money father had got for the farm lands, and she didn't know how to invest it advantageously. The only thing she could do was to live on it while it lasted.

She took us all back to Indiana then, and I started to school there. We only stayed there a year, however, and about all I remember of that time was how I used to catch on the back of wagons, going to school. We lived quite a distance from the school-house and we kids would run after the wagons and swing on behind. It was lots of fun—except when we got caught.

The next year we came back out to Los Angeles again, and I went to the Grand Avenue School. I was a fairly good student, but I loved to get into mischief. I always could get away with it, for I had a rather angelic expression, and the teachers never blamed me for anything. My closest companion at that time was a little negro girl. We played together all the time and I much preferred her company to that of any of my other school-mates.

I had a wonderful time during my school days, both in Los Angeles and Venice, where we moved presently. I suppose you know quite a good deal about Venice. It is a beach town not very many miles from Los Angeles, and in recent years it has become quite an amusement place, with scenic railways, shooting-galleries, merry-go-rounds and concessions of that sort, drawing large crowds every day. A small Coney Island, in fact.

When I was a child it was a quieter place. The amusement-piers hadn't been built and the residence section of the town was then, as it is now, charming. Venice is cut through with pretty little canals, stone bridges crossing them at intervals and quaint houses lining their banks.

Our school-house faced on one of these canals, and the entire surroundings were so different from the average school grounds that it didn't seem like going to school at all. We youngsters felt the difference and it was certainly hard for the teachers to keep up any sort of discipline. I was one of the ring-leaders, when any mischief was afoot. One of my favorite pastimes was slipping out into the coat-room, mixing up the other pupil's coats and hats, and changing around everything they had in their pockets.

I had a chum at that time. Her name was Marjorie Sparks. She is married now and still lives in Venice. Whenever I'm out here on the Coast I go down to see her. It seems strange, how widely our paths have diverged.

The money father had left mother at the time of his death lasted only about five years, and so my sister and brother had to go to work when they were quite young. Edna went to work in a department store. As I grew older, I realized that the time would soon come when I must start earning a living, too, and I wondered sometimes just what I would do.

I didn't like the thought of clerking in a store. One had to work so hard for so little money. I used to go into the stores and watch the girls, standing so patiently behind their counters. Some of them, I knew, had been there for years. How tired they looked, how listless. How wearying it must be, I thought, to spend one's life behind a department store counter, selling merchandise in (*Continued on page 32*)

The Big Party

Never was there a more brilliant party! *Joseph Schenck* was the host, and *Mary Pickford* and *Hiram Abrams*, the president of the *United Artists*, were the honored guests. *Mr Schenck* had the idea of giving the party when *Mr. Abrams'* visit to *California* came along in the same month with *Mary's* thirty-second birthday.

Reading from left to right are *Natalie Talmadge Keaton, Bill Hart, Norma Talmadge Schenck, Hiram Abrams, Douglas Fairbanks, Senior, Mrs. Margaret ("Peg") Talmadge, Buster Keaton, Mary Pickford Fairbanks, Mrs. Charlotte Pickford, Natacha Rambova Valentino, Syd Chaplin, Rudolph Valentino, Constance Talmadge, John Considine, Junior, Lottie Pickford Forrest* and *Arthur Kelly*.

And standing are *Allan Forrest, R. W. McFarlane, Charlie Chaplin* and *Joseph Schenck*.

The Never-Very-Happy Pola

Talks of Many Things . . . Of Life Which Has Disappointed Her . . . Of Her Friends . . . Her Work . . . and of Charlie Chaplin.

By Helen Carlisle

FOR almost two years I avoided meeting her.

Coming out to Hollywood from New York, a month or so after her arrival here, I heard on all sides tales of her temper, her vanity, her jealousy. I heard that she was rude to almost everyone with whom she came in contact—impossible to get along with.

Although I discounted to some degree the stories circulated concerning her, for only a fool would believe all Hollywood's tales, I felt nevertheless, that to meet Pola Negri personally would be a disappointing and disillusioning experience.

And I didn't wish to be disillusioned concerning her. One winter night in New York, dropping casually into the Capitol Theater, I had been amazed and enchanted with her performance in "Passion," the film which first aroused the interest of American producers in her, the film which was directly responsible for the contract that brought her to this country and to Hollywood. Walking down Broadway after the show that snowy night, I decided that Pola Negri was the screen's supreme artist, and I wasn't surprised, I'm sure, when she was signed to appear in films in this country.

So, from the first, I was a great admirer of the screen Negri, and like any other fan, I didn't wish to be disillusioned in the real Negri. Hence, I avoided her.

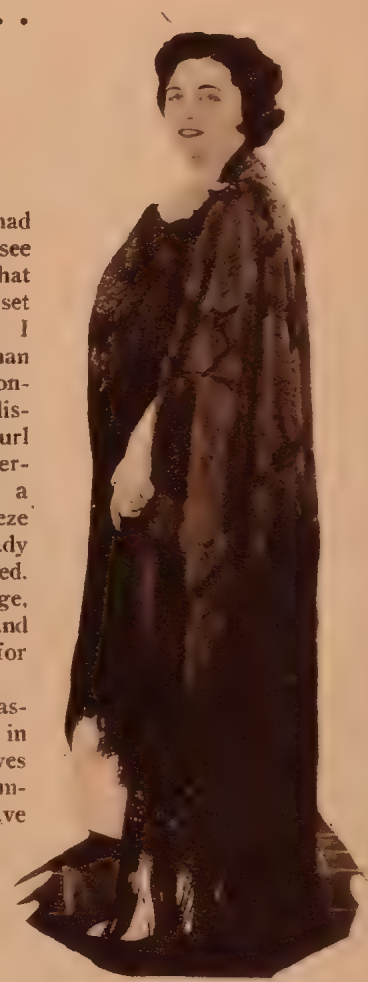
But one day the inevitable happened. I found myself on the Negri set over at the Lasky studios, and before I could escape I had been introduced to her. She was clad in regal robes for her role in "Forbidden Paradise," and was seated on a lounge piled high with scarlet, purple and gold cushions, awaiting Mr. Lubitsch's call. Dazzingly beautiful. Proud. Remote.

Well, the inevitable moment had come. I stood silent, waiting to see what would happen. I had heard that she permitted no outsider on the set when she was working. Inwardly I desired to smite down the publicity man who had brought me there. I wondered just what manifestation her displeasure would take. Would she hurl those gaily-colored cushions, or perhaps the bronze statuette from a near-by pedestal. Would she freeze me with one icy glance? I was ready for anything. Except what happened.

Pola Negri smiled, that strange, never-very-happy smile of hers, and with a slight gesture made room for me beside her.

"Ah, Mees Car-r-lisle, it is a pleas-ur-r-e to meet you," she said, and in that moment, as her grey-green eyes regarded me kindly I discounted completely the sorry, shabby tales that have been told about her in Hollywood.

She fell to talking, with easy grace and a most cosmopolitan charm. Her accent is marked, of course, but most delightful. The



Photograph by Richee

The old *Priscilla Dean* house where *Pola* now lives.

"When I first came to *America*," the *Negri* said, "the first thing I learned to say in *English* was a terrible word. I thought it meant how-do-you-do. I said it to everyone I met. When I find out the truth I am desolate. I dare not say anything in *English* after that for a long time. People think I am up-stage."

Above is an informal portrait made of *Miss Negri* in her new home . . . where she is a charming hostess at many exclusive dinner parties such as that described in this story.

Photograph by L. F. Nathan

conversation drifted from motion pictures to plays, to literature, to the opera, back again to motion pictures.

"I give all of myself to my pictures," she said. "I work hard. I want people to like me. The impression so many have of me, it is too bad," simply, with no shadow of resentment in her low voice. I caught myself thinking that she must be a fatalist, so well does she understand the futility of holding bitterness or resentment in the heart.

"That misunderstanding concerning me started in this way," she continued, and a flash of humor crossed her face. "The first thing I learn to say in English was a terrible word. I thought it meant how-do-you-do. I said it to everyone I met. When I find out the truth I am desolate, so disturbed. I dare not say anything in English after that for a long time. People think I am up-stage. It is not so. It is just that I did not understand."

I left the set that day carrying with me the impression of a brilliant and beautiful woman, a woman of rare charm and graciousness. Eager. Earnest. A little sad. I could not, and I cannot yet but think that she is out of place in Hollywood. Do not misunderstand me. I love Hollywood, but it is not the background suited to the Negri. New York would understand and appreciate her.

"You say I should be happy now." *Pola* said, "I have the things so many women dream of. But my life is not complete. It will not be complete until . . ." But here the telephone interrupted her. And when she returned her head was flung back and the tears had been brushed from her eyes.

Our second meeting took place at a small, informal party given at Noah Beery's home. It may seem odd to you at first thought that a fine friendship has sprung up between the big, bluff, kind-hearted Noah Beery and the sophisticated Continental actress.

But Mr. and Mrs. Beery have the fine gift of sincerity, and Pola Negri feels at home with them.

On this particular evening her mood was quite different from that of our earlier meeting. She even looked like an entirely different person in her youthful black satin suit with its tailored white collar and cuffs. Absurdly young, naive, she was that night, and seemingly very happy. I think she always dominates—unconsciously perhaps—any gathering, and on this particular evening she soon had a crowd around her in the drawing-room, while she poured forth a perfectly amazing tale about a fortune-teller at the beach who had told her all about her past, present and future life. We must go to this fortune-teller. Yes, it was the only thing to do. There was nothing that he did not know. We would be surprised, astounded at the things he would tell us. So persuasive was she, that I'm sure each of us vowed we'd slip down to the beach at the earliest opportunity.

Again we met for luncheon, when I was assigned to interview her. On this occasion she was more grave than I have ever known her to be at any other time. Perhaps it isn't much wonder, for we were discussing men, and love. A serious subject, as you will agree.

"My life has been in many ways sad," she said. "I am lonely. I have but few good frands." That's the way she says it, "frands," rather than "friends." Even when I am in love, something within me stands always to one side, watching, analyzing me. There is no one more alone than I.

"You say I should be happy now. I have the things so many women dream of. But my life is not complete. It will not be complete until ———."

She stopped speaking and abruptly rose, her head flung back and the tears suddenly blinding her eyes. As I waited, astonished, for her to continue, the telephone bell rang sharply. Miss Negri answered it, and a perfect torrent of utterly unintelligible words poured into the mouthpiece.

She returned from the telephone laughing. "That was Tade Styka. I speak my native language. You do not understand, eh? He is a nice boy, Tade."

I have nothing against the well-known artist, Tade Styka, but he surely did spoil the high moment of the afternoon. For Miss Negri had evidently lost the trend of the conversation, or perhaps did not care to resume it. I wonder what she was about to say . . .

Other casual meetings took place, and then shortly after she moved into her Beverly Hills home I was invited to be her guest at dinner one night.

Oh, that Beverly Hills home of Pola Negri! How she has worked over it, planned (*Continued on page 31*)

Above is *Michael Arlen*, author of many popular novels, with *Miss Negri*, for whom he has written a fascinating photoplay, called *"Crossroads of the World."*

On the right is a snapshot made of *Pola* on her recent journey.

Photograph by Russell Ball

The Best Dressed Man In Town

When *Rod La Rocque* returned from *London* town, he was accompanied by eleven trunks which bore *Bond Street* labels, and the bit of an *English* swagger with which he wore the contents set the style for many a *Gothamite*. *Rod* will next be seen on the screen in a continental story called *"The Coming of Amos."*

The Girl Who Would Be Queen

By Grant Hubbard

"HOLD your breath, Mother. I'm going to Hollywood."

Patricia Cabot Stacey had waited until the entire family was assembled at the dinner table before tossing the bomb-shell. Now she sat very straight, her head, with its boyishly cropped, golden red hair held high, her grey eyes gleaming with a mixture of mischief, defiance, and plain excitement. Patricia was twenty-one, beautiful, popular, full of life and energy. She had the recklessness of modern youth, its experience, and its sophistication. She was as shock-proof as the high-powered car that she drove—and, figuratively speaking, capable of as much speed. Yet her eyes gave the impression of a spirit within that was essentially as fine and pure and white as the skin of the rounded throat now revealed by the softly rolled collar of her silk blouse.

After throwing the bomb-shell she let her eyes travel swiftly from one face to another. The different members of the family stared, each in his own way. Her father frowned in belligerent inquiry. Her mother registered doubt and dismay. Her nineteen-year-old brother, Eustis, lifted one eyebrow and twisted his mouth into a smile of pity and derision. Lenore, the twelve-year-old, merely opened her brown eyes in thrilled astonishment.

Eustis, perhaps because he had nothing at stake, and certainly because he felt the vital importance of showing that he was unimpressed, spoke first.

"Poor Pola Negri! What'll she do for a job now!" he jeered.

"Are you going into the movies!" Lenore gasped: "To be an actress?"

"You've guessed it," Patricia answered cheerfully, ignoring her brother's scorn.

"Surely you don't mean that, Patsie, dear," Mrs. Stacey put in anxiously.

"Yes, I do, Mother. I've been wanting to for ages. I'm sick of this life."

"It's too tame for her," Eustis chortled. "The sheiks around Boston haven't enough speed for her. She's going out to vamp Valentino."

"Do you mind telling us what put this nonsense into your head?" Patricia's father said with ponderous self-restraint.

"I don't call it nonsense," Patricia said spiritedly. "There's a lot more sense to being a good motion picture actress than to being a worthless loafer. I've always wanted to go into the movies, and now I'm going to do it."

"Patsie Cabot, Queen of the Silver Sheet!" Eustis snickered. "Hooray!"

"Thanks for the name, Euty," Patricia threw back at him. "I'll use it."

"Don't joke, Eustis," Mrs. Stacey said a bit unsteadily. "Dear, I think you can't have considered this very carefully. You know the movies are scarcely decent. The immorality in Hollywood is—"

"Forget it, Mother!" Patricia interrupted. "If there's more immorality in Hollywood than there is right here in Anti-Volstead Boston, they'll have to go some. I don't want to get you to worrying, Mother, dear; but I think some of the petting parties—"

"We'll discuss this later," Mr. Stacey interrupted brusquely. "Your mother and I will talk it over with you in the library after dinner."

Eustis choked over a chicken wing and winked at Patricia. Lenore heaved an exasperated sigh. Mrs. Stacey looked pained. Patricia flushed.

"Just as you say," she answered. "But there isn't anything to discuss. I'm going to Hollywood and I'm going into pictures."

The meal progressed in silence. Afterward Mr. Stacey went with portentous gravity toward the library. Patricia, a little pale, rose also.

The sign *"Casting Today"* had drawn a motley crowd . . . men and women and children, all seedy, some hopeful, but most of them with a dreary look on their faces.

When the casting director appeared, *Patricia* approached him as boldly as she could.

"I don't have to do this for my living," she said. "But I want to get into pictures . . ."

The best story of studio life ever published . . . containing more suspense and drama than most stories filmed under the Kleig lights . . . and more real stars among its characters than are to be found in any all-star movie.

Eustis leaned on the back of his chair, pretending to be overcome with silent laughter.

"Pat, you're a scream," he chuckled. "You've got less chance in Hollywood than a snowball in Hades. There are thousands of girls trying to break in and about two hundred getting there. Say, I know a real actress who tried for two years to nick the films, and all she ever got was extra parts at seven-fifty a day, and about one day in ten."

Patricia flushed the merest trifle.

"When I want your advice," she said lightly, "I'll ask for it."

The mockery left the young man's eyes.

"Hold on a minute," he said, "If you're really nuts enough to go to Hollywood, I *have* some advice. This girl that I'm talking about—run along, Lenore. This isn't fit for your little ears—" He waited. Lenore made a face at him, but finally sensed a real tenseness about the situation and went reluctantly out. Eustis lowered his voice. "This girl I'm telling you about—she's no goody-goody either—says you can't get anywhere in pictures without pull. And when you're a pretty girl and a stranger, pull means—paying the price."

Patricia looked at him with level gaze.

"Then, perhaps, I'll pay the price," she said calmly. "But that talk is the bunk. A girl doesn't have to go to Hollywood to fall from grace. I guess you know that."

Her eyes met his challengingly. He accepted that challenge long enough to show that he was not afraid, and then dropped his eyes.

"All the same," he said, "I hope you have sense enough to give up before you get—singed."

"Thanks," she said dryly. "I'll try to look out for myself. But I don't intend to give up."

He shrugged his shoulders, and she went out, to join her father and mother in the library. The one was white and stern, the other white and uneasy, obviously distressed. It was Mr. Stacey that spoke.

"Are you really planning to do this crazy thing?" he asked.

"I'm going to Hollywood, and I'm going into pictures," if that's what you mean," Patricia answered with a touch of resentment.

His jaw set.

"Then I might as well tell you that—"

"Wait, Jackson. Please wait," Mrs. Stacey interposed. "Patsie dear, won't you please think this over. It's almost worse than if you had become a professional dancer. It isn't just the shame to us either—having our daughter become a movie actress; it's the danger. It's the immorality of those people. Why, we read in the papers every day of—"

"Yes, and if people like us didn't own most of the papers you'd read just as often about the wickedness of Beacon Hill. Mother, I could tell you things that I've seen, parties that I've been through, girls that I know about—you wouldn't talk about Hollywood. I expect they're plenty wicked enough there. But I'll take my chance. I can be wicked myself, if I have to. —"

"That's enough!" her father thundered. "It's evident that you've already forgotten the Stacey name. But, if you think that I'm going to support you while you're bringing disgrace on us, you're mistaken. Go, if you're set on it. But don't expect any help from me!"

His face was red. He realized that he had been rather melodramatic, and he turned abruptly to his Transcript.

Patricia had not sat down. She held herself erect now with stubborn pride.

"I hadn't expected you to help me," she said regretfully, "but I didn't expect you to act like this either. I'm not disgracing the Stacey name by going into pictures. There are lots of girls from families just as good as ours in the business. At least they *(Continued on page 27)*

How Would You Like To Live Here?

We like the adaptations of the old *English* manor houses so popular today. There is something homelike and substantial to the beamed stucco, the sloping roof, the wide chimneys, the apple green shutters and the old brick trim . . .

Crouching low to the ground, and banked by the purple hills and a dark grove of eucalyptus trees . . . out *Beverly Hills* way, you'll find the new *Morosco* home . . . where *Corinne Griffith* and *Walter Morosco* repair when their day's work is done.

The drawing-room above is particularly delightful with the soft green damask couches flanking the fireplace. With its low tables offering cigarettes or one of the new books. With its windows dropping to the floor . . . its bowls of garden flowers . . .

And above the fireplace is the painting of the hostess, recently on exhibition in *Los Angeles*.

On the right is *Corinne's* dressing-room, where daisy chains pattern the pale green taffeta at the windows . . . Priceless *French* pieces furnish the room. The dressing-table is particularly lovely. And lavender mingles with green in the room's coloring.

On the left is the red-tiled sun-room, with its cream furnishings . . . where the brilliant chintz of the curtains frames the windows only and lets in the gold of the *California* sunshine, and sometimes, the odors of the garden.

Below, is a vista of the hall, showing the grilled iron door, which closes off the dining-room when it is not in use.

Photograph by Richard Burke

Exotic Is The Word

Barbara La Marr **brings to our mind orchids and gardenias, so exotic is her dusky loveliness. There is no one whom we know who could more perfectly portray the role of heroine in the adaptation of *Galsworthy's "The White Monkey,"* her next screen offering.**

A Chapter Which Stars Mary Hay Barthelmess Junior and on This High Note Completes

The True Story of My Life

By

Richard Barthelmess

CIRCUMSTANCES came along again—this time in the person of Mr. Charles Duell, and in the consequent forming of Inspiration Pictures, Inc.

The new company was organized, and I broke away from Griffith.

I broke away reluctantly, of course. Once again the surge of sentiment came over me as it had done when I decided never to return to college. There are some associations that give one an overwhelming sense of nostalgia when the end is reached.

But it was inevitable for a variety of reasons. And it was for the best. Best for D. W. Best for me. Best for everyone concerned.

With my Inspiration career I take the liberty of assuming that everyone is more or less familiar. Familiar enough, at any rate, to make the details tiresome . . . "Tol'able David" and "Sonny," "The Bright Shawl" and "Twenty-One," "Classmates" and "New Toys" and "Shore Leave," which will be my next Inspiration picture . . .

It has been a steady processional of hard work, serious planning, some difficulty and at least a commensurate share of success and applause. It has been strenuous, but it has been gratifying. The toil and the results that usually accrue in a job that one does as faithfully and as well as one can. For my screen career is not solely my Art to me. It is my Job as well. To strike a fine balance between the two seems to me to be the substantial and the enduring thing to do.

I have found my work and I love it. That is, after all, the great thing. The long novitiate, the days spent in cheap boarding houses, the days when fifty cents in my pocket represented the sum total of my finances, the days when I was worried about my mother and all that she had done for me, the days when I didn't know what I wanted to be or whether I could be that thing if I did want . . . all of that storm and stress, at least, seems safely and happily past.

When little *Mary* came, she meant a still greater incentive to me to succeed, to be substantial, to *be* someone. I want her to have all the advantages that growing children should have. The stress of the *Almighty Dollar* should be remote from children. I think under eighteen and over fifty is the time when everyone should have plenty of money to live on . . . in between it isn't so bad to be broke.

Above is *Dick aboard* the yacht in which he recently cruised *Southern* waters during the filming of *"Soul-Fire."* And, on the left, *Mrs. Barthelmess* takes her granddaughter to visit *Daddy* at the studios. The occasion was her recent second birthday.

Photograph by Russell Ball

I have had lessons, grim ones, and I hope that I have profited by them. That is what lessons are for. My feet are on the path I want to tread, the path I seem best qualified to tread and as for the Future . . . that is a riddle neither I nor any man has ever finally solved.

I feel that I have, at any rate, certain qualifications that will never desert me, nor I them. I have a pretty good business head. I have been in debt and I know enough to avoid that grisly slough again. And if I ever give up the making of pictures I'd like to have my finger in the pie somewhere, somehow . . . Money I have got to have. I was broke all my life and I know too well what that means for me and for others. I don't want to be broke again . . . ever.

The baby came, and that meant, or she meant, a still greater incentive to me to succeed, to be substantial, to *be* someone.

I wanted a girl, and so I was, of course, tickled to death when the baby was Mary Hay. I'd like her to have all the advantages I had, thanks to my mother. And a great many I didn't have, thanks largely to myself and partly to the native irresponsibility of youth. While I am in the theater and love it, I don't want little Mary to know only theatrical people. I want her to see as many sides of life as possible, as many kinds of people, so that when the time comes she will be able to make a free choice for herself out of a variety of opportunities. I do not believe in stage children. They are usually terrible. Not bcause they are not all right, but because they are not normal. I have always kept up with my other friends, school and college friends, the people I know in Hartford, and I always intend to.

I think that growing children should have money. They should never be annoyed with the knowledge of debts. The stress of the Almighty Dollar should be remote from them. They have enought to figure out just living. I think that when people reach the age of eighteen they can be as broke as the devil until they are fifty. But under eighteen and over fifty everyone should have plenty of money to live on. I know that I want my daughter to have these advantages and then, when she is grown, I want her to have the ability, at any rate, to make advantages for herself.

Which brings me to the mooted matter of women, particularly married women, being economically independent. I don't think that that is the crux of the matter. The real question is to reconcile work with marriage so that the work doesn't interfere with the marriage. For still, to me, *(Continued on page 32)*

You can't put me in any class, because I have no class. I belong to all classes. I really have no particular niche. I am, at heart, the true cosmopolite.

Above is one of the first photographs taken of the proud mother and father with *Mary Hay, Junior* . . . and below is little *Mary* on the beach of the *D. W. Griffith Mamaroneck studios.*

Prizes for Many, Fun for All In $1,000.00 Cross Word Contest

BIG NEWS FOR FIRST SERIES WINNERS IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

Puzzlers, the fulfillment of our prophecy of last week is going to put us in line for the 1925 oracle championship. The judging of the first $1000 contest has progressed so satisfactorily that next week we expect to be able to publish some, if not all, of the fortunate winners. If you submitted solutions in accordance with the rules don't fail to see Movie Weekly as soon as it is available next week. Your name may be among the very first published. If so, you will feel doubly rewarded for enduring what may have seemed an interminably long wait. You know "a watched pot never boils."

Now, everybody, let's get back to the job before us and carry Contest No. 2 along to an equally expeditious finale while waiting for the big news. Here is Puzzle No. 7. If we told you what we think of it you might accuse us of bragging, so we will say nothing—except to remark that it is one of the best in a remarkably good series. Look at the synonyms!

Take the horizontals for instance. The first word will interest you immediately. Surely a lively start. So will Nos. 8 and 13. And look at No. 15! "He starred in 'A Kiss in the Dark.'" We'll bet there's a lot of competition to fill that position among the sheiks of our puzzle family. And then there's—but we do not have to take you by the hand and point these things out to you. They are self-evident and you solvers of Movie Weekly's special movie word puzzles have learned to expect them as a matter of course. Some day we expect to hear that the magazine has been delayed in production because the mechanical department got absorbed in one of these puzzles and neglected to man the presses. We won't know where to place the blame when this happens. The puzzles are certainly interesting.

Don't forget to look for the first of the big news next week. And by all means don't lose your hold on Contest No. 2 in the excitement. Remember you have a chance to win a prize in each contest. Don't neglect a chance as unusual as this.

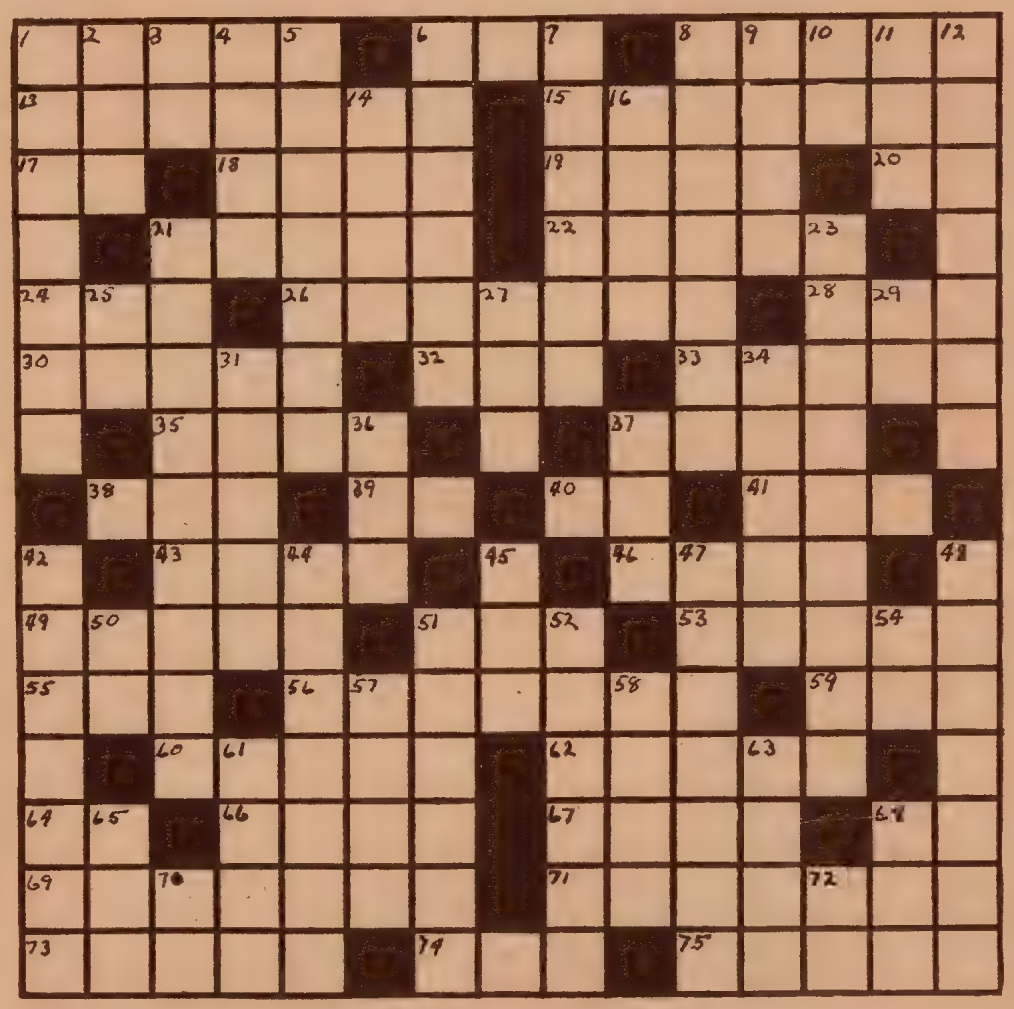
Schedule of Prizes

FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	100
THIRD PRIZE	50
25 Prizes, $10 each	20 Prizes, $5 each

CONTEST RULES

1. The contest is open to all except Macfadden employees and their family members and persons professionally engaged in the creation or solution of cross word puzzles.
2. It costs nothing to enter. You do not even have to use a copy of Movie Weekly. The puzzles may be copied from Movie Weekly and submitted on whatever form suits your convenience.
3. Letters should be printed in the proper squares in pencil, ink or type.
4. Eleven puzzles complete the contest series. One puzzle will appear in each issue of Movie Weekly, the last one appearing June 13, 1925.
5. Each puzzle will be susceptible to only one solution. Sealed master-list is in the safekeeping of Movie Weekly.
6. It is not necessary to formally notify us that you are competing. All that is necessary is that you submit the entire series of eleven puzzles and a letter on "The Things I Like Best About Movie Weekly and Why," at the close of the contest. The letter must not contain more than 100 words. Winners will be determined by ratings given them by the judges for the greatest percentage of correct solutions and the best letters. The letter that gives the most complete and logical reasons for Movie Weekly's popularity will be adjudged the best. 100 per cent solutions of puzzles will in all cases rank above those not 100 per cent correct, regardless of the accompanying letter.
7. Three judges will determine the winners of this contest. The judges' names will be announced in a later edition of Movie Weekly. All contestants agree to abide by their decisions. If there are ties, each tying contestant will receive the amount of the prize tied for.
8. Write your name and address plainly on each puzzle. DON'T SEND THEM IN ONE AT A TIME. Hold them until you complete the series of eleven puzzles. Arrange them in numerical order, put a clip or rubber band on them, or, if you prefer, paste them in a notebook. Then attach your letter on "The Things I Like Best About Movie Weekly and Why," and forward by first-class mail to Movie Weekly Contest Editor, 1926 Broadway, New York City, before midnight, June 20, 1925. This does not mean that the completed series must be at Movie Weekly office before June 21st, but that it must be mailed before then.
9. Each contestant may submit as many series of puzzle sets as he sees fit, but only one letter may and must accompany each series and in no case is a contestant eligible to win more than one prize. As many members of one family as care to may compete and as many prizes as are won by different members of the same family will be paid.
10. All words appearing in the puzzles may be found in unabridged dictionaries and standard works of reference, EXCEPT NAMES OF MOVIE STARS AND WORDS OR TERMS PERTINENT TO FILMDOM, BUT WITH WHICH THE MOVIE-LOVING PUBLIC SHOULD BE WELL-ACQUAINTED.

MOVIE WEEKLY CONTEST PUZZLE—No. 7



Name.....

Address.....

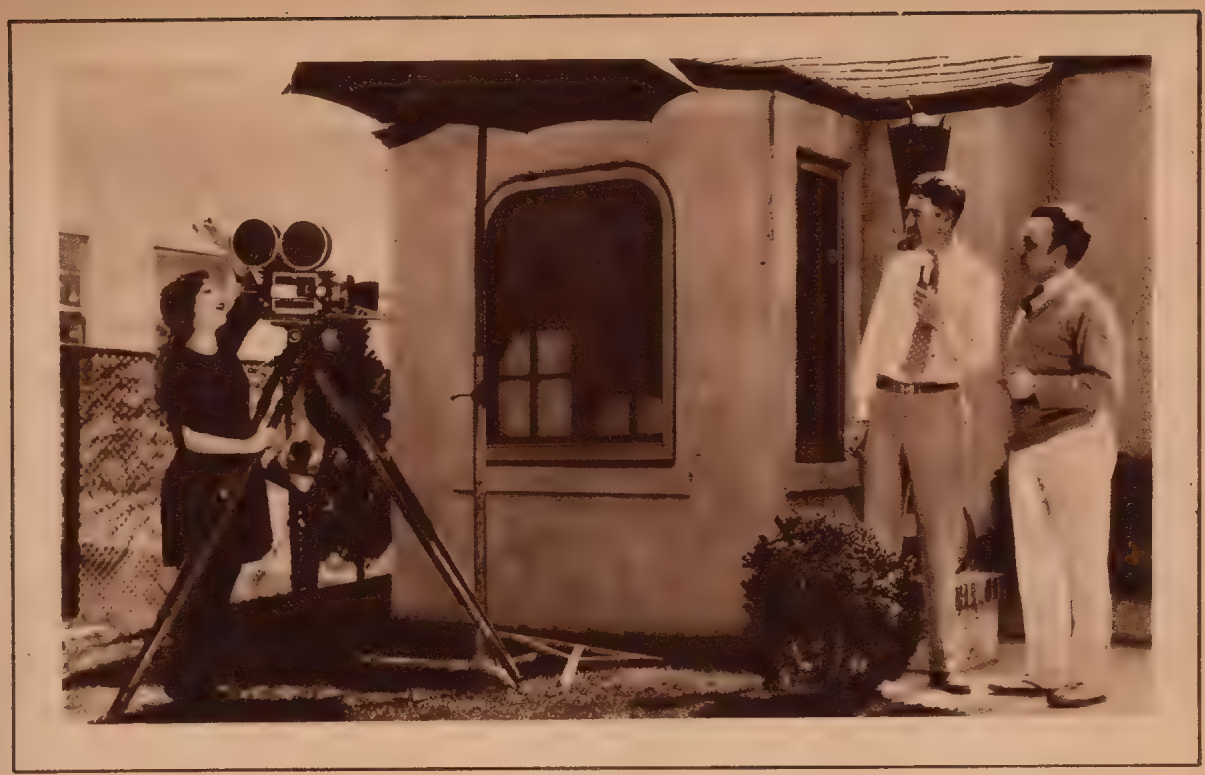
City.....*State*.....

HORIZONTAL

1—Surname of the actress who was Anna Christie in the Movies
6—Chum
8—She had the leading feminine part in "Isn't Life Wonderful?" (given name)
13—He had the delightful villain part in the "Sea Hawk" (given name)
15—He starred in "The Kiss in the Dark" (given name)
17—Like
18—To obscure
19—Torpid
20—Symbol for magnesium
21—Virginia Brown ———, who played in "Friendly Enemies"
22—A cup used in the Homeric libations
24—Ocean
26—Allows
28—A point of the compass
30— ——— Borden
32—A signal of distress
33—Reveals
35—To level with the ground
37—Soon
38—Barrel (abbrev.)
39—Initials of the actress who played opposit Glenn Hunter in "Merton of the Movies"
40—Initials of Valentino's wife (professional name)
41—Gloomy
43—She starred in Cytherea (given name)
46— ——— Madison
49—Madness
51—To talk idly (colloquial)
53—A man's name
55—A writing fluid
56—She played the Mother in "So Big" (given name)
59—An eternity
60—A girl's name
62—Foreign
64—In the same place (Latin abbrev.)
66—Lend (obsolete)
67—Utilized
68—French conjunction
69—Mack Sennett comedian who starred in "The Extra Girl" (surname)
71—Touching at a point
73—She played the leading part in "The Painted Flapper" (surname)
74—Bashful
75—To annoy

VERTICAL

1—She starred in "Madame Sans Gene" (surname)
2—Part of the verb "to be"
3—English language (initials)
4—The island upon which Napoleon was exiled
5—A club-foot.
6—He starred in "Head Winds" (surname)
7—He had the leading part in "The Fighting Coward" (surname)
8—She is married to James Cruze, the director (surname)
9—A white linen vestment worn over cassock and amice.
10—Reformed Presbyterian (abbrev.)
11—A unit of electrical resistance.
12—Without certain members of the body
14—Heart, central part of a thing
16—A performance by two
21—He was "The Thief of Bagdad"
23—She was the former wife of George Walsh (full name)
25—Spanish definite article
27—To cut down
29—Initials of the actress who was the villainess in "The Sainted Devil"
31—She had the leading feminine role in "Kay, the Unknown" (surname)
34—Assumed an attitude
36—First name of one of the sisters who played in "The Man Life Passed By"
37—Segment of a circle
42—Beaming pleasantly
44—He was the star in "Never Say Die" (surname)
45— ——— Roach and his rascals
47—Of merciful disposition
48—A famous swimmer. She played in "Neptune's Daughter" (given name)
50—Indefinite article
51—Small organs of the body necessary to life and health
52—A quality of physical perfection
54—Maiden changed by Juno into a heifer
57—A foreboding
58—Heroine of Wagner's Opera "Lohengrin"
61— ——— Lincoln. He played in "Elmo, the Mighty"
63—Rim
65—A serpent
68—Printer's measures
70—Initials of former famous serial star
72—Each (business abbrev.)



Camera Scoops

Photograph by K. O. Kahma

Back to Childhood . . .

Mary Pickford has taken everyone's advice and is going to come to the screen as a little girl again. *"Little Annie Roonie"* is to be her next picture, and above we see her as *Annie,* while *William Beaudine,* her tall director, and *Charles Rosher,* her incomparable cameraman, "hold it" at her pusedo directorial command.

And, on the left, is *Hugh Allan,* who will tell you that dreams *do* come true. He is an *Oakland* high-school boy who played his first bit in pictures six months ago and who is today *Mary's* leading man in this production.

Photograph by Nickolas Muray

Photograph by Witzel

It's to be Expected in the Springtime

More romances began at the *Pola Negri* dinner! Now we hear that *Samuel Goldwyn,* the movie magnate, you know, met *Frances Howard* there. And although only a month or so has passed, they are now married and in *California,* where *Mrs. Goldwyn* is spending her honeymoon playing opposite *Richard Dix* in a new picture.

There will be a romantic story about this love story in next week's issue, with exclusive photographs.

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Her Name on the Dotted Line

Lillian Gish has signed a contract which calls for her exclusive appearance in *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer* productions for two years. The details of her first production are not announced as we go on the press. But it will be made in *California*, where *Lillian* and *Mary Pickford*, friends for years, will be able to see as much of each other as they wish to.

The gentleman seen with *Lillian* is *Nickolas Schenck*, *Norma Talmadge's* brother-in-law.

Photograph by P. and A.

Introducing Mr. and Mrs. Terrance McGovern

They are twice married. On November 29th *Terrance McGovern*, a Florida real-estate man, took unto himself a bride by the name of *Mildred Harris*, once upon a time *Mrs. Charlie Chaplin*. The wedding was performed in *Mexico*. Then this *Spring* they were married again in *Greenwich, Conn.* We don't quite understand the purpose of the double ceremony . . .

All Aboard for Hollywood

One day the latter part of *April, Gloria* and the *Marquis* left *New York* for *California* on a luxurious special train.

Of course *Hollywood* is quite excited over its noble guest—and the big *Swanson Beverly Hills* house is open once more, having been boarded up for over a year.

Photograph by P. and A.

ACROSS the SCREEN

"MADAME SANS GENE"—90%

Reviewed by Adele Whitely Fletcher

The heralded and trumpeted "Madame Sans Gene" (The Lady Without Care) is not unlike "Passion," in which Pola Negri played DuBarry, as far as the story's outlines go. For in this tale the heroine, Catherine Hubscher rises from the obscure estate of a laundress to the silks and jewels of a lady of the court. We think "Passion" was a better production. Leonce Perret lacks the directorial fame which illuminates the Ernst Lubitsch productions. Nevertheless, this picture is head and shoulders over most of the movies which pattern our screens. The scenes of the story were actually filmed at Fontainebleau and other historical sites, and hundreds of historical treasures, such as Napolean's personal snuff-box, are used. Footnotes impress you with these facts and prove somewhat disastrous to the dramatic illusion and suspense of the carefree lady's story.

Now to consider Gloria Swanson. We lack the space to grope wordily towards a description of that intangible something which sets the Few apart from the Many. But Gloria is undeniably one of the all-too-few. Her portrayal of the vivid and impulsive little laundress, undaunted by life, either in the terrifying form of the French Revolution, the frozen disapproval of the Bonaparte sisters, or the pompous importance of Napoleon himself, is one of the finest things we have seen in ages.

Charles DeRoche is the hero, and the only member of a good cast who is known to American audiences.

"PROUD FLESH"—80%

Reviewed by Aline O'Brien

We have resigned ourself to the fact that novels always suffer in their screen adaptation and, having become thus resigned, we can say of "Proud Flesh"—it is not so bad. Certainly, the comedy moments are excellent, the titles are amusing, and the picture well cast. If we came away with an unsatisfied feeling, we attribute it to having read the original, which was written in a serious vein.

Pat O'Malley is the hero and he retains his name in the picture. In spite of our well-known susceptibility for Pat's Irish smile we had it in our heart to wish that Eleanor Boardman had chosen Harrison Ford for the recipient of her heart and hand. Harrison plays her Spanish lover, who follows her to San Francisco, "the city of ten thousand bathtubs," and portrays the role with the air of a finished artist.

In the golden gate city, Pat, "the maker of bathtubs," accomplishes with his cave-man tactics that which Don Diego fails to win by climbing balconies. But a fâdeout shows Diego consulting his address book for another balcony, and we take it his heart remained intact.

Eleanor Boardman is the haughty heroine, and she is quite exquisite.

The cast includes: Eleanor Boardman, Pat O'Malley, Harrison Ford, Trixie Friganza, William J. Kelly and others.
The picture was directed by King Vidor.

"THE FOOL"—80%

Reviewed by Harriette Underhill

"The Fool" strikes us as being a better picture than it was a play, and as we believe Channing Pollock's melodrama is now moving westward over the country like the Star of the Empire, everyone will sooner or later have a chance to compare the screen version with the stage. James Kirkwood played the title role originally, and in this case we prefer Edmund Lowe, who is the "Fool" on the screen. In fact, Mr. Lowe gives the best performance he ever has given, and Ray Bloomer is fascinatingly wicked as Jerry, the character which Lowell Sherman created on the stage. We consider Mr. Bloomer one of the most attractive men on the screen, and one doesn't see enough of him. Paul Panzer is excellent as Umanski, the Pole, and Anne Dale gives a quite remarkable performance as Mary Margaret, the little lame girl. However, believing as we do in the omnipotence of the director, we trace the general excellence of "The Fool" to the fact that it was made by that safe-and-sane director, Harry Millarde—he who made "If Winter Comes." If any there be who do not know, "The Fool" is the story of a minister of God who preached socialism on Fifth Avenue, New York.

The cast includes: Edmund Lowe, Raymond Bloomer, Henry Sedley, Paul Panzer, A. J. Herbert, Anne Dale, Mary Thurman and others.
The picture was directed by Harry Millarde.

Editor's Note: *Our reviews are printed of a uniform size so that they may be kept for future reference. They are written by members of our editorial staff, who are skilled critics and whose viewpoints we know to be sane and unbiased. We believe you will find the ratings of special assistance and invite our readers to send in their personal ratings of pictures they see.*

RATING: Excellent, 95%; Good, 90%; Fair, 75%; Poor, 60%

"CODE OF THE WEST"—80%

Reviewed by Aline O'Brien

"Code of the West" is a Zane Grey story, and if you like Zane Grey's Western tales, there is no doubt about this one pleasing. It contains a better plot than this type of picture usually boasts, it is quite well cast, and though it drags in places, there is a marvelous forest fire which supplies enough action and suspense for the entire picture. In addition, there are some lovely photographic shots, and a horse which will make horse lovers go into ecstasies.

Constance Bennett is the heroine—an Eastern flapper sister of an Arizona school marm and her visit West upsets the entire ranch. Even Owen Moore, who is "shy as a colt of the flutter of a skirt," capitulates when she casts her flirtatious eyes in his direction, and becomes a cave man. Constance certainly has a way with the men. We are beginning to think it is the way of all Constances. This particular Constance gives a most promising performance, and we hope to see a great deal of her.

Owen Moore is extremely likeable in his role, as are Mabel Ballin and George Bancroft in theirs.

"Code of the West" should make some Western converts.

The cast includes: Owen Moore, Constance Bennett, Mabel Ballin, Charles Ogle, David Butler, George Bancroft and others.

The picture was directed by William K. Howard.

"HIS SUPREME MOMENT"—70%

Reviewed by Harriette Underhill

As far as we are concerned, "His Supreme Moment" holds no supreme moment for us. This is a large, brightly colored picture, tawdry as a chromo. It is what all lovers of cheap movies will revel in; and since the number of those who prefer inartistic screen plays is still larger than the number of those who prefer good ones, "His Supreme Moment" will doubtless reap a golden harvest for its producers. The story was originally called "World Without End," and we're surprised that they didn't call the screen version "Ah Men!" Even though we do not approve of "His Supreme Moment" as a whole, we can still see its good points. In the first place, some of its colored shots are lovely to the vision, and then Blanche Sweet and Ronald Colman play with a sincerity worthy of a better cause. An over-zealous young woman, named Kathlyn Myers, is the villainess, and she emerges from the story, her lip cramped from sneering at true womanliness and virtue. It is most appalling! The titles are not always in good taste nor in good English; and yet, we feel sure that "His Supreme Moment" will sweep through the country like a forest fire in a Zane Grey movie.

The cast includes: Blanche Sweet, Ronald Colman, Kathlyn Myers, Belle Bennett and others.

The picture was directed by George Fitzmaurice.

"RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE"—70%

Reviewed by Alma Talley

In all fairness this critic must admit that she is neither a Tom Mix fan nor an admirer of Western pictures. But, even so, in comparison with other Westerns, "Riders of the Purple Sage" is terrible. Tom Mix can usually be counted on for a great deal of action and for beautiful photographic shots. This film hasn't even those recommendations. The photography is very bad and the action of the picture quite slow. Almost everyone is familiar with this most famous of all Zane Grey stories; with the fearless Lassiter, who searches for years for his sister's slayer, with the famous masked rider who turns out to be a woman, and with the amazing ending when the hero and heroine, to foil their pursuers, roll the big rock that blocks the entrance to their hill top and so shut themselves in forever. The Mormon angle of the story has been omitted in the film version, rather, one would say, to its detriment. Whatever is wrong with this picture, it is surprisingly dull for Tom Mix. The star, of course, plays Lassiter, and Mabel Ballin is excellently cast as the ranchwoman. Marion Nixon and Harold Goodwin supply the rest of the love interest very capably, and of course there is the marvelous Tony.

The cast includes: Tom Mix, Mabel Ballin, Marion Nixon, Harold Goodwin, Beatrice Burnham, Warner Oland, Charles Le Moye, Dawn O'Day, and others.

The picture was directed by Lynn Reynolds.

"I love you," he was saying.
He was probably delirious . . . but *Chip* took a chance on it.
"I love you," she echoed, "Oh, I do."

Concluding

The Double

By Alice L. Tildesley

IT WAS dark inside, save for a dirty lantern whose feeble light served only to distinguish one shadowy figure from another. There were three of them, a bullet-headed boy, a youth with a concave chest, and a youth with the shoulders of an Atlas—all apparently in the grip of a terror as great as her own.

"What's up?" asked the biggest of the three.

"What I wanna know!" returned Bud's counterfeit.

"Where you beed?"

"Dodgin' de bulls."

"Where's de Owl?"

"Ain't 'e here?"

There was a brief silence, during which Chip slumped into a seat on a box farthest from the dim light. Then she said, with a weary disgust: "Ain't nobody done nothin'?" The last word was pitched a bit high, and she waited in a panic, for them to notice it, but they were absorbed in their own misery.

She glanced around, stealthily. A little room with a low ceiling . . . One window . . . a door at the back, a smoking oil stove . . . a cot with broken springs on which the three were sitting . . . a table with wobbly

That must be Slinky, with the hair over his eyes like a terrier—hardly more than thirteen, surely—Slinky, the one who had been delivered into the Little House in Clyde's umbrella stand . . . who had unlocked the area door before he opened the front one to Clyde, and returned, presently, relocking the area-door behind him, to hide in the pantry and later, to admit the gang.

If Slinky hadn't slept in the pantry that night, the real Bud had said, he wouldn't have signalled the gang so soon. He would have known that the man who went upstairs with the girl wasn't the one he had let into the house, and Lew—the one with the heavy shoulders and overhung jaw—wouldn't have surprised Clyde in the library and have had to knock him out!

They had thought he had killed Clyde, and consternation had halted them—Bud, Slinky and Lew—in the act of filling the suitcases they had brought in. They didn't go in for murder. They knew there was nothing in that rough stuff, Bud had said . . .

Then had come Vaughn's returning footsteps . . . Fear . . . the madness of panic . . . terror . . . the vision of the electric chair . . .

They had crouched down, hiding, watching him descend the stairs. He had gone toward the library at once . . . They couldn't let him discover the dead man on the floor . . . Oh, (*Continued on page* 33)

Oscar is the most famous member of what might be called the *Brush and Polish Fraternity* in the film world. About thirty-five movie players a day stop for *Oscar* to shine them up a bit. Here *Adolphe Menjou, Betty Bronson* and *Florence Vidor* patronize *Oscar* between scenes of *"Are Parents People?"*

On the Set and Off

ADOLPHE MENJOU, one of the best-loved sophisticates of the screen, is contemplating severing relations with Famous Players, if something is not done about his contract. Mr. Menjou seems thoroughly disgusted with the way his contract is being worked out. He claims there are too many pictures a year for a featured player and too little time to prepare for them. He says he has absolutely nothing against the company and would be glad to free-lance for them and that he is not working for an increase of salary. Adolphe is now receiving two thousand dollars a week, and his contract with Famous has two years to run. According to Mrs. Menjou, who acts as his business manager, an offer has been made of three thousand five hundred by Famous if the star will work according to their wishes, but she feels that her husband should head his own company.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN has chartered the famous William R. Hearst yacht for a cruise of southern waters until after the arrival of the heir to his fame and fortune. Charlie claims that a sea voyage will be beneficial to his wife's health, and will also prove the means of eluding repre-

Marion Davies doesn't have to worry about money matters. *Irving G. Thalberg*, one of the executives of the *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer organization*, just handed her a contract which gives her a star's salary for a long term of years.

And if *Marion* isn't on *Easy Street* now she will be before this contract expires.

On the left *Minnie*, the *Universal* ape, gets a false tooth. Her dentist is the famous *Doctor Jerome J. Jansen*, and her nurse, *Fay Tincher*.

King Vidor should worry about publicity. He is the directorial gentleman with his back to the camera, while he goes over a few details of "Proud Flesh" (for the benefit of the publicity cameraman) with *Pat O'Malley, William J. Kelley, Trixie Friganza, Eleanor Boardman* and *Harrison Ford*, all members of his cast.

Greta Nissen has not yet appeared on the screen, but hundreds of letters arrive for her every day at the studios. You see, she was known on the *Broadway* stage and the motion picture audiences have been attracted to her through the photographs and stories about her which have appeared in the magazines. At first *Greta* didn't know quite what to make of it. *"Lost a Wife"* and *"The Wanderer"* find her in prominent roles.

Below, just an off-stage picture taken of *Anna Q. Nilsson, Shirley Mason and Director Alfred E. Green* during the filming of *"The Talker."* We can't say whether *Anna* or *Shirley* play the title role.

sentatives of the press and curiosity seekers at the time of the baby's birth. Lita's mother and several physicians and nurses will accompany the young couple, who will probably be enacting the roles of father and mother by the time we arrive on the newsstand.

A SPECIAL examination has been ordered of Charlie Chaplin's mother, through the Department of Labor, instructing the immigration authorities. Upon the result of this examination will depend whether Mrs. Chaplin may remain over here. Her last extension of time has expired. It is unofficially anticipated she will receive a permit for another year.

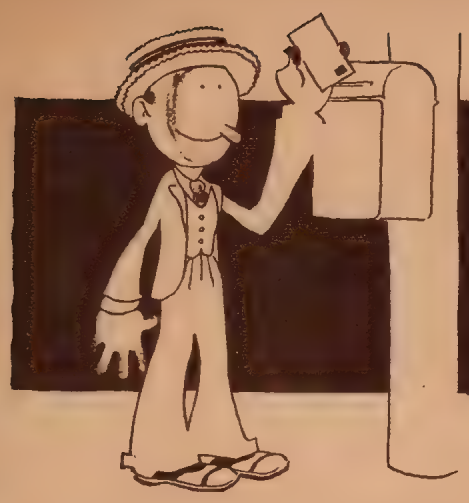
IT IS understood Gloria Swanson, regardless of how many more pictures she is under contract to make for Famous Players, has given her word to Cecil B. De Mille, that upon finishing the Famous Players agreement, he can have first call upon her services.

JACKIE COOGAN, in long trousers, arrived in New York on the Twentieth Century Limited recently. While he was posing for pictures on the terminal platform he said he had come from the west coast "mostly to play golf and see the Giants open at the Polo Grounds."

Several of the persons who welcomed Jackie offered to carry his bag of golf clubs for him. It was some time, however, before he could be pried loose from the burden.

Arthur Bernstein, his manager, who, with Coogan, Sr., made up the party, said in answer to questions that Jackie has been doing nothing but study and play golf all Winter, and that as a result, his average for nine holes is 112, and he has been promoted to the Junior High School, which means that he rates about the same as Grade 7 in Public School. It might be mentioned that Jackie is ten years old, and has "five pairs of long trousers, too."

After showing a few different golf swings, Jackie went to the Hotel Ambassador, where he stayed until he again departed for the Coast. Jackie's latest picture for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is "The Rag Man." (*Continued on page* 30)



The Colonel

This department is for the service of our readers. No charge whatever is made for the answering of questions, whatever their number. However, if a personal reply is requested, we ask that you send a stamped, addressed envelope. All letters should contain the name and address of the writer and, if it is desired that a fictitious name be used in the publication, this name should also be written at the bottom of the letter.

Are you curious to know if your favorite screen star is married . . . where he was born . . . or the name of his new picture? If so, write to the COLONEL at Movie Weekly, 1926 Broadway, New York City.

GLORIA—No, even if you did write me on April Fools' day, I wouldn't fool you. Viola Dana's husband, John Collins, died in the "flu" epidemic of 1918. Shirley Mason's husband, Bernard Durning, died early in 1923 of pneumonia. Yes, they are sisters. I believe Nazimova was born in 1879. I agree with you that she looks remarkably young. Mary Hay is in her early twenties.

CUPID'S JEWEL—Have I got spring fever? I see you knew something was the matter with me. I can't keep a secret. Richard Dix is living in New York at present, but he doesn't give out his home address. He can of course be reached at the Famous Players' Studios, Astoria, Long Island. Thanks for the Easter greetings. I suppose the nearest holiday I can return your greetings is "Happy Decoration Day"—or "Happy Mother's Day," which ever you prefer.

MARGIE—I'm glad you think my time is valuable, even if the writers of my pay checks may not agree with you. So you consider "Shattered Idols" the greatest picture ever made? It was adapted from the novel, "A Daughter of Braham," by I. A. R. Wylie.

CLAIRE GIROUN—You had to wait longer than until "next week" for your answers, didn't you? Remember, it takes time to print a magazine and distribute it to all parts of the country. George O'Brien lives in California; write him at the Fox Studios, 1417 N. Western Ave., Hollywood. George O'Hara is in his early twenties; Ricardo Cortez about twenty-seven. I have no record of a Frank and Arthur Bronson in pictures.

BIG BROWN EYES—Well, if you think I am nice, my day will seem much brighter from now on. Perhaps the reason you didn't see your answer before was that you looked too soon. Mary Pickford and Doug have a home at Beverly Hills, Cal., called Pickfair. They can be reached there. Allene Ray is quite blonde; she lives at 6912 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood. Jack Mower has his mail sent to the Elks' Club, Glendale, Cal.

A MARION DAVIES FAN—Am I young and handsome or not? Well, I'm not the person to ask that question of; I may be a little prejudiced. Some say I am; some say "or not." No, Harrison Ford is not related to the father of your tin lizzie. Write him at 206 N. Harvard Blvd., Los Angeles, care Menifee Johnson. Marion Davies is not engaged. Her next picture after "Zander the Great" will be "Merry Wives of Gotham." Harrison Ford will doubtless continue to play opposite her.

HOPEFUL—Well, Pollyanna or somebody said that we always get what we want if we hope hard enough. John Patrick's new picture is "Recompense." The only address I can suggest for him is Warner Brothers' Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood. Eleanor Boardman is in her early twenties; she lives at 1602 Vista Del Mar, Hollywood. Write Lillian Rich at the De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal., and Norma Talmadge, 1540 Broadway, New York. Ben Lyon, Biograph Studios, 807 E. 175th St., New York.

DOTTY—I don't happen to know the birthdate of Lucille Le Sueur, for whom Movie Weekly readers are asked to select a name.

BLUE EYES AND BLOND HAIR—Blue eyes, brown eyes, all kinds of eyes on this page today. Though I do hope none of my readers have the pink eye. Pearl White has been living in Paris for several years now; I believe she is residing at the Hotel Crillon there. George Beban has been appearing in vaudeville; you might reach him at the B. F. Keith office, Palace Theater Bldg., Broadway at 47th St., New York.

CURIOSITY—I'm not a cat, so I'm not afraid of you. In "Dorothy Vernon," the role of John Manners was played by Allan Forrest. Write him at the Los Angeles Athletic Club. I'm sorry I haven't the cast of "Jenny Be Good." That sounds like a comedy, and there are so many comedies produced and so little demand for their casts that it has never been worth while to try to keep the casts on file.

MRS. RAMON NOVARRO—This is really getting serious, all the wives that Ramon Novarro has been having wished on him in this column lately. However could he support them all, with eight brothers and sisters, or thereabouts, on his hands already? So you heard that Adolphe Menjou read his love letters in his bath? Perhaps he needs something to cool him off. He lives at 1911 Carmen Ave., Los Angeles. Frank Mayo is living at 39 E. 34th St., New York. No, Richard Dix is not Jewish; though it is not customary to answer questions about the screen star's religions. Percy Marmont is about forty and is married. Norma Shearer lives at 6725 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood. I doubt if Alice Terry will retire from the screen after making "Mare Nostrum." Arthur Rankin is not married. He is free-lancing at the studios, and I don't know where he can be reached at present.

THE BRUNETTE—A two-cent stamp is sufficient for a letter to California, though the mail train and the postman will probably "carry" it. Allan Forrest is the husband of Lottie Pickford; he is in his late thirties. Carmel Myers lives at 1633 Carson Ave., Hollywood. Margaret Livingstone has been receiving her mail at the Ince Studios, Culver City, Cal. I don't know whether she can still be reached there or not. Wallace MacDonald lives at 405 Laurel Lane, Hollywood. See MARION DAVIES FAN.

TOOTS—Do you work around the railroad station? No. Conrad Nagel's wife, Ruth Helms, does not play on the screen, although she used to before her marriage, I believe. I don't know Anna Q. Nilsson's middle name. Lew Cody has been married and divorced several times from Dorothy Dalton. Claire Windsor was formerly Mrs. Billy Bowesson; Lois Wilson is not married. William Desmond and Mary McIvor have a little daughter.

DIMPLES—Gloria Swanson is the favorite of quite a few fans. She is in her late twenties and was born in Chicago. Gloria has brown hair and blue eyes; write her at Famous Players' Studios, Astoria, Long Island. Yes, she has returned from Paris, and her new picture, "Madame Sans Gene" had a gala opening in New York on April 17. Norma Talmadge lives in Hollywood and New York at different times of the year; she also goes to Florida and to Europe quite often. Her latest picture is "The Lady." She gives her (*Continued on page* 34)

What Our Readers Think of Us

This Week's $10.00 Prize Letter

Being just a new reader of the Movie Weekly, I cannot resist telling you how very delighted I am with the magazine; whether you should deem this a "best letter" or even worthy of "honorable mention" or not.

I like it first because it comes weekly, instead of monthly, and has each week just the news about filmdom and its stars that the public most want to know, right up to the minute. With its various departments every field of interest is covered, making each page turned to be one of new and absorbing pleasure.

The pictures are beautifully clear in their soft-toned brown, and bring us into a more intimate relation with the people whom we admire at the distance of a screen production, almost more than the written articles.

The stories of Hollywood life, always a mystery to the outsider, the interviews with the different stars, with the life stories of some of the best known, form very enjoyable reading.

I believe that I really enjoy the most, however, the "On the Set and Off," and "The Colonel," with his thousands of replies to inquiries; also I immensely enjoy "Across the Screen," with its very clever, expert criticisms, which aid your readers in choosing the best pictures to see, as in these days of wonderful productions one has neither the time nor the money to spend on anything but the best, so I particularly appreciate the per cent ratings given.

Then, after one has read the magazine from cover to cover, there still remains the ever-alluring Cross Word Puzzles, with the added incentive of reward for the best work done. The present contest of naming a new screen star appeals to me, as it gives the public a chance to take a personal interest in her success, as well as furnishing thrills of excitement and pleasant anticipation of trying to win the award.

The weekly letters to the Editor, The Editor's Mail Bag, and the department under Norma Talmadge, all combined, render this magazine to be the most complete small magazine I ever saw, and make all the subscribers feel like one big family; I surely wish to be counted in the future as one of your most devoted fans.

Wishing you all success, I am

MRS. MARGARETTE MOORE JAEGER,
Madison, Wis.

This Week's $5.00 Prize Letter

MISS MADELINE E. DOUPE,
Winnipeg, Canada.

This Week's $3.00 Prize Letter

FRANK SWANCARA,
Denver, Colorado.

Honorable Mention

H. G. FAIR,
London, England.

IF I WERE YOU

By Norma Talmadge

Photograph by Albin

Dolly Dew: You are unhappy because at the age of sixteen you are six feet tall, and pitifully self-conscious of towering above your companions. You think you would rather be the homeliest girl in the world than be as tall as you are. But I am afraid, my dear, that if you *were* the homeliest girl in the world you would find that you'd much prefer being tall again. There is no possible way for you to make yourself any shorter, so you must try to be content with your height. The most important thing for you to do to improve your condition is to learn to carry yourself well. You can make yourself regal if you try hard enough. The way you hold your head and shoulders and the manner in which you walk will all tend to improve your appearance. As you are extremely slender, you can also try to fill yourself out by putting on more weight. It is possible that your extreme slimness is due to the fact that you have grown rapidly. Eat foods that will tend to increase flesh. Then, too, you can wear clothes that will help disguise the fact that you are so tall. Let the pronounced lines of your clothes be horizontal, never up and down. A contrast of dark and light colors will also be helpful, as it will break the long line and sameness of color.

H. C.: When one recalls the countless number of young girls who frequent the studios in search of work to maintain themselves and are forced to face many bitter disappointments, one does not feel inclined to advise a young girl to seek employment there merely because she wishes to "pass the time away." If you wanted to take up the work seriously it would be different. But if you desire only to fill in during the summer months, I think it would be much better for you to find something else to do. I think you are wise in wanting to occupy yourself in some way until school begins in the Fall, but I would not choose work that was too confining.

George: It is not possible for me to tell you whether the girl you love loves you unless I knew her. If you, who have the opportunity of being with her, cannot reach a decision about it, how do you think I can? It seems to me, however, that when a girl goes for any length of time with a man and not only tells him she loves him but tries to carry out his wishes in regard to not associating with people of whom he disapproves, then, as I say, I am inclined to think that what she says is true. I also feel that you are right in wishing to keep away from harmful companions as well as asking her to do likewise. You will find it much easier to live the life which you wish to live.

C. K.: I can easily understand how disturbed you are over the fact that your hands are unattractive. That they are always cold is due doubtless to poor circulation. The advice of a physician is needed to help you overcome that. Hands that are unusually thin need to be filled out by "feeding" just as one would feed a thin face with skin food. Cocoa butter is excellent for this. Warm a cake of it slightly and rub it into the hands thoroughly every night before retiring. The largeness of your knuckles may be accentuated by the thinness of your hands. When you have made them a little plumper, perhaps this condition will not seem so pronounced. Avoid "cracking" your knuckles or pulling them. This has a tendency to make them larger.

Always rinse your hands in cool water after washing them in warm water. This helps them to be firm and prevents them from having a wrinkled appearance.

Doris: I dare say that you have attained your full growth. You are by no means too thin for your height. I cannot understand why you should want to put on any more flesh. The normal weight for a person of five feet, five inches, is one hundred and thirty pounds.

Unless you have a fair complexion, it is impossible to make your skin white. Buttermilk is one of (*Continued on page 32*)

The Girl Who Would Be Queen

(*Continued from page 11*)

aren't plain loafers like the girls in our set. I'm leaving tomorrow."

She turned abruptly and went to her room. She had hardly gotten there when her mother followed her in.

"Why do you do this, Patsie?" she pleaded. "If you don't like loafing, why don't you take up settlement work or—or—oh, I don't know—anything else but this. I did think for a while that perhaps you would marry Craig Lowell."

The smile that twisted Patricia's face was not pretty.

"If you don't mind, I think I'd rather go into the movies," she said drily.

"But, dear, think of the price you may have to pay."

"I'll pay it, if I have to, whatever it is. Mother, you don't understand. I've always wanted to go into the movies. Even when I was Lenore's age, I wanted to. Why do you think I've put so much time into our silly amateur theatricals? It was the best I could do. But what does it amount to? I want the real thing. I want to act. I want to make people laugh and cry and sit breathless. I want to be a motion picture actress; and Mother, I don't care what it costs: I'm going to do it."

Tears stood in her eyes, but she flicked them fiercely away. Then she put her arms around her mother's shoulders and laid her fresh young face against the already aging cheek.

"There—don't worry," she said soothingly. "I'm going to succeed. And I'm going to be as good as I can while I'm doing it."

She walked with her mother to the door and gave her a parting pat. But she could see the thin shoulders heave twice as Mrs. Stacey made her way to her own room.

Patricia went back to her dressing table and stood, fingering her toilet articles. Her mind was far away, somewhere in Hollywood, "on the set." She was visioning a man standing behind a camera, grinding away at a crank, while another man shouted things at her through a megaphone and stamped and tore his hair. She, herself, was—

But the shutting of her door interrupted her before she had quite made up her mind what she was portraying in that imagined scene. She turned, to find Lenore, flushed and excited, standing with her back against the door. A moment later the girl ran to her and threw her arms around her ecstatically.

"Oh, I think it's wonderful," she cried. "Don't you let them scare you either. You go ahead. I'll bet you *do* become more famous than Pola Negri. You're prettier and you can swim and dive and ride and dance and everything. Oh, don't I wish I could go. I wouldn't let *anything* stop me. Listen: I heard Daddy say he wouldn't give you any money. But I'll save my allowance, every cent of it. And if you ever get to need it, you write to me. I'll send it to you. Then maybe, when I'm a little older, and you're a star, you'll send for me and help me get into pictures, too."

Patricia gave her little sister a warm hug, and Lenore stepped back, looking up eagerly.

"You're a good kid," Patricia said. "But I'll have to go it alone, I guess. We'll talk about your going into pictures after I get there—not now."

Lenore pouted. But her excitement got the better of her.

"I'll save my allowance anyway," she said. "When are you going?"

"Tomorrow. I'm going to pack now."

"Let me help you."

Patricia looked at her with a certain sombreness in her eyes.

"I guess not," she said. "I want to be alone."

Lenore studied her face wistfully, and then went out.

Patricia followed her with her eyes. And after the door was closed, she stared in that direction.

"I'm almost sorry I brought you here," the short, intellectual-looking woman was saying to the young man who sat next to Patricia. "The Montmartre used to be a regular gathering place for the motion picture people. But so many tourists and sightseers have got to coming here that the stars stay away. Too bad we didn't go to Madame Helene's down at United. I could have introduced you to some interesting people. Never mind. We may see somebody yet."

Patricia realized that she herself might perhaps be classified as one of the staring crowd that was driving the artists away. She knew that she had gone to the Montmartre with the idea that she was going to see famous screen people eating lunch. And she knew that she had taken a place at the bench that ran across the length of the rear wall of the cafe for the very purpose of looking at such personages. She felt a little uncomfortable.

On the other hand, there was a certain satisfaction in knowing that the ruggedly good-looking young man and the woman who had just spoken were there for the same purpose. Also there was a slight thrill in knowing that the woman who had spoken was herself acquainted with celebrities. She made up her mind to listen and learn all she could. Meantime, she ate sparingly of the endless special luncheon that the waiter kept bringing her.

A moment later she heard the woman chuckle.

"What is it?" the man asked in a low-pitched and extraordinarily pleasant voice.

"I'm looking at that group. See the girl there at the second table with the little woman and the man. She's touching up her lips now."

"Yes. She's quite pretty. Who is she?"

"I don't know her name. That's her publicity man. You know publicity is everything to a movie star. The man is trying to pull off an interview and having an awful time of it. See, he's trying to get the girl and the reporter talking, and can't do it. The girl is just plain dumb. She's tried one publicity man after another and none of them can get her by. That one's been trying to get me to interview her. But I won't. I just won't meet her. My paper doesn't pay me to interview dumbbells."

Patricia looked at the girl in question, and thought her decidedly pretty. She wondered at the apparent venom of the criticism she had just overheard.

The man next her murmured something which she didn't hear. His companion interrupted him.

"There's Wallace Beery. I must introduce you to him. He's a dear. I—"

The young man turned to look diagonally across in front of Patricia, who was eagerly trying to follow his glance. His sleeve struck her glass of iced coffee and tipped it over, so that it flooded the table and dripped down into her lap.

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" he cried. "That was awfully clumsy of me."

With his napkin, he tried to dam the flood that threatened her gown with ruin, at the same time pushing the table away from her. For the moment Wallace Beery was forgotten.

In the midst of his abject apologies their eyes met at close range, his large and blue, hers large and grey. It was only for an instant, but during that instant both were aware of something akin to shock. Their color heightened.

Then the waiter came to the rescue. The young man apologized once more, profusely. Patricia assured him that it was all right, and to her regret she found the incident closed.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Hale, "the young man was saying to his companion. "You were showing me Wallace Beery."

Miss Hale, who had remained surprisingly uninterested in the mishap, accepted his apology coolly.

"He's gone," she said. "It doesn't matter. We'll probably meet him at the studio. Shall we go now?"

As they rose, the young man bowed contritely to Patricia. Then he followed his guide. Just before disappearing, he looked back. All the way across the room their eyes met again. A second later he was gone.

Regretfully Patricia finished her lunch, paid her bill, and went out. In a way the experiment of lunching at "Hollywood's most popular cafe" had proved a failure. She had seen no lions. Even the famous screen villain she had missed, thanks to the spilled coffee. But for some reason she did not regret the coffee, even though it had ruined her dress.

She found a taxi and had herself driven to the pleasant boarding house that she had chosen for herself on Fountain Avenue, near the newly broadened Vine Street. She changed to another street dress and started out on foot to make her first application for work. Her instinct had been to use another taxi, but just in time she remembered that the twelve hundred dollars that she had obtained for her jewels and had that morning deposited in the bank was all she had, and that she could not afford to waste any of it unnecessarily.

She chose the nearest of the big studios, a wooden structure, covering a whole block, with the not-too-recently-painted walls rising, cold and unprepossessing from the very sidewalk. She walked most of the distance around the block before she saw a door with the name of the studio over it. Tingling with excitement that she could not suppress, and trying to forget the throbbing of her pulses, she entered, to find herself in a small reception room, practically unfurnished. She went over to the desk marked "Information."

"Who do you wish to see?" asked the girl.

Patricia was entirely ignorant of the proper way of making a studio connection.

"Why—the director, I guess," she said, maintaining her poise in spite of her doubt.

"Which one?" the girl asked crisply, giving her a searching look.

"I don't know. Whoever chooses the actors."

"You want the casting director. Second door up on the street. But I don't think they're casting to-day." The girl turned to a tall girl who had come up behind her. "Good afternoon, Miss Carlisle. Go right in." The girl went through a swinging wooden gate and disappeared. The girl bent to her telephone. "Publicity?" she said "Helen Carlisle coming."

Patricia realized that she had stood next to the girl whose story in Movie Weekly she had read with so much interest that morning. She wished she had known who she was in time to look at her. She saw that the girl at the desk had no further interest in her, and, remembering the instructions she had just received, went out.

She found the door marked "Casting Office" and entered. The room was a drab gray, with benches on the sides. There were two windows in the left-hand wall, making her think of ticket selling windows, but both were shut, and the windows were of opaque glass. Under one were the words, "Casting Director." Patricia went to this, waited hesitantly, and finally rapped on it.

There was no answer. Conscious of a feeling of rebuff, she went out.

On the sidewalk she consulted a piece of paper on which she had written addresses, and asked a loitering boy the way to the next studio on her list.

She had to walk half a mile. This second studio seemed to cover even more ground, though the buildings were lower. She noted with unconscious appraisal that the paint was newer. There was a gateway for automobiles with a chain hanging across in front of it. Beside this was a smaller gateway for people on foot. She started to enter. A man sitting there held out his hand.

"Pass?" he inquired.

Patricia stared.

"I don't understand," she said finally.

"Got a pass? No? Other entrance. Yuh got to go through the Office."

As Patricia stepped back she saw that there was a sign, "No Admittance" over the gate she had attempted to go through. She looked up and down. Finally she saw the sign, "Casting Office," and made her way to it.

Like the other one, it was empty, and no one answered her rap. With an effort she threw off the feeling of discouragement that attacked her, and went out, to consult her list of addresses once more and inquire her way to a third studio.

Here her attention was attracted by a motley crowd outside one of the doors; and with a throb of relief, she noted the sign "Casting Office," and a smaller sign, "Casting To-day."

She made her way through the crowd, wondering if there was a line into which she should go. Just about at the door she found what looked like one, made up of men and women and children, all seedy, some hopeful, but most of them with a dreary look on their faces. She waited for some time. Then she noticed that people were squeezing past her and entering the office. She looked and saw one of these knock at an inner door and gain admittance. The people in the line showed no resentment. She wondered at this.

She had waited like this for perhaps fifteen minutes, when she saw that inner door open and a blond, semi-bald man came out with a worried look on his face. The moment of his appearance was marked by a quick intake of breath, a sudden straightening of tired bodies and brightening of dull eyes. Every person in the room stiffened and watched the blond man. Patricia did not notice this because she herself was doing the same thing. She guessed correctly that this was the casting director.

He strode brusquely through the room, his eyes roving rapidly as if in search of somebody. He reached out and touched a little man with a long pointed beard.

"Go inside," he said, and thrust him through the door.

Then he went on down the line. Patricia felt his eyes pass unseeingly over her just before he pushed unceremoniously past her to the outside. A moment later he came back, followed by a low-browed, dark-skinned man whose face was a ludicrous mixture of hope and doubt. The two disappeared through the inner door.

Every now and then the closed window at which the line terminated would open. The director would appear. There would be one or two eager questions from the nearest person; a telephone would ring; the director would say, "I can't hear you? Yes, I remember you. No, I'm looking for Spanish types to-day. No. I'm sorry. I don't think you'd do," or words to that effect, and put down the receiver. Perhaps he would interview another hopeful at the window with a close duplicate of the telephone conversation. Somebody in the rear of the inner office would speak to him. He would shut down the window and once more the tawdry, discouraged crowd would slump and wait.

The odor in the room was not altogether pleasant. Patricia watched several persons knock at the inner door and get interviews without any apparent passport but their own effrontery. Finally she made up her mind that she would have to do the same or get out to keep from nausea.

With quickly renewed thumping of the heart, she moved from her place in the line and went to the inner door. She hesitated a moment and then, hearing voices inside, knocked firmly. A moment later the casting director himself opened the door.

"May I speak to you for a moment?" Patricia asked as boldly as she could.

The man gave her a searching glance and beckoned her inside. But he stopped within a yard of the door after he had closed it and looked at her with a kind of patient, inquiring weariness. It was plain that she must state her business. She racked her brain swiftly for some opening that would at least hold his attention 'till she finished speaking.

"I don't have to do this for my living," she said. "I want to get into pictures. I'll take any kind of work, at any kind of pay, just so long as you give me a chance to work up."

He did not seem impressed.

"Have you had any screen experience?" he asked.

"No, but —"

"Have you any friends in the business?"

"No. I thought that—"

"Then I advise you to take what money you have and go home. Where do you come from? Boston? Then I advise you to go back there. There must be nearly a thousand moving picture actresses in Hollywood to-day who have had experience. I doubt if three hundred of them are working. When we pick extras, we pick types. You're pretty, but you're not a type. I advise you—"

"But I'm willing to work hard. I can dance and ride and swim and dive and wear pretty clothes. I'm educated. I mean to succeed. I'll do anything, if—"

The director smiled.

"There are hundreds like you," he said. "You may be prettier than most of them, but that's all. If you want to leave a photograph, I'll put it on file with your name and address, but that's all. My advice is to go back to Boston."

He laid his hand on the door-knob and looked at her inquiringly.

"I haven't any photographs," she said, "I thought you took tests."

He shook his head.

"Not unless we feel pretty sure there's a chance," he said. "If you must stay in Hollywood, I advise you to have photographs taken in various costumes, showing everything you think you can do. If you care to send me a set, I'll put them on file. That's the best I can do. I'm sorry."

He opened the door, and she went out into the odorous waiting room. She had to struggle to keep the lump out of her throat and the tears out of her eyes.

The rest of that afternoon Patricia spent in walking up and down the chief business streets of Hollywood, looking for a photographer that she felt would do the kind of work that she needed. Many she passed by after a mere glance at their advertising exhibits. But several she took the trouble to interview. They brought back her self-confidence—those interviews. Here was no knocking at unresponsive windows, or waiting endlessly in bare, smelly rooms. Her pretty face, her natural poise, and her up-to-the-minute clothes brought her instant and courteous attention. She was the dispenser, not the seeker of favors now. Determined to have the very best, she talked with and inspected the work of four different photographers, 'till finally she came to Tahl.

She knew at once that Tahl would do. He was a broad, homely man past middle age, with a quantity of iron gray hair that was long and wavy, but neither hung dankly about his ears and collar nor stood wildly in the air. His throaty gutterals betrayed his foreign birth. But his command of English was almost perfect. Patricia liked his wide smile and made an appointment at once for the following day.

"You will bring all your prettiest gowns," Tahl instructed her, "and your sport clothes and your riding habit—everything that will give us variety. We want such pictures that when Jesse Lasky needs a lovely debutante or Louis Mayer wants a charming horsewoman, their casting directors will say: 'I have just the thing, Mr. Lasky. The very one, Mr. Mayer!' The Tahl photographs shall some day win you a beautiful part, Miss Cabot."

Patricia knew better than to believe this extravagant prophecy. But it was good to have Tahl make it, just the same. The next day she drove up in a taxi literally loaded with pretty clothes. Tahl had made no mistake in her. He had reserved the whole morning; and during that morning, with the help of his deft-fingered Hungarian maid, Patricia made six changes of costume, and sat for nearly a dozen pictures in each. There was the street dress, the sport suit, the ball gown, the riding habit, the negligee, and the tweed knickers. Over each Tahl exclaimed delightedly and in a way to warm Patricia's heart.

"It is beautiful, Miss Patsie! It is beautiful!" he would declare. "But it is the girl as much as the dress. Ah, if I could only get the color of your hair and the roses that come and go in your face. You would have an engagement tomorrow."

Patricia laughed at his extravagance.

"Oh, but it is true," he assured her with all gravity. "I do not flatter. You have the beautiful face, the hair, the figure—ah, the figure. Prut! It is too bad we have not taken you in the bathing suit. As the bathing beauty you would win all hearts."

Patricia laughed again. It was easy to laugh. But she shook her head gaily.

"Not yet," she said. "I haven't come down to being a bathing beauty yet."

"Prut!" he said again, with a frown. "It is not to come down. Do not forget that the Charming Gloria was once a bathing beauty. Sometimes it is to go up. Perhaps you will change your mind. If you do—then you come to me. I will make pictures of you that will make the directors think you are the daughter of Neptune himself."

Patricia went out, still laughing at Tahl's generous enthusiasm, and full of courage for a new attack on the Casting Office of Hollywood during the afternoon.

Prepared for failure, her courage stuck with her from one rebuff to another. She actually managed to see two casting directors that afternoon. Both told her there was no work; and in each case the explanation was the same:

"Sorry! I'm looking for types. You have beauty, Miss Cabot, but you are not a type."

One of them suggested that she might get work with Fanchon and Marco, or in Harry Carrol's "Pickings."

"But I don't want work on the stage," she said. "I want to do motion picture work."

The director shrugged his shoulders.

"You must suit yourself," he said. "I'm not sure that you would photograph well. But on the stage—with your figure—"

He broke off to answer the telephone, and she knew the interview was over.

From the other director she got the suggestion that she register with the two best agencies.

"We get most of our extras through them," he said. "More than half the time we haven't time to look you over personally here at the office. We send in a hurry call; and, if you are listed and the agency thinks you're good, you're sent to us."

That was the extent of the day's work. It was a day of failure. But Patricia was beginning to see that she was dealing with a huge industry—not a mere group of artists. And the crowds at the doors of the casting offices gave her a better idea of the amount of competition that she was up against.

The next day began with the stimulation of going over the proofs of her pictures with Tahl. She thought them splendid herself. But Tahl could not conceal his disappointment.

"They are good—yes" he said. "And they show you beautiful. But I have not caught the charm. I am sorry. It is the face, I think. The features are—how shall I say—too perfect. If we could only photograph the color—but there! Why wish for the impossible? I know better than to try to tint one of *your* pictures."

Patricia tried not to be depressed, but in spite of herself, she could not feel the thrill that she had hoped for. The pictures had seemed excellent to her. But if Tahl, with all his enthusiasm, was not pleased—oh, well, she wouldn't let it discourage her.

But it did discourage her, as did the calm indifference of the people at the two agencies. However, after registering, and promising photographs as soon as possible, she started out once more on her round of the big studios. This time she took a bus up over Cahuenga Pass to Universal City. Accustomed as she was to her own soft cushioned, vibrationless car the bus ride was torture. But the view that burst on her as she topped the pass and looked down toward the San Fernando valley made her forget the grating and bouncing of the bus. The thrill lasted until she stood before the door of the studio city. Then the old story—"not casting to-day"—brought her down to a depth she had not reached before.

She dragged herself into the house on Fountain Avenue at half past four—thoroughly blue, and lonesome for the first time.

The next three weeks took all the courage that she could muster. Day after day it was the same thing: refusal after refusal, after refusal. The directors seldom even saw her; but when one of them did, he never had any encouragement; and if the same director saw her twice, he did not seem to remember. It was hard to keep her face cheerful and confident for each interview, but she fought doggedly and somehow managed it.

She had left her set of pictures now at each of the big studios, and at the two agencies. She had laid out a route for herself that took in all of them, each studio once every three days. In addition to this she made special trips whenever a rumor reached her that such or such a studio was casting. In the course of the three weeks she discovered certain faces becoming familiar. There was the old patriarch with the beard half way to his belt—and nothing else to offer the camera except the beard. She often found him in line when she arrived. And he was generally still there when she left. Then there was the carefully painted mother with the doll-like little girl, clothed always in spotless white. The mother always looked sad, the little girl bewildered or tired. And then there was the quiet, not altogether pretty girl from Ohio, with the blond hair and the almost shabby clothes. Patricia got acquainted with her finally, and they exchanged confidences and experiences. Her name was Mary Brown, though she was listed as Lucille Lavalle. Patricia liked her for her earnestness and sim-

In the Spring a Young Man's Fancy

Photographs by Murcy

Maybe *Shakespeare* was right when he penned the immortal lines which make love the subject of a young man's fancy in the *Springtime*, but *Ben Alexander* doesn't think so. When asked upon what object his thoughts were concentrated at that restless time of the year, he illustrated as shown in the above photograph. And *Ben's* skill at this favorite boy's pastime, marble-playing, is well-known. The young star will soon be seen with *Bill Tilden* and *George Hackaborne* in *"Haunted Hands."*

plicity. Once in a while they lunched together. At such time Patricia noticed that Mary ate but little, and only of the most inexpensive foods. She guessed that the quiet girl was having a struggle harder than her own and admired her courage. Also, though she lacked real beauty, there was a wistful charm about the too large mouth and the blue eyes that quite won Patricia.

It was at the end of one of these frugal lunches that Patricia voiced her own discouragement for the first time.

"If I don't see the inside of one of these studios pretty soon, I'm going to the Cluny Lot and ask for a job as a bathing girl," she said grimly.

Mary Brown looked startled and shocked.

"Oh, I hope you don't do that," she said.

Patricia laughed.

"What's the matter?" she asked. "Don't you think I'd look well in a bathing suit?"

"Oh, yes. You've got a—a really good figure, I guess. But to work in one of those cheap comedies—just to have people look at your—your body—it seems awful. Besides, I've been told that the—the moral conditions aren't as good in the cheap places. I hope you . . ."

"You funny little puritan!" Patricia exclaimed. "It wouldn't worry me a bit to put on a bathing suit and be filmed for my precious frugal—if it would get me anywhere. As for the moral conditions—my family told me the whole of Hollywood was a den of iniquity. I haven't seen a wicked thing yet; and I'm not going to believe anything bad about the cheap comedy companies till I see it myself either. If I don't get a job with a real company in the next ten days, I'm going to Cluny and ask for a job as a bathing beauty."

Mary shook her head in doubt and awe.

"I'll stick to the good companies as long as my money lasts," she said.

"Then what'll you do?"

"Get some other work, I guess. I can do housework."

She spoke so simply and sincerely that Patricia checked the laugh that was on her lips and nodded as if housework were by all means the thing for an aspiring motion picture actress to do in slack time.

They went the rest of their rounds together, and so together they tumbled into a piece of luck entirely characteristic of Hollywood—an actual call to be on the lot the next morning at eight in evening gowns. To Patricia's horror, Mary started to say that she had no evening gown.

"Sh-h!" Patricia hissed into her ear, pinching her arm, "Of course you have an evening gown—one of mine. Come on before they change their minds."

And she hurried Mary out of the studio.

Eight o'clock found them dressed and waiting all of a quiver along with forty or fifty other men and women of all ages and types, waiting to be inspected and sent to the make-up room. Patricia's eyes were dancing with excitement. Mary's were big, but quiet. She looked strangely appealing in the gown that she had altered for herself in Patricia's room the night before.

"I wonder what the picture's about," Patricia whispered. "I think the title's a scream, don't you? "Sinners on the Sea." I wonder if we are among the sinners?"

Before Mary could make an answer, they were called to the make-up room, where in amazing time they were made up an even, creamy white, with character touches around the eyes and eyebrows in black and red on the lips, but no rouge. Patricia noted every detail of the process eagerly.

Presently they found themselves in a great, bare room, like a glorified barn, sitting around on benches and waiting for further instructions. Other extras, men and women were scattered about, some impassively waiting, others laughing and talking in low tones, several groups playing cards, at least half a dozen of the girls sitting by themselves and reading books. A little further on was the back wall of a set, and near it several machines on tripods and castors, with long insulated electric cables that looked like rubber hoses attached, or lying near them. Patricia guessed that these were part of the lighting system and wondered if they were the famous Kleigs that she had heard of.

In this place they waited three hours.

Meantime the studio had suddenly become alive. Men in every sort of working clothes were hurrying around, grabbing the machines that Patricia had seen, rushing them across the floor, bumping over cables that lay in their way, and disappearing around the corner, followed by other men carrying switch boxes or lugging at cables.

Orders were being shouted now and then—men being called, always by the first name, to come and do this, or go and do that. Every so often there would be a shrill whistle followed by queer clashing shrieks and jangles, at which time the visible portion of the set beyond would be lighted up with streaks of bright, white light. Then another whistle and another set of shrieks and jangles, dying down to silence as the lights went out.

Assistant directors, property men, camera men, passed in and out through the room. All were busy. Some looked worried to death. Others had time for a smile and a pleasant word with some old-timer sitting among the extras.

Finally an assistant director with a megaphone came into the room. He lifted the megaphone, but spoke without raising his voice:

"You're all wanted on Set 4 now," he said. "You understand, this is a wild ball-room scene on board the palatial private yacht. Get on the set now and wait for instructions."

Patricia rose with the others and started forward. As she rounded the corner of the "set" she tripped on a length of cable and stumbled. Just in time a man in street clothes with no make-up on his face sprang forward and caught her. For a second she floundered in his arms. When she looked up, her face was hot under the make-up. She gave a little cry.

She was looking into the face of the young man who had spilled coffee on her dress that day at the Montmartre. His eyes were even nearer than they had been at that time, and with his arms still about her, steadying her, the shock of that meeting of glances was even greater than before.

(To be continued next week)

On the Set and Off

(Continued from page 24)

Rumor has it that the boy star is shortly to make a sequel to "The Rag Man," and that upon its completion he plans to retire from the screen until more matured. According to the report, he is to be trained for a business career, probably real estate.

Conrad Nagel was engaged to play a unique role on Easter Sunday morning. He was elected to officiate at the annual reading of Henry Van-Dyke's Easter poem at the sunrise services in the Hollywood Bowl. This annual reading of the poem is an old service, and heretofore the honor has been conferred on a minister, but Conrad's popularity and his strong, clear voice won him the unusual part.

So successful was Colleen Moore with the role of "Sally," that she is again to try the cinema version of a musical comedy. This time she will be seen as "Irene," a role which Edith Day made popular on the stage a while ago. "Irene" is built along the same lines as "Sally," and Colleen is expected to make just as big a success of it.

I dropped in at the Garden Court the other day to welcome Julanne Johnston home. Julanne has been in Europe for over a year, starring in foreign-made films. She's glad to be home, of course, but there's no doubt that she did have a gorgeous time abroad.

"We didn't bring back trunks full of clothes," protested Mrs. Johnston, who accompanied her daughter on the European jaunt, "but we brought back unforgettable memories of a wonderful trip."

Julanne's apartment, though, was simply stacked with smart luggage bearing intriguing foreign labels, and she looked extremely chic in a smart gray ensemble suit. Her "shaggy" Parisian bob and slim chain anklet are causing much interested comment.

That most fascinating William Powell, whom you'll remember as the "heavy" in "Romola," has arrived in Hollywood to play a featured role in "Faint Perfume," the Zona Gale novel.

With so magnetic a personality in the leading role, others in the cast will have need to look to their laurels, but they're good troupers all: Seena Owen, Alyce Mills, Jackie Saunders, Mary Alden, Russell Simpson and Philo McCullough.

Blanche Sweet and her husband, Marshall Neilan, are on good terms again, it seems, for Mickey is to direct his wife in "The Return of the Soldier," a Rebecca West novel, which will be filmed shortly.

A recent fist fight in the Plantation Cafe, in which Mr. and Mrs. Neilan figured prominently, brought about the report that they had separated forever, but according to the director, everything's rosy now.

The golf links around Hollywood are going to lose Percy Marmont for a time, for he's gone to New York to appear in "Street of Forgotten Men," at the Long Island Paramount studio.

Marmont has just completed work opposite Mabel Ballin, in "The Shining Adventure," under Hugo Ballin's direction.

Olive Borden, who is without doubt one of the most beautiful girls that ever came to Hollywood, has been selected to play a leading role in J. Stuart Blackton's production, "The Happy Warrior," for Vitagraph.

Miss Borden, who is one of this year's Wampas Baby Stars, has worked on various comedy lots. Her first appearance away from the slap-stick realm was as a model in "The Dressmaker From Paris," and from this she stepped into a leading role in the Blackton picture. I've never met the young lady, but if she has intelligence to match her amazing beauty, she's certain to be a sensation, I'm convinced.

Others in the picture are Alice Calhoun and Malcolm MacGregor.

Bill Tilden, tennis champion and movie actor, is back in Hollywood again, and is seen constantly in attendance upon Marjorie Daw. Both deny rumors of their engagement, and indeed it would be a bit premature, as Marjorie is still married to Eddie Sutherland. She returned to the Coast recently with the avowed intention of divorcing her husband, so—you never can tell.

Ralph Ince, director, has brought suit against his wife, Lucille Lee Stewart, for divorce. The motion has been filed in California. Mr. Ince and Miss Stewart were married in Brooklyn, New York, thirteen years ago.

Mrs. Lou Tellegen has been signed by Universal to play in House Peters' next picture, "The Titans," adapted from the novel by Charles Geron. Edward Sloman will direct her. This is Mrs. Tellegen's first picture since the birth of her baby. She will retain her screen name, Nita Romano.

Grace Darmond and Harvey Leon Madison, Notre Dame and Annapolis football star, are to wed, we hear, may even be on their honeymoon when we arrive on the newsstands, for 'tis rumored they have obtained a license. Miss Darmond recently announced her engagement to Lefty Flynn, but it was quickly denied.

Baby Peggy will return to her first love, two-reel comedies, is the latest announcement of her business manager and personal representative, Henry Ginsberg. Demands by national distributors and exhibitors calling for such a series have been received by Jack Montgomery, father of Baby Peggy, who heretofore has looked after the interests of the baby star. The personal appearances of Baby Peggy in the principal Keith vaudeville and picture theaters of the country has gained for her thousands of new friends.

Litigation involving "The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam," produced several years ago by Ferdinand Pinney Earle, has at last been cleared away, and the production will be placed on the market under the title of "The Lover's Oath." Harry Rathner has formed the Astor Distributing Corporation to handle the picture. Rathner, it is understood, took over Earle's interest in the film. Mr. Earle announced only recently his retirement from screen production to take up his former art of portrait painting. However, word from the Coast has it that Mr. Earle has been signed to make some special scenes for "Ben Hur," and that he later will direct his own production.

(Continued on page 34)

The Never-Very-Happy Pola

(*Continued from page 8*)

for it. With characteristic thoroughness and enthusiasm she superintended the laying out of the Italian gardens—very petite, those gardens, she explains—the planting of slim sentinel cedars To the lovely rooms she brought her art treasures, rare tapestries, old paintings, Oriental rugs of exquisite texture.

I think the impression that I received of Pola Negri in her own home will be the most lasting. She had surrounded herself with the things she loved and the people who interested her. Though several of her guests were film stars, the atmosphere was not that of Hollywood. There was a brilliant Mexican diplomat, a film director who goes in for rare editions, a young man who played Chopin in a quite unforgettable manner, seated in a shadowy corner at the grand piano.

Pola Negri, in a Perisian frock of jade-green chiffon, with a bandeau of jade-green wound around her sleek black hair, sat on a rose velvet lounge before the great fireplace. She was sparkling, vivacious, care-free.

As the butler announced dinner and we entered the dining-room, a young Spaniard, clad in a costume of black velvet, a gay scarlet kerchief about his head, appeared mysteriously from somewhere, a guitar slung across his shoulder.

"You shall hear him play," declared the Negri, delightedly, like a child. "I discover him on the set. He is mar-r-velous. There is nothing that he cannot play on that guitar."

And while the young Spaniard played, leaning gracefully in the doorway, the conversation eddied, flowed, circled about Pola Negri, seated so erect at the head of her candle-lit table with its massed centerpiece of delicate pink roses.

Someone spoke of Charlie Chaplin, and quickly, as one might spring to lift a falling banner, she caught the name and held it gallantly high.

"He is a great man—a genius," she said, her eyes blazing, and I recalled that on a former occasion when his name was mentioned, she had spoken of him in just that way.

It occurred to me, too, that I had never heard her speak unkindly of anyone. Oh, I suppose she does, sometimes. There must be those whom, when her wrath is directed against them, she figuratively tears to tattered ribbons. For the elemental, the primitive, is not so far below the surface of Pola Negri's cultivated poise. But in so intense a nature one emotion soon succeeds another, and so civilized a person—for she is just that, though it may seem an anachronism—is not swayed for long by either rage or joy.

After dinner we went downstairs to her projection room. The picturesque young musician came with us, and strummed his guitar while "The Salvation Hunters" was shown. When the last reel had been run off and the lights flashed on again, Pola asked if he had brought her castanets with him.

He had, and, slipping them upon her fingers, suddenly she was dancing a wild, barbaric dance, a dance of her fathers and her fathers' fathers—a dance to be staged about the leaping flames of a wandering gypsy camp-fire, under ancient stars. The green-clad figure swayed and swirled, the castanets beat their sensuous rhythm, the jeweled slippers flashed as she stamped her feet. Smiling, the young musician in the scarlet kerchief accompanied her on the guitar.

I give you my word. We were all quite swept out of ourselves. The arduous technique of the Imperial Russian Ballet, where Pola Negri served a long apprenticeship, has not been forgotten.

Half an hour later, with simple dignity she was bidding us good-night in her formal and lovely drawing-room. The fire in the great carved fireplace had died to glowing embers. But dimly one could see the figures in the tapestries above the grand staircase, the grave nobles in their gilded frames, the delicate pattern in a silken rug. Pola Negri stood there, a slim figure in the half-light, saying "Good-night, my frands."

So, I say, I shall remember her always, as I have seen her in her own home. Yet even in her own home there are so many Polas to remember. The poised and formal Pola in her jade-green Parisian gown, the laughing Pola, with her ready wit and repartee, the Pola with just a hint of danger in her voice as she springs to the defense of another. Pola, the barbaric Slav, dancing stormily to the clashing of castanets.

Which Pola Negri to remember?

All of them—all of them, without doubt. And some day when I am quite old and gray and have lost all my enthusiasms, I yet shall say, "There lived a great actress, a magnificent woman, once—in Hollywood."

The Editor's Mail Bag

This Week's $5.00 Prize Letter

Frequently of late we hear the expression, "The more I see of stage plays, the better I like motion pictures." From this one gathers that the stage play is rapidly losing its popularity and the picture gaining favor. Taking into consideration the fact that the motion picture is comparatively a newcomer, the growing preference is, at first glance, surprising; but closer scrutiny reveals that the motion picture is far more interesting than the stage production, an important factor in the growing favoritism of the picture.

Undoubtedly, the actual sight of an episode is more convincing than being told about it. Should the stage, for instance, desire to depict a boat or horse race, or perhaps a mob scene, it must resort to word pictures by one or more of the actors, the audience getting a second-hand view, so to speak. The scene consequently lacks the realism that the motion picture portrays. Likewise, the continuous action of the motion picture eliminates the lagging of interest which so frequently occurs during the intermission periods of the stage play. Then, too, clever subtleties, such as a shrug of the shoulders or the raising of an eyebrow, often more expressive than words, are lost on playgoers who are not advantageously seated (those spectators having good points of vantage being much in the minority).

Settings usually play an important part and they can be clearly screened even though they cover extended area. The stage frequently is lacking in atmosphere because it could not possibly undertake to reproduce such settings, owing to limited space, to say nothing of stupendous cost. This atmosphere is especially advantageous, creating in the screen player a mood which is of material assistance in the interpretation of his role, and arousing in the spectator a more sympathetic understanding.

There is one type of story that the stage cannot successfully present, as its portrayal would of a necessity be weak, and much inferior to the picture presentation. All who witnessed the picturization of "The Lost World," with its creeping, crawling animal life, or observed the magic trickery in "The Thief of Bagdad," must concede the utter futility of such an undertaking by the stage.

The small admission price of the motion picture adds somewhat to its interest by permitting the mind of the spectator to be at ease, thereby creating a receptive mood. Apropos of the above, one of our black-faced comedians, who was recently playing at a popular-priced house and was expounding, at length, on the good points of his show and its modest admission fee, said "Yo' jes' can't laf at nobody's joke, ef yo' pays five dollars a seat."

If, in its infancy, the motion picture has made such remarkable strides, it is to be expected that the future holds for it far more brilliant prospects, and the realization of its supremacy in the field of dramatic art.

HENRIETTA D. SIGMUND.
Philadelphia, Pa.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Honorable Mention

M. E. KOPITZ,
Bennington, Vermont.

Former salesman now directing own photoplays

LITTLE did Harold Shumate dream, when he enrolled with the Palmer Institute of Authorship in 1923, that within two years he would rise from near-obscurity as a salesman to a position of responsibility in the motion picture field.

Yet that is exactly what happened. Today Mr. Shumate is a partner in the Rouse-Shumate productions, directing his own photoplays.

Mr. Shumate is the author of "The White Sin," the screen versions of "The Last Rose of Summer," "The Moonlight Sonata" and other photoplays. The illustration shows him directing a scene in "The Mile High Trail," just released.

"Entire credit for my present position and the obstacles I was enabled to surmount in attaining that position," says Mr. Shumate, "are directly traceable to the personal interest taken in me by the members of the Palmer Institute of Authorship. I shall always be immeasurably grateful for all that the Palmer training did and is still doing for me."

Just one of many new writers

Mr. Shumate is just one of scores of new writers who have learned the *technique* of writing through the Palmer Institute and are now selling short stories, novels, special articles and photoplays.

The list includes Anita Pettibone, whose novel, "The Bitter Country," was recently published by Doubleday, Page & Co.; Phyllis Cumberland, who sold "Tangled Lives" to Thomas H. Ince; Miss Bernadine King, who wrote "The Bishop of Hollywood"; John M. Byers, who sold his first play to a New York producer; Charles Shepherd, who wrote "The Ways of Ah Sin"; Tadema Bussiere, whose play, "The Open Gate," was given its premiere at the Morosco Theatre, Los Angeles, in October, 1924; Jane Hurrle, who wrote "Robes of Redemption"; and Miss Winifred Kimball, who won the $10,000 prize in the *Chicago Daily News* scenario contest.

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The Palmer Institute is unique among educational institutions because it seeks for training only those with natural creative ability who can profit by its instruction. Therefore, no one is invited to enroll for its home-study courses until he or she has passed the Palmer Creative Test.

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MAIL TODAY, TO ADVERTISING MANAGER, MOVIE WEEKLY, 1926 BROADWAY

The Life Story of Alice Terry

(*Continued from page* 5)

which one had no particular interest to people in whom one was even less interested.

I didn't want to do that. I wanted to go out to meet life. I wanted the color and joy of it. I couldn't bear to think of being cheated as, it seemed to me, these girls were cheated. I wanted to go to far places, see the treasures of strange cities.

I was of a very intense nature at that time. As I look back on those days I realize how radically I've changed with the passing years, but even then I wasn't given much to brooding over things. I hoped for a happy future, but my thoughts were mostly engaged with day-to-day happenings. We certainly had a lot of fun down at Venice during those school-days of mine, and I enjoyed myself daily. I recall one time when the canals overflowed, and our house was flooded. We had to go around in row-boats for three days, and were quite excited at the novelty of rowing in at the front door.

When I had finished the grammar school, I went to the Santa Monica High School. Venice, Ocean Park and Santa Monica are really three towns, but they are linked together, and they've spread out so within the last few years that you can hardly tell where one leaves off and the next one begins. We had moved away from the canals, and were now living in an apartment house in Santa Monica.

Enid Markey was living in the same apartment house and was working at Inceville, the picturesque motion picture village erected along the Coast a few miles above Santa Monica, by the late Thomas H. Ince. Inceville was deserted several years ago, when Mr. Ince built the Triangle Studios in Culver City, but at that time it was quite a center of motion picture activity. Charlie Ray, Wm. S. Hart and a good many other stars were working there. None of them, of course, were famous, as they are now.

Enid Markey asked me one day if I wouldn't like to get work in motion pictures. I had just finished my second year in high school, and knew that I would soon have to go to work at something. The thought of a film career was quite alluring, so I told Enid that of course I'd like to become an actress. She took me out to Inceville one day, and it was through her that I got my first screen work.

I loved Inceville. It really was one of the quaintest spots in the world. The stages and sets clambered up the steep hillsides, and below us the surf foamed ceaselessly against the jagged cliffs. The murmur of the ocean was continuously in our ears and the fresh ocean breeze was always so invigorating. I knew that I was going to enjoy working there.

Before long I was put in stock at Inceville at $12 a week. Mr. Ince always seemed to like me. He used to tell me that he felt certain I had possibilities, but he was always lecturing me about dieting. I was inclined to be over-weight, and I loved sweets and ice-cream—things I shouldn't have eaten at all. One day, I remember, I was going up the path toward one of the stages with an ice-cream soda in one hand and a chocolate eclair in the other. I met Mr. Ince face to face in the path. I tried to keep my hands behind me so that he wouldn't see what I was eating. But it was no use. I was caught. He couldn't help laughing, but he gave me quite a lecture.

Do you remember the Ince film, "Civilization"? I played all sorts of bits in that picture. I was a French peasant and a German peasant, and I even put on a beard and uniform once and played the part of a German soldier. I would do anything in the world they asked of me for $12 a week. That was a lot of money, and I wanted to be worth it.

After we finished "Civilization" I was given my first real part. Bessie Barriscale and Lew Cody were to make a picture called "Not My Sister," and I was given the part of Miss Barriscale's younger sister. It happened that that picture went over very well, and as my role was quite an important one I stood out.

I saw my name in the newspapers. The critics called me a "find." It was said that I would no doubt be the next big star. I was thrilled, excited and happy as only a sixteen-year-old girl can be, who suddenly finds herself in such a position.

But life wasn't to be as glowing as I painted it to myself. I found it didn't take long for dreams to be shattered. Just a turn of Fate's wheel . . .

(*To be continued next week*)

The Life Story of Richard Barthelmess

(*Continued from page* 16)

marriage is the most important matter. In the beginning I minded Mary working on the stage. But as time went on I realized that one cannot check the natural career of another and by this time I am reconciled. We have been married five years and the baby is two years old. Things do adjust and ideas shape themselves to fit circumstances.

My life has been a funny one, worked out in contrasts. Associations, dreams, ambitions, have, at one time or another, been pitched in a medley of different keys. There has been a combination of the theater and of people and events very far removed from the theater. I have known charming, intellectual people, people who play and people who work, æsthetes and downright bums. They all have had lessons to teach. From them I have derived a conflict of opinions, theories, philosophies and beliefs that have seemed to conflict but that, in the end, work into the pattern every life turns out to be sooner or later.

Only the other day a group of us were discussing class distinctions. And I said, "You cannot put me in any class because I have no class. I belong to all classes." And I feel that to be true. I have no particular niche. I am, at heart, the true cosmopolite.

If I have evolved any definite philosophy it is the simple one of doing the best one can from day to day, for, after all, the day is all we have. All we know. We can build as firm a structure as we are capable of building for the Future and, if that structure fails, then all we can do is try to build again with the knowledge, however grim, that we have done our best, and no one can do more.

THE END

If I Were You

(*Continued from page* 26)

the finest things for bleaching the skin. Of course, it will not make you any lighter than you are naturally. It merely removes tan. Diluted lemon juice is also very good for whitening the skin.

J. D.: I am sorry that I am unable to give you the name of the physicians who operated on the noses of the motion picture actors whom you mentioned. You will have to write to them personally.

V. W.: No, I do not think that you are too old to take up dancing for professional work. Many girls of your age are only just starting in to learn to dance. Whether you will become a good dancer or not, of course, depends upon how you apply yourself and how much talent you possess.

Miss S. Van C.: I am glad that you were pleased with the advice that I gave you some time ago. This time you want me to tell you more explicitly just what I meant by saying that in order to be a successful actor one must possess talent and not merely good looks. Talent, in my estimation, is a gift which we have to develop. And in order to develop whatever particular gift we may posses, we have to work. Work hard Talent is an uncommon aptitude for some special activity. Just merely desiring to do a thing does not mean that we have a talent for that special thing. Talent is innate. It is the best medium for self-expression that we have. Writers, artists, singers and actors have all found their particular talent and concentrated upon developing it. Even business people have chosen their own niche.

Your description of yourself and the measurements which you sent me are very good, indeed

The Double

(*Continued from Page 22*)

yes, they ought to have fled, but they simply hadn't thought of it! . . .

Lew and Bud had fallen upon him with the fire tongs wrapped in excelsior and burlap—one of the wedding presents—and Slinky had used the chloroform he had taken with him—the chloroform he had blamed for making him sleep on the job . . .

It had been Lew's idea that if they took Vaughn away, it would be thought that Vaughn had killed the man in the library and fled. They could drop him off somewhere—Central Park—Grant's Tomb—anywhere—and he wouldn't know how he got there—couldn't explain his movements. But the Owl had had a "bug about ransom" . . .

"Get de jack?" asked Slinky, suddenly.

They all looked at Chip.

Jack? . . . Jack for what? . . . Oh, for the clothes! . . . She felt in Bud's pockets, surreptitiously . . . No money on her, at any rate . . . Yet the clothes had been pawned . . .

"Sure," she ventured, in Bud's surliest tone.

But now she thought she knew the reason for that odd, measuring look in the real Bud's eyes. At the time she had merely felt that he knew where Vaughn was and wondered if the gang would do for her before *she* found out.

"How much?" inquired Lew.

"Damn little," replied Chip, and sought to change the subject by a dreary: "Bulls are onto it."

"Where is Vaughn? *Where is Vaughn?* Her mind kept ticking it, even as she tried to make them believe that in dodging the police she had had to hide the funds . . . They didn't believe her, she felt sure . . . They had been looking for this money. They hadn't yet dared to get rid of the silver and stuff from the Little House. The failure of the papers to mention a dead man in connection with Vaughn's disappearance still worried them . . .

"What becoma dat boid?" Bud had asked over and over.

"See de Owl?" asked Patch, the one with the black eye . . . It had been Patch who had turned in the fire alarm.

"Naw," said Chip.

There was a back room . . . He might be in the back room . . .

"When do we eat?" demanded Lew.

The others looked at Chip, who sank down into one of Bud's surliest attitudes and made no reply . . . Was Bud supposed to have spent the jack for food? Oh, where was Vaughn?

"Listen," she whispered. "What's dat?"

They listened, intently, earnestly, their white faces working.

"Well, what?" asked Slinky, at length.

"In de back room!" mouthed Chip, daringly.

They relaxed. "Oh!" breathed Lew. Patch swallowed, audibly, and Slinky growled: "'S all right! We run outa dope, but he's bolted in. He ain't come to yet."

Chip held herself rigidly from crying aloud. He *was* in there—doped . . . But she must be sure —*sure*—

"De Owl said he'd have him outa here by now," grumbled Lew.

"Foist thing y' know de bulls'll wise up or he'll croak!" almost wailed Patch.

"If de Owl had listened to me, he'd of left him in de park—" began Lew.

"If you'd listened to me, you'd have left him on his own floor!" snarled Slinky.

"If you hadn't of slept—" countered Lew.

They stopped, abruptly. "Hey, where you goin'?" they demanded in chorus of Chip, who was limping softly toward the back door.

"Told you I hoid somepin," insisted Chip, a hand on the knob. If she could be sure Vaughn was there, she'd blow the police whistle Mr. Dill had given her—

"Sa—ay, git away!" There was a short-nosed pistol in Lew's hand, and his eyes were half shut and menacing. "You're actin' dam queer—"

The signal sounded on the front door. Patch cried: "De Owl!" and ran to open it . . . The Owl entered, a stoop-shouldered, small-mouthed, long, lean youth with horn-rimmed, amber glasses. He paused at sight of Chip and seemed to struggle for an instant for speech. Then he said: "How'd you—where'd you come from?"

Chip, fumbling with the knob, made no reply. It was hard enough to concentrate on keeping her Bud pose. But she had doubled often enough to know how to work for effects.

"Hoid you was run over."

"He got de jack and blowed it," offered Patch.

"Dirty bum!" said Slinky.

"What jack?" demanded the Owl. What was it in his voice that sent an icy flame sweeping over Chip? What ghastly false step had she made?

"For de clo'es," elucidated Lew.

"Ho!" commented the Owl. He eyed Chip again. "What was it you give *me* if it wasn't de jack for de clo'es—huh?"

"He said he hadn't saw you!" cried Patch.

"What made you say dat—huh?" The Owl advanced on Chip, threateningly.

"For fun," growled Chip, slipping back the bolt . . . The door wouldn't yield . . . Must be something behind it . . .

"Fun—huh!" The Owl snatched at the cap that shielded the spurious Bud's face, jerked it off, dragged its wearer nearer the lantern. "What is all dis?"

His cruel eyes went from the vaselined locks that were, in the dim light, very like Bud's mud-colored thatch, to the wide gray eyes that, in spite of a steadfast effort to reproduce Bud's expression, were not the blue, light-lashed affairs that belonged to the real Bud. The complexion of stain and grime and artificial freckles might have passed, with the carefully discolored teeth, but the Owl's grip of her shoulder tore the shirt and discolored the soft, white flesh . . .

"Bud broke his arm and got took to de hospital, and you t' ought you'd git de reward for—No, you don't." The Owl wrenched the police whistle from her hand and sent it hurling against the door.

"Vaughn! Vaughn!" screamed Chip, struggling gallantly, but unscientifically with the lanky Owl.

"Crown 'im!" urged Lew.

Slinky and Patch added their voice, cautiously modulated but arrestingly fierce . . . The Owl had arms of steel . . . Chip couldn't bear the pain of her twisted wrist much longer, nor the agony of the pressing fingers at her throat . . . Her screams were choked beneath the crushing flesh of the Owl's iron hands . . . There was a rushing in her eyes . . .

When did it begin, or had it always been going on—that high, shrill, piercing shriek? . . .

Chip opened her eyes? The pressure on her windpipe had relaxed, but the Owl still knelt on her breastbone, painfully. The deafening screech went on . . .

Someone darted from the room, banging the door, but the sound of his feet on the stairs was drowned by the din of the whistle between the teeth of a man who battled with Lew and Patch . . . Yes, it was Vaughn—a gaunt, unshaven Vaughn, rather blue about the lips, looking unfamiliar in overalls! . . . Lew's hand, clutching the blunt-nosed gun, had been forced up and back by Vaughn's straining, straining effort . . .

Patch was lifting a chair, and cursing Slinky for running . . .

The Owl sprang up, but Chip, quick as a cat, caught his foot and sent him sprawling against Patch and the chair . . .

She staggered to her feet, dashed out the lantern, and toppled the wobbly table over upon the tangle of arms and legs . . .

And then something lunged at her out of the dark and she went down in an inert heap against the broken springs of the cot . . .

Someone was bathing her head. A smarting liquid was running into her eyes. She moved, impatiently, and the light jolt of the car she was in, as it rounded a corner, moved her back again . . .

"She's coming to," said a far-off voice.

"Chip!" said an unforgetable one.

Her eyes flew open . . . That was really Vaughn beside her . . . It was, wasn't it? Vaughn's shoulder upon her head . . .

A thousand years or so passed . . .

"It's all right, dear," said the unforgettable voice.

A few more centuries rolled on . . .

She remembered her shorn head and could have cried. Supposing they ever did anything other than ride in this car for the rest of their lives, *how* could she bear it? . . . Ears and everything!

What a fool Estelle had been to give him up for Clyde! *He* was different from anyone in the world! They had been pretty close friends for more than two years—just friends, of course, but—

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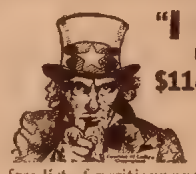

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Heavens! He didn't know about Estelle!

She tried to sit up, but he drew her down again, gently.

"Estelle—you ought to know—"

"She's going to marry Clyde," he anticipated.

"She's done it!" breathed Chip, in an agony of sympathy.

"Don't you care!" he advised, patting her arm. "B—but—don't *you!*"

He smiled down at her, in the gray dawn, the deep lines about his mouth and eyes relaxing pleasantly. "Hardly! . . . Look here, Chip. I thought I was in love with a certain movie star, but—"

The other person in the cab was Mr. Dill. He chose that moment to apply more of the smarting liquid. "You look kinda sparse about the head." he commented.

"I know. I look like the dickens—"

"You don't!" contradicted Vaughn, as the cab turned in toward the Little House. He finished his former sentence: "I was really—all in love with the double!"

The chauffeur opened the cab door. Mr. Dill got out and rang the bell. But Vaughn and Chip remained in the cab . . .

"I love you!" he was saying.

He was probably delirious . . . but Chip took a chance on it.

"I love you!" she echoed, "Oh, I do!"

Although Sara had opened the door, Mr. Dill rang the bell again.

THE END.

The Colonel

(Continued from page 25)

birth date as 1897. See HOPEFUL. Lillian Gish was born October 14, 1896. Rumor has it that she is engaged to marry Jean Nathan, well-known writer and dramatic critic. Lillian's address is Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

THE POLAR BEAR'S PAJAMAS—I thought the polar bear went to bed in his bear skin. Gloria Swanson has only one child of her own, but she also has an adopted one. Alice Joyce has been working at the Famous Players' Studios, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood, playing in "The Little French Girl." As to why Doug Fairbanks always has a balcony scene in his pictures—he must have something to jump off of. Beverly Bayne keeps her age a secret in the family Bible. I suppose Barbara La Marr wiggles her eyebrows because they need exercise. Nita Naldi's address is United Studios, 5341 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles.

PHYLLIS AND FAN—No, Ben Lyon is not married, but it's not for lack of feminine interest. You might write Doug Fairbanks again for his picture; I think he usually sends them to fans. Viola Dana is the widow of John Collins. Gladys Walton still makes pictures now and then; she has been playing in "The Sky Raider." Barbara Bedford's latest picture is "Percy," opposite Charles Ray.

On the Set and Off

(Continued from page 30)

"East Lynne," the classic which ranks among the most tremendous theatrical successes of the age, is to be brought to the screen at last! And the seasonal picture plum goes to Alma Rubens, who will play "Lady Isabel," a role that is considered of intrinsic value in the repertoire of all prominent stage stars. William Fox, who is to make this world-known melodrama, announces that it is to be produced on a lavish scale, with Emmett Flynn directing. Other names glistening in the cast are Edmund Lowe, Marjorie Daw, Lou Tellegen and Frank Keenan.

Marshall Neilan has been released from his contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and will become an independent producer, in association with Pat Powers. Before he leaves the M.-G.-M. lot he will complete "The Sporting Venus," part of which was filmed in Europe last summer, with Blanche Sweet and Ronald Colman in the leading roles. This picture has been on the shelf while Neilan has been working on another film.

"The Sporting Venus" is owned jointly by Neilan and the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer company.

Marc McDermott, famous screen villain, was the victim of a bold robbery in which he and his companion, Mrs. Gertrude Shirk, a guest at the Biltmore Hotel, lost $5300 in jewelry and money to two automobile bandits. In true movie fashion, the bandit car swept up beside the one McDermott was driving and forced him to pull his machine up to the curb. The screen player was forced to surrender a diamond-set platinum ring valued at $1500 and a wallet containing about $20 in money. Mrs. Shirk was then ordered to remove a large solitaire diamond ring, valued at $3700, from her finger, handing it to the robber, together with a silver mesh bag valued at $100.

The robbery was a very daring one, as it took place on Wilshire Boulevard during the after-theater hour, when traffic is heavy.

Gaston Glass and Renee Adoree are to be married. Oh—not for some time, as Miss Adoree's divorce decree from Tom Moore is not final yet, but they're announcing their engagement at this time, anyway. Hollywood isn't much surprised, as Gaston has been devoted to Renee for some time.

Gertrude Short, Hollywood's chubbiest ingenue, has reduced fifty pounds and won a fiancee. Gertrude decided that nobody loved a fat girl and went on a strenuous diet. Then she met Percy Pembroke, film director—and the romance started Pembroke directed her in "The Telephone Girl" series for F. B. O.

You'll hear some real California music when Douglas Fairbanks' latest picture, "Don Q," is shown in your theaters. Mortimer Wilson, well-known composer, who did the score for "The Thief of Bagdad," is in Hollywood, and will soon start upon the score for "Don Q." Mr. Wilson plans to incorporate Spanish melodies of early California days into the score. Many of these old songs, he says, have never been published, having been handed down from generation to generation.

Winifred Hart, wife of William S. Hart, is suffering from a complete nervous break-down at her home in Hollywood. According to friends, Mrs. Hart has been under a severe strain for months, and the recent trial of her suit against her husband to set aside portions of their separation agreement has added to this strain. It is said that her condition is serious.

Thelma Morgan Converse is now freed of her matrimonial troubles. Mrs. Converse was granted a divorce from her husband, James Vail Converse, when she convinced a Los Angeles judge that her pleasure-loving spouse was cruel to her.

Mrs. Converse, who besides being a film actress is also the daughter of Harry Hays Morgan, former consul-general to Belgium, and the twin sister of Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt, plans to continue her screen career.

The stork is hovering over the home of Mr. and Mrs. Dustin Farnum. Mrs. Farnum confirmed the rumor this week that she and "Dusty" are expecting an addition to the family.

The famous screen couple were married in Hollywood last August, culminating a studio romance that had its inception many years ago when they appeared opposite each other in "The Squaw Man" and "The Virginian." Mrs. Farnum before her marriage was Miss Winifred Kingston.

If the "ice ballet" is ever revived on the stage, several of the Hollywood film stars might join it, for dozens of them have become wildly enthusiastic over skating, since the opening of the new ice rink here. Hockey teams have been organized, and many of the players really excel at the sport.

Two of Hollywood's finest are Viola Dana and her devoted squire, Lefty Flynn. Almost every evening finds them at the rink, and Viola is now skimming over the ice and doing all sorts of fancy twirls, with never a nose dive. Recently, they've interested Anna Q. Nilsson in the sport. Anna went to the rink for the first time the other night, with some trepidation, for she hadn't skated since her childhood days in Sweden. But she got through the evening without a bruise, and she's been there almost every evening since.

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Do You Want A Diamond Ring ?

See Page 17

Evelyn FRANCISCO

VOL. V

MOVIE WEEKLY

Printed in U. S. A.

No. 22

Has a Beginner Any Chance in Hollywood?

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Helen Carlisle

in this story. De Mille tells what made him pick Gloria Swanson when she was a little Nobody . . .

Everyone has heard that the motion picture field is overcrowded. But the producers are crying for new faces. In view of this we thought it would be interesting to know whether or not beginners would be given a chance.

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GALLERY of PORTRAITS

Lois Wilson used to be known as the "nicest girl in *Hollywood,*" but *Lois* has outgrown that title now. She is so much more than the superlative of nice—a talented actress, a charming woman and an author. *"Rugged Waters"* will be her next screen offering.

Photograph by Witzel

Lois Wilson

Photograph by Henry Waxman

RUDOLPH VALENTINO

Never, we think, has *Rudolph Valentino* been as likeable as he is at present telling. In spite of the great success which this most-favored of movie idols has attained, there has been a something lacking in his recent portrayals—a something which has left a slight tarnish upon his laurels. And a more proud or intolerant man might have remained indifferent. But *Rudy* has admitted his faults and, with a charming humility, trusts his public will like him in his new picture, *"The Untamed."*

Photograph by Pach Bros.

ALICE JOYCE

Alice Joyce's **dark loveliness never fails to intrigue us. And it is not to the conformed standards of beauty or regularity of contour that her fascination can be attributed. There is an expressive lift to the arch of her perfect brow—a droop to the corners of her sensitive mouth—an aristocratic bearing—an intangible something which defies the use of conventional superlatives.**

Photograph by C Heighton Monroe

ALLAN FORREST

Allan Forrest **is rapidly coming to the fore as a leading man whose services are much in demand. His work with** ***Leatrice Joy*** **in** ***"The Dressmaker from Paris,"*** **has been highly commended. And rightly so, for** ***Allan*** **was one of the reasons for that picture's success.**

Photograph by Clarence S. Bull

NORMA SHEARER

"The Exquisite Norma" **is the title which the critics have unanimously conferred upon** ***Norma Shearer,*** **one of the screen's most promising young stars A short time ago** ***Norma*** **was just a little movie fan writing letters to** ***Valentino*** **and** ***Doug*** **for their autographed pictures and now she is playing with some of the very stars she worshipped from afar.** ***"Nothing to Wear,"*** **with Lew Cody, is her next cinema offering.**

Photograph by Frenlich

LAURA LA PLANTE

Laura La Plante's **dimples are as much a part of her pictures as were** ***Lillian Walker's,*** **when motion pictures were new. And there are few people who can resist** ***Laura*** **when she employs them on the screen.** ***"The Beautiful Cheat"*** **is the title of her next picture.**

One of the Most Amazing Stories That Has Ever Been Told in Hollywood

The Girl Who Refused Stardom

By Helen Carlisle

THE latest Hollywood film star to give up a comfortable contract with a weekly pay-check running well into four figures, and resolutely strike out as a free-lance player is Shirley Mason.

Shirley has been a star under the Fox banner for nearly five years. During that time she has had a few good vehicles and a great many mediocre ones. Usually she has been seen as "one of those little ga-ga girls" as she expresses it, flitting about the countryside in ruffled organdies or gingham apron, wishing everyone well. Her problems were usually solved in the last reel when the handsome hero said, "Darling, be mine," or words to that effect. An audience sitting through one of these commonplace little stories was quite apt to forget what it was all about ten minutes after leaving the theater.

Yet Shirley's pictures made money, both for herself and for the Fox Film Company. A little niche of her own had Shirley. The fresh, flowering youth of her is appealing. She seems to belong in a rose-garden with the sunlight on her hair. Sometimes, when one grew weary of sex dramas and problem plays it was something of a relief to slip into a theater and watch little Shirley Mason trip through her five or six reels of Pollyanna-ism. Not that Shirley was apt to do anything very important. Her pictures allowed her little latitude for fine emotional acting. But she was entertaining.

She could probably have gone on making pictures of the type she was making for Fox indefinitely, and from a financial angle the situation must have been a satisfactory one to her. She owns a lovely home in Hollywood, where she lives alone with three or four servants to minister to her wishes. She drives an expensive car. There is no sign that Shirley need worry over monetary matters. Everything was going very, very smoothly.

But it may be that things were going too smoothly. There is in youth always the questing spirit, the desire to strike out along new trails. Youth can never quite be satisfied with life as it is.

Shirley, by ordinary counts, is a very lucky girl. From a material standpoint she has everything her heart could desire. She has amassed a comfortable fortune, this tiny, child-like little person. She has beauty, youth and the glorious vigor of perfect health. She has perfect freedom to come and go as she pleases and to do as she wishes.

Yet all these things are not enough to make Shirley placidly content. Burning within her is the desire to stand acknowledged as an artist. She is tired of being the pretty little girl, with pretty little girl problems, on the screen. She will tell you, sitting in the sunny, flower-filled living-room of her lovely home, that she wants real characterizations and that she will not return to the screen until she is given a real acting role. A role that will give her the opportunity of proving she is an actress—not a figurehead.

Just before she left Fox she was given such a role in "The Talker," a picture for which she was loaned to First National. Lew Stone, who worked with her in it, says that she is a "great trouper"—a high compliment to be treasured by a young actress, coming as it did, from so seasoned a player as Mr. Stone. Anna Q. Nilsson, who played the title role, tells me that Shirley has "walked away with the picture." Critics have confirmed these statements and soon you will have an opportunity to see for yourself just what little Shirley Mason can do in the way of acting.

"It must have taken a good deal of courage," I reflected, as we talked the other day, "to give up the security afforded you by a long-term contract, for the uncertainty of free-lancing."

"I asked everyone for advice," admitted Shirley, "and they all gave it to me. For a while I was on the fence. The slightest push would have sent me either way. But my sister, Viola, had the same experience just before she finished her Metro contract. She finally made up her mind to free-lance and her success since that time has encouraged me.

"One thing that made me unhappy at Fox's was that they always treated me like a child. They couldn't seem to realize that I was grown up. When they wanted me to sign again they told me that several good pictures

The fresh, flowering youth of *Shirley Mason* is appealing. She seems to belong in a rose garden with the sunlight on her hair. Sometimes when one grew weary of sex dramas and problem plays, it was something of a relief to slip into a theater and watch little *Shirley Mason* trip through her five or six reels of *Pollyanna-ism*.

Photograph by Walter Frederick Seely

Though *Shirley* is twenty-five she doesn't look a day over seventeen, writes *Helen Carlisle*, and if we judge from the picture below, snapped while the diminutive leading lady was taking her shower, we can quite believe it.

Photograph by Henry Waxman

She is tired of being the pretty little girl, with pretty little girl problems, on the screen. She will tell you that she wants real characterizations and that she will not return to the screen until she is given a real acting role. The picture above is one of *Shirley's* new photographs.

Photograph by Henry Waxman

It is quite possible that *Shirley* will have her ups and downs as a free-lance actress, but she is a game little person and her career will be worth watching. It is not often a star gives up her glory to become a member of an all-star cast. Above is *Shirley* in a blonde wig.

were coming up, but they wouldn't assure me that these pictures would be given to me. I might, and I might not get them. And I was so tired of playing little ga-ga girls. An actress' career is finished when people start saying of her, 'Oh, she's *passe*.' I didn't want that to happen to me."

It hardly seems that Shirley need worry about being considered *passe*, even though she has been on the screen for ten years of so. The truth is, she still seems just a child—which remark, I realize, will make no hit with her. She is, in stature, probably the smallest of our film stars, a tiny person just four feet eleven, and weighing just ninety-six pounds. Though she must be about twenty-five, she doesn't look a day over seventeen and I doubt that she feels any older than that. She looks and acts like a school girl who has always been surrounded with every luxury money can buy.

She shows no trace of ever having come in contact with the harsher side of life. One can hardly believe, looking at her curled up among the cushions in a big arm chair, that the life of the theater has been hers since babyhood, that her infant eyes stared across the footlights, that her early memories are of theatrical agents' offices and wearying road tours. One can hardly believe that she was married for several years, and has known the shock and grief of having her husband taken from her by death. The years touch Shirley as sunlight touches the petals of a rose, gently, caressingly. Sorrow has touched her as spring rain might touch the rose, increasing, not marring her loveliness.

But of course all this seems rather a drawback to Shirley, who wishes to be regarded as a serious artist. When an actress hopes to convince producers that she can portray mature women who have Lived and Suffered, it is quite distressing to be patted on the shoulders and called a cute little girl.

Certainly the cute little girl must be respected for having had the courage of her convictions. She says that since the close of her contract she has been offered a great many roles, but not one of them has been the sort of characterization she is determined to give the screen and so she has remained idle. She seems happily content to wait another big chance such as that given her in "The Talker." When it comes along her admirers will see her again, but not before.

If Shirley triumphs in a series of difficult roles she will not only hold her old audiences but create new ones. She will justify the step she has taken, and those who have advised her to go forth on her own will have the satisfaction of knowing that their advice was all for the best.

But Shirley will be an exceptionally fortunate girl if things work out that way. Few, if any, of our greatest stars have an unbroken line of spectacular successes to their credit. Even the biggest ones frequently find it necessary to accept commonplace roles.

Gloria Swanson's every picture cannot give her the opportunities of "Manhandled." Rudolph Valentino cannot always be Julio. Pola Negri has had to wade through a morass of mediocre stuff since "Passion" and "Gypsy Blood." The Talmadge girls, who can pick and choose from the entire world of stories, have very poor vehicles every now and then.

For, after all, if every star were to have only the parts that he or she would choose, the majority of pictures would remain unmade. There are so many comedians who are longing to be Bernhardts. So many tragediennes who long for lighter impersonations. And once a star has endeared herself to her public in a certain type of role, it is not the easiest thing in the world to have it accept her in another. And certainly, even if Shirley does not love the sweet, little girl roles which it has fallen to her lot to portray so well, her audience loves her in them.

It is quite possible that Shirley Mason will have her ups and downs as a free-lance actress, just as she has had as a star. However, she's a game little person and her career should be well worth watching. It is not often that a star voluntarily gives up the glory of her estate to become a member of all-star casts, as she has done.

A Designing Gloria

Engages in a New Profession

Gloria Swanson has gained a reputation for being one of the most beautifully gowned and jewelled women in the world, not only on the screen but in her private life, as well. And many of the lovely things which *Gloria* wears are creations of her own clever mind.

Above is a necklace which she designed in collaboration with *Rene Hubert*, a crossed band of luminous, graduated pearls. At the end is a tassel of beautiful jade and pearls, the top of which can be opened, disclosing a tiny powder puff and dainty mirror. Concealed in the pearl tassel is a lip stick. *Gloria* wears the necklace in *"The Coast of Folly."*

On the left a beautiful evening gown of crepe georgette in an apricot shade with *Persian* embroidery in silver cords. The lining of the gown is of silver cloth, the hosiery is silver metal and the slippers, silver brocade. With the gown is a cape of the same material, with two panels which wind around the arms and form sleeves. This also was designed by *Miss Swanson*.

His Hidden Wife

The Story of a Woman Who Travelled Incognito While Her Husband Made Love to Another Woman

By Anne Austin

For Synopsis of Preceding Chapters See Page 38

MOLLIE wanted to go—but something held her there while they continued.

"Vunce more, und then a close-up," Von Beckmann mopped his sweaty red face, and glared about him with triumph shining from his small eyes. "Maybe not so bad, huh?" he grunted, to no one in particular.

To witness the thing again was intolerable. When she was sure that Kirk could not observe her flight, she abandoned the security of the bit of wall, and ran, blindly, zigzaggedly across the cluttered floor space. She knew she was lost in that vastness of unrelated activity, in those apparently endless acres of sets, in use and ready for "striking" or for future shooting, but she had only one desire, to get as far away from Stage Five as her frantic feet could take her.

"Hey! Watch your step!"

A voice that seemed to strike chords of memory through her unreasoning memory brought her up short, even as an arm shot out to keep her from falling. She had tripped upon one of those treacherous coils of light cables.

"My God! It's Mollie O'Mara!"

She raised her tear-blurred eyes to the face of the man who saved her from a bad fall.

"Aaron!" she raised her hands instinctively to his shoulders, gripped them hard. "Oh, Aaron Grosbeck! It's good to see you! What *are* you doing here?"

"Learning the picture business. Going to be a director. Big money in it. Business slow on Broadway," he answered in the old, laconic way she knew so well.

She studied his face hungrily. It had been so long since she had seen the face of a friend. He was a little thinner; his kind, black eyes, which had always beamed upon her with almost child-like wistfulness and fondness, were a little strained, harassed. It was the look which Molllie had seen in the eyes of Von Beckmann, of his assistant director, of the cameramen.

"Hard to teach an old dog new tricks," Grosbeck ran his fingers distractedly through his thick, curling black hair, as if in answer to her unspoken anxiety for him. "But I'm interested in you, Mollie. Out here to get into pictures? Why didn't you tell me? I could have pulled some wires for you. It was rather rotten of you to run away like that, Mollie. We've been good friends——"

"Please, Aaron," she tightened her grip on his shoulders. "I can't talk to you here. Please don't ask me questions. And believe me, my dear, I had my reasons."

"Can't you stick around a bit, till I get a set ready? They're letting me try my hand on a program picture. Just learning the game, you know. But I'll be free in a few minutes, and then we can have some lunch somewhere. There's a cafeteria on the lot."

"Please, not there!" she objected quickly, knowing that Kirk usually ate in the studio dining-room.

"Then we'll hop into my car and run out Sunset Boulevard to the Twin Sisters Tea Room. Quiet there, because the place is going to fail. I guess that's the reason I eat there occasionally. It always makes me feel bad to see a business failing."

"I know, Aaron," she patted his arm with real affection. "You were always like that. Take me to your stage, and I'll wait there for you."

Twenty minutes later Aaron Grosbeck guided her through the maze of the studio to a side entrance, where his car was parked. The feverish intensity which had disturbed her faded from his eyes when his hand grasped the wheel. He looked at her with frank delight, the very fact of her presence giving him peace.

"Mollie, Mollie!" he drew in a sharp breath of joy. "Oh, girl, it's good to see you again. But you look tired, honey. Lie back and rest. We'll be there in ten minutes, if the traffic cops are home to lunch. Great to own a car, out here, where you can drive a thousand miles without getting off perfect paved roads."

"So they all say," Mollie chuckled, her heart suddenly lighter. After all, he was her own kind. They knew the same people, had worked together for years, had shared the same hopes and ambitions, tasted the bitterness of failure together. It was good to see him again. She felt herself again, for the first time in months.

The little tea room, with its brave gaudiness of orange and black tables and batik curtains, was almost deserted. A maiden lady, one of the last of her species, and doubtless one of the "twin sisters," took their order with almost pathetic gratitude for their eating there.

"Sister's making waffles," she fluttered over them. "And there's orange blossom honey."

"Waffles and honey by all means, and broiled chicken, if you have it."

"She's like a character in a play, "Mollie told him when they were alone. "It's sweet of you to make her happy by ordering the most expensive thing on her menu. Now tell me," she commanded, propping her elbows on the table, and cupping her little round, childish chin in her laced fingers. "Oh, Aaron, it *is* good to see you."

"I've told you," he protested. "Got tired of the Broadway gamble. Guy put it up to me that I ought to be making movies. Got the rights for this company cheap, for 'Hidden Treasure,' and they're letting me make it. That's all, except that you broke my heart when you disappeared like that. I put ads in the Billboard and personals in the big papers, here, in New York and Paris. Never heard a word from you."

"I'm sorry, Aaron. It was something I couldn't tell even you. You'd have called me a fool, and—I guess I am." Her eyes filled with tears, which were becoming too easy with her lately. "I didn't see any of the notices, dear. I'd have written to assure you that I was all right—not abducted, or sick or—or anything. Well and happy, I'd have wired you." She choked a little on that.

"And it would have been a damned, unnecessary lie!" he exploded so loudly that the timid little twin sister fluttered to the doorway from the kitchen. "You're not well and you're not happy. Oh, child, what have you done to Mollie O'Mara?"

"Mollie O'Mara is dead," she said in a low voice. "There is no such person. And you must not tell a soul that you have seen me. And we mustn't see each other again. Please!" she reached for his hands across the little table.

"You're crazy!" he cried. "After I've found you, do you think I'd let you melt away again? You need me, Mollie. God, I can hardly believe it's you! Not see you any more! You can't hide from me again."

"Please, Aaron, not—any more—of that," she gasped, with such real pain and withdrawal in her eyes that he knew she meant it.

"I'm not thinking of my—my love for you, dear," he gripped her hands hard. "I'm thinking of you. You need a friend. I know! I'll always love you, but I won't bother you with it, until you're ready. If you're never ready——" He closed his eyes for a moment and shook his head as if trying to dispel a sudden dizziness that had overtaken him.

Mollie's voice was very tender. "Thank you for your love, Aaron. I'll never undervalue love again. I feel so grateful to you for loving me, on and on through these years, that I could kiss your feet. But—I can't give you that sort of love, Aaron. And there are reasons why I can't see you—why no one must know that Mollie O'Mara is in Hollywood. I tell you, Mollie O'Mara is dead, Aaron."

Mercifully, the waffles and chicken came then, and the tension was broken. Mollie, to her surprise, ate hungrily. The food was delicately delicious; the little squat jar of golden honey, with its imbedded,

crystallized orange blossom, gave her a moment of pure delight.

When they had finished, Mollie insisted that he return immediately to the studio, and to his amazement, refused a lift in his car.

"I'll take the Sunset Boulevard trolley," she reiterated obstinately.

"I'll find you again," he warned her, as he helped her aboard the long red car.

"Don't!" she called back. "Good-bye, Aaron!"

She was very tired, in spite of her good meal, she discovered, when she changed later from the car to a Santa Monica trolley. At the big open market, a few blocks from her home, she did her shopping for dinner mechanically, adding a few blood-red carnations to her purchases. She could never get over the joy of buying carnations for twenty-five cents a dozen.

She did not trouble to take off the new sports suit, but prepared dinner listlessly, guarding its spotlessness with a dainty appliqued apron which she had found time to make for herself. All the while she was listening for the telephone. Kirk never told her until the last minute whether he would dine at home or not. Now it was more often "not." It was hard to take an interest in preparing a dinner which would be two-thirds wasted.

At half-past five the bell shrilled through the quiet little house. She took up the receiver with trembling fingers. She felt that she could not bear it if he spent this evening with Sandra Sorel—or anyone else—after what she had seen and felt intuitively that morning.

"I'll be right home. I'd like to have dinner early," his voice came in clipped sternness over the wire. "An engagement later, but I must see you before."

"Has anything happened?" she demanded fearfully.

"Yes," he answered shortly, and the connection was broken abruptly.

She hurried her dinner, but her hands shook so that she spilled a bowl of mayonnaise. No time to beat up more, and Kirk would be angry! Again those ready tears of hers slipped down her white face.

The meal was on the table when his car swung up to the court.

She took her seat at the table, forcing herself to appear calm.

His face was a thundercloud, but she was surprised when he came to her chair and kissed her with more than customary tenderness.

"Mollie," he began immediately. "The cat's out of the bag. Gossip is floating around the studio."

"Gossip?" she breathed, her hand going instinctively to her heart.

"That damned little gold-digger, Maisie Moore, got peeved at me today and spread a sweet story around. Said she'd had her suspicions of you and me all along. Spied on us one evening. Damn these dinky little houses, where you can't even snore without being heard through the whole court!"

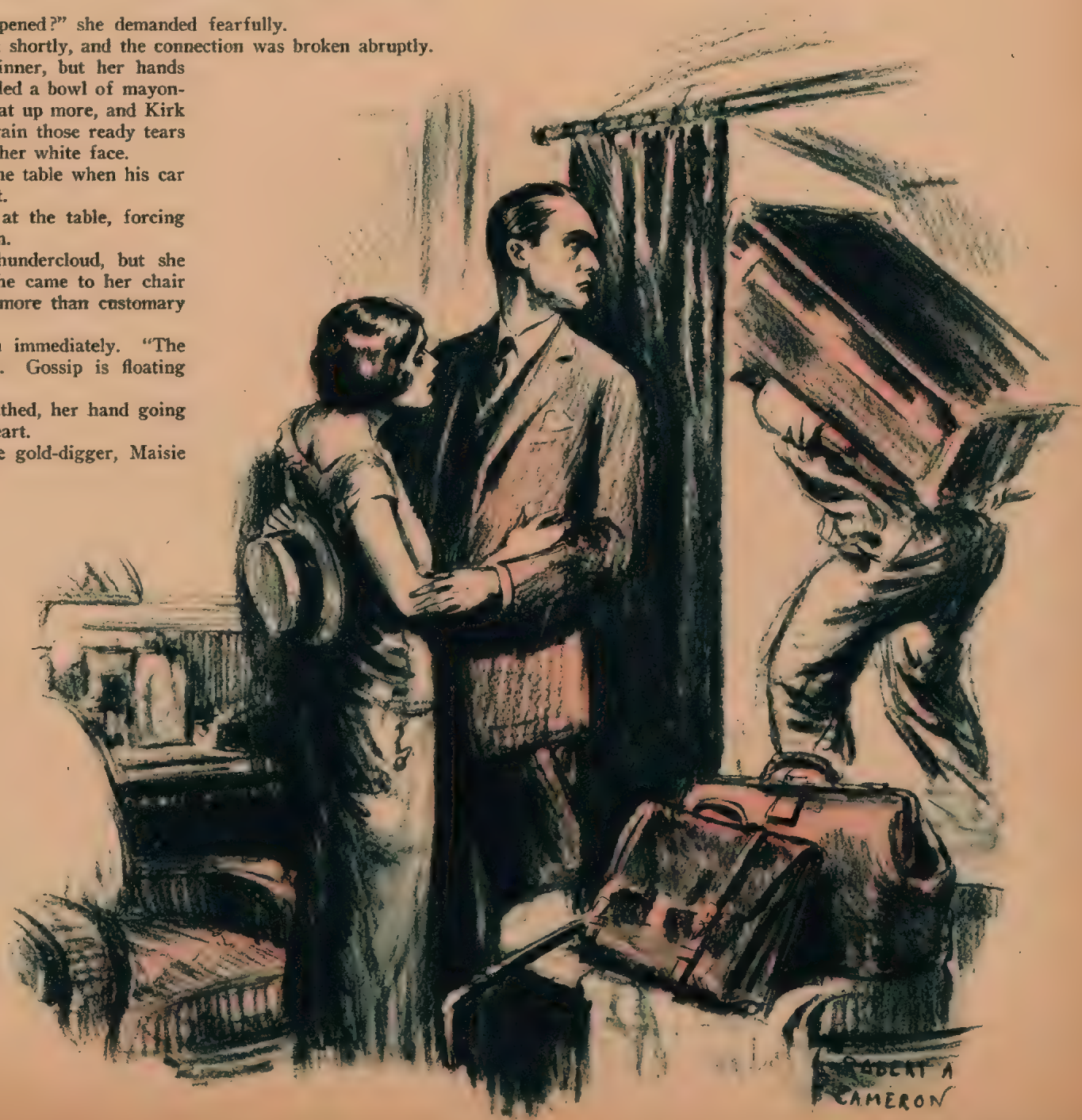
Mollie felt as if the blood in her veins had turned to ice water. Her teeth began to chatter violently; she dropped her lifeless hands into her lap and sat there facing him with a fixed stare that would have frightened him if he had been looking at her. But he was jabbing at the tablecloth viciously with his fork.

"Said she'd listened, peeped in a window. Saw me making love to you, kissing you—as she said—like no man ever kissed his sister. The word's gone through the studio that you're my—my mistress! It means ruin to me, Mollie, if the studio investigates. There's a morality clause in my contract, even if it is for only a year, as leading man. But they can break my contract! Oh, Hell!" He flung the fork violently from him, so that it rang musically as it clattered to the floor.

"You forget that if they investigated they would find that I am your wife," she reminded him through stiff lips.

"We—we can't spill the beans now, honey. Oh, it's horrible, and I could kill myself for hurting you like this. It's one damned mess from beginning to end. I wish I'd never seen the inside of a motion picture studio in my life." He bowed his head on his crooked arm and Mollie became aware,

(*Continued on page* 38)



When the expressmen had panted out of the house, under their heavy loads — for *Kirk* had many clothes—the husband and wife stood looking at each other awkwardly.

Finally *Mollie* pushed the front door to gently with the toe of her slipper.

"Kiss me goodbye now, *Kirk*, and go quickly. I can't stand to have this dragged out."

The True Story of My Life

By Anna Q. Nilsson

The roles Anna Q. Nilsson portrays on the screen today are usually those of silken women—lovely, poised, charming heroines upon whom Life smiles kindly, but the road which led to stardom was filled with trials and hardships—even dangers.

AND now to tell about the airplane wreck which I mentioned last week. One day we went over to the field with our cameras. We had chartered one of the planes, and the whole town of course turned out to watch us work. As our cameras were being set up a plane took off, and I watched it with particular interest as I was to go up in the next one. The plane got up several hundred feet and then, to our consternation, it started doing a lot of funny things. It did the "falling leaf" and several loop-the-loops, and after frolicking around in the air for several breathless moments it headed for the ground in a nose-dive. Everybody yelled, "It's coming down," and come down it certainly did, one wing burying itself in the ground. The crash and shock left everyone stunned for a moment, but the aviator was dragged out, only slightly injured.

After witnessing such a performance, I'll admit that it took a little nerve for me to carry out my original plan of going up that day. The director wanted to put it off until another day, but I decided to be very brave and up I went. Nothing happened to the plane I was in, fortunately, and I quite enjoyed the thrilling experience.

We stayed in Florida all that winter, and in the summer went back to New York. I haven't any idea how many pictures I made with the Kalem company. I was with them for four years and we turned out a lot of pictures in that length of time.

During my second year with them, we alternated between railroad and Civil War pictures. Both themes were enormously popular with the early motion picture audiences, who were not educated up to the lavish productions of today. We gave them thrills and a lot of fast action, with a satisfactory romantic ending—and that was all they demanded. I remember doing an installment of one of the Helen Holmes serials. Miss Holmes was taken ill and couldn't keep up with her release, so the resourceful director had an installment end with her wiring me to do the

In filming one of the inevitable *Civil War* dramas for *Kalem* an accident befell me which nearly ended my motion picture career and did keep me off the screen for an entire year. I shudder now when I think of it.

Above, *Anna* is pictured carrying her favorite mount, "Monty," and on the right in a scene from *"The Tollgate,"* with *William S. Hart.*

For Synopsis of Preceding Chapters See Page 46

next one in her place, and I did. Everyone seemed perfectly satisfied, all around. Can you imagine what would happen today if such an amusing irregularity were introduced?

It was during that second year that an accident befell me which nearly ended my motion picture career, and which did keep me off the screen for an entire year. I shudder now when I think of it.

We were making one of our inevitable Civil War dramas, in which I was playing the role of a spy. With my "father" and "brother" I was smuggling food and ammunition across the lines to our soldiers. For the purpose we used wagons, drawn by four horses. An expert cowboy was placed on the lead horse, to guide us safely along a narrow, winding road, and I quite enjoyed the thrill of sitting up on the high seat of the first wagon, swaying and rocking as the horses tore along. Behind me were three other wagons, while in close pursuit were twenty-four horsemen, supposedly soldiers who were trying to capture us.

Unfortunately, as it turned out for me, the people of the town had gathered to witness the thrilling ride, and precautions had not been taken to keep them out of the way of the wagon train. As we neared a difficult turn, the man on the lead horse saw that the crowd was lined up clear across the road, directly ahead of us. To go on around the turn would mean to charge right into that mob of men, women and children. To save them he swung the horses sharply to the right and across a field.

Now I was braced, expecting the wagon to swerve to the left around the bend. I was hanging on for dear life and did not see that the crowd in front of us had made it imperative for the lead man to change our course. When we swerved unexpectedly to the right, I shot right off my precarious perch and landed with smashing force on my face.

For the instant I was, to all intents and purposes, dead. Behind me came the three other wagons and the twenty-four horsemen. I do not remember moving, after I struck the ground, but certainly the instinct of self-preservation is strong in all of us, for what I actually did was to jump up and run like a hare for home. Instinct had saved me from the trampling hoofs of the horses, but I really believe I was unconscious all the time, for I have no memory of my wild flight.

Photograph by Harold Dean Carsey

Photograph by Sarony

"In spite of my misfortune, I do not remember ever descending to the depths of discouragement, though a facial disfigurement is the greatest misfortune that can ever come to a girl who is earning her living in motion pictures. I seemed to feel that everything would come out all right."

That everything came out all right is evidenced in this new and charming picture of the lovely star. Contrast the *Anna* of today with this portrait of her on the left, one of her first fan pictures.

Members of the company, as soon as they had recovered from the shock of the near-tragedy, set out after me. I had gone about half a mile before they overtook me, and when they did come up I collapsed. For my nose and the bones in one side of my face had been badly smashed.

They took me back to the Kalem House and sent for a doctor, and this was the beginning of a year of great suffering for me. If I had been fortunate enough to fall into the hands of a good surgeon, I would have been all right in a short time, but instead of that I think that some of the most ignorant men in the medical profession had their chance to experiment on me during the following months. My face was swollen all out of shape and of course infection set in immediately. Drains were put in my nose and cheek. Actually, my face was punched full of holes. And it didn't do any good.

Sometimes the swelling would go down a little bit, and when that happened I would sometimes do a few days' work. The directors would try to keep the smashed side of my face away from the camera as much as possible. I went on, helpless in the hands of the experimenting doctors, wondering if I ever would look like my normal self once more.

In spite of my misfortune, I do not remember ever descending to the depths of discouragement, though a facial disfigurement is the greatest tragedy that can come to a girl who is earning her living before the motion picture cameras. I seemed to feel that somehow, everything would come out all right after a while, that everything *had* to come out all right.

But every morning I would get up and hurry over to my mirror, to see if possibly during the night that inflamed, disfigured face of mine had by some miracle been brought again to its normal aspect. And every morning I was disappointed.

The company was worried of course over my condition. One doctor *after* another was sent for. In all, six of them were called in while we still remained in Florida and after I returned (*Continued on page* 46)

Photograph by William A. Fraker

No!

It Isn't Whistler's Mother

The screen probably knows no more versatile an artist than *Lon Chaney*. His characterizations and impersonations are famous the world over, and rightly so, for in addition to the intricacies of makeup which his roles necessitate, it has needed a master hand to portray them. And now he is bringing to the screen that fascinating story, *"The Unholy Three,"* in which he dons the habiliments of a woman "fence." It is said to be the most artistic portrayal of the cinema year.

A Diamond for a Name

THE fourth week of the contest to find a name for Ruth Roland's new pony has brought with it many suggestions from the readers of Movie Weekly. Not only has an intense interest been evidenced on the part of the Ruth Roland fans but numerous horse lovers have submitted the names of their favorite mounts. Most of the contestants state that they would deem it a great honor to have the beautiful little horse answer henceforth to the name they have selected, not to speak of the pleasure they would derive from any one of the ten prizes offered. And we feel that the winners will be well satisfied with the results of their efforts.

To the lucky person who selects the name by which Miss Roland's mount will be known, goes a diamond ring, valued at one hundred dollars. The name which is judged the next best wins a man's silver watch and chain, handsomely engraved, imported from Geneva, and valued at sixty dollars. To the one who suggests the name judged third best, goes a folding camera with case, valued at thirty-five dollars. And there are fourth and fifth prizes, valued at twenty-five and fifteen dollars, respectively, and in addition, what will appear best of all to some of Miss Roland's ardent admirers, five hand-painted portraits of the star, herself, eleven by fourteen and painted in oils.

RULES

1. *The duration of this contest will be six weeks, closing on August 1, 1925, during which time the issues of Movie Weekly will carry photographs and text matter on Miss Roland and her new horse. These should serve as an aid in the selection of names.*

2. *All suggested names must be addressed to Ruth Roland Pony Contest, Movie Weekly, 1926 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.*

3. *There is no limit to the number of names which can be suggested, but each suggested name must be submitted on a separate coupon, even if they are mailed in the same envelope.*

4. *Ten prizes will be given. In the event of two or more persons suggesting the name selected as best, second best, etc., each will be awarded the prize tied for.*

5. *The judges have been chosen because of their ability to judge the name, and their decision is final.*

NAME COUPON

(Suggestions must be made on this coupon, a tracing of it or a similar one of your own making)

Name Suggested .....

Your Name .....

Your Address .....

Ruth Roland **and** ***Ruth's*** **little pony,** ***"Joker,"*** **are well known to everyone. And now** ***Ruth*** **has a new horse to take the place of** ***"Joker,"*** **and she is looking for a suitable name for him. Read about the contest she suggested and then put on your thinking cap and find a name.**

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All Photographs by Eugene Richee

Pola and Pola's New House

When *Pola Negri* took over *Priscilla Dean's* home, all *Hollywood* became interested. An eye for the beautiful has the *Negri* and, in addition, treasures from the four corners of the world. And the entire film colony—those who are not fortunate enough to be on *Pola's* personal calling list—as well as her fans, have been eagerly looking forward to the first pictures of her beautiful *Beverly Hills* home.

Above is *Pola* hospitably standing in the doorway.

Priscilla Dean's quaint garden has vanished and in its place the new mistress has transplanted a bit of sunny *Italy*.

On the left is *Pola* in the garden with one of her pets, and below, in the library.

From *Italy* come a great many of *Pola's* rare treasures, among them this beautiful old *Italian* chest, which she has placed in the hallway between massive candlesticks. They lend an old world air to this most modern of dwellings and serve as an appropriate background for the *Negri*.

All Photographs by Eugene Richee

Pola's boudoir would remind one of the resting place of some silken lady of a *Doge's* palace on the shores of the *Grand Canal.* A gray-toned carpet covers the floor over which are strewn white polar bear rugs. A huge, canopied bed fills one entire corner and the rarest of old miniatures are on the walls.

On the left is her bed, a resting place worthy of a queen.

Probably the room which most reflects *Pola's* vivid personality is her own boudoir and here, too, the *Negri* has allowed a bit of *Italy* to creep in.

A huge, life-like painting of the lovely star, by *Tade Styka,* hangs over the fireplace in the living-room.

Deep set in her lovely gardens is a cool swimming pool, where *Pola* and her guests may take their morning dip among the flowers.

Her face was curiously child-like and sweet, lighted with rapture at the thought of her holiday, when she could be on an equal footing with the envied old ladies who could afford to pay the required hundred dollars a year.

Drusilla with a Million

A Novelization of the F. B. O. Picture, Adapted to the Screen by John Brownell and B. P. Fineman, from the Novel by Elizabeth Cooper

By Robert Steele

ONCE upon a time there was a million dollars. How dollar after dollar drew irresistibly together and became a million, is none of our affair. But there it was—a MILLION DOLLARS. For, you see, by the time it had become a million, it became very important, and only capital letters could do it justice. After it had become a whole million, it refused to be just dollars any more; it became a force, a power, a great, golden personality, with a malicious, destroying will of its own.

It became terribly swelled up with importance—that million. It took a shape, a being of its own—a frighteningly tall, menacing Thing, with baleful, glittering eyes that shed a blighting golden light upon everyone that came under its influence, and upon many that did not know of its existence. Its enormous, clutching, golden fingers reached out hungrily, to crush the warm, rich blood from human hearts, for the Million hated contentment and ordinary, homey virtues.

The first heart it crushed belonged to the man who thought he was the Million's master. Elias Arnold had "made" the Million, and the Million, with its evil hatred of those who thought they were greater than money, turned like a Frankenstein monster and devoured the man who had "made" it.

Not content with slaughtering its maker, the Million stretched out its golden, cruel talons and touched the shrinking, timid shoulder of little old Drusilla Doane, the only charity inmate of the Cliftondale Home for Old Ladies.

With its other long arm it struck the terror of gold and power into the heart of Sally May Ferris, who should have been protected from its malignity by the very fact of her wide-eyed innocence and her desperate poverty.

And under the too-bright glare of its golden eyes a boy who was intended to be fine and strong and brave withered and sickened and almost died. His name was Collin Arnold, and he had been taught that he was to be master of the Million. No one had told him that the Million had a stronger will than his, that the Thing he had thought was his slave could become his master.

The blinding golden light that shimmered forever about the presence of the Million pierced the small, undeveloped soul of a girl whom nature had intended to be beautiful, and shriveled it to the size of a small, burnt pea, and filled her heart with a bitter, acrid fumes. She was Daphne Thornton, who loved the Million so passionately that she persuaded the boy, Collin, who would own the Million, that it was he that she loved.

Oh, it stalked abroad in Cliftondale, like an evil spirit of old, and no

one suspected that its hot, fetid breath was poisoning the beautiful little upstate New York town, until its most innocent victims, frail little old Drusilla, and the big-eyed, self-sacrificing Sally May, the orphan who had a genius for loving, were almost crushed under its giant, golden feet.

But even in its moment of greatest triumph, when the Million-Dragon was snorting with victory, a Something more powerful than the Million rose from the nearly-vanquished hearts of the innocent victims, rose and expanded until it was a thousand times bigger than the Million. And all who saw it were amazed that anything could be so shining and fair and strong. When the two spirits—one evil, the other good—met in the crowded little courtroom in Cliftondale, a mighty fight was waged, and the Million-Thing was conquered. Its gigantic golden body crumbled slowly into just dollars again; dollars that could buy milk for babies and shelter for broken girls and little old ladies. And all who were there knew that the Something was Love.

With its other long arm, the million dollars struck the terror of gold and power into the heart of *Sally May Ferris,* who should have been protected from its malignity by the very fact of her wide-eyed innocence and her desperate poverty.

Cliftondale had no idea that it was to be the scene of a battle between the evil Million and the Spirit of Love.

It was just an ordinary little town, peopled with rich and poor, and sustained by those who had neither too much nor too little.

But it is with the too rich and the too poor that our story of Love and Money is concerned.

In the great whitestone mansion that his money had built for him. Elias Arnold looked at his life with bitter, disillusioned eyes. He was waited upon by supercilious servants, who hated him for his vicious temper and who tried to pay him back for his insults by wasting his money and neglecting their duties.

Too rich food had raised his blood pressure and lessened his resistance to approaching old age. He had only two interests left in his life—his Million and his son, Collin.

And that morning Collin had most thoroughly completed the job of breaking his father's heart.

"MILLIONAIRE'S SON WRECKS CAFE IN DRUNKEN BRAWL," was the newspaper headline on which his patience and love for Collin had finally broken.

He jerked a bellrope viciously, and when the pompous butler, who had fattened on the Million, answered his ring, he commanded harshly:

"If my son has come in, send him to me."

"He came in at dawn, sir. Shall I wake him?"

"Yes! And be damned quick about it."

But not all the oaths of a sick, heart-broken old man could hasten the step of Graves, the butler. His slow, majestic steps took him to Collin Arnold's room; his dignified, faintly contemptuous voice stirred that son of wealth to blinking, blear-eyed consciousness.

"Old man in a tantrum?" he yawned, after the butler had delivered the expurgated message.

"I should say he is, sir. I'd advise you to hurry, sir."

"Sore about last night? Anything in the papers about the rumpus?" Collin asked, swinging his long legs over the side of the bed and reaching for his bathrobe.

"*'Millionaire's son wrecks cafe in drunken brawl,'*" the butler quoted with relish. "I saw 'im reading the paper, sir." (*Continued on page 42*)

"You've disgraced me for the last time. You're no son of mine after today. You've wasted your life and broken my heart. Get out! And don't come back till you've made a man of yourself."

Camera Scoops

Photograph by Murray Studios

The Last Word

The latest word in the disguise of bobbed hair, much favored for evening wear, is this transformation of natural hair made by *Manuel*. It is charming enough here worn by *Mrs. Samuel Goldwyn*, née *Frances Howard*. Incidentally, this is one of the few photographs taken since her marriage to *Mr. Goldwyn*.

Photograph by King Feature Syndicate, Inc.

A Comedian in the Embryo

Harry "Jingles" Keaton, Buster's brother, is beginning at the bottom of the ladder to screen fame by starting as an office boy at the *Culver City* studios of *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer*, where *Buster* makes his pictures. He also appears in minor roles whenever he is given the opportunity, as he plans to follow in his famous brother's footsteps.

We Knew Her When —

Twenty-five years ago, in the heyday of musical comedy, the name of *Frankie Bailey* was one to conjure with. She was famed throughout the breadth of the land as *"The Girl With the Classic Legs."*

But time has wrought its changes. *Miss Bailey's* hair is now threaded with white. Her present home is in *Hollywood* and she is playing one of the "gossips" in the *John Ford* production of *"Thank You."* Here is *Miss Bailey* as she appeared in her heyday and as she is today.

Photograph by Eugene Richee

It Isn't Mary Pickford

It isn't, but we think it is a pretty good imitation. And the fair imitator is no other than our own *Gloria Swanson* as she appears in her *Pollyanna* impersonation of *"America's Sweetheart"* in *"The Coast of Folly."*

Another "Guess Who?"

Coiffures certainly make a difference in one's appearance, as anyone will agree who sees this picture of *Eleanor Boardman* in a blonde wig. *Eleanor* covers her own brown locks with these golden tresses in *Elinor Glyn's* production of *"The Only Thing,"* which is soon to be released.

A Sensation in Hollywood

Natacha Rambova, in private life *Mrs. Rudolph Valentino,* is producing and supervising an independent picture, entitled *"What Price Beauty,"* with which her famous husband is not connected. The costumes and settings have caused a sensation in *Hollywood.*

Left to right, *Miss Rambova; Nita Naldi,* the featured member of the cast; *Thomas Buckingham,* the director, and *D. J. Jennings,* photographer.

Those Moore Boys

Matt Moore's seaside home at *Venice, Cal.*, is an ideal resting-place for the three *Moore* boys whenever they can snatch a vacation from their daily toil. No wonder *Matt* can smoke his pipe in calm, serene enjoyment with a view of the ocean and the sky and the low ranges of the *California* hills from his veranda.

The *Moore* boys are the greatest of friends and pals. There is none of that professional jealousy often found when members of the same family follow one profession. Above, *Tom* and *Owen* are photographed with *Matt*, while on a recent holiday at the latter's home.

It's always fair weather when *Irishmen* get together, especially when the *Irishmen* are "those *Moore* boys." Here they contemplate a game of ball, to warm up after their morning dip.

Mary Astor is a little girl, grown-up, with freckles and red hair, and she doesn't surround herself with "atmosphere" when she is interviewed. And she doesn't look like a movie star.

Mary Astor Talks to Alma Talley and Says

"I Don't Want to Play a Luring Lady"

MARY ASTOR doesn't look like a movie star. Not, that is, like the popular idea of a movie star, all glamorous in satins and sables and reclining on a chaise longue.

Mary is a little girl grown-up with freckles and red hair, and she doesn't surround herself with "atmosphere" when she's interviewed. I saw her, in fact, in the private office of one of the executives of First National and nothing could be more prosaic than an office.

Mary was dressed all in gray: gray coat, gray frock, and a large picture hat, very becoming. She has grown up a great deal since the last time I saw her, about three years ago. She has acquired more poise, and is much more at ease with interviewers. (Many movie stars, you know, are scared to death of interviewers, because anything they say might be used against them. Even the most harmless remark may be misinterpreted and look all wrong in print.)

"I wish they'd stop casting me in these 'sexy' pictures," said Mary. "I don't belong in that kind of role."

"No," added her mother, who was present, "Mary's not the vamp type. And I should think producers would see that she wasn't appropriate in these heavy emotional pictures. If it weren't that she has her father to fight for her, she'd play in even more melodramatic ones than she does. But her father just puts his foot down and refuses to let her play some of the roles she is offered."

"Enticement," for example, was one of the pictures under discussion. In this film, Mary, in climbing a mountain with a man, was injured by an avalanche. So they had to spend the night at a little Alpine inn; Mary's arm had been hurt and she had to ask the man's help in taking off her blouse. The hectic scene which followed is one of the things the actress objects to.

"The scene was all right as we made it," Mary pointed out. "But when it was cut, the audience couldn't tell just what happened. I sat in a theater watching the picture and when I saw the reaction of the audience I was terribly embarrassed. What did they think of me? Those asterisks in the film seemed to imply so much I really felt ashamed."

That, of course, is an odd way of getting into the spirit of one's characterizations. It would be overdoing it just a little, to say the least, if a player had to answer for all the sins of the characters he portrayed! What chance for heaven would Theda Bara have, for example!

But Mary and her mother really feel quite deeply on the subject.

"And I hate to play these sappy young heroines, too," Mary said. "These girls who just stand around in the picture looking sweet and simple and wholesome and girlish. Ugh!"

"But," I pointed out, reasonably it seemed to me, "if you don't want to play the luring lady and you don't like to be the sweet young thing that doesn't leave you much, does it?"

"Mary is ideally suited for the spirituelle type of role," Mrs. Astor pointed out, "like 'The Beggar Maid.'"

Remember "King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid"? It was a film based on a story written around a painting, a perfectly delightful fantasy. Mary Astor has never looked more beautiful than in that picture.

"It was the first picture I ever played in, and I've never since found a role that gave such pleasure. That's the sort of thing I'd like to do all the time, fantasies, with a spirituelle quality about them."

"But the dear public," I suggested, being practical. "They're not supposed to like that kind of picture. The box-office says so."

"Perhaps not," said Mrs. Astor in a tone that meant she didn't believe it, "but the fact remains that Mary has had more letters about that than anything she has done since. That picture was made about six years ago, and Mary is still getting letters about it. It would certainly seem that the film made a lasting impression on the fans, so they must have liked it."

"I rather like playing tom-boy roles," Miss Astor said, jumping from the sublime to the practical, "roles where I can show a little pep."

But of course Mary's screen beauty is so stately; her features so classic—not at all the kind of features one associates with red hair and freckles—that casting her as a hoyden wouldn't seem the obvious thing to do. She seems fitted to roles like her recent part in "Don Q., Son of Zorro," when she played opposite Doug Fairbanks. She appears in that as a Spanish senorita, with a high comb and a Spanish mantilla. With such a head-dress, she is just about the most beautiful thing that ever graced the screen.

Mary's beauty is always appealing, but, if possible, it is even more so when enhanced by the "Spanish finery," as in this picture. Moving through the scenes of "Don Q., the Son of Zorro," she has all of the poise and charm one would expect of a "real" Senorita.

"I do adore wearing quaint costumes," Miss Astor said. It's a change from modern clothes . . . and it helps one to act, I think. I can always come nearer the real spirit of the part when I wear lovely old things."

Mary is such a natural, unaffected individual and somehow she manages to give her "screen characters" the same touch.

"I never really act," she says, "I just step into a character's shoes, as it were, and become that character."

This brought to mind her role as Lady Marjorie in "Beau Brummel." When I mentioned Lady Marjorie, her eyes brightened—then, in the same moment, they saddened a bit.

"It wasn't easy to be Lady Marjorie, but I did love bringing Beau Brummel's sweetheart back to life again."

If you saw her as the pathetically lovely Lady Marjorie, you will no doubt agree when I say she is one of the silver sheet's most versatile actresses.

But her new role is more of a hoydenish nature. She is in New York at present to play opposite Ben Lyon in "The Pace That Thrills," one of those stories of youth that are so popular now. Mary recently signed a new contract with First National which is quite ideal. She is to make three pictures a year for this company; in between times she can work in any other pictures she likes and she can take her choice between playing the peppy young thing and the stately lady—being spirituelle, or full of spirits!

But *Mary's* screen beauty is stately—her features classic—not at all the kind of features one associates with red hair and freckles. She seems fitted to roles like her recent part in *"Don Q., Son of Zorro,"* in which she appears as a *Spanish* senorita with a high comb and mantilla. In this picture she is just about the most beautiful thing that ever graced the screen.

"I wish they would stop casting me in 'sexy' pictures," says *Mary*, "I don't belong in that kind of role."

On the left is *Mary* as she appeared in *"Enticement,"* in one of the luring roles to which she objects.

Concluding

Lost: A Wife

By Janet Reid

Based on the Famous Players-Lasky Production of the same name. Copyrighted by them, 1925.

***"Dear Love,* if you return to me I'll never again touch a card with or without you, if this be your wish . . . suffering makes wise men even of fools . . . you know that, dear. *Charlotte,* will you?"**

A YEAR passed.

Tony, in a state of ferment, had done what he platitudinously described as "shaking the dust of France off his feet" and had returned to New York intent upon plunging himself into his varied business affairs.

He had, somehow, lost his fever for gambling. It was as if Charlotte had taken it away from him when she left. Drained it out of his veins.

But she had taken so many things away from him; drained so many of the fevers and fervours from his veins. She had left, really, only herself.

At every turn of the day, at every twist of memory, with every wrench of pain, Tony denied her. It had been an episodic folly, he declared. A momentary interlude brought about by chivalry, his love of adventure, the zest of a bet made—and won. It hadn't really mattered.

But it had. Tony's denials came only from his lips, from his occasional gestures. They never came from his heart. His heart cried out for Charlotte.

He tried to gamble again. It didn't work. He tried polo. He was very bad at it. He tried going about with other girls. They only served to remind him of Charlotte, to Charlotte's enhancement. Nothing worked. Nothing mattered. He began to wish that the hour-glass would spill out. He thought, morbidly, that he knew why men killed themselves, "ended it all." Once he had thought them crazy, insane. Now he knew that they were only suffering. And life wasn't wonderful enough to bear when you suffered, too.

It was at a business meeting that Tony got the cable saying that Charlotte had got her final divorce papers and was about to marry the Baron Delignieres.

Was Mama going to win after all? She was NOT.

Tony cancelled his affairs, booked his passage for France, and, arriving, rushed to the scene of the wedding, praying aloud that he would not be too late.

But he was too late.

When he reached the church there were merely the flowers, beginning to droop their bright heads, some scattered handsful of rice, flung by guests who had not known they were witnessing a tragedy.

"You see," said Dick, his American friend, who had met him, "it's too late. Don't act the ass, Tony. The thing's *done*. Come out of it."

"Not while I live," said Tony; "Charlotte belongs to me, only to me. She's all I have. I realize now that she's all I ever did have—all that was real. I'm going to make her know it, too."

"But she's married the Baron. She's his wife."

"She's not. She's never going to be. She's mine. You don't understand."

Dick admitted that he did not. And remained silent while Tony drove like a demon in the direction of the Baron's chateau, whither they had been directed. Dick supposed, dully, that one of the prices of a long friendship was paid at a time like this—when a friend's mind began to totter. "But damn it all," he muttered to himself, "she *is* married to the Baron."

The price of friendship was further paid when, at the gateway of the Baron's estate, Tony skillfully and without personal injury to either of them, wrecked Dick's new and expensive car.

Picking himself from the total debris Dick regarded his friend with narrowed eyes.

"What does this prove?" he demanded, menacingly.

"It will prove to the Baron and his—ah—guests—that I have a smashed leg, require first aid, and will not be able to go on—tonight. One look at this machine will convince the most biased bystander that one of us must have emerged none the better for the accident. That one will be myself. I don't know whether I have a sprained ankle or what specific injury I've done myself, but I do know that I am totally unable to move one step further than the Baron's ancestral doorway. You are to assist me up to said door with tenderness and consideration, you are to feign an extreme solicitude. You get me!"

"I get that a warped mind frequently works with fiendish ingenuity."

"That's as may be. Lend me your strong right arm, please."

The wedding party was already assembled in the living-room when Tony was assisted up the path by a hovering Dick. His solicitude was actual and unfeigned—but it was for his car and not for Tony. As neither the Baron nor his mother nor the (*Continuer on page* 40)

ACROSS the SCREEN

"THE DESERT FLOWER"—85%

Reviewed by Harriette Underhill

Don Mullally's play, "The Desert Flower," has been transferred to the screen, with Colleen Moore in the title role. Giving Miss Moore a part which was originally written for Helen Mackellar, a wistful and beautiful blonde, has necessitated changing the tempo, if not the script, of the play; and who shall say that it has not been improved? Colleen Moore is amusing every moment. She is seen as Maggie Fortune, the step-daughter of Mike Dyer, foreman of a gang of railroad laborers, for "The Desert Flower" is a Western of a different sort. Now, Maggie is so attractive that Mike begins to realize that she has grown up and to look at her with covetous eyes, and he makes such unwelcome advances that she runs away from the box-car she calls home and finds employment in a dance hall in one of those overnight towns which spring up wherever gold is found, and there she meets the hero-tramp, Rance Conway. Maggie helps him to give up the demon Rum, grubstakes him, and, of course, he reforms, comes back with plenty of nuggets and marries Maggie. But first he teaches her to read. Lloyd Hughes is exceedingly likeable as the hero and Colleen Moore proves conclusively that she is the screen's greatest little comedienne. Irving Cummings directed "The Desert Flower" for First National.

The cast includes: Colleen Moore, Lloyd Hughes, Kate Price, Gene Corrado, Fred Warren, Frank Brownless and others.
The picture was directed by Irving Cummings.

"THE RAINBOW TRAIL"—80%

Reviewed by Alma Talley

Tom Mix's new picture is the sequel to Zane Grey's "Riders of the Purple Sage." That novel ended with the hero and heroine imprisoned for life on a plateau which had no outlet. "The Rainbow Trail" is the story of their rescue, with a love story interwoven into the plot. There is the usual amount of action which one expects from Tom Mix, though, as is frequently the case, it is sometimes hard to tell what it is all about. There isn't much horseback riding, so Tony plays a very minor role. As for thrills, there is a very well-staged avalanche, which almost engulfs the heroine. And Anne Cornwall, the little leading lady, makes a spectacular leap from a second story window down to Tony's back and Tom's arms.

Scenically, of course, the production is quite beautiful, as Tom's pictures usually are. If you're particular about logic and coherence and such small matters in a picture, you needn't expect to find much of it in "The Rainbow Trail." But judging by the popularity of Tom Mix's films at the box office, his fans are not particular about such things. All they want in a picture is Tom himself—and here they can have him!

The cast includes: Tom Mix, Anne Cornwall, George Bancroft, Lucien Littlefield, Mark Hamilton, Vivian Oakland, Steve Clemente, Tom Delmar and Fred De Silva.
The picture was directed by Lynn Reynolds.

"THE CRIMSON RUNNER"—75%

Reviewed by Harry De Gray

Never before have we believed quite so much as at the present moment that Priscilla Dean was "The Empress of Elementary Emotions." That is what her press agent used to announce and now Miss Dean comes forward and makes a valiant effort to live up to her reputation in "The Crimson Runner." In the new picture she is called Bianca Schreber, a female Robin Hood.

The scene is laid in Vienna among the Apache dancers and although we never knew that these "wolves" thrived in Austria, the picture proves that they do. Bianca is badly used from the start. Not only is her father burned to death but she herself is splashed with the mud thrown from the motor car of one of those haughty aristocrats. "God give me strength to make them pay," she cries; and comes retribution swift on the path of the evil doers. The Crimson Runner makes them pay and pay; but she eludes her pursuers and becomes the despair of the Viennese police. Alan Hale is the villain. But he would have been a more terrifying figure if they hadn't referred to him as "Gregory the janitor." Ward Crane is the aristocratic hero, for, of course, after making such a stir about the superiority of the peasants, Bianca marries an aristocrat.

The cast includes: Priscilla Dean, Bernard Siegel, Alan Hale, Ward Crane, Mitchell Lewis, Taylor Holmes and others.
The picture was directed by Tom Forman.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Our reviews are printed of a uniform size so that they may be kept for future reference. They are written by members of our editorial staff, who are skilled critics and whose viewpoints we know to be sane and unbiased. We believe you will find the ratings of special assistance and invite our readers to send in their personal ratings of pictures they see.*

RATING: Excellent, 95%; Good, 90%; Fair, 75%; Poor, 60%

"THE LITTLE FRENCH GIRL"—85%

Reviewed by Aline O'Brien

We waited for a long time to see the characters of Anne Douglas Sedgwick's fascinating novel, "The Little French Girl," come to life on the screen and, as usual, we wished we had gone on waiting. Not that "The Little French Girl" doesn't make a nice picture—on the contrary—we thought it quite good. It could hardly be otherwise when entrusted to Herbert Brenon's capable hands, even though it is not a second "Peter Pan." But we read the original and our soul rebels against the ruthless changing and cutting which an adaptation always entails.

There are three distinct threads running through the picture—the love stories of Madame Vervier, her daughter, Alix, and the English girl, Toppie. In the book they read quite easily and smoothly but there seems to be no connecting link in the picture between the three themes.

However, if the story disappointed, the roles were cast exceptionally well. We think no better choice could have been made for Madame Vervier than lovely Alice Joyce. She *was* the fascinating, much-loved French woman, just as we had pictured her. Mary Brian, in the title role, is sweet and pretty, if a bit too heavily made up. Neil Hamilton, as the English Giles, does admirably, and Esther Ralston makes a beautiful Toppie. The French scenes are lovely.

The cast includes: Alice Joyce, Mary Brian, Neil Hamilton, Esther Ralston and others.

The picture was directed by Herbert Brenon.

"LILIES OF THE STREETS"—75%

Reviewed by Alma Talley

As you might suspect from the title, this is a lurid melodrama all about girls going wrong. It will be interesting to see what the censors will do with it, inasmuch as the highly-colored story is sugar-coated with a moral and purports to be real incidents which came up before the police in New York. The picture is sponsored, and played in, by Mrs. Mary E. Hamilton, New York's Chief-of-Policewomen—so presumably that makes everything all right. Everything, that is, except the plot, which has glaring incongruities. A lawyer, pleading the case of the girl he loves, apparently comes into court without any idea of what he is going to do or say, and there are all sorts of similar little slip-ups in the story, although the plot as a whole is original and would have been good if the details had been more realistically worked out. Johnny Walker plays the young lawyer and does as well as he can with the role. Virginia Lee Corbin is the outstanding member of the cast as the customary jazz-mad flapper. But Virginia seems a little miscast; she looks entirely too young to be flapping.

The cast includes: Johnny Walker, Virginia Lee Corbin, Mrs. Mary E. Hamilton, Wheeler Oakman, Dorothy Cummings, Irma Harrison and Peggy Kelly.

The picture was directed by Joseph Levering.

"IF MARRIAGE FAILS"—75%

Reviewed by Harriette Underhill

"If Marriage Fails" cast your lot with an attractive crystal-gazer and live happy ever after. That is what the new picture teaches. For in this screen extravaganza the old order of things is reversed and the characters do not fit into the familiar niches. "If Marriage Fails" portrays the vampire as the sympathetic character, and the wife as the heavy; and right here let us say that this wife was a lot heavier than we believe she was intended to be.

There is a great deal of acting in "If Marriage Fails," most of it pretty bad. Belle Bennett, who plays the "society" wife, seems to feel that screen acting necessitates constant twitching of the face. Jacqueline Logan is merely adequate as the crystal-gazer, but Clive Brook, as the "society" husband, is fine. It's remarkable the way that man can play any role and make you believe in that character, even surrounded as he usually is, by a potpourri of vampires, injured wives and comedy relief. Jean Hersholt, one of the best character actors on the screen, is cast for an Italian doctor who has nothing, whatsoever, to do with the story. Such a waste of material! "If Marriage Fails" is all about a crystal-gazer who never once gazes at her crystal. It's pretty uninteresting.

The cast includes: Jacqueline Logan, Belle Bennett, Clive Brook, Jean Hersholt, Cissie Fitzgerald and others.

The picture was directed by John Ince.

On the Set

BESS MEREDYTH, one of Hollywood's leading scenarists, and her husband, Wilfred Lucas, the actor, gave a delightful house-warming at their new Beverly Hills home the other evening. Gaily colored lights in the patio and an orchestra of picturesque Spanish musicians imported an unusually colorful influence to the affair.

Among the guests were many of Hollywood's leading film stars, directors and scenarists. The guest list included Marion Davies, Mabel Normand, Julanne Johnston, Marie Prevost, Beverly Bayne, Kathleen Key, Pauline Garon, Louise Fazenda, May Allison, Charlie Chaplin, Kenneth Harlan, Hobart Henley, Jack Ford, Prince Nicholas Avazzanae, Georges Manuel Accosta, son of the president of the Argentine Republic, Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford and many others

JOHN BARRYMORE has arrived in Hollywood to start work on his first motion picture vehicle since "Beau Brummel." Barrymore has been in London for some time, presenting "Hamlet." Bess Meredyth is preparing the script for his new picture, which will be made for Warner Brothers. Cast and director have not been announced.

THE formal opening of Erte's atelier at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio took place recently. It is a very unusual studio, all in black and white, with parquet floor, a high arched roof and long windows hung with heavy drapes in cream tone.

During the afternoon models displayed the striking gowns designed by Erte for forthcoming M-G-M productions. Mrs. William Thalberg and Mrs. Harry Rapf presided over the tea tables.

JULANNE JOHNSTON wore a blonde wig in one of her European productions and liked it so well that she will appear as a blonde in King Vidor's production of "The Big Parade." I dropped in to see Julanne and Kathleen Key at the studio the other day, and discovered that both are pining to return to that dear Paris, Rome and way points. Kathleen had just discovered that she was to catch an east-bound train for New York the next day, to appear opposite Ramon Novarro in the picture he is making back there, and Julanne declared she was very envious. For New York seems very near to Paris, these days.

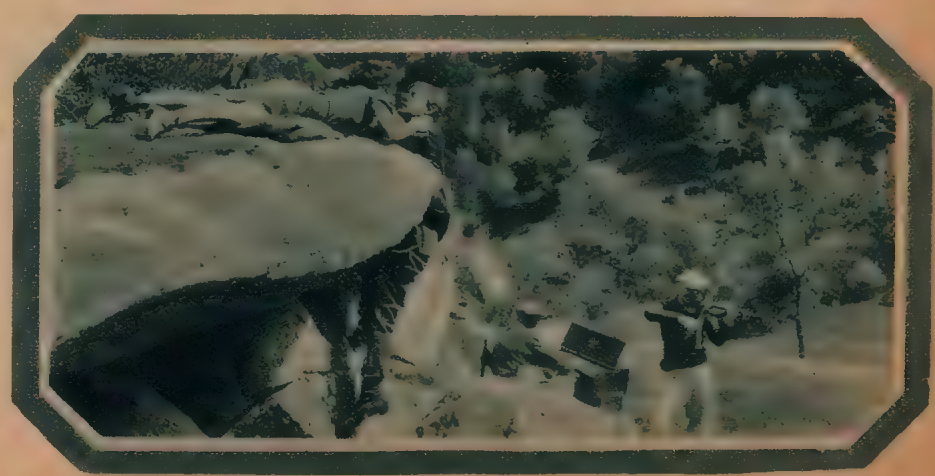
THE honeymooners, meaning Claire Windsor and her new husband, Bert Lytell, are back in Hollywood again. They've been having a perfectly fascinating time down in Mexico City, but the stern call of the studios has brought a close to the golden honeymoon. Upon their arrival, Bert immediately donned the grease-

From the role of *Ben Hur* to that of *Midshipman Sterling*, an *Annapolis cadet*, is the surprising transition which *Ramon Navarro* made in the brief space of two weeks. Above he is pictured as he was entering the *Naval Academy*.

And on the right are *Zasu Pitts* and *Monta Bell*, who is considered one of the most promising of the younger directors. They are working together on *"Pretty Ladies."*

***Ann Pennington*, dimunitive *Follies* star, has abandoned the stage for the summer and is now in *Hollywood*, where she is soon to start work in *"Madame Lucy,"* a *Christie* comedy, with the famous impersonator, *Julian Eltinge*. Above she is pictured with *Bobby Vernon*, who is ukuleleing *Ann* and *Natalie Joyce* who, before she became a baby star, was also in the *Follies*.**

Sweet melodies of love are employed to get a desired effect in an important scene in *"Sun-Up."* *Pauline Starke* and *Conrad Nagel* are endeavoring to maintain their precarious positions and register the proper emotions while two studio musicians supply the musical accompaniment.



and Off

paint and hired himself out to Universal for a leading role in "The Sporting Life," which was one of his footlight hits.

By the way, the Windsor-Lytell honeymoon was unique, for Bert and Claire didn't spend it alone. They were accompanied by Edwin Carewe, his fiancee, Mary Akin, and Mrs. Akin.

TOM FORMAN, well-known film director, is seriously ill in Hollywood. He collapsed on a stage at Universal City, where he was directing Harry Carey, and was rushed to a local hospital. Mr. Forman will be operated on for acute intestinal trouble.

LEE MORAN, film comedian, failed to hand his wife any laughs, off screen, and she is suing him for divorce, charging cruelty. Mrs. Moran asks the custody of their six-year-old daughter, $200 a week for the child's support, and a reasonable amount for herself. This is the third time Mrs. Moran has started suit for divorce against the comedian. The two previous complaints were withdrawn

MARY MILES MINTER'S sister, Margaret Reilly, became the bride of Hugh Fillmore, well-known Los Angeles builder, recently. The ceremony was performed at the home of Mrs. Charlotte Shelby, mother of the bride, and only immediate relatives were guests.

I KNOW one spot in Beverly Hills that is going to be awfully popular this summer, and that is the home of Kenneth Harland and his wife, Marie Prevost. The famous film pair are established in their new home on Camden Drive and they have a perfectly scrumptious swimming pool where one may while away the hot summer afternoons. Ken and Marie are ideal hosts, and one is certain to find a group of interesting people at their delightful parties.

Donald Ogden Stewart, well-known author, was photographed while on a visit to the *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer* studio, with *King Vidor, John Gilbert* and *Renee Adoree*, while they were working on *"The Big Parade."*

And on the left, *Romain de Tirtoff-Erte*, most famous fashion designer in the world, pauses for a moment in his work of creating gowns for *Aileen Pringle*, to have his picture taken.

Most timely is this new picture of *Constance Talmadge*, snapped while she was preparing to enjoy the *Fourth of July*.

Movie life appears to be a very easy thing for *Tom Moore*. Here he is shown in a restful scene from *"Pretty Ladies"*

Buck Jones **has a wonderful ranch near** ***Glendale, California,*** **where both he and** ***Mrs. Buck*** **spend much of their time in perfecting the stock. Here they are pictured standing next to their pets,** ***Clown*** **and** ***Silver Buck.***

On the left is ***Lucille La Verne,*** **who plays the same role in the screen version of** ***Lulu Vollmer's*** **great play as she did on the** ***New York*** **stage, photographed with** ***Director Edmund Goulding*** **just after an intensely emotional scene.**

BUSTER KEATON has "discovered" a new leading lady. She's Kathleen Myers, still in her 'teens, until lately a San Rafael convent schoolgirl. According to Buster's business manager, Miss Myers has been signed to play the leading femine role, opposite the comedian, in "Go West."

MARY AKIN is at present residing in Culiacan, Mexico, according to the Hollywood reports. She is there with her mother and attorney to establish a residence so she may start divorce proceedings against her husband, Thomas T. Armstrong, Chicago business man. Miss (*Continued on page 44*)

COLLEEN MOORE, who is vacationing in Europe with her husband, John McCormick, writes that she is having a delightful time in England. Colleen says that the London flappers frequently stop her on the street, ask her advice on bobbed hair, the length of their skirts and similar matters. She says that Tom Mix has taken England by storm and that western pictures are all the vogue there now.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR., is the latest addition made to the cast of "Stella Dallas." Young Doug will play opposite Lois Moran, the young girl who is described as a remarkable "find." Belle Bennett will play Stella, and Ronald Colman Stephen Dallas.

MARJORIE DAW has received a divorce decree from her husband, Eddie Sutherland, charging desertion. She testified that she had asked him to return to her several times, but he always replied that living apart suited him better. Mrs. Edna Mae Acord has also won a divorce decree from Art Acord. Mrs. Acord was a Pasadena society girl when she was married in 1919. She was awarded fifty dollars a week alimony for the period of fifty weeks.

LEON ERROL, popular musical comedy comedian, has decided to become a permanent fixture in pictures. He has signed a contract with First National for eight pictures. Mr. Errol created quite a sensation as the Duke of Chickergovnia, with the broken ankles in "Sally."

Above, ***Betty Blythe*** **and** ***Malcolm Tod*** **had their pictures taken with an** ***Arab*** **fortune-teller before the wall of** ***Jerusalem, Palestine,*** **while they were taking scenes for** ***"Jacob's Well."***

And on the left is a corner of the dining-room at the ***Culver City*** **studios of** ***Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer.*** **Here at midday you will find such famous stars as** ***Aileen Pringle, John Gilbert, Eleanor Boardman, Ramon Navarro,*** **and many others.**

The Girl Who Would Be Queen

Finds Its Thrilling Drama in a Motion Picture Company Hundreds of Miles Away from Civilization on a Location

By Grant Hubbard

For Synopsis of Preceding Chapters See Page 41

AS SHE drew near the tent in which she knew that David and McQueston slept, Patricia paused. The trail led right in front of the door of that tent. Her heart beat faster. Would David be on the watch to see that she did not carry out her proposed swim in the pool of the Girl-Thing?

If so, suppose he saw her? What would he do? She remembered the fierce protectiveness that she had seen in his eyes when he had said: "I'll stop you." That had thrilled her. It thrilled her now. It suggested vague, primitive possibilities of physical struggle in which she should be beaten and forced to accept his will. She even pictured him picking her up in his arms and carrying her back to her tent, she struggling the while against the very strength that set her heart to pounding.

She did not even stop to wonder at herself for her strange mood. The mood was too possessing for that. Built up bit by bit by the scenes filmed through the day, in which she, the Girl-Thing, fled from, yet called to Man, and intensified by the spell of the moonlight, it had her completely in its grip, making her for the time being a different girl.

With a quick breath she stepped past the open flap of David's tent. Ten paces further on she stopped. Had he seen her? She waited, scarcely breathing. There was no sound from the tent. A consciousness of disappointment began to creep over her. Then came the thought that perhaps David was not in the tent, but watching the trail further up, or perhaps the pool itself. Obeying an impulse to make sure, she crept back and peered into the tent.

Each of the two cots was occupied. From each came a man's measured breathing. The disappointment that had been creeping upon her now overwhelmed her. The man who had vowed so tensely that he would keep her from risking her life in that moonlit pool was sleeping there with no thought of her!

Suddenly a flame of resentment burned up in her—a resentment that gave instant birth to utter recklessness. She turned and hurried along the trail to the gorge. Outside the limits of the camp she stopped in the shadow of a great tree, laid aside her dressing gown, slipped off her night robe, and drew on the soft, elastic, close-fitting tunic of cobwebby silk. Then, with a deep breath, she turned from the two discarded garments, and lifting her arms sideward in a kind of ecstasy of freedom, picked her way along the moonlit path.

As she made her way forward, she thought of the other man who had known of her wild plan to dance on the table of rock overhanging the pool by moonlight. She remembered with another kind of thrill—a thrill of pride—that Clyve had said he would give his soul to see her dance there alone in the moonlight. She remembered with a quickening of her pulse that Clyve had told her he would be watching the pool that night. The realization that Clyve thought her altogether beautiful, and that her beauty meant so much to him, stirred her deeply. It seemed to waken the artist in her as well as the woman, whereas only the woman had been stirred by the thought of David.

"I'll dance for him," she breathed half aloud. "Yes, I'll dance for him. I'll give him payment for all he has done. He at least cares for my beauty. I'll be beautiful for him."

On the very edge of the broad, flat table of rock that had been chosen for Patricia's ceremonial dances, his back against a still higher crag that rose also above the still water of the pool, Clyve sat in the shadow, waiting. In front of him, to the right, spread the silvered surface of the rock, as smooth as if it had been by the hand of man. To his left and down, the sheer wall dropped forty feet to the faintly shimmering surface of the water beneath. He had sat there for more than an hour, wondering if Patricia would come.

Then all at once he discovered that she was there, moving on soft, bare feet to the center of the space. The moon, half-way up the sky behind him, flooded her with its silver light, softening the texture of her tunic and her white skin till they blended as one with a mysterious semblance of sculptured marble. It was as if the girl were nude and yet etherialized out of the physical aspect of nudity by the art of a Rodin.

Clyve practically ceased to breathe.

Slowly the statue-like body standing there took on life. The arms lifted with a kind of melting grace to a gesture of worship. The knees bent till they touched the rock. The filleted head dropped back, so that the eyes gazed upward to the star-glinting sky. Again that sense of melting, and the girl was crouched in worshipful humility.

The next moment she was up, standing with arms and head thrown back, as motionless as stone, but as dynamic as an Amazon warrior waiting the charge of the foe.

Then began the dance itself, a gently shifting, ever-changing poem of movement, grace spiritualized, flowing, but not sinuous . . . the worship of a soul materialized in an exquisitely perfect body. It went on and on, each phase of it symbolizing a different type of aspiration or devotion or praise. Clyve watched and was lifted quite out of himself, no longer master of his own feelings, carried away in the emotional surge of the girl's worship, utterly enthralled by her living yet sublimated beauty.

When at last she crouched once more in the attitude of obedience and humility, and he knew that the dance was over, he was still beyond the power of speech. But as she continued to crouch there with bowed head, he rose and walked slowly toward her.

Her eyes were closed and covered by her hands. Her shoulders rose and fell in deep, slow breathing. Her heart still drove the blood, throbbing through her veins. It was a moment of gradual let-down and remastery of self. Yet she felt his approach, knew that he was standing near her a whole minute before he spoke.

"Patsie, you are certainly the most beautiful thing the Lord ever made."

She didn't answer, but she could feel something that seemed to grow warm inside her.

"And," he went on, "you have created there in your dance something more beautiful than yourself."

Quite unexpectedly she felt tears stinging her eyes. She raised her head from where it was pillowed on her knees and sat back on her heels, her hands in her lap, her glistening eyes turned up at Clyve. But still she could not seem to speak.

Clyve bent over and took her by the shoulders, drawing her gently

up and holding her at arms length, his dark eyes dropping slowly to her feet, and then as slowly lifting themselves to her face.

"Beautiful—every bit of you," he breathed.

His hands slipped down along her bare arms till they reached her fingers. It was an intimate gesture—a caress. Yet it was the caress that a child gives to a piece of soft fur. His hands were cool and steady, almost worshipful in their lingering. She thrilled as to another tribute, but did not tremble or grow warm. When he grasped her hands and lifted them sideways as if the better to look at her, she still accepted it.

Then he spoke again.

"Patsie, will you marry me?"

Then, indeed, her heart leaped, but her hands remained steady in his. Her answer came only after a long pause:

Illustration by Ralph Crawley

But *Mary* had scarcely dropped sobbing across her bed, fully clothed as she was, when she felt a kindly touch on her shoulder. It was *Beryl*. She sat down on the bed and drew the younger girl into her arms gently and talked comfortingly in a low, gentle voice that was amazingly different from that which the motion picture world knew.

"Has the moonlight bewitched you?"

"Perhaps—that part of it that shines on you!"

"And if I said yes, how would you feel in the morning?"

"Then I'd feel bewitched by sunlight—shining on you."

"Do you think a man bewitched through his eyes would make a good husband?"

"I know one that would try. Patsie, will you give me a chance?"

He meant what he said. She knew that he meant it. But his hands were steady, and there was no tremor in his voice. There was no tremor within herself. She looked at him with doubt in her eyes. Then she said:

"Perhaps I'll know better when I have had my swim."

He smiled.

"I shall be all the more bewitched," he said, and released her hands.

She turned and walked out to the edge of the flat rock. Clyve walked to where he had been sitting and stood waiting. It struck her all at once how differently David would have been acting at her suggestion that she should dive into the pood below. David would have been afraid for her, would have begged her not to do it, would have—but she remembered with a pang that David had not bothered to keep awake. He was at that moment back in his tent sleeping peacefully.

"I don't know," she mused aloud recklessly, "I might marry you."

And then she raised her arms sideward, arched her slim body, and seemed to float downward like a white bird, to the water, entering it with a clean "schloop" and scarcely any splash.

A moment later she was on the surface giving vent to little ecstatic gasping cries that nevertheless had a distinct shiver in them, and swimming hand-over-hand for the nearest rocks that offered a footing to clamber out.

Clyve could hear the patter of her wet feet as she climbed back to where he was. He met her in the center of the rocky table. She glistened in the moonlight like a statue of polished silver.

"Are you still bewitched?" she asked him with sudden gayety.

"More than ever," he said, and put out his hands once more to touch her shoulders.

But she slipped out of his reach, and ran once more to the edge of the rock. There she stopped and beckoned to him. He went close to her. She pointed down.

"Go down there," she said, "and jump in. Then, if you still ask me to marry you, I'll know you are in your right senses, and I'll give you a straight answer."

Without waiting for any reply, she floated once more off into the air and dropped, glistening, into the water below.

Then, even as he peered over after her, the great rock beneath him began to quiver and shake. The next instant it seemed to lift under him like the deck of a ship in a storm. He found himself dropping sideways through mid-air. Somewhere off in the distance he heard a grinding crash as of a thousand trees falling. Half a second later his breath was knocked completely out of him, and he found himself being tossed about in great waves of liquid ice.

Finally came unconsciousness.

THAT earthquake, coming as it did, in the dead of night, for the first moment spread panic through the sleeping camp. Many of the sleepers were literally thrown out of their beds to the ground. Camp paraphernalia clattered and tumbled about Men (*Continued on page* 41)

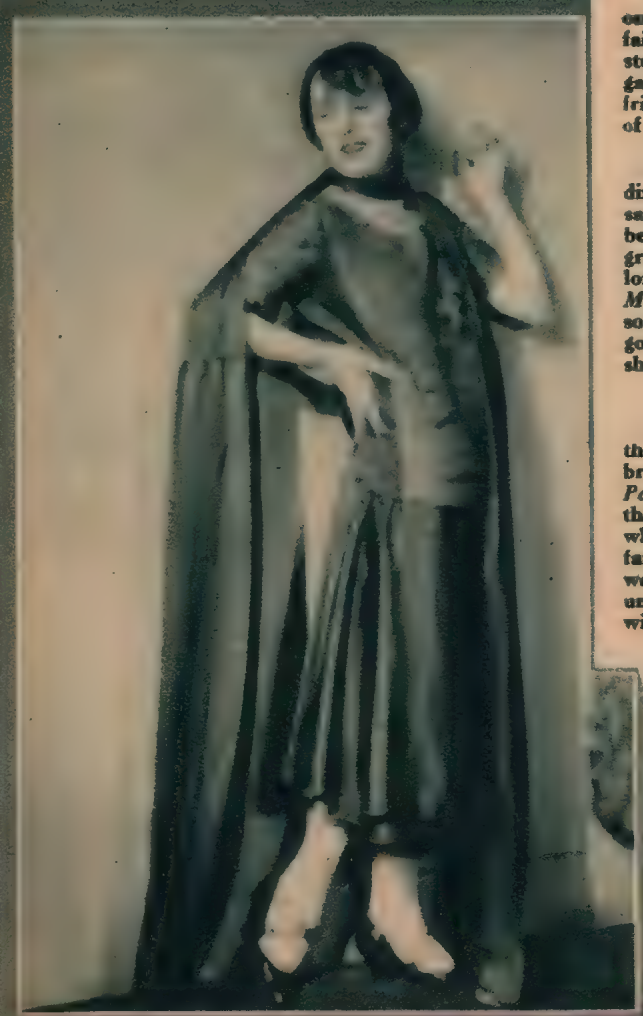
Fashion Hints from Carmel Myers

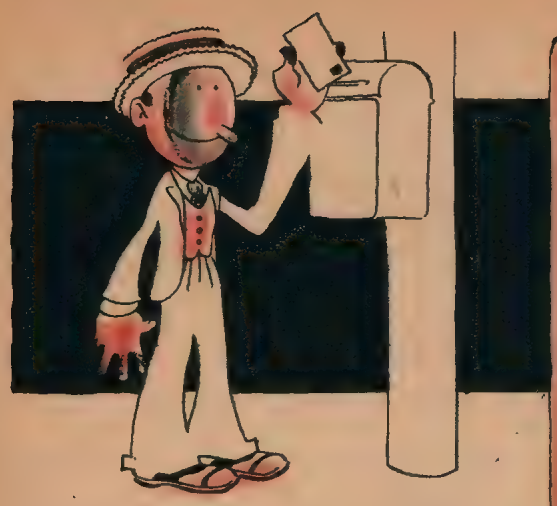
The evening ensemble in the upper left-hand corner is one of the latest worn by *Carmel Myers*. The dress is of white crepe de chine trimmed with silver cloth bands and black and white ostrich, and like so many of the new things, has a shoulder bouquet and fall of violets. The wrap is cape effect, of crepe de chine widely bordered at the bottom with silver cloth. A scarf at the throat is ornamented with an ostrich feather, which may be used as a fan. *Egyptian* gold shoes are worn with this costume.

And this *Worth* evening wrap on the upper right is of white faille embroidered in rhinestones. A beautiful effect is gained from the pastel shaded fringe which makes up the skirt of the coat.

On the left is a *Callot* tea or dinner dress. It is of wine red satin, the bodice and sleeves being embroidered in blue, green and gold. There is a very long scarf worn with it, which *Miss Myers* says she can do all sorts of things with, making the gown look different each time she dons it.

On the lower right is one of the most unusual of the gowns brought by *Carmel Myers* from *Paris*. It is an afternoon frock, the blouse of which is made of white and the skirt of black faille. With it *Miss Myers* wears pearls and some of the unusual jewelry she brought with her from *Italy*.





The Colonel

This department is for the service of our readers. No charge whatever is made for the answering of questions, whatever their number. However, if a personal reply is requested, we ask that you send a stamped, addressed envelope. All letters should contain the name and address of the writer and, if it is desired that a fictitious name be used in the publication, this name should also be written at the bottom of the letter.

Are you curious to know if your favorite screen star is married . . . where he was born . . . or the name of his new picture? If so, write to the COLONEL at Movie Weekly, 1926 Broadway, New York City.

CONSTANCE RIQUER—Yes, indeed, I have a heart, but the trouble is I am always losing it. I'm very glad to mention—and am now doing so—your Norma Talmadge Correspondence Club, with club-pins, pennants, an' everything.

Any fan wishing to join the Norma Talmadge Correspondence Club, write to Constance Riquer, President, 14207 Northfield St., East Cleveland, O.

CUPID'S JEWEL—Did I really admit that I couldn't keep a secret? Oh, well, it's hard to keep anything these days when everybody's so informal. Richard Dix is most secretive about his home address when he works in New York; I don't even know it myself. I'm delighted that you made such a hit at school with your drawing of Irene Rich.

DORINE—Must I 'fess up that I like buttermilk? But Movie Weekly isn't a confessional magazine, and besides I hate buttermilk. I like butter and I like milk, but the combination is one of the fixed drinks I don't care for. Ben Lyon answers his own fan mail, and one or two other stars, but most of them can't attempt such an undertaking. I do not know of a John Santschi in pictures; if you mean Thomas, his address is 1276 Sweetzer Ave., Los Angeles. Write Doris Kenyon at the Biograph Studios, 807 E. 175th St., New York.

THE KID—So the cowboys call you that, or something worse? Never mind, I've been called names, too. Robert Agnew was born in Dayton, Kentucky, in 1899. As Ramon Novarro is a brunette, I think it quite probable that he likes blondes. It usually works that way, doesn't it? Thanks for all the compliments; now I can struggle along without that raise.

MARGIE—As Ronald Colman and his wife have recently gotten a divorce, I think we could safely say that he is not "the property of some fair damsel," as you put it. Constance Talmadge is divorced from John Pialoglou. Gloria Swanson's mother is living; her father is dead. I think that is Gloria's right name. The child she adopted recently is the same one she took under her wing several years ago, but the adoption was only just made legal.

THE SHEIK OF JERSEY CITY—So I'm known all over the United States? Even, I see, in Jersey City. But the question is—favorably or unfavorably? Norma Shearer is in Hollywood at present. The leads in "Temporary Marriage" were played by Kenneth Harlan and Mildred David Lloyd. Paulette Duval's address is 5341 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles. I don't think she is married. The title role in "Nero" was played by Jacques Gretillat.

GLORIA—You're quite right to ask me a question which requires thinking. It doesn't do to let one's brain get flabby, even if it is a hot day. Orville Caldwell played opposite Alice Terry in "Sackcloth and Scarlet." He did not play in "Love's Wilderness"; the part you mention was played by Maurice Cannon. In "Orange Blossoms" I don't know who played the role you refer to.

PUZZLED BEAUTY—It would never do for a beauty to remain puzzled; think of the wrinkles she would get. Yes, Monte Blue played in "The Lover of Camille." Edward Burns is a bachelor and lives at 1346 Sycamore St., Los Angeles. He is now known as Edmund. Write Ricardo Cortez at the Famous Players Studios, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood, and Clive Brook at United Studios, 5341 Melrose Ave., Hollywood.

FORGET ME NOT—If you write me often, I can't. Mae Murray's first husband was M. Schwenker, and her second Jay O'Brien. Her latest releases are "Mlle. Midnight" and "Circe, the Enchantress"; since then she has made "The Merry Widow," under Eric Von Stroheim's direction. Mae recently returned from a vacation in Paris; it has not yet been announced what her next picture will be.

CHICKIE—You can call me "old whisker man" if you like. I had a shock when I first saw those words; I thought you said "old whiskey man." Louise Fazenda was born in Indiana and is not married. I think Huntly Gordon is married, but I dont' know to whom. I will see what I can do about a picture of Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Hughes in Movie Weekly. I don't know of any screen stars who were born on December 31, but I know very few of their birthdays.

MICKEY J.—But I couldn't answer you in "the next issue." Did you ever hear that old one about patience being a virtue? Kenneth Harlan is thirty; he and Marie Prevost were married last October 11. Norman Kerry's address is Universal City, Cal. I don't think he is married. Ben Lyon is about twenty-six. As he travels back and forth between New York and California for his pictures, he usually stops at a hotel and has no definite home address. You can reach him now at Biograph Studios, 807 E. 175th St., New York. His mother came from Hollywood with him recently. I don't know anything about the rest of his family.

SEASICK—You've probably got over that since you wrote me. It would be practically impossible to sell a screen company a title, though stories and plays are frequently purchased merely because of their title.

QUESTIONNAIRE—And you want me to answer your questions, "to make a nice girl happy." That's always every man's ambition, isn't it? Viola Dana played opposite Glenn Hunter in "Merton of the Movies." The star in "Head Winds" was House Peters. In "Monsieur Beaucaire," Louis XV was played by Lowell Sherman. Seena Owen was formerly married to George Walsh; George is not married now. "Neptune's Daughter" is such an old picture that I haven't the cast for it. Annette Kellerman starred in it.

ANNABELLE G.—The hero in "The Devil's Cargo" was William Collier, Jr. Corinne Griffith was starred in "Six Days." See above.

RANDOLPH—It is almost impossible for an amateur to sell scenarios as all the big companies buy only stories that have been published or plays that have been produced. I understand that Film Booking Offices, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, will buy amateur scripts if worthy. The biggest and best known photoplay writing correspondence school is the Palmer Photoplay Company. It isn't necessary to have scripts copyrighted before submitting them.

RED ROSE—This is just the season for a (*Continued on page* 39)

What Our Readers Think of Us

This Week's $10.00 Prize Letter

It is with regret that I must confess to having neglected to get my copy of Movie Weekly for the past few weeks, but the enticing picture of chic little Mae Murray on the cover of the June 6th number proved irresistible. I must say that I derived quite a good deal of entertainment from this week's issue and believe it is one of the very best you've gotten out for some time.

If Movie Weekly contained nothing more than the beautiful full-page (ready for framing) photographs of stars which make up the Gallery of Portraits, and the many interesting pictures profusely distributed through the magazine, it would still win in competition with some of the higher-priced movie periodicals. It contains everything a fan wants to know—and more. You certainly are generous with your fine articles and interviews and there certainly is enough interesting reading matter in this issue to furnish material for three or four other magazines.

I appreciate the sincere and correctly-rated criticisms under "Across the Screen," and was especially interested in "How Doug Gets Away With Murder," "Hollywood Has Found Its Voice," and Alice Terry's story. It is easily seen that these articles are written by intelligent people for intelligent readers—and not for children, like some of the other film magazines.

As a rule I don't care much for the stories you have run, but I must confess to having found "His Hidden Wife" most absorbing reading, and I am eagerly awaiting the next installment. This story is different, and above the average Hollywood tale. I also enjoy working out the cross word puzzles—which, outside of the prize contest attached, is another inducement to buy Movie Weekly. After this contest, may I suggest that you publish a "Movie Limerick" each week and let your readers supply the last lines? I'm sure this would prove popular.

Assuring you of my deep admiration and future loyalty to Movie Weekly, which I hope will keep up its high standard and remain at the top, I am,

MARTHA RUBENS,
New York City.

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This Week's $5.00 Prize Letter

LEE BAILEY,
Houston, Tex.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

This Week's $3.00 Prize Letter

MISS HATTIE MORRIS,
Detroit, Mich.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

Honorable Mention

MRS. MEREL L. KER,
Chicago, Ill.

IF I WERE YOU

Photograph by Albin

By Norma Talmadge

May: I was sorry to know of the unhappiness in your life and the feeling of restriction which seems to hedge you in on all sides. It is hard to believe that a mother should be as harsh and unsympathetic as you say yours is. It may be that the barrier which has grown between you two is due to the "ugly temper" you admit possessing. Perhaps if you would learn to guard your tongue you would not have to suffer the angry retorts from your mother. I am sure that the attempt to discipline you springs from her interest in your welfare, but she has not found a wise way to show it. As an outsider, I can see, that while both of you are wrong, you each desire the good of the other and that is why I am going to suggest that you help by trying to refrain from doing "something terrible," as you threaten, the next time you are submitted to severe discipline. If you can't talk to your mother and tell her how you feel about the way she treats you, then make a supreme effort to curb your rebellious replies. Do all that you can to keep peace and I think that your mother will try to do likewise. You told me that the advice that I gave you once before proved to be beneficial, so I am going to ask you to try out what I am telling you now. If you feel that being spanked at your age is humiliating, then show your mother that you have the right kind of pride—a pride that refuses to bicker or lead you to deceive her.

S. F. T.: It is quite easy to understand your reticence in trusting those whom you have every reason to believe were dishonest in their transaction with you. I think the thing for you to do is to charge to experience the mistake you made and profit by it so that you will not repeat.

There are numerous books published that will give you all the information you need on how to write scenarios. If you cannot find them in your public library, you will be able to secure a list from almost any large book-publishing concern.

Indiana: There are no active working studios in the Middle West. Nearly all of them are situated in the East or in California. Even though you have had many years of stage experience, I do not advise you to go so far from your home in an endeavor to enter the movies unless you happen to have sufficient funds to keep you for many months.

Sending in your picture will not help you to secure a position. It is necessary for a casting director to see you and try you out.

Miss L. C.: You want to know what your correct weight should be when you are five feet, two inches tall. A reliable table of weights gives the answer as one hundred and twenty-two pounds, just two more pounds than you now weigh.

I cannot give you the name of the product you wish, but perhaps if you consult a reliable beauty shop in your own city you will be told of something that will help you.

Susie N.: The normal weight for a young girl four feet, eleven inches, is one hundred and ten pounds.

Aleta R.: I am glad that you like my work so much that you are afraid that I will tire of the movies. There is no danger of that at present, I can assure you.

As it is impossible for me to do more than take care of the personal problems that come to me, it has been arranged that all letters requesting photographs be sent to the United Studios, 5341 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

Lauretta P.: Some of us *do* have luck, but most of us arrive by hard work. If you have the good fortune to possess a friend who will help you either to get into the movie world or to cultivate your voice, you should be glad. You are quite right in thinking that it requires quite a little sum of money for one to maintain oneself while trying to get established in the motion picture world. It is also true that even more money is necessary in order to have a voice (*Continued on page* 39)

His Hidden Wife

(*Continued from page* 13)

What Has Gone Before

Mollie O'Hara, stage favorite of New York, revives Kirk Preston, a stage hand, after he has fainted at her feet in the theater, and gives him the first meal he has had in days. She also obtains a part for him in her show but he fails in it and it is then that they discover their mutual love.

At first Kirk will not marry Mollie, telling her he is but "white trash," half Mexican, but she promises to give up the stage and work for him until he succeeds in motion pictures. So they are married and go to Hollywood, where Mollie spends all her time and money fitting Kirk for the screen, teaching him how to eat, speak and act, instructing him in dancing, fencing, swimming and riding, sewing and finally going to work in a laundry for him. Finally she admits he is ready to try his luck.

Kirk finds work, even as an extra, much harder to get than he anticipated. Finally, a director singles him out, because of his swarthy complexion, to play a small part. He tells the press agent that he is a real bull-fighter from Mexico City, and that he is not married. Mollie, returning home from her day's work at the laundry, picks up the paper, sees his pictures, reads the story, then falls to the floor in a faint. When carried home she is confronted by the landlady, who accusses her of being a "scarlet" woman. She ends by telling her she must go but that Kirk may stay. Kirk comes home, realizes what he has done and begs forgiveness. They move to a bungalow, where Mollie passes as his sister, until one day when Von Beckmann, a German producer, comes to the door Mollie quickly transforms herself into the maid.

Von Beckmann thinks she is the maid, and upon his depature he takes her in his arms and kisses her. Kirk sees him but does not interfere.

Kirk returns late, irritable, sullen and drunk, he is infuriated when Mollie chides him. A few weeks later Mollie discovers that Sandra Sorel, the woman who has the reputation of ensnaring all men with whom she plays, is Kirk's leading lady. Mollie is furious for a moment but puts her own feelings aside, for this means the last step toward stardom. A longing to see Kirk at work in the studio grips her, she asks him for a pass, and he goes to Von Beckmann and secures one. Mollie spends some of the two hundred dollars she had saved on a new sports outfit and once again she feels like her former self as the doorman admits her to Von Beckmann's studio. After aimless wandering about, she comes upon the set where Kirk is working. She is behind the scenes, carefully hidden from Kirk's view. She sees them shoot a scene, and watches Kirk passionately kiss Sandra Sorel. Suddenly she is flooded with the conviction that Kirk is not acting—he feels every emotion he is portraying—he loves Sandra Sorel!

as if from a great distance that he was sobbing.

"And this means—?" she asked coldly. She seemed to have lost all power to feel.

From his bowed head came the halting word, "I—I guess the only thing to do is for us to live apart. Oh, darling, of course I'll see you—often. But we're in this too deep now to pull out and face the music. I can get you a comfortable little place in Laurel Canyon—oh, Mollie, darling! Don't look at me like that!"

"Kirk," Mollie raised stricken eyes to the call of pain in his voice. "Now that this has come—now that you think we had better live apart—I believe it will be best for me to go back to New York. Two years are a long time—but maybe they haven't entirely forgotten me."

"New York?" The blood rushed into his face, deepening his swarthiness. "My God, Mollie, how can you suggest such a thing! Leave me like that! Why, girl, I couldn't live without you!"

"You're just been planning to do so," she reminded him drearily. "You promise that you will come to see me—occasionally—"

"As often as I can get away," he corrected her violently. "Two or three nights a week, at least. Oh, Mollie, you can't be meaning to desert me! I need you! I tell you, I couldn't go on without you!"

He knocked over his chair in his haste to reach her, but she warded off his eager arms.

"Let's be practical, for once," she begged dully. "I've stood just about all I can stand, Kirk. I've tried not to whine, but I didn't realize what I was letting myself in for—what it might do to me, as well as to you. The position is too shameful for both of us. Oh, can't you see it. Are you so blinded by egotism that you can't see me any more?" Her shaking palms pressed her face hard; her once-so-gay blue eyes were fixed on him in terrible distress.

"I see that you are planning to desert your husband," he fell back upon his anger. "Where I came from, women stick to their men—through thick and thin."

"Let's don't haul in generalities about marriage," she begged, ashamed for him. "Our marriage wouldn't measure up in any way to the general conception of wedded bliss. Just what do you want of me—still, Kirk?"

"Want of you? Why, I want you in every way! I've been true to you, Mollie. I've never really looked at another woman. I couldn't live without you. Your mind. And your heart. I probably need you more now than I ever did," he confessed, dropping his eyes from the keen blue searchlight of hers.

"You mean—Sandra?" she whispered. Then she had been right!

"In a way," he mumbled. "But all you're thinking is wrong. You think she's trying to vamp me. I tell you, she isn't. She sees me only as a new leading man. But she does things to me—when I'm with her. And I don't want to—to—fall. Oh, you women make me tired! You think you're the only ones that want to keep—pure. Men do, too. They want to be faithful to their wives, to their ideals. You're all my ideals, rolled into Mollie O'Mara. But if you were gone——" His voice stumbled and broke, and with it broke the resistance of Mollie O'Mara.

She drew a deep breath, then slowly rose from her chair, and took his clenched fist into her caressing hands.

"I'll stick—as long as I can, Kirk," she said quietly. "You've said the one thing that can keep me. But remember this—if you ever want me to go, I'll go. Don't let me be shamed by staying when your need is over."

He picked her up in his arms and carried her to the deep, comfortable couch which she had bought for him. There he held her against his heart, kissing the distress out of her eyes, melting the frozen grief in her veins with the passion which he still felt for her.

After a while, when her eyes were languorous and moist with love, she was reminded of another man's love for her.

"Kirk, why didn't you tell me that Aaron Grosbeck was here?"

"You saw him—you were at the studio?" he demanded.

"I ran into him by accident. I had luncheon with him out on Sunset Boulevard."

"Then he knows," Kirk's arms fell limp. "And since he's always been in love with you, I suppose he won't have any scruples about doing me all the harm he can."

"You wrong Aaron," she reproved him. "And me. I told him nothing, except that—Mollie O'Mara is dead. I warned him that he must forget that he had seen me, that it could not happen again. Since I'll be hidden away in Laurel Canyon, and he will be looking for me in Hollywood, there's little chance of our meeting again accidentally. And I've kept my identity too well hidden for even a detective to find me. Don't worry, dear."

Insensibly, they had slipped back into their roles—she as the comforting, arranging, managing force in his life; he as the child-man who must be humored, loved, forgiven.

Since it was more imperative than ever that they not be seen together, Kirk attended to the finding and renting of the cabin in Laurel Canyon. He was loudly optimistic about his find, by which Mollie knew that it was not what she herself would have chosen, that he was fearful of her reaction. She made up her mind to like it, no matter what it was like, but when, under cover of darkness, they motored out to the Canyon, which was beginning to be rather plentifully besprinkled with summer cabins and more pretentious homes, she found her courage oozing away. The hardly perceptible road which the chugging car, straining in low gear, was slowly negotiating, seemed very lonely and remote. When they came upon the little rustic cabin, perched precariously upon a ldge of rock looking down a sheer cliff side, she was unable to find the words of commendation for which she knew he was anxiously listening.

"A little lonely," he admitted, not looking at her. "But it's a darb inside. And just look at the view——" he spread his arms to the beauty of the apparently endless series of hills and canyons.

"The view is nice," Mollie echoed flatly. "Let's go in. The engine needs a rest. Poor dear, what a time it's going to have, bringing you to see me!" To hide her emotion, she patted the car's hood humorously, so that Kirk laughed, relieved.

The cabin had three rooms—a large living room, a tiny bedroom, and a scrap of a kitchen, tacked on at the rear as if it had been the afterthought of a bachelor. The crudest conveniences—or rather, inconveniences—dismayed her with their inadequacy, but she hastened to admire the living-room, which was really delightful.

"Someone with taste furnished this room," she told Kirk, taking in the deep-cushioned leather couch and Morris chairs, the great, weirdly patterned, vividly colored Navajo rug, the thick Pongee curtains, the ceiling and walls panelled with rich, dark wood. "It's a man's room, but a few trifles will make it mine. I've lived in masculine surroundings so long I'd be absolutely lost in Marie Antoinette boudoirs. I'm going to like this room, Kirk."

"And so am I," he agreed, gladly. "Remember, you're going to have a pretty constant caller, young woman. Sorry the bedroom isn't more feminine. We can refurnish it, if you like."

He opened the door into the little monk's cell, with its narrow dark-wood bed, spread with a Navajo blanket, its plain, dark washstand, with old-fashioned "toilet set" of washbowl, pitcher and ewer, and its chiffonier, whose mirror was too high for Mollie's dark head to be reflected.

"It's all fine, except that I'd like a dressing table. I'd want to pretty up for you, and it would all be guess work. You'd probably find me with a crooked part in my hair and my lips beautifully rouged on my left cheek."

"A triple-mirrored dressing table the wench shall have," Kirk agreed, almost too gaily. Mollie could have wept over him, his relief at her acceptance of the place was so touching.

"I'll mvoe in—tomorrow," she could not keep her voice from breaking over the word.

Since they had no lease on the little bungalow, the move was made without ceremony or delay. The landlord agreed to buy their furnishings at about one-fifth what Mollie had paid for them, and Kirk moved his trunks of immaculate clothes to the Hollywood Hotel, that great, sprawling hostelry on Hollywood Boulevard, where all the great and the would-be great in filmdom stopped at some time or other.

"I'm saving up the Beverly Hills Hotel for stardom," he told Mollie as he packed. "I want to have something left to wish for, when

that great day comes. Von Beckmann lives there."

"And so does Sandra Sorel," Mollie murmured from the depths of his clothes closet. Kirk pretended not to have heard her.

The moment of actual parting was commonplace and dully irritating. A truck had trundled away with Mollie's things, bound for Laurel Canyon, and another was expected momentarily to take Kirk's belongings to the hotel.

"Well, honey, guess I'd better stay at the hotel tonight. Look sort of funny if I didn't. Sure you won't be afraid in the new place?" Kirk's eyes were fixed on her little hands, which were locked tightly in her lap, as she sat waiting.

"I expect I shall be," she confessed, with an attempt at lightness. "But I've got to begin getting used to my widowhood. Oh, I'm sorry!"

"For God's sake, try to quit looking at it like that!" Kirk burst out irritably. "You don't think it's going to be easy for me, either, do you? Why, Mollie, we haven't been apart a night, except when I've been on location, for two whole years! I'm going to miss you like hell!"

"Can I depend on that?" she forced herself to reply flippantly.

The honk of a motor horn broke into the moment, when he would have taken her into his arms, in that living room which she had made for him.

When the expressmen had panted out of the house, under their heavy loads—for Kirk had many clothes—the husband and wife stood looking at each other awkwardly.

Finally Mollie pushed the front door to gently with the toe of her small slipper.

"Kiss me good-bye, now, Kirk, and go quickly. I can't stand to have this dragged out."

He put his arms around her, but even as his lips were touching hers, there came a knock on the door.

"Someone to look at the bungalow," the landlord's voice broke in on their farewell.

"Oh, damn! Good-bye, Mollie darling," he whispered, and released her quickly.

Electric lights had not penetrated Laurel Canyon. That first night Mollie lighted all four of the kerosene lamps, which had been left, along with all the other furnishings—even bedding—by the scenario writer who had built and equipped the little place as a home which he had been forced to sell when his company ordered him back to the New York office. She put a lamp in every room, even in the little lean-to bathroom, with its crude, home-built shower.

When night closed in, she had finished unpacking, even to distributing, in the tiny kitchen, the big supply of groceries which she had had the foresight to buy before leaving Hollywood. The oil stove smoked, and she decided, forlornly, to eat corned beef, canned apricots and a bit of sponge cake with the tea she had brewed after many difficulties with the temperamental burners. It was impossible to keep from remembering that Kirk was dining in the luxurious hotel, attended by a waiter who probably recognized him as a "coming man in pictures." Undoubtedly someone—a woman, probably—was dining with him.

She brushed tears of self-pity from her eyes and pretended to herself that she was enjoying her solitary meal. But gradually the utter loneliness of the place was creeping in on her, squeezing out the last remaining drops of her courage.

It was odd to have absolutely nothing to do. Some time before Kirk had brought home his first custom made shirts—she did not even have the solace of stitching on fine, soft silk for him. He had insisted on taking all of his clothes with him—even the things which needed mending or darning.

"I don't want you slaving for me," he had told her, with an attempt at masterfulness. "Surely my salary warrants my paying to have such things done for me. And you've been killing yourself over my silly clothes long enough. You need rest—gobs of it. Now you've got the opportunity, hop to it. Rest and read—and enjoy yourself."

The words echoed mockingly in her brain as she tiptoed fearsomely about the utterly still cabin. Enjoy herself! How did a wife, put away by her husband, enjoy herself? She caught herself up angrily, disgusted with her own whining. Hadn't she agreed to this—hadn't she brought it on herself, by her first acquiescence in obscurity? Well, then!

But her carefully wrought self-anger died in the complete and uncanny silence. She longed for the blatant horns of passing automobiles; for the shrill laughter of girls, coming home to the little bungalow court.

She decided to read. The scenarist had sold even his books to the present owner, from whom Kirk had rented the place. She drifted to the shelves, built along two walls of the living room, to a height of five feet. Worn, friendly books, which looked as if they had been well loved. Since her graduation from college, Mollie had done little reading. There had not been much time. In dramatic school and after she had gone on the stage, she had read plays chiefly, and the most discussed of the current novels.

She hesitated before a long shelf of poets—Swinburne, Keats, Shelley, Browning, Byron, Burns, many others whose names she had never even seen before. She drew out the limp, worn, brown volume of Burns, for whom she had a lingering, school-girl fondness. But she opened it at "Andesron, my jo, John," and its tender, sweethearting phrases tore into her aloneness so that she closed the book and hastily thrust it back into place. No sweetheart poems tonight!

The next book caught here eye—"The Collected Poems of Rupert Brooke." Hadn't he written during the war—and died? Something about a bit of earth in a foreign land that would be "forever England's," because an English hero had died there?

She began to turn the thick, deckle-edged pages slowly, charmed by the type-arrangement. Odd! Her eyes lit upon a line—"When love has changed to kindliness—"

She read the poem through with widening eyes, her breath almost suspended.

Womanlike, she looked for a personal application in every word. "Kill the two who have reached their second best—" Was it true that in their case—hers and Kirk's—they had done with that first fine rapture, had lived out the span of passionate love? "Break cleanly off and get away —" Wasn't it true that if Kirk loved her as she loved him he would be here with her tonight. "When hand never flinches, brushing hand —" Wasn't it true that Kirk no longer trembled with delight in her presence? Ah, but wasn't it equally true that she never saw him without a quickening of the pulse, a sharp intake of breath, on the wave of her emotional reaction to him? Surely, her love for him had grown, while his for her — he couldn't live without her? And yet—here she was, and miles away, Kirk reveled in a complete new freedom.

And what was love, she questioned herself, with the book lying forgotten in her lap? Was it just a matter of thrills? Was there truly shame in the waning of ecstasy? Was she degrading love by remaining in Kirk's life, when he only needed her to protect him from the temptation of "new lures"?

Suddenly the floodgates of her grief and shame were opened and Mollie O'Mara gave herself over to weeping. There was no one to hear—no listening ears in a compact little bungalow court. Kirk would not be coming in to demand the why of her reddened eyes—his own eyes smoldering with irritability at her too easy tears.

She was completely alone, she told herself, even as the great sobs tore at her heart. And the thought increased the violence of her grief. It was a long way from the footlights of a Broadway theater to an isolated cabin in Laurel Canyon; but the way was suddenly illuminated by a poignant flash of realization, and Mollie O'Mara wept for the girl she had been, for the woman she had become, for the degradation of her future as an unacknowledged wife.

"Mollie!"

The sound of her name crashed through her sobs, checked them short.

(To be continued next week)

The Colonel

(Continued from page 36)

red rose. Betty Blythe is five feet seven; Phyllis Haver, five feet six, and Claire Windsor, five feet six and one-half. Jane Novak is five feet seven, and Nita Naldi is about that height.

MAXINE OF CHAMBERSBURG—I hope you didn't strain your eyes looking for answers in the "next issue"; it just can't be done. Write Mae Murray at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.; Monte Blue, Warner Brothers' Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood; Cullen Landis, Universal City, Cal.; Constance Bennett United Studios, 5341 Melrose Ave., Hollywood. Ethel Clayton can be reached at the Fox Studio, 1417 No. Western Ave., Hollywood. She is working in "Lightnin'."

BLUE-EYED NELLIE—Of course, Blue-Eyed Nellie, you may write again. In fact, I shall feel very hurt if you don't. Robert Ellis is the husband of May Allison, though there has been some talk of divorce. He doesn't give his age. He doesn't play in pictures often; his recent ones include "Capital Punishment," "A Cafe in Cairo" "Forbidden Cargo," and "Speed." Richard Dix is thirty. Gloria Swanson's latest picture is "Madame Sans-Gene." She is now making "The Coast of Folly."

BETOVA—I assure you I don't paint the stars on the covers of Movie Weekly, but I will use my influence—if any—for a picture of Ruth Roland. I think Miss Roland would gladly send you her photo; write her at 3828 Wilshire Blvd., Hollywood. Pola Negri's next picture after "The "Charmer" has not yet been decided. I think your taste in screen stars is excellent.

HEARTBROKEN—Yes, it is true that David Powell died a few months ago; I suppose the reason so little was said about it was that he has not been very active in pictures in the past few years. I don't know what he died of.

A FORMER FRIEND OF COLLEEN—I think you'll change your mind about Colleen when you do see her in "So Big." Nobody thought she could do it, but she really is very wonderful in the picture. Ben Lyon didn't get over so well as Dirk DeJong. He played in "The White Moth" with Barbara La Marr. "The Necessary Evil" is the release title of his picture with Viola Dana. Yes, "Flaming Youth" was the picture which first brought real success to Colleen.

PATTY F.—Betty Bronson was born in Trenton, N. J., seventeen years ago. She is 5 feet tall, and has brown hair and blue eyes. Her latest picture is "Are Parents People?" Mary Brian was born in Texas sixteen years ago. She has brown hair and eyes, and is 5 feet in height. Mae Murray is in her early thirties; she was born in Virginia. Mae is about 5 feet 2, has very blonde hair and blue eyes. Margaret Livingston comes from Salt Lake City; she doesn't give her age. She is 5 feet 3, and has auburn hair with brown eyes.

If I Were You

(Continued from page 37)

cultivated properly. When you make good you can reward the kind of friends who helped you reach your goal.

Whatever road you take, either the screen or a musical career, you are going to find many rough places in your upward climb. But since you have an abundance of courage and determination and acknowledged talent, you already have a great deal in your favor.

Lost: A Wife

(*Continued from page 27*)

white-faced, brand-new Baroness realized this, however, the hoax got over with due success.

The Baron proved unexpectedly hospitable. His torrid hunks of sympathy were not discharged upon the limping Tony. The Baron's mother, a scornful looking dowager, was equally concerted. It seemed to the observant Dick that her crafty old eyes lighted up with gleams of malicious joy when it was borne in upon her that the injured one was her son's too-immediate predecessor. It also seemed to Dick that most of her malice was covertly directed toward her stodgy and sterterous son. She seemed, really, to feel a sympathy for the lovely, pallid Charlotte. It was as if she said, "Ah, poor dear, poor child, what a burden I am casting off upon you." Dick bethought him that it was, in all likelihood, only the mamas who were getting any particular kick out of this somewhat sodden performance. Dick could picture Mama Randolph back in her hotel in Paris rubbing her talon-like hands together and crooning, "I said she would marry a title and she *has* married a title—ah, I have not lived in vain. Let who will interfere with *my* plans!"

It was Charlotte who appeared to be most uncomfortable when Tony was pressed into a chair, the Baron had summoned the housekeeper to bring arnica and other ointments and the Dowager had rung for whiskey and soda, tea and other beneficial beverages.

In Charlotte's pale face and lifted brows Dick sensed a plea. She alone seemed to lack interest in the damaged car and the damaged leg. It was as if she knew that Tony's injury was not of the leg, had nothing to do with the leg. Dick thought that he could hear her heart ache. She was suffering, but it had an element of fearful joy . . .

After dinner, Dick drew Tony aside and told him that he would never be able to go to the theater again—the drama would have lost all interest—after *this*—"

The Baron displayed delicacy. Charlotte had thought him capable only of torrid sympathy, which had poured itself stickily and insistently over the wound that was Tony. But no, he had his delicacies, too. Or, maybe, his mother had had them for him. Charlotte had come upon them whispering together in the hall just before it was time for the grotesquely assorted guests to retire for the nuptial night.

When Charlotte reached her room, she found the Baron following her. She hadn't time to raise her hands in a gesture of defense when he said, "I think—er—my dear, I think we had better go on tonight as we would were we old married folk. Tomorrow our—er—our guest will be gone—a—a situation, if you follow me, will be—er—alleviated. It seems to me . . ."

"It does to me, too!" burst from Charlotte in a gust of relief not unmixed with gratitude. She came, were the truth known, as near to feeling fondness for the turgid Baron as she ever had felt, or ever would feel.

She went to her room, fastened the door and sank down on the canopied bed. In all of her self-sufficient life she had never felt so scattered, so inwardly upset and distraught. Had she been in any sense an hysterical type the Baronial halls must surely have wrung with her cries.

She thought of Mama. And she did not think of Mama in the filial way Mama might have expected of her. If it hadn't been for Mama this wild, unthinkable situation would never have arisen. When she had left the hotel in the south of France she had been hurt to the very core. All of her values had been distorted. Her very love for Tony had been distorted. In such a state she was fit prey for Mama, who lost on occasion to remind her that she had warned her concerning the pother of "this love business." Mama would invariably add, "And now see what it has got you. Humiliation. Disgrace. Whereas, if you had followed my plans for you, you would have been established, with a Position . . . you would have been a Personage."

Mama implied that to be a Personage automatically solved the difficulties, the heart-aches, the troubulous problems of a Life.

The Baron Delignieres, following close at Charlotte's heels, still oozing sympathy and chagrin fell, ripely, into Mama's sculpturing hands. Here was rare good fortune! Mama played for the Baron the cards he could never have played for himself, Mama brought all of her very considerable pressure to bear. Charlotte, really, didn't care whether she were dead or alive. She would have preferred the former state, but since suicide did not suggest itself to her as a decent outlet she decided that she might as well live, and, since it would gratify Mama inordinately, she might as well be the Baroness Delignieres as Charlotte Hamilton. In her heart, she would always be Charlotte Hamilton. Always and forever.

Charlotte rose restlessly from the bed. How could she sleep with Tony in the same house with her? How had he dared come into her life like this, at such a time? Hadn't he tortured her enough? Was he the fiend Mama had painted him in words of choicest vintage? Then thoughts of the south of France came to her, of Tony's arms about her, of Tony's dear, unforgettable face bent over hers . . . no, whatever Tony was or was not, he had been her lover, he was, still, her Love . . .

She simply had to breathe the gorgeousness of the night, the very thought of a night similar to this the June before, made her gasp for breath.

One thing Charlotte thanked her lucky stars for, the Baron had realized that the situation was intolerable. He had had the manliness to get out—to keep out of her sight.

Now that she was alone she could think . . . figure out some way out of this impossible predicament. What a relief it was to be away—to breathe.

Charlotte walked to the French windows opening to her balcony. Through the chinks the purple night of June sifted through, like fragments of reminder . . . another June . . . and other purple nights . . . She flung the windows wide . . . if she could breathe, she thought, she might assuage the pain . . .

"Hullo!" said Tony.

He was sitting astride the rail. He must have been sitting there all the while . . . all the while the Baron was saying good-night to her . . . all the while she was moving, restive, about the room. The pain solidified into something cold.

"What are you doing here?" Charlotte asked.

"Where? In the chateau, or in this particular spot?"

"Both. Don't quibble."

"I'm not. I'm not quibbling! God above, Charlotte, I've been through hell today."

"I'm sorry you hurt your—your leg."

"I didn't hurt my leg, and you know that I didn't. That was a ruse —"

"How *clever* you are!"

"Not clever! Stupid. Deadly stupid—but just waking up. Just beginning to know. Charlotte, you're my wife. That's what I've waked up to as I didn't wake up to it! God help me, even in the south of France. You're not the Baron's wife. You're never going to be. I've come across half a world to make you know this."

"I did know it—once. You threw me over for a game of cards. I threw you over for—a Baron. I took my medicine in silence. You'll have to take yours."

"I won't. Don't talk like this, Charlotte. Words can't mean a thing. You can accuse me of anything you like, I can quibble with you . . . it won't matter. What matters is that, mistakes to the contrary, you are my wife, I am your husband. You know it. I know it—now."

"It's too late."

"It isn't too late. It's never too late for—for this. I'm coming in. I can't sit here all night."

"Of course you're not coming in. Are you mad? What would the Baron think? His mother? Certainly not . . ."

"I am mad. But I am coming in."

"Suppose the Baron should come back . . ."

"All the more reason why I should be here. I'm not going to waste words, Charlotte. You're *my wife*. When I've said that I've said it all."

"We can't stand around her like this all night. We'll be overheard. Then the Baron will come back."

"That's my point, exactly. We can't stand on the balcony, silhouetted. I'll concede that it isn't decent. But in your room . . . it's where I belong . . ."

Tony jumped, with considerable agility, for the casualty of a bad smash-up, from the balustrade and into the room. He closed and fastened the French doors. He turned to Charlotte and held out his arms. Charlotte turned away from him, so that she would not see the hunger in his face.

"No, Tony," she said, "since you have done this insane thing you must play some kind of cricket. If you insist upon remaining here and letting both of us in for Heaven knows *what* complication in the morning we will—we will play cards."

Charlotte didn't quite know why cards came to her mind. It sounded ironical. As a matter of fact she had made the first suggestion that came to her in a desperate endeavor to keep Tony quiet and in his place.

"Cards!" Tony stared at her. "Oh, I see," he said slowly, "You are rather laughing at me, aren't you? You think . . . but, you know, Charlotte, I haven't played cards since you left me. I have thought all along that you took that with you, as you took so many other things that were a part of the old and worthless Me. I don't care for cards any more."

Charlotte was removing a pack from her suitcase. "Oh, I'm sure they'll come back to you," she said, affably, "at any rate, if you insist upon remaining you've got to play—to please me."

Tony played.

He played, at first, desultorily, with more looks into Charlotte's eyes than at the cards. But as the heavy night paced by them the old passion rose up in him and he settled down to some steady gambling. The fever was incited the more because Charlotte won heavily against him.

"I didn't know that I had married a gambler," he said, as dawn began to penetrate the room.

"Nor did I," said Charlotte, and her eyes, weary, but with a new scorn in them, met his fairly. "You see, you haven't got over it. The lust for gambling isn't in any sense abated. How can you be such a bluff?"

"I'm not. Charlotte, I swear to you upon all that I hold most holy that I have not touched a card since I left you. I never shall touch a card again unless I am with you. Do you believe me?"

"I don't know," said Charlotte . . . "oh, does it matter?"

"No!" said Tony. "No, nothing matters but you and me, you darling . . . oh, Charlotte, my whole life won't be long enough for me to atone to you for the beastly fool I've been . . ."

"Oh, please . . ."

"Dear Love, if you return to me I'll never again touch a card with or without you, if this be your wish . . . suffering makes wise men even of fools . . . you know that, dear. Charlotte, will you . . .?"

"There is someone at the door," said Charlotte.

There were two Someones. One was the Baron Delignieres, somewhat pale under his choleric coloring. The other Someone was the Baron's mother, her eyes mere slits of malice in the mask of her face.

The Baron sputtered. The Baron's mother coughed a smile away back of her scrap of linen.

Tony and Charlotte explained.

The Baron was at a loss as to what to make of such a situation. He admitted that it was "inexplicable."

They stood here, confused and confounded. It seemed to be a predicament out of which there was no possible escape.

Then the Baron's mother emerged from her scrap of linen. She looked, for the first and probably the last time in her life, as though she were having a thoroughly good time.

"They're in love with each other," she said. "Can't you see that, Henri? Well, and what then, pray?"

Henri did not know. His mother did.

She said, sharply, "They leave with my blessing. Which is more than I gave to the ceremony of yesterday. I, too, was once young . . . and charming . . . tiens, *what it is to love . . .!*"

THE END.

The Girl Who Would Be Queen

(*Continued from page* 34)

What Has Gone Before

Patricia Cabot Stacey, daughter of a prominent Boston family, goes to Hollywood against her parents' wishes, where she meets Mary Brown, an unsuccessful extra, and David Holt, a wealthy young man. After much discouragement, Patsie finds some work posing for bathing beauty work and sends her pictures to various casting directors. Mary goes to work in a boarding house. Don McQueston, casting director for Wayne Murchison, interviews her and plans on sending her home. He asks her to meet him at the Owlett Inn. David Holt and Clyve Burnett, the latter in search of adventure, see the pictures, and Clyve sends a note to Patsie asking her to come to the Inn earlier than planned. He signs McQueston's name to the note.

Patsie goes to the Inn and meets Clyve, who offers her a contract for three hundred dollars a week, which she signs. McQueston tries to dissuade her; but she is determined to go through with it despite the warning of both David and McQueston.

Patsie arrives at home and finds Mary badly frightened. She has left her boarding house because of a man. Patsie promises to get her work but is refused by Clyve. After much persuasion, David consents to write the story, which is to be a fantasy starring Patsie as a wood nymph, even though he dislikes Clyve. McQueston is to direct. Patsie becomes proficient in both swimming and dancing in preparation for her picture.

Mary, Patsie, Beryl Banister, who is to have the vamp role, Claire Yves and a number of other actors, sail for Peru, where the scenes are to be shot. En route, a party occurs at which Leroy is the center of a very disgusting brawl. David is seen talking to Beryl. Patsie refuses to understand, likewise, David is annoyed with Patsie—she drank too much, he thought. They reach Peru, where Mary sprains her ankle. Clyve goes for a doctor and Leroy, who is intoxicated, comes to the door and proves very annoying. David happens along and puts Leroy in his place.

They leave for the mountains, where the scenes are to be shot. McQueston learns of Leroy's conduct and fires him immediately, putting Clyve in his place. Claire's horse becomes frightened and throws her, breaking three ribs. Mary is given the chance to take Claire's place.

They reach the location and pitch camp. Preparation is made to begin the picture at once; Mary proves to be a "find"; her acting is marvelous. Patsie finds a pool which appears deep and clear. She asks to dance on the cliff above and dive from it at night. McQueston and David ask her to abandon the idea until the pool has been sounded for rocks. Clyve asks to see her, if she decides to try it. While the camp is supposed to be sleeping, Patsie slips out, dons her spider-web costume and starts for the cliff. The entire camp is asleep so far as she can see. But are they?

shouted. Mrs. Holmquist screamed and kept screaming until Beryl got her by the shoulders and shook her to silence. Over across the brook in the Cholo camp dogs whimpered and howled and children cried out in terror.

In two minutes it was all over. The earth tremors had passed and the people began to get hold of themselves.

When Mary cried in a shaken voice to Patricia and got no answer, her first thought was that she must have been injured and even while the quake lasted she managed to crawl on hands and knees to her friend's cot. Finding it empty, she groped about on the ground with her hands. She was doing this when the tremors ceased.

When she still failed to locate Patricia, it occurred to her that she might have gone to the screaming Mrs. Holmquist. So, throwing a wrapper about her, she hurried over to the latter's tent. She found the older woman sobbing hysterically in Beryl's arms, but of course no Patricia.

McQueston and David appeared now with flashlights, inquiring if everybody was all right.

"I can't find Patsie at all," Mary told them tremulously.

"Can't find her? What do you mean?" David demanded with the ruskness of sudden anxiety.

"She's not in the tent. I've hunted all over. I came here to see if she had come over to help Mrs. Holmquist," Mary told him.

The two men stared at each other. All at once David clenched his fist and struck the palm of his hand violently.

"I'll bet she's up at the little pool," he said, with real horror in his voice. "Don't you remember, she talked about going out there for a moonlight swim?"

"But I told her not to," McQueston said. "Didn't I tell her it wasn't safe?"

"I know you did, and I kept awake all that night to stop her going. I meant to tonight, too, but I decided she'd just been joking. Besides, I know Snell had sounded the place out for rocks and it was safe. I'll go look for her."

"Oh, I hope she's all right," Mary faltered. "Do you think —"

"Oh, she's all right, dearie," Mrs. Holmquist tried to reassure her, "only probably scared."

"Don't worry about Patsie being scared," Beryl said drily. "She's not that kind. Probably you'll find her swimming around as if nothing had happened."

"I certainly hope so," David said grimly, and turned to start up the trail.

As he did so, his flashlight illuminated a small, pajama-clad figure coming toward them. It was Billy. He was big-eyed with fear.

"What's the matter?" McQueston teased him good-naturedly, "Scared of a little earthquake?"

"Earthquake? No," the boy answered indignantly. "But Mr. Burnett ain't anywheres 'round. I'd like to know what's happened to him."

Once more David and McQueston stared at each other. Then quite abruptly David left the group. Somehow he couldn't bear to be present when they began to link the two absences together. Besides, the sudden bitterness in his own heart was more than he could trust himself to endure with the others around.

When he realized that he had started along the trail to the gorge that led to the pool, he checked himself with a sick feeling. As he half turned to go back, his flashlight illuminated the night robe and dressing gown that Patricia had dropped there. With a kind of numb horror he went over and picked them up, making sure that they were what he thought.

"God!" he whispered hoarsely, twisting his fingers tensely into the flimsy fabric of the nightrobe.

Then beside him he felt rather than heard a kind of sob of Mary's voice.

"It's hers. Give it to me. I'll take it to her."

Silently he handed her the two garments and the flashlight.

"I'll follow at a distance," he said dully.

Mary shivered, but started resolutely ahead up the dim trail, flinching every now and then as the rough ground hurt her feet, but going on just the same. David let her get perhaps fifty feet ahead. Then, finding that he could see by the moonlight that filtered through the trees, he followed slowly, tensely.

Just as Mary should have been entering the long defile gorge, he heard her give a cry of dismay. Instantly he ran forward. She was standing, playing the light of her flash against a great mass of boulders that towered thirty or forty feet above them.

His first thought was that she had gone aside from the path. But as he gazed about, the truth burst on him: *that mass of rugged boulders was where the gorge had once been*: The earthquake had crashed down those toppling walls.

He groaned.

Then suddenly he galvanized into action, brushed past Mary, and began scaling the rocky pile.

"Oh!" she cried, "What are you doing?"

"I'm going to find her!" he shouted back huskily. "Don't you see the place has fallen in!"

Even as he spoke, a rock under his feet weighing a ton gave way beneath him. He just had time to clutch another rock several times as big and save himself. The rock he had dislodged hurtled down. He saw it half bury itself in the ground beside the girl.

But Mary hardly noticed the thing.

"I'll come as fast as I can," she called.

"No, no! You couldn't possibly make it. Go back and tell the others what's happened."

As he spoke, he found a new hold for his feet and began once more to climb. Mary looked at the face of the rock and realized that he was right. With sick heart she watched him climb what she knew was only the beginning of the mass of rock that lay between her and—and the two that even she had to believe were together somewhere up there at the other end of the choked gorge.

Twice, as she watched, David almost fell. But finally he reached the highest rock that she could see. She heard him sob aloud in horror.

"The whole business has caved in," he called down huskily. "I'm afraid they're—" He choked. She saw him claw at his throat as if to tear something away that was holding back the words. Then he stepped cautiously forward and disappeared.

She waited a moment or two and then hurried back, paying no attention to the roughness of the path. The camp had already begun to settle down again by the time she reached it though she heard excited conversations going on inside many of the tents that she passed. She found McQueston talking gloomily with Beryl. Mrs. Holmquist had already retired to her tent again.

". . . and even if he does own the company, he ought to know better than to do a thing like that," McQueston was saying. "He ought to think of Patsie's reputation; see? Now by doing this, he —"

"Go easy, Mac, go easy," Beryl broke in harshly. "You don't know a damn thing about it. For all you know—"

But at this point Mary reached them and her white, tense face told them that something was badly wrong.

"The whole gorge has fallen in!" Mary cried tremulously. "The place is filled with rocks. Oh, I'm afraid they're crushed.

"What?" McQueston exclaimed. "You mean the earthquake has toppled the walls in?"

Mary nodded, big-eyed with worry.

"The whole place is choked up," she said.

"Where's David?" McQueston demanded.

"He's trying to climb over the rocks. It looks terribly dangerous. But he went on without waiting. He told me to tell you what had happened."

McQueston's mouth drew down into even grimmer lines than usual. He started for the tent where Snell and Joel Burney slept.

"You girls look out for each other!" he flung back over his shoulder.

Mary looked at Beryl and her lips quivered.

"Do you think they can do anything?" she asked.

"Sure they can," Beryl answered. "Mac's got a head on him. He'll have a little rescue party in there in no time."

"Do you think so?" Mary's eyes were shiny with tears.

"Sure thing. They'll—Why you poor kid!"

Mary had broken down and was sobbing pitifully. Beryl put her arms around her and led her back to Mary's own tent, trying to comfort her.

Inside the tent, Mary suddenly got control of herself again. She shook herself free of Beryl's arms and dashed the tears from her eyes. Then she began to dress quickly in the khaki knicker suit that she had worn for riding.

"What are you going to do?" Beryl asked.

"I'm going with them," was the tense answer.

And when Snell and the three guides started up the trail to the choked gorge, she was with them to point the way that David had taken.

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Drusilla with a Million

(*Continued from page* 21)

"Hell!" Collin ran his fingers wearily through his thick brown hair and stretched his fine body, apparently unspoiled by drink. "Tell him I'll be down as soon as I've dressed." Under his breath, so that the retreating butler could not hear him, he muttered, "Poor old Dad! I don't know why I'm such a rotter. Sometimes wish he'd never saved a nickel for me."

Perhaps if he had had time to say something of the sort to his father, the interview might have ended differently. It really wasn't an interview, for the boy had little chance to talk.

"You've disgraced me for the last time. You're no son of mine, after today. You've wasted your life, and broken my heart. Now I'm through with you. Get out! And don't come back till you've made a man of yourself. I might add that I never expect to see you again."

The boy started forward, frightened by the trembling rage of the man he had feared as a child and respected as he grew older.

"You're making yourself ill, sir. Please —"

"Get out!" the older man screamed, his face purpling with rage, his eyes rolling wildly in their sockets.

"I'm sorry, sir," Collin turned away. "Of course I'll go —"

"No, Collin, no!" A sharp cry from the doorway stopped him.

"Daphne!" Collin's face was stern. "If my father wants me to go, there is nothing else for me to do."

The girl looked at him with scorn in her flashing black eyes, eyes that were the keynote of her magnificent, dark beauty. Her slim body, correctly and tastefully gowned, flashed past him. Her hands clung to Elias Arnold's shoulders, her proud black eyes and her rich, dark-red lips begged him to reconsider.

"No, I'm through with him! If you want to marry him now, Daphne, you'll have to take him as he stands—with nothing but the clothes he is wearing. I don't think you'll want him—now?" The old man's tones were malicious, triumphant.

"Father, reason with him!" The girl ran with desperate haste to the man who still stood in the doorway.

John Thornton had been Elias Arnold's attorney since the early days of his success, and now that he saw the million, whose growth he had watched so jealously, slipping away from his daughter, he made a desperate clutch at it.

"You can't kick the boy out like this, Elias," he reasoned with his client, laying a comradely hand on Arnold's shoulder. "Remember, he's the only heir to your money. You don't want it to go to strangers —"

"I'm making another will today," the millionaire shook off his friend's hand. "He'll never get a penny of my money."

"I don't want it, if you don't want me to have it." Collin Arnold squared his shoulders, as if they had been relieved of a great weight. "But I do hate leaving you like this, Dad. You aren't well."

"Get out!" His father raised his clenched hands in impotent rage.

As Collin, head bowed, shoulders drooping, passed slowly from the room, he hesitated only for a second, before Daphne Thornton. But she turned her head aside, and raised her trembling hands to her face, as if to hide from him the revelation of the kind of stuff her "love" for him was made of. A beam of light glanced off the diamond he had given her, but its brilliance brought no warmth to his heart.

And so Collin Arnold left the home of his father.

Another sort of excitement quivered through the large, once-grand old mansion, which was now known as the Cliftondale Home for Old Ladies. It was a rarely beautiful day in May, just the kind of day that the twenty-five old ladies had prayed that their picnic day might be. There was a happy bustle of preparation. Four automobiles were ranged before the white pickets of the fence, impatient to gather in their freight of twittering, excited old women.

In the kitchen, Drusilla Doane, the only charity inmate, pottered busily from icebox to table, from stove to pantry, making sandwiches, bottling hot coffee, slicing layer cake.

Every town has its Drusilla—a little withered old apple whom love has passed by. Her hair was white, but it had not forgotten that it had once known the trick of curling, and it persisted in falling softly about her softly wrinkled old cheeks. She pushed it back impatiently, as if her work-knotted old hands resented taking time off from more important duties. Her long black skirt swished across the immaculate kitchen floor, which she had scrubbed every day for ten years.

As she worked, she talked to herself, her shy, virginal old mouth, which had been made for kisses it had not received through some absurd mistake on the part of fate, working soundlessly.

"Fifty sandwiches—guess that'll be enough. Five fried chickens, nice and tender, too. Wisht I could go along. Two gallons o' coffee, an' one o' tea. Land, how much folks do eat on picnics. Wisht I could go along. But I don't blame Miz Pritchard. Somebody's got to keep up the work. 'Tain't right for a body as can't pay to expect too much. Five dozen cookies. Lordy, I'm tired!"

Her unspoken monologue was interrupted by a scratching at the screen door which kept flies out of the Old Ladies' Home. A slow smile broke over her wrinkled face, lighted up her childish blue eyes. Her hurrying feet shuffled over the floor.

"Come in, Rover," she whispered, opening the door a sly crack, and peeping over her shoulder to see if her crime was being observed.

The mongrel dog, which she had named Rover, because it had been her favorite dog's name when she was a girl, bounded into the room, leaping high to lick her hands.

"I bet you're hungry again," she chided him, smilingly. "You just wait. Drusilla'll give you a drop of milk. Every scrap of meat's going to the picnic in the san'iches."

The dog almost knocked the bottle out of her hands as she stooped to pour the milk into a saucer.

"Drusilla Doane!"

Drusilla straightened her bent body and her smile slowly changed to cringing fear.

"What in the name of time do you mean, wasting good food on a stray dog? Here!" The matron jerked the bottle out of the "charity patient's" hands and grabbing the dog by the scruff of his neck, hurled him out of the back door.

"What *will* you be up to next? I'll see that the Board hears about this! Wasting good food on a dog! You eat enough yourself, without pitching it away on dogs!"

Drusilla crept back to her work, her old hands trembling so that she could not arrange the sandwiches.

Mrs. Pritchard's high, relentless, flogging voice went on, lashing at the quivering little old lady, until she was interrupted by a bonneted and shawled old woman, who had no fear of the matron, since she was a "paying guest."

"Miz Pritchard, can Drusilla come along? Amy Powell's laid up with her rheumatiz again, and she says for Drusilla to take her place"

The matron's wrath had almost expended itself on invectives. "Drusilla's got her work to do. Ain't right for her to go off and leave it," she argued, but Drusilla saw that there was hope.

"Oh, please, ma'am, I'll stay up late tonight and finish the ironing, if you'll jes' let me go. Please, ma'am, I ain't ever been to one of the picnics, and I'm—I'm jes' crazy to go."

There must have been something very moving in that pleading, quivering little old face, for Mrs. Pritchard softened perceptibly.

"Well, if you finish that ironing tonight —"

Ten minutes later Drusilla Doane was bonneted and shawled, ready for her first picnic.

The four automobiles, lent to the home by the more fortunate women of the little town, were packed with excited, happy old ladies, when Drusilla hurried out of the front door twittering with fear that she had kept them waiting.

Her face was curiously childlike and sweet, lighted with rapture at the thought of her holiday, when she would be on an equal footing with the envied old ladies who could afford to pay the required hundred dollars a year.

"Hurry up, Drusilla!" Mrs. Pritchard's voice hastened her uncertain steps.

Rover probably would have died of shame if he could have known that his innocent joy at seeing Drusilla, his friend, would have precipitated such a catastrophe. But he didn't know, and he bounded up the steps on muddy feet, leaving his mark on every shining white plank.

Drusilla stooped to pat his head, even as she hurried on.

"My Lord! Look what that dog has gone and done, Drusilla! Well, this is too much! Mud all over them clean steps! You can just stay home and scrub 'em. If you didn't make over that dog so much, it wouldn't have happened. Well, you can just scrub 'em. Maybe that will learn you!"

The cars slowly got into motion. Two or three old ladies looked back at the forlorn little figure, drooping on the steps, and waved their hands in pitying farewell.

Wouldn't you think that that would be enough drama for one May morning in Cliftondale? But still another scene, with far-reaching consequences, was being enacted under another roof at the same time.

Hannah Paydon was going away for a week, to visit her sick sister in a nearby town. All the village knew Hannah Paydon and her grasping meanness. Every gossipy tongue wagged about her, toyed with the wonder of how she could keep even that meek little Sally May Ferris, that she had taken from the orphan's home to slave as her maid-of-all-work.

"If Sally May had the spirit of a mouse, she'd run away," the kindly neighbors said. But Sally May remembered the orphanage too well to want to return to it. It was better to work from daylight to dark than to go back to the herd of desolate little waifs, among whom she had grown up.

Sally May was packing Miss Hannah's ugly, utilitarian clothes, singing a snatch of a song, for a week without Miss Hannah meant marvelous freedom.

As she reached to the closet shelf for the maiden lady's best bonnet, an impish impulse seized her. The hat, to her beauty-starved eyes, was magnificent, for didn't it have two plumes and a silver buckle? Sally May drew it gently down over her soft, curling hair and surveyed her image with delight. Not even the atrocious bonnet could seriously mar Sally May's shy, bird-like beauty. Her great, round hazel eyes coquetted with her image, her small head turned this way and that, studying the effect from every angle. Then holding her skimp, short gingham skirt a little higher, she began to dance, watching her image in the mirror with childish delight.

"Sally May Ferris! Take that bonnet right off! I declare, you ain't worth your salt. I can't step out of the room a minute, without you wasting your time. I've a good mind to send you back to the Home."

Miss Hannah snatched the plumed bonnet from the head of the child and her ready hand added a sharp cuff to her shrilled insults.

"I didn't mean any harm, Miss Hannah," Sally May stammered. "It's such a pretty bonnet. Please don't send me away, Miss Hannah. I'll mind everything you say."

"A great big sixteen-year-old girl, acting like a child!" Miss Hannah fumed, adjusting the bonnet above her hatchet-shaped face. "Now, mind my words. Don't waste no time while I'm gone. I want you to wash the windows and weed the garden —" Sally May nodded, the tears drying on her cheeks. "And dust the parlor every day, and do the washing and the ironing," she paused impressively, her finger pointing at Sally May sternly, "and finish quilting that comfort, and milk and churn, and make a layer cake against I come back, and cut the grass, and —"

Sally May's head went up and down, up and down, while Miss Hannah's voice went on endlessly, outlining enough work to keep every girl in the orphans' home busy for a month.

At last she was gone, her last instructions floating back through the warm, scented May air. But Sally May's head quit nodding automatically. She stretched her arms high above her head, drew in deep breaths of the fragrance from the old-fashioned garden, then, with a childish whoop of joy, she ran, skimming like a bird released, to the

(*Continued on page* 44)

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path leading to the woods. She must celebrate her freedom, let her soul expand, let her eyes drink in beauty and peace.

Through the woods ran a road that led to the bridge over the river. Sally May's small feet seemed scarcely to touch the soft, powdered dirt, as she danced along, stopping now and then to gather a wild flower that struck her fancy.

She was so happy in her release from the cramping presence of Miss Hannah that she did not hear the hum of an approaching motor. There was no time to dodge. The car was almost upon her before she knew that she was in danger. Her little feet, that had been dancing so happily, clung to the dirt of the road, her great eyes fixed in horror upon the hurtling machine, driven at a mad speed by Collin Arnold, who was fleeing from the pain which his interview with his father had caused him.

Collin saw the girl rooted in his path, and his brain cleared suddenly. With a sharp swerve of the wheel, he swung the car almost straight across the road, its front fender grazing the rigid body of the girl. The touch of the metal seemed to galvanize her with life, to carry her through the next dreadful minutes. For the car, hurled across the road, went on, plunging into the weed-filled ditch, striking upon a fallen tree trunk. As it turned on end, and then crashed to the ground, pinning its driver under the wheel, Sally May sprang down into the ditch, reaching the overturned machine before its wheels had ceased their futile revolving.

The evil spirit of the Million must have chuckled over its day's work. For had it not reached out and changed the course of many lives that day? Was not his long, clutching, golden fingers spread menacingly over the heads of Drusilla Doane, Sally May Ferris, and Collin Arnold? And had he not enlisted the aid of Daphne Thornton, who would stop at nothing to acquire the Million? And wasn't he possibly amused at the thought that such a timid little old thing as Drusilla Doane would become the nominal owner of the Million?

(To be continued next week)

The Girl Who Would Be Queen

(Continued from page 41)

But, when she would have followed them up the face of the pile of rocks, McQueston held her back.

"It's no use your trying to follow," he said. "You'd just get hurt, and then we couldn't finish the picture; see?"

Even as they argued, the scrawny, active figure of Billy Grogan slipped by them and started scaling the rocks. McQueston called to him to come back, but he paid no attention. A moment later he had disappeared after the others over the topmost boulder in view.

Then began a long wait, mostly in tense silence broken occasionally by half-whispered conjectures about the progress of the rescue party.

Half an hour later that party returned.

"The place is impassable at night," Snell declared. "We went as far as we could. But there's a place where two single rocks jam the gorge from one side to the other, slanting toward each other with a chasm between. A man couldn't pass it."

"Did you see David?"

"No." There was uneasiness and regret in Snell's voice.

"Do you think he got by?"

"He couldn't have."

Silence fell on the group. Even Billy had nothing to say, but swallowed hard and winked when no one was looking.

"What are we going to do?" McQueston asked finally, clearing his throat.

"Can't do anything till morning," Snell answered. "Then we'll look the ground over again."

Slowly the little group went back to the camp, and retired, each to his own tent.

But Mary had scarcely dropped across her bed, fully clothed as she was when she felt a kindly touch on her shoulder. It was Beryl. She sat down on the bed and drew the younger girl into her arms gently, talking comfortingly in a low, gentle voice that was amazingly different from that which the motion picture world knew.

Even in her unhappiness Mary gradually realized that this was a different Beryl and somehow that realization helped her to pull herself together. For a little while the two sat in silence, Beryl's arm still around Mary's shoulders. Then Mary spoke hesitantly.

"You don't believe—what McQueston thinks—do you?" she said. "I mean that—that Patsie just went out there to—to meet Clyve Oh, it isn't so. It couldn't be so. Patsie isn't that kind, and neither is Clyve. He's fine and honorable. I know he wouldn't do a thing like that."

"Look here," Beryl answered. "Don't worry about what I believe. I've had so many lies told about me that I don't ever believe a word of that sort till I know it's so. Why not take it for granted that Clyve saw Patsie starting out and followed her to stop her. And then—suppose they did stay and spoon a bit—what of it? I'm hoping they're alive. That's all that's worrying me."

"But they're not in love with each other!" Mary cried. "At least—you don't think they are, do you?"

Something strained and tense in the girl's voice caused Beryl to look down at her with sudden inquiry.

"Why, no," she said with studied carelessness. "I'd have said they were darned good friends—that's all." And, as the tenseness of Mary's body relaxed, she added to herself, "So that's what's the matter with the girl! Who'd have thought it?"

A little later she got Mary to lie down, she herself taking Patricia's bed; and toward morning both managed to get to sleep.

But there was nobody to quiet Billy Grogan, and as the night wore on, the boy's loyal spirit chafed more and more at the delay. His imagination worked more and more vividly as the hours went on. He pictured alternately his employer and his adored Patsie in one dire strait after another—crushed and bleeding and dying under the weight of some rock that he might lift if he could only get to them—pictured it until he could stand it no more, but got up from his bed, fumbled for his flashlight, and finally crept out into the moonlight, his comical face no longer comical except with the grotesqueness of pathos and grim boyish determination.

* * * *

The shock that hurled Clyve from the edge of the cliff into the pool almost literally hurled Patricia out of it. She found herself lifted on the crest of a sudden, unexpected wave and dropped along with several tons of water on the rocks at the lower edge of the pool. Half stunned and utterly surprised, she hung there, her head and shoulders sticking out over the maelstrom of water three or four feet below, while the earth shook and rocked and heaved all about her, and the walls of the gorge behind her crashed in thunder to the ground beneath them.

Then all at once the thing was over, and she began to lift herself from her painful position.

But just at that moment Clyve's white face, lifted by an eddying swirl of the water beneath, showed itself to her startled eyes, fully illuminated by the moon, only to disappear again on the instant.

She was not yet sure what had happened. Her mind was still dazed. But that white face, floating and then submerging, was a concrete thing that meant something to her. She staggered to her feet and stood unsteadily, peering down into the black pool.

There! She saw it again—out near the middle!

With a quick intake of breath, she plunged toward that white face. By the time she reached the spot where it had been, it had sunk again beneath the surface.

But she knew just where it ought to be, and dived, stretching out one hand and swimming with the other.

Down, and down she went. The pressure of the water became tremendous on her ears. The blackness of it was frightful. She groped about down there, feeling for Clyve's body.

It seemed to her that her breath would scarcely hold out ten seconds longer.

Ah! She had touched a part of his clothing!

A quick lunge, and she had a good grip!

Now to reach the surface with her load, before her breath gave out entirely.

How heavy he was! But she must swim up with him.

Up! In that black darkness that pressed about her till her ears felt as if they would burst.

(To be continued next week)

On the Set and Off

(Continued from page 32)

Akin has already obtained a preliminary decree from a Chicago court but it will not be absolute until February and that seems to be too long for her to wait to become the bride of Edwin Carewe, director. "In thirty days," said Miss Akin, when she left California, "there will be a church wedding in Hollywood."

Barbara La Marr has slipped away to Europe again but this time Ben Finney has gone, too, so the movie world is awaiting with interest the latest foreign news which may report that Barbara's divorce decree from Jack Daugherty is final and that the exotic star will soon be Mrs. Ben Finney.

More than five thousand spectators in the natural amphitheatre in Los Angeles recently saw Marion Davies officially inducted into the Shoshone and Arapahoe Indian tribes and christened with her Indian name of Princess Eagle Woman. The ceremony was the climax of an afternoon of colorful events arranged by Sid Grauman to mark the final presentation of the Indians at "The Iron Horse," in his Egyptian theater. Three chieftains spoke the solemn, ancient rituals of their tribes, and then invested the star with the headed stole and bandeau of her rank.

Hans Kraely, who recently wrote "Her Night of Romance" for Constance Talmadge, and is also the author of Constance's forthcoming production, "Her Sister from Paris," has just signed a contract with Joseph M. Schenck to write eight original stories for Norma and Constance Talmadge. Mr. Kraely first came into prominence in America as co-author with Lubitsch of "Passion," "Carmen," "Deception," "The Loves of Pharaoh," "One Arabian Night" and "Montmartre." He has been particularly successful in the light comedy vein and will do a series of modern society comedy dramas for Constance, in addition to some adaptation; as well as some original dramas of the more emotional type for Norma Talmadge.

Mme. Fred De Grasse, well known in theatrical and motion picture circles, has been chosen to do the adaptation of "La Boheme" for Lillian Gish and is now at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio working on it. King Vidor is going to direct Miss Gish in "La Boheme."

Declaring he has had so much trouble himself that he would be unwilling to cause anyone else grief, Roscoe Arbuckle has dropped an investigation against his brother, Arthur Arbuckle, who, it is said, attempted to force the comedian to pay him $12,500.

Mrs. J. H. Murphy, an acquaintance of the Arthur Arbuckle family, came to Los Angeles from San Francisco the day of Roscoe Arbuckle's marriage to Doris Deane, and, it is said, presented the former comedian with a request for the money. In a signed statement she agreed "that the name and character of Roscoe Arbuckle shall not be assailed or attacked in any manner before any club or organization, newspaper or federation of women's clubs," with the understanding that the money should be paid.

Roscoe Arbuckle took the matter up with the district attorney, who assigned several investigators to the case. Two of the investigators accompanied Arbuckle while he signed the strange "agreement" and then wrote a check for the amount demanded as a first payment. They then took Mrs. Murphy to the district attorney's office. She declared that she expected to get no part of the $12,500 and, as Arbuckle refuses to press the case, was released.

Roscoe Arbuckle denies that his brother's family is in want, and says that if he had $12,500 he would take his wife on a honeymoon. He is now directing comedies in Hollywood.

"Stella Maris" is to be remade. This is of particular interest to those who saw Mary Pickford in the original film production. This time Mary Philbin will portray the heroine of the Locke story. Others in important roles are Elliott Dexter, Phillip Smalley and Gladys Brockwell.

Introducing "Movieitis"

By Nanette Kutner

INOCULATIONS, vaccinations and all the rest are in order! There's a new disease out and its victims are the various Big Bosses of Broadway. It's really very serious, for up to date no cure has been found. Doctors claim the germ is the movie bug, and those who are bitten may as well give up the ship. They'll develop "Movieitis," and the poor dears will never be happy unless they can prance before a camera; a moving picture camera. The funny part is that those who are stricken are very successful on other lines.

There's Ann Pennington, who to our mind, is a real de luxe edition of a Ziegfeld dancing star. Nightly she dimples her dimpled knees amid rounds of applause, and Ann, of all people, should be the happiest person on earth. She's a dancing star on Broadway; what more can one want? Evidently, Ann wants a lot more—and how? She's the most movie-struck person we know. Why, she told us herself that her motto is, "California or Bust!" Frank, although not poetical.

"I'd give anything to go in the movies," Ann informed us. "You know I just completed the leading role in 'The Mad Dancer'; it's a Jans Production.

"Here I've been working year after year on Broadway, and am only seen in New York. If I was a movie star I'd be known all over the world! I'm interested in movies, movie people ———!" And so on ad infinitum.

Really, Ann Pennington has "movieitis" in its worst form. Recently she went to see five different motion pictures in one day. Her companion was Alice Weaver, who danced that nifty little toe dance in "George White's Scandals." Alice has got it, too (by it, we mean "movieitis"). She did a dance in "Sandra," and the child has never been the same since her motion picture debut. All she can think of now-a-days is the movies.

Then there are the famous Four Marx Brothers. Two of them have succumbed already, and it's only a matter of time before the others fall—and fall hard! Perhaps you saw "Harpo" Marx in "Too Many Kisses," while Herbert, the baby of the Marxes, enrolled as an extra in "A Kiss in the Dark" (they will patronize these kiss pictures)! Those brothers are the pet of every hard-boiled critic, but we ask you, what is mere Broadway fame compared to being an extra in the movies?

Whenever some Broadway star tells us how tired he is, we know right off that he's been spending his spare time at a movie studio. Madge Kennedy is one of the many who work double time, for when she isn't emoting before the camera, she's playing in "Badges" on Broadway. As for Trini, the Spanish dancer, who has created a sensation in the theater! She confided to me that she was dead tired, simply worn to a frazzle. Giving two performances a day, and spending the rest of her time out at "Famous Players" undergoing movie tests.

The producers have "movieitis," too! When Earl Carroll isn't directing two or three shows, he's taking movies of "The Vanities." He claims he can perpetuate his revues by moving pictures, and he also says that the best way to drill a chorus is to let them watch their own mistakes. That's why Earl takes a motion picture of his chorus, and then sits back while the girls correct their mistakes. They do. We've been told that they benefit by this novel method, but knowing chorus girls—we have our doubts!

We really could go on indefinitely mentioning celebrities who've contracted "movieitis." The next time you go to a picture take a good look at the maid who hooks up the gown of the leading lady, and don't forget to glance more than once at the butler, for those humble menials may be portrayed by some big star who has made the hit of hits on Broadway. Who knows? We don't.

The tables certainly have turned. Years ago it was considered a disgrace to enter the motion picture profession, and now you're not in the swim (as the best fashion writers would say) unless you perform before the camera. Every day in every way the situation grows more serious. A few more years of "movieitis" and the amateur won't stand a chance! Just try and get a job as an extra! In years to come the seven-fifty a day jobs will only go to those who earn thousands a week in Broadway revues. Why even Vincent Lopez; but what's the use of continuing? Most of the "celebs" have "movieitis" and the rest are getting it by degrees. As for us. Although we have nothing against the cinema, if we were a big famous star on Broadway we'd gayly collect our weekly salary, we'd breakfast in bed, ride in our "Rolls-Royce," and peacefully go on our way without developing one little ambition towards becoming an extra. We'd be glad we were a success in one field, and we wouldn't try to be a jack of all trades. Still, different people have different children, and then again, we are not a Broadway star!

The Editor's Mail Bag

This Week's $5.00 Prize Letter

In a recent issue of Movie Weekly, there was an interview with John Gilbert, by the ever-delightful Adele Whitely Fletcher and Gladys Hall. One of the statements made by Mr. Gilbert was that he hated being a matinee idol.

Now, usually, I would have taken this remark with a grain of salt, as that line is, to say the least, a little worn with constant use. However, that remark, made by Mr. Gilbert, takes on a different tone. He has something with which to back it up. He proved what he said by accepting the title role in "The Snob."

I had read the book, and thought then, as I do now, that Eugene Curry was the most despicable character ever created. When I heard that John Gilbert was to play the role, I thought that Curry's faults would be glossed over, and his good points, few enough, would be made much of. In short, I thought that they planned to change "The Snob" into a regulation hero. I admit I was badly mistaken.

There, on the screen, was Eugene Curry exactly as the author had written him. Every meanness, every despicable trait glaringly apparent. I came out of the theater despising John Gilbert, until I stopped to realize that it wasn't Mr. Gilbert himself, but the character he played, that I despised. It was a wonderful piece of acting, and I hope John Gilbert gets all the credit he deserves for his courage in accepting a part like that.

MARGUERITE LYONS,
San Francisco, Cal.

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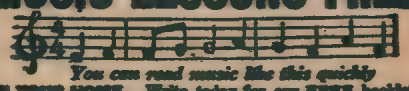

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The Life Story of Anna Q. Nilsson

(*Continued from page* 15)

Anna Q. Nilsson was born in the little town of Ysted, Sweden, but at the age of eight, the famiby moves to Hasslarp, and it is there she forms all of her childhood associations. Her father is foreman of a sugar refinery, and Anna and the other children live with their parents in a four-family residence. Anna is brought up to be very proficient in all athletics, and easily outstrips her brother and the other youngsters in games.

She is also industrious and saving as a child, being brought up to know the real value of money and is paid for every task she performs. She receives her education at a school miles away and rises each morning at four in order to be on time. Always in the back of her mind is the thought that she will some day go to America, and the opportunity comes when some friends leave Sweden on a visit for America. They ask her to go along. Anna leaves Sweden, knowing that she will remain in America. Later, when her father sends her money for her fare home she buys clothes.

Her first work is as a domestic in a German family, where she spends sixteen hours each day for the pitiful remuneration of $8.00 a month. Because of overwork, she leaves. An artist sees her and asks her to pose and, after a year, she becomes an established model. Even now she finds that starvation insists upon wooing her. Finally, Mrs. Karlberg, a kindly landlady, hits upon a scheme whereby she can keep Anna from starving.

Anna is given her dinner in return for helping Mrs. Karlberg with the dishes each evening. Soon, however, her leanest days are past, and she is posing for very prominent artists.

In the same studios she meets Alice Joyce and Mabel Normand, who are models. Alice is with Kalem at the time, and manages to get Anna a small part in a two-reel picture. Alice goes to California with the company but Anna remains in New York. Some months later when the company goes to Florida, Anna is asked to join them, and this begins her picture work in earnest. The company goes to Jacksonville, where they rent a hotel, which is called the "Kalem House." Here she does real thrillers for the first time, even an aeroplane flight.

to New York I tried out three others before I finally found one who knew what to do for me. He was a wonderful surgeon, and I feel today that I owe him a debt of gratitude I can never repay. He sent me to a hospital, and under his care I completely recovered.

One would think that an experience like this, which had kept me for a year off the screen, would have discouraged me from doing any more stunts in the movies, but as soon as I was well again I went right on working in the Kalem thrillers. I doubt that there is a film "double" in Hollywood now who has done more stunts than I did in the earlier days.

I had one other serious accident, too. This time we were making a railroad picture over in New Jersey, and it fell to my lot to swing aboard a moving train. In doing this I ruptured a blood-vessel. After the scene was taken I said to some of the others, "I believe I'm hurt. I feel as though something was broken inside of me." Since I was able to keep on working, though. I didn't give it very much thought that day.

The next morning when I woke up I was completely paralyzed!

I called to the landlady to get a doctor for me, as something very dreadful had happened. When the doctor came, he told me I had appendicitis! He was certainly a fine diagnostician. I knew I didn't have appendicitis and that the paralysis was caused by the accident which had befallen me the day before. If he had operated upon me I would probably have died outright, but I had too much sense to let him do that. Finally I found a doctor who knew how to care for me properly, and I got well.

As I said before, I remained for four years with Kalem—and in spite of these two really serious accidents, I was happy in having chosen a career in the movies. I never knew a moment's regret for having left Sweden, and I wrote my parents glowing letters concerning my experiences in America. I never let them know of the hardships—only of the agreeable things that happened to me.

After I left Kalem, I worked with various companies. There was a company called the Erbograph, at that time, and I remember that I made three pictures with them. In one of these Dick Barthelmess played the part of my stepson.

I went with the Goldwyn company down into Texas where we filmed "Heart of the Sunset"—and I worked with Tom Moore in a serial called "Who's Guilty?"

We all had a lot of fun kidding each other, while we were making this serial—for the scenario writers themselves kept just about a lap ahead of us, and even they didn't know who really was guilty. They would write one installment at a time and make it as thrilling and improbable as possible—and I don't believe the mystery of "Who's Guilty?" ever was solved. This serial was made for Pathe at the studios in New Rochelle.

And then came my first trip out to the Pacific Coast. I was cast by Edwin Carewe for the leading role opposite Bert Lytell in a picture called "The Trail to Yesterday," for Metro.

Most of this picture was to be made on location in Arizona, and when we got to the location place, we discovered that there was only one house within miles of the spot where we were to work. This house was occupied by a man whose wife was away on a visit somewhere. He kindly offered us the use of the house, and himself moved into town while we were there.

My early training as a housewife certainly stood me in good stead on that trip. Mr. Carewe, Mr. Lytell and myself had quarters in the house, and I did all the housework and cooking for the three of us, besides working as leading woman in the picture. I certainly was not the popular idea of the pampered actress, as anyone would vouchsafe who had seen me getting up early in the morning in the bitterly cold weather, getting breakfast, sweeping floors, making up the beds and then putting on my makeup to work out in the open all day.

When night came I was often tired, but I would go back to the house and prepare a good dinner. My mother would not have been ashamed of those meals I cooked, I'm sure.

After the location work was over we came on to the Coast and I had my first glimpse of Hollywood. It was just a pleasant little town then, with no skyscrapers or traffic jams. Property along Hollywood Boulevard was selling for $250 a foot. Today it brings $6000 a foot. That bare statement tells the story of Hollywood's growth as completely as an entire book on the subject might do. Orange groves had not been uprooted to make way for apartment houses and hotels. It was a fragrant, smiling, lovely place, and I immediately liked it.

I made four pictures for the Metro Pictures Corporation, and after that I worked as a free-lance with the various companies. A free-lance, in case the term is not familiar with you, is an actor or actress who works by the picture and not under a long-term contract. In fact, the contract which I signed with First National, recently, is the first one I have ever had since I went into pictures.

I couldn't begin to keep track of all the pictures I have made. I don't suppose there is a girl on the screen who has appeared in more than I have, for I've always worked quite steadily. I have always tried to avoid being catalogued as "a type," and so I've gladly accepted all sorts of parts. I'd be a ingenue one week and a vamp the next. When a director was up against it for a girl to play a certain role, he would quite likely end up by saying, "Oh, well, get Anna Nilsson for it." So it happens that I've played everything from schoolgirls to adventuresses, and I'm very glad to have had this broad experience.

Though my work occupied my thoughts a great deal of the time, I had by no means forgotten my home, back in Sweden. I looked forward to the day when I should be able to return there and see my parents again, and my brother, Assar.

Sometimes, when waiting to go on the set, dressed perhaps in satins and chiffons, my thoughts would suddenly revert to the days of my childhood. I would, in my mind's eye, see the youngster I had been, tramping over the snowy hills through the winter's darkness, to the remote schoolhouse. I would actually hear the shouts and laughter of my childhood playmates, as we raced about in our rough-and-tumble play. I would recall how I had worked weeding pansy beds through the long summer, for a dollar a day; how I had assured my parents that I would earn a million dollars in America, and then return and buy them "the biggest house in Hasslarp."

The years slipped by . . .

I worked sometimes in Hollywood and sometimes in New York. I made several pictures for Lasky—one with Wallace Reid, who was always such a great favorite with everyone in the profession as well as the public at large.

Presently, in 1921 came my long-sought opportunity to go back to Sweden for a visit. I was cast in a leading role in two Famous Players-Lasky pictures which were to be made abroad. One was "Three Live Ghosts," which was filmed in London, and the other was "The Man From Home," which we made in Italy.

You can imagine with what eagerness I turned my face toward home once more. I had left a child, with little more than enough money for passage to America. What changes would my parents see in me, their almost mythical daughter, who had become an American "movie star"? During my absence they had moved to a larger town, Asthorp, which boasted a motion picture theater. Here they had watched me "grow up" on the screen. I suppose my mother's eyes noted when I gained or lost weight, when I changed the style of my hairdress, what mannerisms I had retained or lost, as I grew older. What would they think or me now?

(*To be continued next week*)

Cross Word Contest

"Station MW, Macfadden Building, New York., Contest Editor announcing:

"Hello Puzzlers, well here we are with the issue of July 4th, Independence Day, and the Contest Department is striving heart and soul to settle Cross Word Contest No. 2 as satisfactorily as the 'Boys of '76' settled what they set out to do.

"The 'Spirit of '76' certainly prevails among the workers who are checking your solutions against the Puzzle Expert's master-list, for accuracy. No matter what the degree of heat developed by the cooperation of 'Old Sol,' asphalt pavements, concrete sidewalks, and building masonry, they are sticking to the task in hand, anxious to prepare the way for the judges to render their final decision.

"As Movie Weekly has already explained in connection with Contest No. 1, this question of handling the thousands of sets of solutions each with eleven separate puzzles and a letter, is an Herculean task. Accurately and carefully done it requires a certain amount of time, despite the experience of our staff and their familiarity with just such situations. We know our insistence on absolute accuracy meets with your entire approval. For that reason we are confident you will not become impatient while waiting for the big news.

"Movie Weekly is going to furnish the exception to prove the old rule 'a watched pot never boils.' This Contest Cauldron is already bubbling, and whispering to itself. It will certainly bear the closest possible watching. Steam in the form of actual contest results, is apt to start rising and to be condensed into print in Movie Weekly in almost any issue. Watch for it.

"Station MW, Macfadden Building, New York, Contest Editor announcing, signing off until next week. Good-day and good luck."

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SPECIAL

"THE LIFE OF RUDOLPH VALENTINO"

(By Himself)

With your set of Little Movie Mirror Books, Movie Weekly will send you, absolutely free of charge, another book—"The Life of Rudolph Valentino," by himself—which was printed specially for purchasers of the Little Movie Mirror set. In it you will find the real truth regarding Valentino's childhood, youth and later life. It will answer once and for all the thousand and one questions you have so often asked yourself about this super-star. In it he describes the palace in which he was born, his mother, father and brothers. He tells of the schools he attended, his military training, the real reasons he came to this country, his desperate struggle for recognition—and, of course, his increasingly successful steps up the ladder leading to film fame. A reading of this little book will put you in possession of all of the main features of Valentino's early life and many, many facts regarding his popular screen career that will interest and delight you. This book is obtainable only in connection with this special offer.

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Who is The Girl Who Refused Stardom ?

Movie Weekly

JULY
FOURTH
1925

Is HOLLYWOOD To Blame For These Things? *See Page 9*

Movie Weekly

August 1st 1925

LET NO MAN PUT ASUNDER

A Thrilling Story of Motion Picture Life

Marie Prevost

233

VOL. V

MOVIE WEEKLY

Printed in U. S. A.

No. 26

Is Gloria Swanson Happy?

There is probably no woman of the screen today who has a more complete life than the Marquise de la Falaise de la Coudray, *nee* Gloria Swanson. She has youth, beauty, health, a devoted husband and a lovely child. In addition, she has *achieved*. She has a small world of her own at her feet. Does the realization of all this bring content to her? Is Gloria Swanson happy?

Helen Carlisle

discloses the answer to that question in the most interesting interview Gloria has granted. She tells things of the lovely star that everyone has wanted to know. She presents a new and entirely lovable Swanson.

Every feminine eye (and perchance, some of the masculine ones) will want to see the page of "bobs." The motion picture stars have discovered so many and varied styles of dressing bobbed hair that you will be sure to find one you will want to adopt. Then

Nanette Kutner

introduces you to an embryo movie star in a bright and amusing little interview. Already a famous stage star,

Lynn Fontanne

now plans to enter the movies. And she talks frankly and delightfully of her fears and ambitions.

These are just three of the features to be found in

AUGUST 8TH
MOVIE WEEKLY

Reserve your copy at your newsdealer's now!

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GALLERY *of* PORTRAITS

IRENE RICH

"The Wife Who Wasn't Wanted" **is the title of** ***Irene Rich's*** **next picture. Imagine anyone as lovely as** ***Irene*** **not being wanted! *Miss Rich* has the bearing—the poise—that makes her superb in this type of role. We think there is no better "neglected wife" on the silver sheet than *Irene*.**

Photograph by Seely

Photograph by Edgar Scott Spargo

JACKIE COOGAN

Jackie Coogan **is now making** ***"Old Clothes,"*** **which is a sequel to his last picture,** ***"The Ragman."*** **In the picture above, he is wearing "the old clothes" which endeared him to us. He always has an appealing, wistful, half-pathetic look in his eyes that makes us love him—rags and all.**

Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser

ALBERTA VAUGHN

Even a veiled glimpse of *Alberta Vaughn,* one of *Universal's* stellar lights, is bewitching. But to even slightly cover her wide mist-like orbs is like hiding the "proverbial talent' 'or "putting a candle under a bushel." *Miss Vaughn* is appearing opposite *George O'Hara* in *"The Pacemakers."*

Photograph by C. Heighton Monroe

MATT MOORE

Matt Moore **is much more than "just one of the** ***Moore Brothers.*** **He is one of the screen's best comedians. In his last production,** ***"How Baxter Butted In,"*** **he played the dull, droll man, the type of role which has won for him his comedy laurels.**

Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser

SALLY O'NEIL

***Sally O'Neil*, the winsome lady with curls, shown above, was given her first role by *Marshall Neilan*, when he chose her to play in *"Mike."* This former *Ziegfeld Follies* girl, though a recent addition to the screen world, is quite an accomplished actress. She is now making *"Lovey Mary,"* under the direction of *King Vidor*.**

Photograph by Melbourne Spurr

MARJORIE DAW

The picture above, of *Marjorie Daw*, reminds us of a page from an old album—she is a perfect replica of a "lady of long ago." The quaint hairdress and the old-fashioned frock assist *Marjorie* in her interpretation of the role of *Barbara Hare* in the *Fox* production of *"East Lynne."*

Is Hollywood to Blame for These Things?

"The City of Fads and Fancies," is Hollywood's latest title. Fads come and go, and some labels read "Paris." But the question now arises—Is Hollywood Responsible?

By Catharine Brody

MANY people have called Hollywood many names, and the latest addition to the collection is "The City of Fads and Fancies." There is perhaps no place on earth, except Paris or the Riviera, in season, out of which come so many quaint conceits of dress, so many original varieties of amusement, that sweep through the movie colony devastatingly at intervals, leaving radio dolls in every boudoir, slave bracelets on every wrist, ping-pong outfits and bubble sets in every living-room, whippet race courts in many a back-yard, and grunion screens abandoned in back closets.

Just now the two most prominent amusement fads are grunion hunting and whippet racing. A grunion is a fish, a small transparent fish, about the size of a sardine. During the spring and summer months these fish appear at midnight, on the Pacific Ocean beaches, and swim in to lay their eggs on land near the water's edge. Being a sort of sentimental fish, the grunion prefers moonlight nights, and especially the full of the moon. Hundreds of people with hand nets and common window screens sit up on the beaches on these nights, and scoop the fish up, and the lights of beach fires and the unromantic odor of fried fish ends a lucky grunion party. Grunion-hunting is the standard joke of Hollywood. No one quite believes in it, just as in the age of fables, no one quite believed in unicorns, though perhaps they did exist just like the grunions. When a director asks an actor why he has been late on the set, the accepted answer is, with a grin:

"I've been grunion-hunting."

And when you see a group of players earnestly comparing figures on

Claire Windsor is the latest _Hollywood_ bride to appear with the new flexible wedding ring. It is of platinum links, and as flexible as the bracelet, which is now the proper gift from groom to bride. _Claire_ also poses with the new heart-shaped glasses, which are worn to counteract the effect of the _Kleig lights_.

Kathleen Key owned the first two hundred dollar bubble set to be used in _Hollywood_. It is as magnificent as possible, consisting of a mahogany tray, a pipe of ivory, and little colored glasses of all kinds of colored soap.

Erte's **preachments threaten to really establish the fad for wigs the color of one's gown for the women and, not content with that, he is trying to induce the men to follow his lead and wear colored dinner jackets.**

the morning after the full of the moon, they are telling how many grunion they've caught.

Whippet-racing was started by Arthur Rankin, who is one of the newer juveniles, and Howard Hawkes, a film director. It's a British sport. A whippet is a thin, very leggy grey dog, with, apparently, a fondness for handkerchiefs. Anyhow, that is the way they make them race. The track is built in lanes, and each dog must keep within his lane. The dog is held by someone at the beginning of the lane, while the master or mistress lets it smell the handkerchief. Then the master runs to the end of the lane, holding the handkerchief high. At a signal, the dog is released, and the idea is to see which of the dogs will get the handkerchief first. Pauline Starke has the distinction of being the one woman in Hollywood most devoted to this sport. She spends her days between the Pasadena and Beverly Hills whippet tracks, and is thinking of having one installed on her back lot. Marshall Neilan owned some whippets which he sold to Jack Gilbert, when he started work on "The Skyrocket." Kenneth Harlan and Marie Prevost are reported to have added a whippet to their menage, and Howard Hawkes has cabled to England for a consignment of the fastest dogs.

Of course, some people find whippet racing just a bit too strenuous. Such can play ping-pong or blow bubbles, or they can go dieting, the commonest indoor sport of Hollywood.

No one knows just who was responsible for the introduction of ping-pong, which is a miniature game of tennis, with the net on the table, and balls almost lighter than air. It doesn't come from China, as one might expect from the name, but from England. The end of a perfectly wild night on the movie coast, one of those wild nights you read about, is spent in improving one's game of ping-pong, or gathering around the bubble set to see who can blow the most perfect colored bubbles.

A Los Angeles department store buyer invented the new bubble set, which no one but Hollywood could possibly afford. It costs $200, and if not exactly made of platinum and diamonds, it is as magnificent as possible, consisting of a mahogany tray, a pipe of ivory, and little colored glasses of all kinds of colored soap. Kathleen Key owned the first one. But they are as grains of sand in Hollywood now. The only stars who are reported not under its influence are the children—Jackie Coogan preferring golf, and the seven Roach kids of "Our Gang" voting for playing war.

Then there was a concerted fad for bathroom decoration, which it is logical to ascribe to Cecil De Mille. There are blue bathrooms and pink bathrooms and Egyptian bathrooms, and Cairo bathrooms, and even Abyssinian bathrooms, in black, of course. The Charles Rays, however, have the most ornate. No one can hope to improve on it. A huge marble tree trunk at one end of the bathtub holds many colored glass bulbs, as foliage, and through these bulbs the water runs, seemingly in many colors.

Of course, the fads in dress are the most numerous of all. Constance Talmadge is one of the most ingenious of the inventors of new twists and quirks in jewelry and accessories. It was Constance who started the slave-bracelet fad, which found its way even to New York. She also is supposed to have originated the current fashion of colored pearl chokers.

The spider-web, a combination bloomer and vest, usually made of green chiffon, was designed in a studio wardrobe department, to meet the special requirements of a flimsy picture gown, but it became so popular that all the specialty shops in Los Angeles now carry it. When it reaches New York, it will probably have become a Paris creation, just as probably will the new wedding and engagement ring. The engagement ring is supposed to consist of three stones, the birthstones of the bride and groom and stone of the month in which they intend to get married. The wedding ring is of flexible platinum links, probably to symbolize the present flexibility of these bonds, at least on the coast where women are movie stars. And the groom's gift to the bride must be a bracelet to match the ring identically in design and material. It's expensive, but so pretty that it's almost a definite attraction for getting remarried. Claire Windsor is the latest bride to display the new combination of ring and bracelet.

You might think that the no-stocking craze, which even threatened New York for a while, was a foreign craze, but it wasn't. It was born in Hollywood, it is said in a group of extra girls, who got tired of spending their hard-earned cash on stockings the exact color of their legs. So last summer, the cafes were treated to the sight of girls with their hair concealed in the tight turban effects, then sponsored by everybody who was anybody, and with their legs bare. Even society took it up, and finally the "hoi polloi," with variations in painting and in jeweled adornments, until it suddenly gave way to a fad for wearing shoes of the same style but different colors, black and white, and so on, and two-colored stockings, which is the rage this summer.

Now Erte's (*Cont. on page* 43)

According to *Hedda Hopper*, the latest in adornment is the ear watchlet. It is fastened by a piece of silk elastic. When you want to see the time, you yank it toward you, and when you have ascertained the hour, you let it snap back. A bit hard on the ear, we should say.

Photograph by Freulich

Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary

Above is *Mary Philbin*, all gingham and organdie clad, plucking lilies from the garden of her *Beverly Hills* home. Quite unlike the lilies that "toil not, neither do they spin," *Miss Philbin* spends much of her time toiling on the *Universal* lot. *Mary's* next screen appearance will be in *"Stella Maris."*

Concluding

His Hidden Wife

By Anne Austin

IN THAT scene with Kirk, she felt as if the searching eye of the camera had spied upon one of the supreme moments of her life; her heart was riotous with joy. Kirk was not wholly lost to her! In spite of his foolish infatuation for the shallow little Follies girl, he could still throb with passion for her, even through his anger, even though alien eyes looked on critically.

In her dressing room she bathed her eyes, and powdered her flushed cheeks, before going back to the set.

"He may want to marry Doris Kane, but he'll never forget Mollie O'Mara!" she exulted.

On the set, Aaron Grosbeck was almost tearing his hair out in futile despair. Doris, far from profiting by Mollie's lesson in acting, was more wooden than ever. To make matters worse, she persisted in turning her face squarely toward the camera, which was set for a close-up of the two.

"For heaven's sake, Doris, don't be a beastly little camera hog!" Mollie heard Kirk's irascible voice lash out at her. It was the first time in all those trying days, when Doris had ruined scene after scene, that he had reproached her before the others.

"He's remembering *me* in his arms, remembering what we together put into the scene," she told herself with proud exultation.

"There's no use trying this thing again today," Aaron conceded wearily. "Maybe you'll feel more like working tomorrow, Miss Doris."

"I've never been so insulted in my life!" Doris shrilled, the color rising swiftly under her grease paint. "I hate you, Kirk Preston! Oh!"

She stamped her foot, her face contorted with anger; then whirled, her full-skirted peasant costume swirling about her slim body, to run from the set. Kirk took an uncertain step forward, as if to follow her, then, puzzled weariness and anger settling like a cloud on his dark, mobile face, he sank loosely upon a low rush-bottomed chair that was used in the scene.

He had not followed her! Mollie pressed a hand to her trembling mouth, which wanted to scream and laugh with joy.

It was the first of many times that Doris Kane flew from the set in a temper. Sometimes Kirk followed her, oftener he did not. The picture dragged on, seriously handicapped by Doris' inadequacy. To Mollie it seemed that they made no progress whatever. Sometimes a whole day passed with only two or three unimportant scenes recorded; other days the picture bounded toward completion, only to be held back by innumerable re-takes.

Unfamiliar with picture work, the whole thing was intensely irritating to Mollie. Only when she was called upon to take part in a scene with Kirk did her impatience and boredom fade out, and the creative artist within her leap to life. As the sister of the prince, his confident in his love affair with the English girl, Mollie's part developed real importance, far beyond what the scenario writer had originally intended.

"God, man!" she heard Aaron arguing with the writer of the adaptation, "We've got to have some punch in this picture, somehow! That blonde Dumb Dora is a complete flop, and we've got to have something to take her place! Can't you write me in a few more scenes for Miss O'Mara? I tell you, it's serious! Your script would have been O. K. if the leading lady had had an ounce of brains or ability, but as it is, her part is top heavy. Throw a lot of that last part to Miss O'Mara, and we'll get a picture yet."

The scenes were written in, and Mollie played them with every ounce of her ability and training. And because she came to have a real love for the picture, a protective desire to shield it from harm at Doris' incompetent hands, she did all in her power to tone up the quality of the girl's performance in their scenes together. But Doris was not grateful, even though she occasionally caught a spark of Mollie's own enthusiasm. She hated Mollie, became almost insanely jealous of Mollie's increasing prestige on the lot, of Mollie's popularity with every man who worked in the picture—except Kirk Preston. But Mollie smiled sweetly into the stormy, shallow blue eyes of the ex-Follies girl, and insisted on ignoring her jealousy and hatred.

Kirk tried twice, after that night at the Cocoanut Grove, to arrange an interview with his discarded wife, but she managed to evade him so successfully that they were never alone together. To his muttered requests for a private talk, she returned smiling commonplaces, which made him so desperate that his work suffered.

"I can't trust myself to have it out with him, Aaron," Mollie told the director at lunch one day. "It tears my heart to see him so driven, so unhappy. But I'm going through with this if it kills me. It won't kill him," she added, with a vicious jab at her salad.

"If you wanted to paint a picture in contrasts, you've certainly done it," Aaron Grosbeck chuckled. "On the one hand, we have Doris Kane, shallow, evil-tempered, selfish, hogging the camera, doing the rottenest job of acting it's ever been my misfortune to see; on the other hand, we have Mollie O'Mara, sunny-tempered, poised, a woman of character and brains, to say nothing of beauty; doing a job of acting that is making Alec Lampson say imprudent things about a contract when this picture is finished. Stick to your guns, Mollie-O. Things are coming your way."

"Things!" Her voice was bitter. "But not Kirk. I believe he hates me more than ever. And he is out with Doris every night of the week. I see no signs yet of his infatuation dying a natural death."

"Then you're blinder than I thought you were," Aaron retorted.

Her wistful blue eyes blazed with sudden hope. "If I only thought you were right, Aaron!"

The picture was nearly three months in the making, but at last it was finished.

"God knows what it will look like when it comes from the cutters," Aaron sighed wearily, when the cameras had ceased grinding on the last retake. "But Lampson has arranged for a simultaneous premiere in New York and Los Angeles. He's got the best theaters in each city, and he's gambling the biggest chunk of dough on it of any picture of the year. Personally, I think it's rotten, all except your and Kirk's work. In spite of his handicaps, he's done some splendid stuff, Mollie, and you know what I think of your work. But Lord, I'm tired. And I suppose you don't feel like turning cartwheels yourself."

"I'm going to Riverside and rest up for the premiere." Mollie snapped the lid of her make-up box to and rose, the lines of her body sagging with fatigue.

"And then?" Aaron's voice was whipped to anxiousness by the look on her face.

"Then—I'm going to Reno, and give Kirk his divorce," she answered drearily. "I've found myself during these three months, Aaron. Something has happened to me, that I hadn't counted on. You said you wanted Mollie O'Mara to come back. Well—she has."

"You mean you want to stay in the game?" Aaron's face was transfigured with joy. "Oh, Mollie, girl, that's the best news I've heard in years. We'll show 'em, Mollie, we'll show 'em!" He seized her hands, but they lay lax in his.

"Mollie O'Mara has come back, Aaron, but she's a sadder and a wiser girl. I've found that a man who has to be fought over isn't worth fighting for. Doris can have him. I'm not concealing the fact from you, Aaron, that part of me is dead—that part that could love and thrill and know ecstasy. But the part of me that made me an actress, isn't dead. It's coming slowly back to life, Aaron, and I'm going to work as I never worked before."

Mollie never knew just how it happened—that loosening of her grip upon her claim to Kirk Preston. It had been so gradual that she had not known it was happening. Then one night she had waked from a dreamless sleep, as if glad tidings had been knocking at the door of her consciousness.

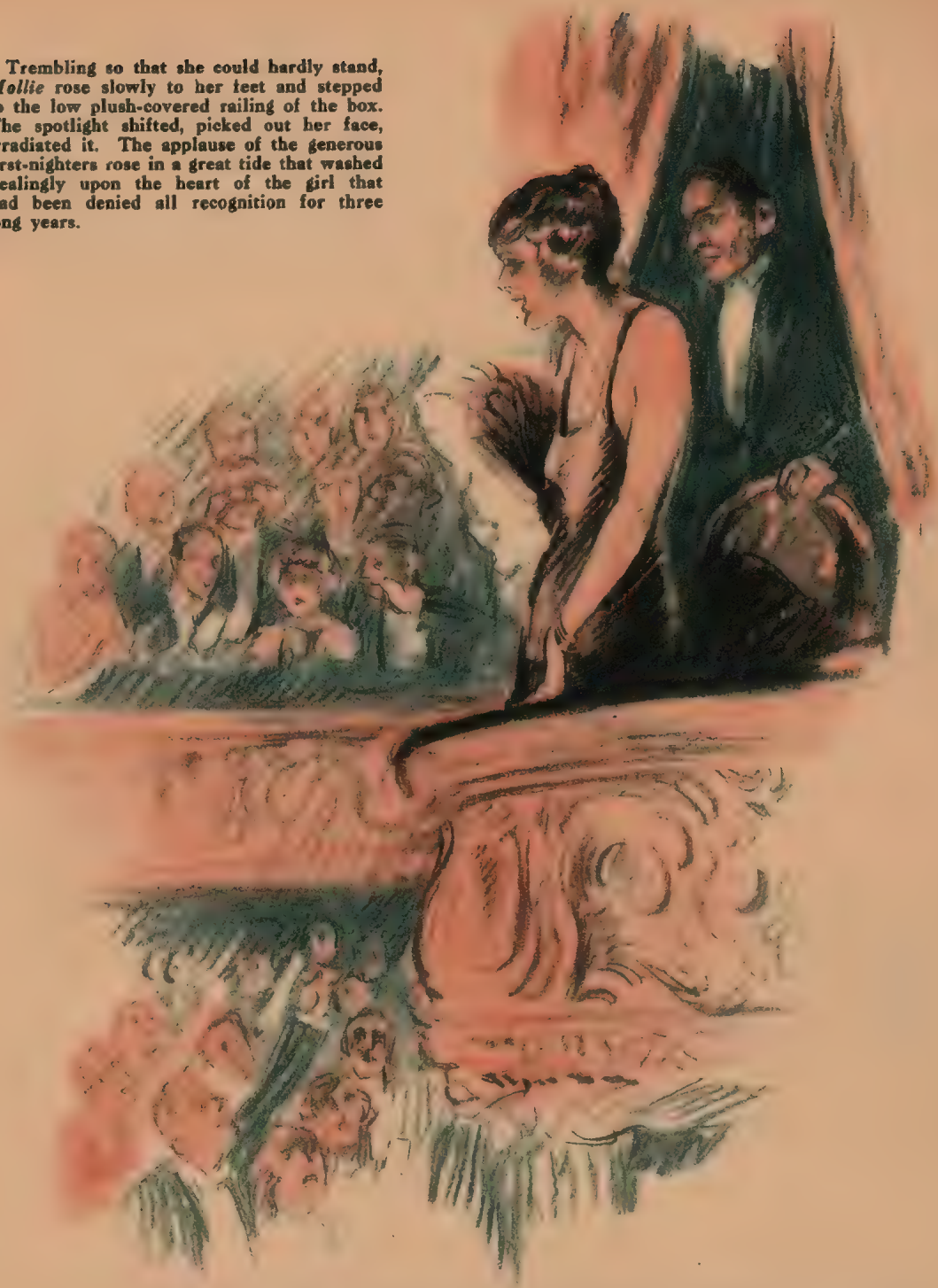
She lay quite still, trying to let the message in. It had come slowly. She was free. Not free of love for Kirk, but free of the selfishness which had made her tighten her hold upon him, her pitiful, unrecognized legal hold. She felt curiously light, as if a great burden had been lifted from her breast. After all, Kirk knew better than she what he wanted. And keeping him from marrying Doris would not bring him back to her. If he wanted her, he would never have been able to leave her, would never have hidden her away in the first place. He had no instinct to hide his love for Doris. He wanted to marry her, to flaunt his conquest in the face of all the world. Well—he could have her. If Doris broke him, ruined his career, that would not be Mollie's fault. Hers was not the right to save Kirk against his own wishes. He had a soul of his own, a germ of a soul that she, herself, had stunted in its growth, by pampering him, shielding him, encouraging his weaknesses. Maybe a great unhappiness would make a man of him. She had no right to deny him suffering, repentance, soul-growth.

Although the curious sense of lightness and gladness persisted, she found herself crying almost painlessly, the tears sliding down her cheeks to her pillow. She hardly knew why she was crying; perhaps it was from relief, relief that she had at last achieved bigness herself.

She told Aaron nothing of all this, but his intuition where she was concerned was marvelous.

"You're a bigger woman than even I thought you were, Mollie," he told her, his voice husky with emotion. "God! What Kirk Preston is giving up! I'd give my soul if you loved me like that, Mollie!"

"Then I'm glad I don't," she smiled at him, "for it's your soul that I bow down before, Aaron. I believe it is you who has taught me unselfishness."



Trembling so that she could hardly stand, *Mollie* rose slowly to her feet and stepped to the low plush-covered railing of the box. The spotlight shifted, picked out her face, irradiated it. The applause of the generous first-nighters rose in a great tide that washed healingly upon the heart of the girl that had been denied all recognition for three long years.

Her three quiet weeks in Riverside crystalized her resolution to learn to live without Kirk. She came slowly to new life in every faculty; her old-time driving ambition to be great surged back, vitalizing her, bringing her a new interest in everything that went on about her. She began to read and study again, to think again in terms of her art. And while there was a wistful sadness lurking in the depths of her blue eyes, there was a new radiance about her that attracted almost everyone who saw her During those three weeks she had love offered to her by half a dozen men, two of whom would undoubtedly have made her a better husband than she had chosen so blindly three years before.

"I am through with love," she told the thirty-year-old young business man, who offered himself and his fortune. "I have loved too much, and now I want to work. I lost myself, but now I am found. I never want to lose myself again."

And because the young millionaire was a decent man, who sincerely loved her, he accepted what she said as true. He went away with a vision in his heart of loveliness and character and utter desirability that made it impossible for lesser women to interest him for months, a vision that was never to be entirely destroyed. But to Mollie he meant so little that later she could not even tell Aaron his name.

Grosbeck motored to Riverside to bring her back to Los Angeles for the premiere of "Old Spain," to be staged that night at the Mission Theater, chosen as the most appropriate setting for the romance of prince and peasant.

"It's going to be a big blow-out," Aaron told her, as they neared Los Angeles in the middle of the afternoon. "Lampson has spent so much on advertising it that the press and the public are convinced that it's one of the best pictures of the decade."

"And what do you think of it?" Mollie asked.

"God knows, I don't. Sometimes I think we've got something big, in spite of Doris, and then I think it's the cheapest mess of film I ever saw. I suppose the critics will tell us what to think tomorrow Lampson has arranged to have all the New York reviews wired to him, complete. He's sunk a lot of money into this thing, what, with exploitation and big cast, and costume and special sets, and he's as nervous as a cat as to the outcome. He has an idea that Preston will flop if he doesn't get over in this picture."

"Poor Kirk!" Mollie's eyes filled with sudden tears. "How nervous he must be this evening, and what a time he's going to have with Doris when the reviews come out! The poor dear has never learned to take punishment."

At half past eight, when she and Aaron Grosbeck arrived at the Mission Theater, they found the sidewalks and street jammed for nearly a block, with that curious mob which invariably turns up to watch screen celebrities arriving for an important premiere.

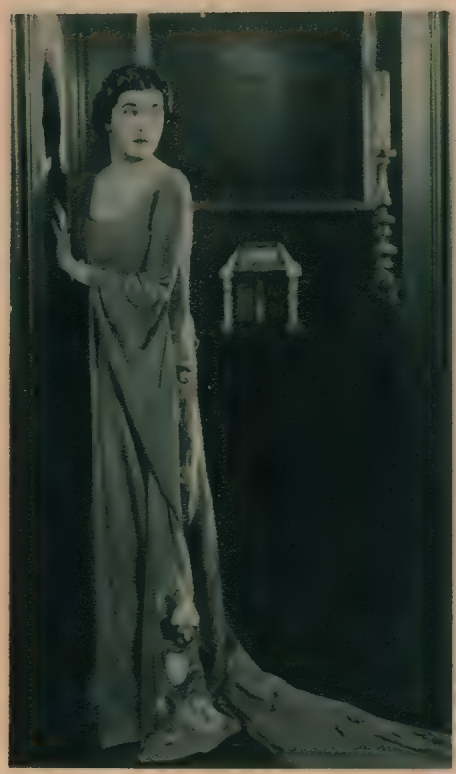
Arc lights set in the lobby, made a path of lurid light, down which screen players—stars, would-be stars, (*Continued on page* 44)

When You Next See Rudy

"*Cobra*" is the title of *Rudolph Valentino's* new picture, and it is the story of a man who is fascinated by a *Cobra Woman*, as a tiger is fascinated by a serpent.

On the right is *Rudolph* with *Nita* in one of the first scenes from the play.

Nita Naldi is cast in the role of the *Cobra Woman*—a new, slimmer *Nita*—and it is one of the best things she has done. As *Elise Van Zile*, an ambitious society girl, she succeeds in fascinating the hero, and we find it entirely plausible when we look at these new pictures of her.



Rudy's last few pictures have not been as well done as were his first successes. There has been a certain something lacking in them. But we are assured that "*Cobra*" brings back the *Valentino* who won countless number of fans all over the world.

Gertrude Olmstead plays the part of *Mary Drake*, the woman whom *Rudy* loves but loses through the wiles of the *Cobra Woman*.

On the left is a scene from the picture, in which *Rudy* renounces his love for *Mary*.

Love and Other Things

According to Norma Shearer

By Alice Tildesley

"THEY say" that Norma Shearer is a cool, poised, reserved young thing, an Ice Maiden from the North, a frosty silver star in the cinematic heavens.

But this night she was not so.

She was the spirit of eager and radiant youth, warm and friendly, more like that new star, Betelgeuse, with its rosy flame.

She had been running all day, too—up and down the docks with Lon Chaney—up and down, with all the worst-shaped rocks in California rolling wickedly into the way of her thin-soled slippers.

She sat on the chaise-longue in her pretty upstairs sitting-room, "looking fifteen and not a day older," with her bright hair hanging over the rose and green of her kimono, make-up still faintly shadowing her eyes, hands clasped about her knees, school-girl fashion.

She is in love with this new part she's playing in Selma Lagerlof's father-and-daughter story. It's the biggest thing she has ever had to do, she says, and she hopes it will mean going up one more rung on the ladder of fame.

"I didn't think of being in pictures when I was little," she said. "Pictures were shown for ten cents at the Crystal Palace in Montreal—terrible things that blurred and hurt your eyes. I'd have been horrified if anyone had told me that I'd enjoy playing in them some day!

"I wanted to go on the stage. I thought I'd like to be a musical comedy star. I still think I'd like to be one. There's a sort of glamor about it that gives me a little thrill whenever I think of it—you know, gorgeous costumes, magnificent scenery, loads of flowers and applause—Queen of Broadway—glamor's the word for it. Nothing quite equals my idea of it!"

Norma Shearer wasn't a "stage child," but an out-of-doors little girl, who skated and tobogganed, rode and swam, as familiar with snow-clad trails as she was with the smiling waters of summertime.

The Montreal Amateur Athletic Association awarded her the championship medal in fancy diving contests.

"I never thought of it before, but diving is like making pictures," she observed, suddenly. "You have to have confidence in yourself and a certain amount of nerve—but you also have to know what you're doing and how to do it.

"Fear will ruin both pictures and water sports. You can't make a successful dive if you're saying to yourself: 'I'm afraid! I wonder if I can do it this time?' You have to think: 'I'm *going* to do it!' and then you do.

"If you haven't been swimming or diving for a while, you have to take the lowest boards first or the fall would break your back. You'd be tense, you see, and the muscles wouldn't relax. Then you work up, step by step.

"I think pictures are like that. You should begin low and keep mounting. You can't stand still—nobody'd let you—you have to keep moving, up or down. And you musn't be tense. You have to relax, just as you do for a dive."

She laughed, and two elf-dimples helped her do it—delightfully.

"I'm just laughing at myself," she explained. "In pictures, so much depends on the director. My director just now is Seastrom. He's marvelous—just marvelous! And I always have a frightful inferiority complex when I begin working with him! . . . That's why I laughed after what I'd been saying!

"You see, he knows so much, that I feel I know absolutely nothing the first day. Presently, I forget about it and think of the story and my part and feel rather like a violin in an orchestra that he is conducting—that's the way it should be, for after all, what I'm doing is interpreting his creation."

But she doesn't talk about pictures all the time . . .

"I don't think I'll get married for a few years," she was saying, presently, curled up against the cushions of the wicker lounge, a silken-shaded lamp throwing subdued light on her hair.

"But some day I shall marry, as every girl should and have children, too, I hope. I want to make my marriage a sort of Shining Adventure that will last all my life. I want to make it the best thing that ever happened to me—and the best thing that ever happened to *him*.

"I want the man to be a tower of strength to me—a man that I could always depend upon—who'd never, never fail.

"I don't want to marry now, but I'm beginning to envy married people a little—when they are happily married, you know. They seem to have some sort of deep well of joy or satisfaction that I can't draw from.

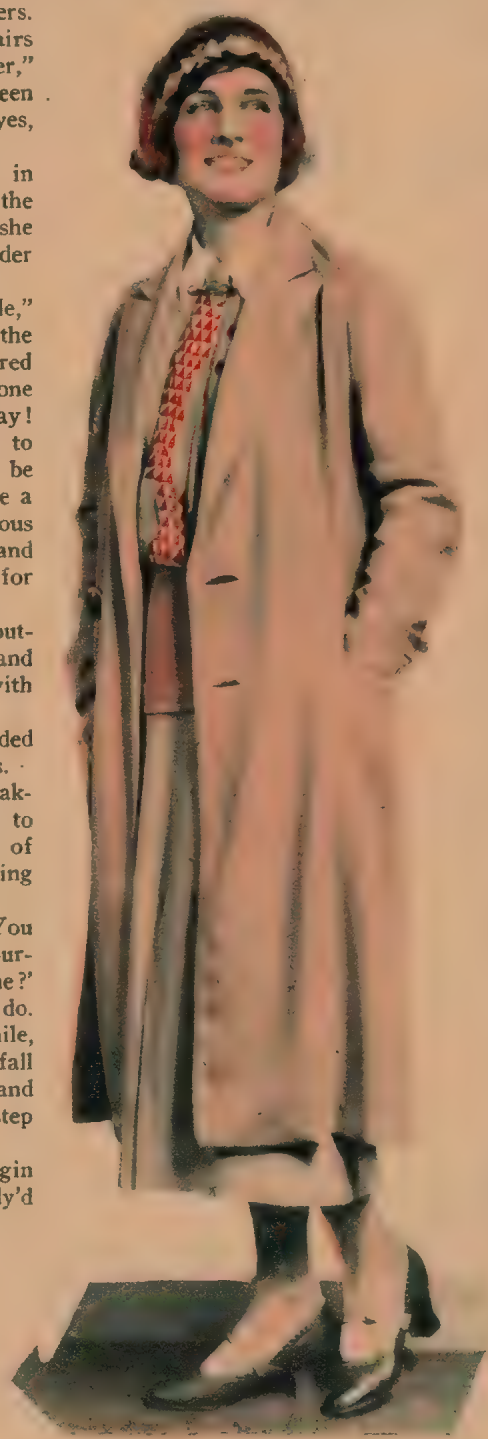
"I see them going home to their wives or their husbands after a frightfully wearing day at the studio with that look of 'Well now, this will be all right as soon as I get home!' Or maybe, after a day when something very pleasant has happened, it seems to me they strain toward going home to tell the other one about it so that the thing, whatever it is, will be just twice as fine.

"I have Mother, you know—and nobody's mother means more to them—but as we grow up and get older, I suppose our mothers aren't quite enough . . . I don't know . . . And of course, I shan't marry for a long, long time . . .

"Oh, I'm incurably romantic!"

She threw out her arms and the wide sleeves of her kimono slipped away from them and revealed them in the lamplight, white and slender and strong.

"I put a man on a high pedestal and think of him as possessing all the virtues and being almost super-human. Nobody could really be like that! And pretty soon, before I've really found out that the first one isn't anything like my ideal of him, along comes another man and



Norma Shearer **is the spirit of eager and radiant youth, warm and friendly, more like that new star,** ***Betelgeuse,*** **with its rosy flame, than the cool, poised, reserved** ***Ice Maiden*** **from the** ***North*** **that they say she is.**

Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser

Norma **wasn't a stage child, but an out-of-doors little girl, who skated and tobogganed, rode and swam, as familiar with the snow-clad trails as she was with the smiling waters of the summertime. But she wanted to go on the stage. She wanted to be a musical comedy star. And she still thinks she would like to be one. There is, she thinks, a sort of glamor about it that gives her a thrill whenever she thinks of it.**

"Oh, I'm incurably romantic! I put a man on a pedestal and think of him as possessing all the virtues and being almost superhuman. Nobody could really be like that. And pretty soon, before I've really found out that the first one isn't anything like my ideal of him, along comes another man and I put him up on another pedestal. I don't think of them as individuals. They're *Romance*, with a capital *R*. They're knights come riding, not flesh and blood."

and I put him up on another pedestal and burn my incense to him!

"I'm afraid I'm not only really interested in them as individuals at all. I don't even think of them as individuals. They're Romance with a capital R. They're knights come riding, not flesh and blood."

She tucked her hand between her cheek and the cushion, in another little-girl fashion and looked very, very serious.

"I believe one should vibrate to other people. I believe one should have contracts and learn to know and respond to all sorts of men and women—especially if one is an artist—or trying to be one!

"I shouldn't want to shut myself up in a shell—or cut myself off from the world and never see anyone or know anyone until THE Knight came riding. How could I know I was getting a superior article if I had nothing to compare him with?" . . . There was a glint of laughter under her lowered lashes then . . .

"How can one play emotions unless one has felt at least a few?

"There are some things that can be imagined and some that can't. One emotion is sometimes the key to another. You don't actually need to have felt jealousy—if you've ever been very fond of someone—you can imagine how a person of jealous temperament would feel under certain circumstances.

"In this picture I'm doing now, I know how the girl feels when her father drowns himself because of her . . . Nobody ever did drown himself on my account, but it's a thing that can be imagined. I've been feeling it all day long, as we ran up and down those dreadful docks!

"Lon Chaney is playing my father. I've played with him before, and that's always good. I like to play with people I've already played with because I know what they'll do with their scenes.

"But I think it's a mistake to play with people you know outside the studio. If you are with them off the lot they become personalities to you instead of the character in the story and they destroy the illusion for you . . . Or they do for me . . . I don't want to know anything about them or their lives away from the studio."

And then the lovely Norma's mood changed again. She had been so serious—so deeply interested in Romance and Art—but we discovered to our delight that she can switch from the sublime in a twinkle. Norma has that most-to-be-desired attribute—a sense of humor.

She smiled an utterly charming and slightly rueful smile.

The elf-dimples showed themselves again.

She sat up and rubbed her silk-clad ankles.

"Art," she announced, with great feeling, "is very hard on the feet!"

She's in love with this new part she is playing in *Selma Lagerlof's* father-and-daughter story. It's the biggest thing she has ever had to do, she says, and she hopes it will mean going up one more rung on the ladder of fame.

On the left, is a scene from *Norma's* new picture, *"The Tower of Lies,"* the screen version of the *Lagerlof Nobel* prize story, "The *Emperor of Portugalia.*" The same combination which made *"He Who Gets Slapped,"* will be seen in it—*Director Victor Seastrom, Norma Shearer* and *Lon Chaney,* with *William Haines* the only newcomer.

"Sun Up"

"Sun Up" is a story of the *Carolina* mountains, of bitter feuds and hatreds, of fierce loves and loyalties. It is the story of two simple hearts which struggle through misunderstandings, wrought through ignorance, into the light of intelligence. *Conrad Nagel* and *Pauline Starke* are cast in the roles of the mountaineer sweethearts, two pathetic characters, whose only heritage is hatred. But *"Sun Up"* finds them, all bitter feuds forgotten, in a field of knee-deep daisies, with the world-old lesson learned, "Nothing much matters when folks love each other."

Beginning

Let No Man

A New Picture

By Carmen

"No matter what role you are playing, you are always my wife, please remember that, *Jacqueline!* I cannot allow my wife to appear in that . . . that indecent get-up."

THAT breathlessness born of anticipation . . . expectation of things delightful that are to be, and things delightful that may be, made Jacqueline's hands tremble as she opened the door from her own rooms to the broad upper hallway of her magnificent home.

On her way to the stairs, she stopped at her husband's door, hesitatingly. Once she put her hand against it as though to push it gently open. But instead, she drew back, silently. She controlled an impulse to rush in gleefully, like a small, happy child, and cry.

"Oh, isn't it going to be fun? Come on! Hurry!"

No, she would not do that. Stephen would not like it. He would not understand it. Her mouth trembled a bit as she considered the dignity that was Stephen Downing's . . . a dignity that had kept him as though in a strange and far land from her, ever since their marriage day. And in the face of that misunderstanding of their two souls, Jacqueline found it hard to keep her own natural gayety . . . that radiant vivaciousness that was naturally as inseparable from her presence as her very breath of life. Now, as she stood in the hall waiting the appearance of her husband, and stifling that impulse to go in to him in confidence and happiness, feeling positive of his unresponse, her bright mood faded. The little fever of excitement that had made her hands tremble, left her. She became suddenly calm, controlled, and as cold in manner as Stephen, himself. Yet for keen eyes, there was a rather pitiful droop to her mouth, and behind the composure in her face, a deep hurt. It was this look that old Mrs. Downing, her mother-in-law, could not abide. Once she had asked Jacqueline what the matter was, and had been met with evasion. Mrs. Downing did not like evasion, nor things she could not understand! She did not like Jacqueline.

There are times in a life when circumstances reach their crises, without apparent, direct cause. Jacqueline felt that this was one of those times. Suddenly, she was overwhelmed with the realization that her life with Stephen Downing must end . . . would end. She did not know what told her this, beside the last four years of unhappiness . . . yet she knew it to be so. She felt herself in the hands of a Fate stronger than her determination to wrest happiness out of their marriage. Even on this, the eve of an entertainment that had been planned really for hir she knew it to be so.

When Jacqueline Downing saw her husband becoming more and more engrossed in his business, less and less interested in her and their life together, or in anything that had not to do with stocks and bonds and his office, she was at first lonely, and then worried. She knew too well to what such things led. Her own father had sacrificed his life on the altar of the stock market, leaving her, a very young girl, in the care of his best friend. Her mother had gone before him, worn with worry, this same aloneness, and the result of desperately racing the social pace in search of championship and happiness. When Jacqueline married Stephen Downing, this was one of the things she had resolved would not happen to her . . . *to them.* Yet it had crept upon them, insidiously, like a malignant disease. Jacqueline had stopped in the middle of plans for tonight's fete, to realize that this was the sort of thing her mother had done! Killed herself in a mad whirl of trying to forget that her dreams of domestic intimacy and love, had died. Jacqueline, subconsciously, had registered the decision that this night would decide the issue. She would make one more attempt to pry Stephen out of that hard shell of reserve and unresponse . . . to bring to natural life and joy the soul that seemed to her to be slowly fossilizing.

As she paused in the hallway, standing as still as though halted by some great invisible barrier, feeling that no matter what she did or did not do now, the thing had gone beyond her power to control . . . it was the deciding issue . . . the sounds of Stephen Downing getting ready for the evening, came clearly to her. The words she caught told her very plainly that her husband was not only irritated over the whole thing, but had determinedly set his face against it for the entire evening. Jacqueline drew a deep breath, which she released in a long sigh and something inside her murmured, "selah!" . . . so be it! Whimsically, she wondered what Peachy Blasco, her friend across the street, would do in like circumstances? Probably rush in and exclaim that if her husband was *determined* to curse, why didn't he go down to the drawing room, where his guests could hear him better? She would just as probably then, grab him by the shoulder, or the ear, or any other convenient part of his huge anatomy, and generally hustle, kid, coax, or threaten him into a festive mood to meet the occasion. Jacqueline found herself smiling a bit as she thought of tiny Peachy Blasco hustling her great man into anything . . . yet it was said that she did just that thing, and often.

Put Asunder

Story of People

Ballen Edington

Not being Peachy, and on the same friendly, loving terms as Peachy and Sam, Jacqueline drew herself up proudly, and walked on . . . alone. After all, what did it matter if her husband failed to laugh at the things which amused her, or weep with her at the things that saddened her? Could she not go on laughing or weeping her way alone, as chance might be? After all, and she recalled a homely old saying, "every tub stands on its own bottom" . . . after all, every individual had to work out his own problem of life! Yet instinctively, she knew it *did* matter. She knew that she was not the kind of woman to go on alone; she knew that whether she desired it or not, men would flock around her like bumblebees about a honeysuckle flower. They would be a constant torment; a ceaseless assailing force. Her only ultimate happiness lay in the love of one of them, attempt to dodge it as she might. It was that realization, perhaps, that had kept her so long with Stephen Downing, when every finer fiber of her being had protested at their cold union. And she knew, too, that the immediate interloper against her new freedom, if she took that step, would be Victorio D'Antonio. She pictured to herself how *he* must have arrayed himself for this evening . . . with childish abandon, with glowing eyes, with laughter trembling on his mobile, Latin lips!

* * * * * * *

Manlike, Stephen Downing cursed and fumed over one thing . . . the task directly at hand. If he, too, had premonitions similar to those of his wife, they were pushed into the background while he wrestled with his man Jenks, to get into the costume that Jacqueline had selected for him. While he relieved his mind with frequent and various expletives, Jenks, after the gentle manner of his nature, was patiently tugging, and respectfully imploring . . .

"Now, sir, I think . . . Ah, that's it, sir . . . Now, *just a minute* . . ."

The exclamation of victory died on his lips, as his master's torso convulsed under his hands, and his master's lungs expelled a mighty gust. The steel corselet was again burst asunder!

"No, dammit, Jenks! Any idiot would know that confounded thing is too small for me! Who picked this straight-jacket, anyway?"

"Mrs. Downing, sir, thought it would suit you nicely, sir. So dignified! Everyone is to come in costume . . . and . . ."

"Oh, yes. Well, we'll have another try at it."

While Jenks again tugged and implored, Downing's mind went back over the last few weeks, and the happenings leading up to this night. He recalled, with a wry smile, the incident of a few evenings past, when he had been interrupted in his bath by a trio of decorators coming in from the little balcony that fronted his rooms. Hearing strange voices in his room, he had gotten out of his steaming tub and, with a huge bathtowel about his middle, had stuck his head out inquiringly. There, standing in the French windows that opened onto the balcony, were two men and a woman with great horn-rimmed glasses. They had turned and looked at him, and then had gone back to discussing the point at issue, which was something or other about an Italian silk drapery to be hung from the balcony. They evidently had not realized they were intruding upon the privacy of the master of the house, or did not care. Well, the hullabaloo would soon be over. That was a comforting realization. Perhaps Jacqueline would allow the house to have a period of quiet and privacy before the next one! He was roused from his reverie by Jenks, who had by this time grown a bit desperate.

"I think, sir, if you would *try*, sir . . ."

"You are entitled to your ideas of what your wife should do, and I am entitled to my ideas of what a hostess should do. I think in this case, my ideas are going to win out, *Stephen*. I know that this costume is not, as you so crudely put it, a get-up, and that it is not indecent."

Old Jenks would have to be a deal more desperate, and more muscular than that, to get him into the contraption that now clasped his middle, but was kept from closing by a vast expanse of shirt-front.

"I tell you, Jenks, it's six sizes too small! I can't be expected to wear something too small, can I? Fetch out the rest of the rig, and I'll just get into that. These costume affairs are senseless things anyway . . . no one will know the difference."

Downing allowed his feet and legs to be encased in steel, and a shield to be put in his hand, but he balked again at sight of the approaching helmet.

"Don't put that collapsible oil can on me!" he snapped, and Jenks silently laid it aside. Downing picked up a cigar, lit it, and started for the door.

Jenks watched him with misgivings.

"Wait until *she* sets eyes on him!" he muttered.

At the sound of her husband's opening door, Jacqueline turned. For a moment she surveyed him. Was it possible he intended going down like that? Then as he came steadily toward her, she became convinced that it was possible. She halted him with an exclamation:

"Stephen! You can't go down like that! What's the matter . . . didn't they deliver the corselet? Where is the rest of your costume?"

Her eyes focused questioningly on his broad expanse of shirt-front. And simultaneously, his eyes were traveling over her from head to toe. As he made the inventory, a slow, angry red mounted to his neck . . . his face. He pointed an accusing finger at the brief chiffon covering she wore.

"And *I* say, *you* can't go down like *that!* Where is the rest of *your* costume?"

He stood glaring at her in amazed wrath. For a moment, Jacqueline felt a mounting anger to match his own. Then her mood suddenly softened . . . it *was* daring, and she had not prepared him. She would explain!

"I have to wear this because the role I am going to play in the little extravaganza calls for it. I did not want to have to leave my guests and come up to change . . ."

"Why don't you want to come up and change? Aren't hostesses at this sort of a shindig supposed to spend their time changing gowns?"

"I suppose some of them do. It isn't my idea of courtesy to my guests, though. And, too, my guests must wear all the evening the costumes they arrived in . . . and *real* hospitality would be for the hostess to do the same . . .wouldn't it, Stephen?"

Downing again appraised her . . . her slim, white loveliness peeping through the diaphanous costume she wore. It appeared to be but a series of vari-colored chiffon scarfs, thrown about her. He realized that his wife was very beautiful. So beautiful that she needed no brilliant trappings to set her forth. Yet that beauty was not for outside eyes . . .!

"No matter what role you are playing, you are always my wife, please remember that, Jacqueline! I cannot allow my wife to appear in that . . . that indecent get-up!"

If he had not called it a "get-up," and with such scorn, Jacqueline might have acceded to his wishes. As it was, she felt only that there he stood, a pompous, selfish, bullying male creature, without the slightest appreciation of the fact that the clinging, fragile thing she wore was classical in its perfect simplicity. It was the same old story. He had no eyes for beauty . . .

"You are entitled to your *ideas* of what your wife should do, and I am entitled to my ideas of what a hostess should do! I think in this case, that my ideas are going to win out, Stephen! I *know* that this costume is *not*, as you so crudely put it, a 'get-up,' and that it is *not indecent*. Perhaps others will not look at it with the same indecent thoughts . . . it's the thoughts we have about things, you know, that marks them!"

This was the first time Jacqueline had ever answered him thus. Usually she had merely maintained a puzzling silence. Perhaps, in times passed, if they could have brought their emotions and resentments out into the open, and thrashed them out together, they might have come closer in understanding.

It is not always a great fault that is the cause of a couple finding themselves in the divorce court. More often, it is the misunderstanding of two souls, as it was in the case of Jacqueline and Stephen Downing. On his part: a dignity which would not let him show his love; on hers: a hurt pride which resented his coldness. And how these two drifted apart and found themselves, is told in this fascinating new serial.

"It is too late now to change, and besides, I have nothing else that will be suitable. I am sorry to have to tell you Stephen, that I am going down . . . like this!"

And she did.

For a moment, Downing watched after her. He wanted to tear down the stairs in pursuit . . . grab her up, and wrap her in a portiere, or a rug, or anything, to conceal her from the eyes of his men guests below. Instead, he turned back to his room. Dimly he, too, felt that they were approaching a crisis. God, why was it that two people who apparently had so much to make them happy together, were unable to manage it! His mind went probing about in search of a concrete cause. Finally, he hit upon D'Antonio. Damned puppy! Unspeakable lounge lizard, with his poetry, and his piano playing, and his languishing, calf-eyed gazing! All women were susceptible to such things. He became furious with the man, vesting in him the total cause for the coldness between himself and Jacqueline.

Controlling himself under the keen eyes of his man, he said lightly,

"Well, Jenks, it seems that knights don't go about with exposed shirt bosoms. My wife was quite upset about it . . . might get lanced through the middle, you know. Lend a hand, and I'll get into that thing or die trying!"

As Jaqueline descended the stately, broad stairway, she was fighting for calmness with every step. There are times in every married woman's life when she wants to stamp her feet, throw things, and generally carry on like a fishwife, no matter what her normal disposition or station. By the same token, there are times when every married man, kindly-natured, or otherwise, needs the fear of God put into him by beholding (as he invariably believes), his wife gone out of her senses! If there is anything left of the love and hope a couple has started with, it is whipped back into life by a thunder storm like this, much as breath is spanked into a new born baby!

Jacqueline managed to have herself perfectly under control by the time she had reached the last steps, for well she knew that D'Antonio would have arrived early . . . would be waiting for her. She knew, too, that the part that he was to play with her in the extravaganza, would give him opportunity enough for daring little intimacies . . . she did not want to add to his boldness by letting him know her unhappiness.

"Carissima!" He was at her side, had taken her hand . . . was bending to kiss it.

"D'Antonio!" and she drew her hand away, a frown upon her brow.

"Fa niente!" he murmured consolingly, "It is nothing . . . are we not lovers tonight . . . you and I?"

He referred to their parts in the play, but he was too bold. Yet Jacqueline felt her displeasure brought up against his naive behavior as ineffectually as a frown upon a wayward child.

"If you were an American I could not allow you to—do and say—such things! But you Latins . . . are *irrepressible from habit!"* Your flattery is as *customary* as it is daring!"

He smiled, brilliantly disclosing his white teeth, and she, after attempting to repress an answering smile, burst into a sudden gay, little laugh. D'Antonio had that reaction upon her. It was why, perhaps, she allowed him those little daring speeches . . . he brought out in her the natural gayety that was hers by right. It was their laughter together that had created, and had held, Jacqueline's interest in the man.

In a moment she turned aside to welcome her guests, and after a few moments Downing came to stand beside her. He had gotten himself into the complete suit of armour, with what difficulty and genuine anguish, only himself and his man appreciated!

As they stood there, side-by-side, Stephen and Jacqueline Downing were apparently at peace, but unseen emotions seethed turbulently in their hearts that went ill with the cordial warmth of their welcoming. It seemed to Jacqueline that she was an automaton, mechanically smiling and clasping hands, and saying prettily:

"I am *so* glad to have you with us, tonight!"

* * * * * *

There were folk of many sorts at the Downings this night. Laughing and chatting merrily, brightly caparisoned, their vari-colored costumes flashed in groups, or singly, here and there under the great golden lanterns that illuminated the lawn. In the shadows of the evergreen trees that had been imported to beautify the grounds, faint blurs of color signified the younger people, strolling two-by-two.

Writers, musicians, and so-called "society people," motion picture folk . . . actors, directors, producers, who came from neighboring estates in the lovely suburb, Beverly Hills, where the Downings had built their home. Among the latter group were Sam Blasco and his wife, "Peachy." Mrs. Blasco had married Sam when she was one of his comedy girls, but had soon after settled down to the routine of domesticity, and finally, to bringing up the two Blasco "outlaws."

"Pictures?" she would say, questioningly, when met with the incredulity of people not in the profession, who found it hard to believe that Mrs. Blasco might be in pictures yet, but preferred otherwise.

"Pictures? Bless your heart, they are just like anything else! Lots of work and little play, when you are in the game to make good. It's just the mystery about them that makes people think being a screen star is nothing short of being the Queen of Sheba, herself! Believe me, it's work! I never did enjoy having my face all stuck up with grease paint . . . especially on these hot days we have here in Southern California, when the perspiration breaks out in little beads right through the paint, and if you wipe it off you wreck your make-up! Then you have to sit there, all wet and clammy, and try to look like you liked it! Believe me, kiddo, I was tickled pink when Sam told me I could pack my doll rags and go home! He says I'm getting too matronly in the figure for pictures, since the heavenly twins arrived. The way I feel about it is, I'd rather pay somebody (*Continued on page* 39)

A Mother's Role

One of the hidden roles played behind the screen rarely disclosed to the public is that of *Mary Brian's* mother. Hers is that of a confidential secretary, advisor extraordinaire—comrade. *Mrs. Brian* not only is a real mother of the old-fashioned variety, but she has seen to it that her daughter has been reared in the same manner.

When opportunity came a-knocking in the form of the role of *Wendy* in the screen version of *James M. Barrie's "Peter Pan,"* it was *Mrs. Brian's* sympathetic understanding which served as *Mary's* inspiration.

Mary's latest silver sheet offering is *"The Little French Girl."* At present she is busily engaged in the making of *Herbert Brenon's* production of the *George Kibbe Turner* story, *"The Street of Forgotten Men,"* in which she will take her first screen marriage vow. To be sure, she and her mother are spending many hours in *Fifth Avenue* shops these days. Even a screen bride must have a trousseau!

Not So Long Ago

For *Betty*, the horseless wagon would mean living uptown in a brownstone front. It would mean that her small pink fingers, still baby-fingers to her father, would need no longer be pricked and dotted like a thimble. And so *Michael* toiled— And *Betty* toiled, riding uptown every morning in the horse-cars.

By Pearl Malverne

NOT so long ago . . . but long enough to make speeding motors a chimerical dream of some impossible Tomorrow . . . to make jazz a word not included in any dictionary or vocabulary . . . to make flappers a thing not then dreamed of . . .

New York in 1850 . . . a New York of "brownstone fronts," cobble-paved streets, stately victorias conveying to the opera or the matinee demure ladies in mutton-sleeved gowns and tiny waistlines . . . a New York of bicycles-for-two, of the polka, the quadrille and the waltz . . . a New York where the man was the Head of the Family and feminism was a thing unheard of, women who earned their own livings were unrecognized, if not disgraced . . . a New York where, in poverty and obscurity, Michael Dover toiled night and day over his invention, an "absurd horseless wagon," and Betty, his daughter, toiled with a needle over the gowns, chemises and elaborate petticoats of Mrs. Du Peyster Ballard in a brownstone mansion uptown. Also, it may be added, in poverty and obscurity.

Michael Dover's whole life, whole hope, whole dreams were wrapped up in the mechanism of his horseless wagon. He believed in it. He labored over it. He saw it as a salvation to the patient animals who hauled heavy cartage over the heavy streets and also as a means to fame and fortune for his daughter, Betty. The horseless wagon would, in itself, be triumph enough for him. He felt, as he toiled with sweating brow and knotted hands, that one small ride in the horseless wagon would put the crown and finish to his own life. After that, nothing would be necessary, nothing could matter. But for Betty the horseless wagon would mean living uptown in a brownstone front. It would mean that her small pink fingers, still baby-fingers to her father, would need no longer be pricked and dotted like a thimble. It would mean that she could have pretty frocks and frivolous bonnets and beaus and waltzes . . . like other girls. Yes, his little Betty must be like other girls if his, Michael Dover's life, was not to be in vain.

And so Michael toiled, pouring his manhood, his hope, his skill, his labor into the horseless wagon. And so Betty toiled, riding uptown every morning in the "horse-cars," entering every morning the imposing front door of Mrs. Ballard's house, and entering always with the same cold chill of timidity, the same warm feeling of joy.

For Betty was afraid, mortally, of Mrs. Ballard. And Betty was in love, immortally, with Mrs. Ballard's son.

Both of these states of mind and emotion were causes for trembling,

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Based on the Famous Players-Lasky Production of the same name, Copyright, 1925

"You stop that, *Mister Lawrence Wheat,*" she said, "you stop right now. I am in love with—*Mis*—with *Billy*—but—and he is in love with me. Yes, in love with me. In fact, we are in love with each other."

as none knew better than Betty, herself.

Walking, mouse-like, up the thickly carpeted stairs, up three flights, into the tiny, skylit sewing-room, in which were manufactured the intricate gowns worn so awe-inspiringly by Mrs. Ballard, Betty pricked her delicate fingers and communed with her quivering heart.

The time went swiftly and the seams were not so long because she had an enchanted refrain . . . it went, "Billy Ballard . . . Billy Ballard . . . Billy Ballard . . ." It went on and on and on like that . . . no matter whether Betty was sewing on muslin or crinoline, velvet or percale. It went on and on, a song beautiful and rapturous . . . enchanted . . .

And while she hummed it, oh, very carefully under her breath, because it was never certain when Mrs. Ballard would appear, tall and terrifying, under the skylight . . . Mrs. Ballard walked with amazing silence considering how large she was . . . while she hummed it, she dreamed. She dreamed that Billy Ballard, elegant, scented, waxed, debonair, irreproachable, inaccessible, all of these adjectives and more, she dreamed that Billy Ballard was in love with her, as she was in love with him.

She dreamed all sorts of improbable things. Some day he would come carelessly up the stairs . . . she could just see his legs in their correctly-creased trousers mounting that third long flight of stairs . . . he would come up the stairs, all unsuspecting and careless, and he would see her sitting there. Just as he came in the sun would shine through the skylight . . . of course it never did, but it would that day . . . the sun would move in its orbit and shine through . . . and her head would be haloed . . . and he would see, not a pale little girl with curls in a patched merino dress, but a princess, beautiful and fair and aureoled in sun. And he would exclaim, loudly, hand on his heart, "Why, 'tis *you!*" And she would rise and allow Mrs. Ballard's crinolines to slip to the floor, and she would hold out both her hands, from which the disfiguring needle-pricks would miraculously vanish and she would exclaim in accents ringing with honey and nectar, "Ah, yes, didn't you know . . .?"

And at this juncture, Betty would blush and hang her head, for in the 1850's young girls did not think of kisses and embraces without a blush.

Of course it might have occurred to Betty that Billy Ballard had seen her almost every day for almost a year and had never done more than nod her a casual good-morning, or not nod at all, as his mood and preoccupation chanced to be. What of that? In fairy-tales . . .

Of course, there was the dread matter of Mrs. Ballard. Mrs. Ballard considered Betty on a par with the cook and the parlor-maid. Sometimes, Betty ate her luncheon with them in the kitchen. And sometimes Katy, the parlor-maid, brought her her luncheon on a tray. "For," said the good Katy, "I recognize the quality when I see them, which is more than can be said for Her."

Katy always referred to Mrs. Ballard as "Her." Katy was a brave soul. How did she know but what Mrs. Ballard might one day overhear the sacrilege. And then . . .

Betty knew, too, being wise with the instincts of her sex, that Mrs. Ballard had high aspirations for her only son. Oh, much higher aspirations than could ever be met by the little seamstress, even though there had been Dovers in the building of social New York long before and far above the appearance of any Ballard. But the Ballards had amassed money and manner and had gone up. The Dovers had lost money and lost caste and had gone down. That made the barrier. The impassable barrier. And yet, in fairy-tales . . .

Once, Mrs. Ballard had asked Betty about her family. And Betty, eagerly, had told her about her father and his wonderful invention . . . and Mrs. Ballard had sigher vaguely and said, "Ah, yes, of course . . . of course . . ." There had been some shameful stigma about that "of course."

Down on the little side-street, where Betty and her father had their flat, and where Betty cooked the simple dinners that her father so seldom ate, down on this dingy and gone-to-pieces street, there lived, too, Lawrence Wheat, a swanking, bragging youth, loudly and vociferously in love with Betty.

Lawrence Wheat prophesied great things for himself. (*Cont. on page* 41)

Once *Mrs. Ballard* had asked *Betty* about her family. And *Betty* eagerly had told her about her father and his wonderful invention. And *Mrs. Ballard* had sighed vaguely and said, "Ah, yes, of course."

"Le Dernier Cri"

Above, a sports frock of her own design, is worn by the lovely star. It is made of *Kasha* in sandalwood brown with a pleated skirt of the same material and a collar of brown *Bengaline* silk, which makes a tie. The shoes are of brown pigskin and the hosiery are nearly the same shade as the dress. With this dress, *Miss Swanson* wears a small *Breton* hat, the crown of which is wound about with black velvet ribbon, and a brown *English* cape completes the ensemble.

When *Gloria Swanson* dons a frock or ensemble and appears on the boulevard, or at the beach or opera, one always catches whispers of *"Paris"* from her admirers, for *Gloria* wears her gowns as *"la Parisienne"* wears hers—with a charm—a dash—a verve. But when *Gloria* designs her own creations, as she did the ones which appear on this page, they are certain to be, as *"la Parisienne"* would say, *"le dernier cri,"* or the very last thing in fashion.

The afternoon frock above, which *Gloria* designed, is of brown crepe georgette with inserted *French* lace and a flounce of the same lace. With it is worn a coat of the same material, shoes of plain brown satin and flesh-colored hosiery. The hat for the frock has a large brim, the under side of brown velvet, and the top of crepe georgette, set off by a carnation of gold leather.

The sports coat on the right, is in the new shade of tobacco brown, and it has sheer simplicity in its lines. *Gloria* wears it with a *Scotch* plaid sports suit, a small hat of greyish brown straw and felt, and shoes of alligator hides and pigskin. The hosiery is the new shade called *"tete de negre."*

All Photographs by Eugene Robert Richee

The True Story of My Life

By Bebe Daniels

For Synopsis of Preceding Chapters See Page 41

WE WAITED to hear from Aunt Georgia, half in hope, half in fear—as I have said. Mother knew that the safest, wisest thing to do with me was to send me to my grandmother's and go her way without me. Yet she felt that the separation would be almost more than she could bear. And I, in my childish, only half-comprehending way, felt the same. We were so very close, mother and I. We were not only that closest of close things, mother and child, but we were, too, partners in the business of living, co-workers in our Art, comrades in bread-winning. We met the adventures of life, both good and bad, both hard and soft, *together*. Together we triumphed and together we were defeated. I often think that this is why so many girls in the movies are so close to their mothers. Many of them have had comparatively similar experiences. Mary Pickford and her mother, Dorothy and Lillian Gish and their mother . . . oh, I could go on naming any number of them.

Well, and so mother and I waited and there came the word that Aunt Georgie would come to New York to get me. Mother and I did a little private weeping, then dried our eyes and decided that it was the very best thing that could happen for both of us—I know that it was mostly for me.

After all, the things that mothers do *are* mostly for the sake of their children. They are wonderful things, mothers!

You may well believe that it was a sad, sad parting for mother and me. Our first. But we tried to be brave and I went my long journey with Aunt Georgie, and mother went on the road again.

The season passed and just as she had joined me at the end of her season we received word from Oliver Morosco, saying that there was an opening for me in his company.

Great joy!

Strangely enough, Mr. Charles Eyton, who is now the Famous Players' manager in Hollywood was Mr. Morosco's manager then. Coming events were casting their shadows before!

I was five years old at the time, and I played the Little Colonel in "The Girl I Left Behind Me," at the Burbank Theater in Los Angeles. William Desmond, no less, was the leading man. Fay Bainter, still no less, was Fawn Afraid, the Indian Girl, and David Hartford was the director.

One day I fell in love. Oh, desperately. A new boy came to our school. He was an *Italian*, very handsome, very neat looking, and he wore—*a celluloid collar*. I was terrifically impressed. I started wearing my best clothes to school. Feminine! Love can work wonders.

I was five years old when I played the *Little Colonel* in *"The Girl I Left Behind Me,"* at the *Burbank Theater*, in *Los Angeles*. *William Desmond*, no less, was the leading man. *Fay Bainter*, still no less, was the *Indian Girl*.
Above is a picture of the young *Bebe* as *"The Little Colonel."*

I also played Little Mary in "The Ensign." There was, at the time, no opening in either of the companies for mother, but she was given whatever parts occurred owing to illness to some member of the cast or when there was occasion for a larger cast than the stock company could care for.

Then, glory upon glory, the Belasco company sent for me. I must admit that the full force of being sent for by the Belasco company did not strike me as it might have in later years.

In this company Lewis Stone was the leading man, and George Barnum and Hobart Bosworth were the directors.

About this time my little grandmother had closed her town house and with her family had moved, bag and baggage, to the country place in La Canada, several miles from Los Angeles, and too far for such busy theater people as mother and me to stay with her.

The expenses of the preceding year had been pretty strenuous and heavy and there wasn't a great deal of money in the Daniels' treasury. Hardly enough to see without a microscope. Mother and I got along as

Bebe's early life knew many dark hours. But through them she learned a philosophy . . . One can always defeat adversity by laughter . . . And in practising that philosophy she has built up a firm foundation for success.

We were not only that closest of close things, mother and child, but we were, too, partners in the business of living, co-workers in our Art, comrades in bread-winning. We met the adventures of life, both good and bad, both hard and soft, together.
Above, is the latest photograph of *Bebe's* best friend and mother.

best we could, doing that well-known act of "making ends meet." Sometimes this required considerable sleight-of-hand. My grandmother and aunts had already been so generous that we didn't want to call on them further. We felt fiercely independent. We opened up a part of grandmother's town house and lived there all alone. The big place looked and seemed quite deserted. There was a sense of echoing corridors and yawning rooms. But we did our best to fix it up with flowers to be had for the picking, fresh curtains and books and things, and we managed to make it cheerful for one another. And best of all, no one knew our financial condition.

Mother and I got along as best we could, doing that well-known act of "making ends meet." Sometimes this required considerable sleight-of-hand. We felt fiercely independent. My grandmother and aunts had already been so generous that we didn't want to call on them any further.

I remember so well one occasion when mother was rehearsing the part of Thelma. She had bought all of her wardrobe, and that, with three weeks' rehearsal, made, naturally, a yawning gap in our already anemic bankroll. We lived along, subsisting on cheese and dreams, waiting for the end of the long three weeks. "Then," we said, "the horn of plenty will be ours again!" We planned feasts and festivities *a deux*.

Well, the three weeks came to an end . . . mother and I arrived at the theater, eager and expectant after the hard work and the deprivations—and were told that the show was not to go on—and that the company *was* to go on, *without one cent of recompense*.

Dark hours!

But we were learning to laugh at adversity. Do you know . . . adversity loses more than half its sting once you have learned to laugh at it. It's a bitter lesson, but a worthwhile one. You can defeat adversity by laughter.

Mother had always allowed me to have other children as dinner guests, even when we could not really afford it. It was just another of the many things she did for me to make my young life natural and happy. There was a butcher shop right across the street from us, where we made our purchases. And I remember now the pride I used to feel when I could say to the portly putcher, "I want twenty cents' worth of meat today (instead of the usual ten). "We are going to have company," I would add, importantly.

Also, it was while living in this big house that I had one of the saddest experiences of my life. I had always loved and adored flowers and animals. I believed that they were beautiful things which God had put into this world to give human beings, and especially little girls, happiness. I suppose I confused the two, made them one in my mind. Flowers and kittens, for instance—what was the difference? I had watched the gardener at my grandmother's put seeds into flower pots, cover them over with soil, and later, had watched, almost on tip-toe, the beautiful flowers come forth. I had had a dear little kitten given me, and being a lonesome little girl myself, I wanted my kitty to have a companion. So very solemnly I put a little pink bow on his neck, got out a flower pot, put him into it, covered him over carefully so he couldn't get out and went blissfully to bed in the pleased anticipation of having two kittens the next day, where only one had been before.

The next morning, bright and early, I scurried joyfully out of doors to find, as I expected, two kittens in the flower pot. I found my own little kitten stiff and dead. *Dead.* For days and days I wept and worried over the loss of my little kitten. I didn't (*Continued on page* 41)

Concluding

Grounds for Divorce

By Janet Reid

(Based on the Famous Players-Lasky Production of the Same Name, Copyrighted by Them, 1925)

THEY deadlocked. The Count found himself up against the frigid barriers of an unloving woman's closed heart. More, an unloving woman who still loved another man, and that man her first husband. Denise found herself up against the mouldering walls of the ancient villa, but not so mouldering that they did not hold her a prisoner, firm and fast.

The only echo of the outside world that penetrated to her was the newspaper. And in the newspaper she learned of the engagement of Maurice and Marianne Regnault. The item, or the column, added that they were to be married very shortly, and that both had been married before.

"Been married before!" Ah, but it was more than marriage, more than one episode to be followed by another, that she had known with Maurice. There had been something holy in their adoration, the one of the other. There had been something eternal in their embraces.

Denise was possessed of a madness. She had to get to Paris. She had to see Maurice before he took the last, the irrevocable step, raised the final barrier between them. If she dashed her soft body to atoms against the walls she would have to go free, have to go to Maurice and warn him that he couldn't do it, wouldn't be able to endure it . . . must stop.

"I would die," thought Denise. "I would strangle to death on his marriage day. I could not endure that . . . not while I live."

It wasn't strength that accomplished her purpose, it was strategy. The awful strategy of a woman whose heart is bleeding, whose love is dying in torment. She had to go free—and she did.

A gallant young aviator standing by his machine was the first to see her, the first to be seen by her. She thought that he looked adventurous and daring and strong. He thought that she was the most beautiful, frantic thing he had ever seen.

She wasted no time, no words. "My husband is being married in Paris," she told him, rather amazingly, without preface. "It means my life to me to reach there before the ceremony. If you delay we will be overtaken and all will be lost. I won't ask you if you will so enormously oblige me—you must."

The gallant young aviator considered the possibility of the beautiful, frantic thing being an escaped lunatic. But even so, he thought, even so, she is desirable above and beyond all other women I have ever seen. It would be infinitely glorious to invade the air and defeat time and space with this woman by my side. The gallant young aviator took both their lives in his steady hands and consented to the mad chase.

It was a perilous flight. Conscious, instinctively, of his machine and the risk they were taking, the young aviator was conscious, too, of the beauty and poised courage of the woman beside him. High above the clouds and fogs of earth, he fell in love with her. He managed to convey the knowledge to her, who was so well versed in the transmission of just such knowledge, and Denise made known to him that if he would help her in certain plans, and if these plans failed, she would marry him. She omitted to mention the forgotten Count de Zapata. She told him that her heart belonged to her first husband and must—forever and a day. But, she said, if their plans were frustrated, if they were too late . . . then, life was long and love was weary of drooped wings . . . and they would see what they would see.

Amazingly, even to the gallant young aviator, they arrived in Paris in record time and Denise hastened at once to the home that had once been her home.

Maurice was there, in the no-longer barricaded study, and Marianne was with him. They were, it was obvious, preparing to go out for supper. Denise entered, white with the wind and tinted with sunset, her curls about her head . . . these curls Maurice had so cherished, one by one . . . She greeted Maurice with affection, nicely tempered. She greeted Marianne with a friendly camaraderie. She acted the client to the brilliant young lawyer. She told Maurice that she was married to the Count de Zapata, and noted, in passing, his gasp of amazement, noted with a poignant thrill his start of unconcealed dismay, the involuntary twings of pain that for the instant blackened his features. Then she added that she wished to be divorced from the Count in order that she might marry a third man. She besought Maurice to use the weapons of his unparalleled skill in order to release her from the Count. She then introduced the intrepid young aviator, white with the wind and tinted with his high-born desire, and left it to Maurice and Marianne if he was not fit and worthy any sacrifice.

Just so had Maurice once seen Denise act toward him, act for him. Just so her exquisite face

(*Continued on page* 42)

The *Count* found himself up against the frigid barriers of an unloving woman's closed heart. More, an unloving woman who still loved another man, and that man her first husband.

The Army and Navy Forever

"The Big Parade"
John Gilbert

The man who wears the shoulder-straps
Deserves the people's praise;
I honor and applaud him for
The noble part he plays;
But, back there in the ranks somewhere,
Stout-hearted, brave, is he,—
Prepared to do, and nerved to dare,—
The soldier boy for me.

—S. E. Kiser

Photograph by Ruth Harriett Louise

Photograph by Russell Ball

"The Midshipman"
Ramon Novarro

The sailor-men, the sailor-men,
The lowest and the high,
With a heart for any duty,
Though that duty be to die,
Here's a cheer across the valleys,
And an echo o'er the hills;
For the land from hill to valley
With your splendid triumph thrills!

—Baltimore News.

Camera Scoops

A Princess Entertains

Norma Talmadge was the unsuspecting hostess at her own birthday party, recently, when the members of the *"Graustark"* company presented her with a cake and numerous birthday gifts. Still wearing the costume of *Princess Yetive, Norma* presided over the cutting of her cake.

Off for Foreign Shores

Virginia Valli has left us for a while, to make a picture in *Germany*, and do some sightseeing abroad. The picture on the left was taken just as she was about to sail.

Photograph by P. and A.

Pauline's Favorite Role

Pauline Garon is entertaining her two nephews, just arrived from *Montreal*, and all of her other social engagements are being neglected for these two small boys, who are getting a thrill out of the movie world in *Hollywood* during their summer vacation. They are, left, *Marc*, and right, *Pierre Ranger*, sons of *Colonel Emile Ranger*, of the *Canadian 65th Regiment*.

Shorty Has His First Suit of Clothes

"Shorty" Ben Mairech, the little *Arab* mascot of the *Rex Ingram* company, has cast aside his tunic and fez and donned his first suit of clothes for his stay at *Nice*, where the *Ingram* company is producing *"Mare Nostrum."*

ACROSS the SCREEN

"PATHS TO PARADISE"—90%
Reviewed by Alma Talley

If the well-known road to Hell is paved with good intentions, perhaps the paths to Paradise are paved with laughter. The title has no other connection with this picture; for that matter, the film itself has no connection with reality, but it is the most hilarious bit of comedy seen in months of picture-going.

The plot is just a banal little crook story, with two slick workers, a man and a woman, both out for a costly diamond necklace. Finding themselves in each other's way, they decide to pool their efforts. So the necklace is stolen and the two crooks make a spectacular dash for the Mexican border, eluding hundreds of motor cops. This merry chase is just about the most hilarious pursuit ever filmed.

Raymond Griffith, the scintillating new comedian, is the whole picture.

Betty Compson gives a sparkling performance in the role of the feminine crook, and she looks exceptionally pretty. But no one could help catching the rollicking spirit of the picture. Three cheers for Raymond Griffith, three cheers for Clarence Badger, three—oh, well, after seeing "Paths to Paradise"—three cheers for everybody!

The cast includes: Raymond Griffith, Betty Compson, Tom Santschi, Bert Woodruff.

The picture was directed by Clarence Badger.

"THE PEAK OF FATE"—80%
Reviewed by Tommie Gene Browne

If you are one of those who would enjoy a scenic trip through the Alps, "The Peak of Fate" will, no doubt, prove a most interesting picture. If, however, you expect action (other than mountain climbing), and a real plot, you will be sadly disappointed.

"The Peak of Fate" is a German production, depicting the life of the simple folk of the Tyrolese Alps—of their struggle against the unconquerable peak, "The Devil's Needle." The plot, when there is any, hinges around the passion of one called Hannes to scale "The Peak of Fate"; the one peak which defies all climbers, urges them on; then takes their lives. Hannes gives up his life in a vain attempt. Ludwig, his son, fired by the danger of his sweetheart, Hertha, who is trapped by a storm, while trying to reach the summit of the peak, finally conquers "The Devil's Needle."

The breath-taking moments come fast and often, but are somewhat lessened when we see close-ups and realize that the cameraman must be near about. Perhaps he is a climber, too.

The cast includes: Hannes Schneider, Frieda Richard, Erna Morena, Luis Trenker, Gustav Oberg, Hertha Stern von Walther and others.

Produced by Eugene Walter and William Brotherhood.

"THE MAD WHIRL"—80%
Reviewed by Alma Talley

The movies are still jazz-mad, but "The Mad Whirl" reverses the usual situation, somewhat. Here it isn't a flapper heroine who must be saved, but a young man, for whom every morning is the morning after. And May McAvoy plays the sweet little heroine who approves of Mr. Volstead, even if he did turn her father's saloon into a banana-split parlor.

Given such a situation, you know the entire story. May spends six reels trying to reform the hero, and then when she doesn't succeed, she marries him. That may be a happy ending for the picture, but it would look like the beginning of a hard life for the heroine.

May McAvoy has never looked prettier than she does in this picture. Jack Mulhall, who plays her sweetheart, with whom she went to school, does well with the role. But, going to school with May would make him seem, to say the least, a little backward!

There is a most amazing set of coincidences in the action of the picture. Every time Jack goes out on the street, he quite accidentally runs into May—courtship made easy! But perhaps it's this series of coincidences which is "The Mad Whirl" of the title. The picture itself is quite placid.

The cast includes: May McAvoy, Jack Mulhall, Myrtle Stedman, Barbara Bedford, Alec B. Francis, Ward Crane, George Fawcett, Marie Astaire and Joseph Singleton.

The picture was directed by William A. Seiter.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Our reviews are printed of a uniform size so that they may be kept for future reference. They are written by members of our editorial staff, who are skilled critics and whose viewpoints we know to be sane and unbiased. We believe you will find the ratings of special assistance and invite our readers to send in their personal ratings of pictures they see.*

RATING: Excellent, 95%; Good, 90%; Fair, 75%; Poor, 60%

"THE AWFUL TRUTH"—85%
Reviewed by Harriette Underhill

Stage plays adapted to the screen are everywhere in the film world at present writing, but one of the best we have seen is "The Awful Truth," an adaptation of an Ina Claire comedy. This play has been movieized with great respect for the original, and the picture was directed by a man with good sense as well as a sense of humor, also a knowledge of life as well as a knowledge of the screen. Agnes Ayres is the star of "The Awful Truth," and we like her better than in anything she ever did. Warner Baxter is not starred, but he is exceedingly attractive in the role of the jealous husband. Winifred Bryson plays Josephine, the scheming friend. She is pretty, a suave actress, and an attractive person. Carrie Ward plays the disagreeable old aunt and in a role which might be so easily overplayed, not once does she exaggerate.

The theme of the story is that jealousy is a green-eyed monster which makes the food it feeds on. Norman Satterley, the young husband, is a particularly annoying specimen, and you wonder why his sweet wife doesn't kill him. Yet so ingratiating is the personality of Mr. Baxter that you find it as impossible to resist him as does the heroine, herself. We can cheerfully recommend "The Awful Truth."

The cast includes: Agnes Ayres, Warner Baxter, Phillips Smalley, Raymond Lowney, Winifred Bryson, Carrie Clarke Ward.
The picture was directed by Paul Powell.

"GROUNDS FOR DIVORCE"—75%
Reviewed by Tommie Gene Browne

"Grounds for Divorce" is a light comedy-drama which leads us through a maze of marital entanglements—and eventually out into the light again. A subtitle in the beginning, "The most legal grounds for divorce is the average husband," gave much promise, but the banal, slow-moving plot that followed, though entertaining in spots, failed to amuse. There were a number of situations that should have been uproariously funny, but for some reason they missed fire. The plot concerns Maurice Sobier, a famous divorce lawyer, who neglects his wife, Alice, while on their honeymoon. He is too busy ending the marriage of a famous actress to remember the beginning of his own. Alice leaves him and marries Count Zapata. She tells the Count, following the ceremony, that she does not love him. He refuses her a divorce. The solution has a new turn—but all ends well. Matt Moore, as the lawyer-husband, is not very convincing. Matt is perfect when properly cast—but we think he was out of his sphere in "Grounds for Divorce." Florence Vidor, as the appealingly beautiful wife, and Louise Fazenda, as the temperamental actress, save the picture. Louise gives us some rather strenuous acting, but she gives us some humorous touches, too.

The cast includes: Florence Vidor, Matt Moore, Louise Fazenda, Harry Myers, George Andre Beranger and others.
It was directed by Paul Bern.

"PASSIONATE YOUTH"—75%
Reviewed by Harriette Underhill

"Passionate Youth" seems rather tame entertainment. The heroine is one of those wild flappers which, on the screen, are always described as jazz-mad. Her name was Henrietta. We rather wished that a wise director would say to her, "Don't be just as cute as you can all the time." And then she fell in love with Bruce Corbin, played by Bryant Washburn, and all was changed. This Corbin was an unprincipled rascal, who had a moustache and respected no woman. But Henrietta learned his true character and she declared herself thus: "A good woman has no chance with a cur like you," or words to that effect, and then she shot him down like a dog! He fell right over on the floor, dead as a doornail. Everyone believed that Henrietta had done it excepting Henrietta's father, played by Frank Mayo. The ending is happy, for in the attempt to save Henrietta from the grip of the law, her parents were united.

Beverly Bayne is Frank Mayo's wife in the picture. Carmelita Geraghty, who plays a small deserted role, gives the best performance in the picture, we thought. The picture was directed by Dallas M. Fitzgerald.

The cast includes: Beverly Bayne, Frank Mayo, Pauline Garon, Bryant Washburn, Carmelita Geraghty, Ralph McCullough and Ernest Wood.
The picture was directed by Dallas M. Fitzgerald.

In the above picture, *Emmett Flynn* gives a couple of companions "the once-over." *Edmund Lowe* is one of the companions.

Photograph by Fidler

A little too close to the clubhouse, perhaps, is *Helene Chadwick* in the above picture, but nevertheless she intends driving one out.

On the Set and Off

THIS sounds like a press-agent yarn, but it isn't. Montagu Love, the film actor, left Santa Barbara just fifteen minutes before the town was laid in ruins by the earthquake. Mr. Love, who closed a vaudeville tour in the northern city, before coming to Hollywood to appear in "The Vanishing Highway," occupied a room in the Arlington Hotel, adjoining that of Mrs. C. E. Perkins, a Los Angeles woman who was killed in the quake. The room above Mr. Love's was occupied by Bertram Hancock, a Los Angeles youth, who also met death when an entire wing of the Arlington collapsed

Mr. Love had arisen early, to make the one hundred-mile drive to Hollywood. He hardly felt the quake at all, and did not know of the Santa Barbara disaster until he reached Hollywood. Had he delayed in leaving the Arlington, the actor would almost certainly have met the fate of other guests in the hotel.

HOLLYWOOD is a rather small place, you know, and everyone has been wondering just how Mae Murray and her newly-divorced husband, Bob Leonard, would greet one another when they met at various social functions. Curiosity was soon satisfied.

Mae and Bob, in separate parties, attended the last Sixty Club dance at the Biltmore. And before long, Bob went over to Mae's table, asked her for a dance, and they were soon swirling around happily to the music. And that was that.

WHICH reminds me of an amusing story, typifying Bob Leonard's unfailing good nature. A flurried cafe waiter, with a message for Bob, stopped at his table.

"Are you Mr. Murray?" he asked.

"No," said Bob, "my name is Leonard now. Murray was my maiden name."

CORINNE GRIFFITH, Jack Mulhall and other members of the First National company filming "Classified," have returned to Hollywood from New York, where scenes for the picture were taken. I saw Jack and Mrs. Jack at the opening of Chaplin's new picture, "The Gold Rush." They expressed themselves as more than happy to be back home again.

On the left is *Ben Lyon* at the wheel of the speed monster which he drives in his latest *First National* picture, *"The Pace That Thrills,"* a *Byron Morgan* racing story. *Barney Oldfield*, left, and *Harland Fengler*, two world-famous speed kings, have been teaching *Ben* tricks of the racing game.

Just a nut picture. "It doesn't mean anything at all," admit *Constance Talmadge* and *Sidney Franklin*. *Constance* was all dressed up to be the bride in *"Her Sister From Paris,"* and *Mr. Franklin*, her director, decided to get his picture taken, too. He borrowed the hat from the property man. The mustache is his own personal property.

HELEN FERGUSON and her husband, Bill Russell, are back in town, after a brief honeymoon trip. They both look radiantly happy. They have opened their summer home at Venice and plan to give several delightful parties soon, using the Pacific Ocean for their swimming-pool.

IF YOU ever had a perfectly dreadful sunburn, you can sympathize with Percy Marmont these days. Mr. Marmont returned a short time ago from New York, and immediately dashed down to the Santa Monica Swimming Club, to relax in the balmy Pacific. And what the sun and salt spray, combined, did to Mr. Marmont, defies description. He goes around Hollywood now, greeting his friends with, "I say, old man, don't slap me on the shoulder. If you do, I'll probably kill you."

Mr. Marmont, sunburn permitting, will start work shortly in "Lord Jim," for Famous Players-Lasky.

KATHERINE MacDONALD is actually coming back to the screen this time. It has been reported at various times since her marriage to Charles Johnson, and the birth of her little son, that she was contemplating a return to the films, and at last her plans are all set.

She will be seen in "The Unnamed Woman," an Embassy picture, directed by Harry Hoyt, director of "The Lost World," and other successful screen productions. Others in the cast are Herbert Rawlinson, Leah Baird and Wanda Hawley.

WE SAW little Betty Bronson and her devoted swain, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., at the Chaplin premiere, recently. Betty is planning to go to New York shortly, where she is to create the leading role in the film version of Barrie's "A Kiss for Cinderella." Tom Moore will play the engaging role of the London bobbie, and Herbert Brenon, who will direct the picture, will return soon from London, where he has been conferring with Barrie on the production. Betty, just at present, is finishing work in "The Golden Princess," at Paramount's local studio.

HOLLYWOOD turned out en masse to pay homage to Charlie Chaplin, when his latest comedy, "The Gold Rush," opened at Grauman's Egyptian Theater. Although film premieres have become more or less commonplace here, it is doubtful that the opening night of any film production ever saw so great an array of celebrities present as did that of "The Gold Rush." Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, John Barrymore, Lillian Gish, Gloria Swanson, Pola Negri and other stars rarely seen at (*Continued on page 45*)

How would you like to have a dressing-room like this? It is *Norma Talmadge's*, and has been erected for the convenience of the star at the *United Studios*. She hasn't very far to travel when she wants to make a change in costume now.

On the right, *Colleen Moore* is promising her official comedy creator, *Mervyn Le Roy*, that she will write gags for him. It is *Mr. Le Roy's* job to find places in *Colleen's* pictures where "funny business" can be injected. So far, *Colleen* hasn't succeeded in surpassing her gag man in comedy.

The Colonel

This department is for the service of our readers. No charge whatever is made for the answering of questions, whatever their number. However, if a personal reply is requested, we ask that you send a stamped, addressed envelope. All letters should contain the name and address of the writer and, if it is desired that a fictitious name be used in the publication, this name should also be written at the bottom of the letter.

Are you curious to know if your favorite screen star is married . . . where he was born . . . or the name of his new picture? If so, write to the COLONEL at Movie Weekly, 1926 Broadway, New York City.

NAOLI—No, indeed, answering questions is not my hobby. That's what I do for a living. Don't ever let anyone else in on the secret, but my real hobby is collecting hippopotamuses—or should it be hippopotami? You should see my two latest ones. Guinevere and Charlotte. The only trouble is, where to keep them in a three-room New York apartment. I thought some of the bathtub, but it seems such a shame to have to shoo them out every time anyone wants to take a bath. Pauline Garon is about nineteen and is not married. She is 5 feet 1 in height. Write Leatrice Joy at the Cecil De Mille studios, Culver City, California. I think she would send her photo. James J. Corbett and Elmo Lincoln have not appeared on the screen in such a long time that I have no idea where they can be reached. Elmo used to live at 2719 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles; I don't know whether he still does or not. The only Al Smith I know of on the screen is the one who used to play in the Hall Room Boys comedies. The latest address I have for him is Village Inn Hotel, Los Angeles.

TILLIE THE TOILER—Am I one man or a group of men? However did you guess it? I am a group, consisting of the Prince of Wales, Henry Ford, "Ma" Ferguson and William Jennings Bryan. Yes, Aileen Pringle played in "Oathbound." As to how far Doug, Jr., can throw a shot-put, I don't know what record he has broken. Yes, I believe Buck Jones used to be a trick-rider in the 101 Wild West Show.

JEAN—Virginia Valli was born and educated in Chicago.

MITZI—So that's the name they call you at home? I can see you come from a nice home—the things they call you in some homes! You'd be surprised! Shirley Mason's leading man in "The Scarlet Honeymoon" was Pierre Gendron. You can reach him at United Studios, 5341 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles. Eleanor Boardman lives at 1602 Vista Del Mar, Hollywood. She is not married. Write Edmund Burns at the Cecil De Mille studios, Culver City, Cal. Colleen Moore lives at 530 S. Rossmore Ave., Los Angeles. Write George O'Hara at the F. B. O. Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood.

MLLE. BEAULIEU—It isn't any harder for me to answer questions without losing my head than it is for a man to walk a tight-rope without losing his rope—or his tights. Monte Blue is married to Tove Jansen. Lila Lee is Mrs. James Kirkwood, Evelyn Brent is Mrs. B. P. Fineman; Shirley Mason's husband, Bernard Durning, died about a year and a half ago. I believe Johnny Hines is a bachelor. Wallace Reid died January 18, 1923; Lucille Ricksen, March 16, 1925; Olive Thomas, Sept. 10, 1920; Harold Lockwood, Oct. 19, 1918; Robert Harron, Sept. 5, 1920. David Powell died this last spring, but I don't know the date. Nor the exact date of the deaths of George Loane Tucker, Clarine Seymour or Lillian Russell—(who had no connection with movies). Betty Bronson is seventeen and unmarried. I don't know of any colored motion picture stars.

SMILES—The kind that make us happy, no doubt. George O'Brien is not married. He is about six feet tall and has brown hair and eyes. The only address I have for him is his studio one—Fox Studio, 1417 N. Western Ave., Hollywood.

DORINE—If you're thankful to have questions to ask, you can imagine how thankful I am to have them to answer—having, as I do, to make a living somehow. Neil Hamilton is under contract to Famous Players; write him at their studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood. Steven Carr is one of the numerous children of Mrs. Mary Carr, almost all of whom play in pictures. The soldier in "The Dressmaker From Paris" was played by Forrest Stanley. His address is Los Angeles Athletic Club. I understand that Leatrice Joy gained weight after the birth of her child, but I have not received any revised figures as to her revised figure! My only record is that of her former weight, 125 pounds.

VIESTA—That's the name of a horse, so don't misjudge you! All right, and I promise not to send you any oats. Lila Lee's present address is National Theater, W. 41st St., New York. She is playing there in "The Bride Retires." The latest home address I have for Phyllis Haver is 3942 Wisconsin St., Los Angeles, and for Jack Mulhall, 5857 Harold Way, Hollywood. Marie Prevost, Warner Brothers' Studio, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, and Jack Holt, Lasky Studio—see above. May McAvoy has been engaged most of the time for the past year in making "Ben Hur"; however, she has found time to appear in Universal's pictures, "The Mad Whirl" and "My Old Dutch." Write her at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California. Jacqueline Logan can be reached at the Fox Studios, 1417 N. Western Ave., Hollywood. Her latest pictures are "Playing With Souls," "Peacock Feathers," "The Sky Raider" and "If Marriage Fails." I don't know whether Reginald Denny sends out his photos free or not.

ATTA BOY—Did Richard Talmadge get his neck broken, or was it a mistake, you ask. And both guesses are right. He did get his neck broken, but it was certainly a mistake, as anyone who has had a broken neck can tell you. I don't think he is married. Yes, he will probably send you a picture if you write him at the F. B. O. Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood—same for Fred Thompson. Richard's latest picture is "The Texas Bearcat"; Fred's latest is "The Bandit's Baby."

TED—The moment you get connected with the movies, people start spreading rumors about you. Just look at me and all the buttermilk that is being spilled about me. Another false report—I don't even like it. Clara Bow is about nineteen and so is Alberta Vaughn. George O'Hara is in his early twenties. Adolphe Menjou is American—born in Pittsburgh. Buck Jones is married, but I don't know his wife's name, except Mrs. Jones. Fred Thompson has played in pictures about two years.

M. B.—Doug Fairbanks was born May 22, 1883. He is 5 feet 10.

LOIS—If I answer all your questions, you say, I can write a dictionary. Yes, but who wants to? Constance and Alma Bennett are not related. Madeline Hurlock is about nineteen; I don't know in what town she was born; Norma Shearer comes from Montreal. See TED. Mary Pickford has just finished "Little Annie Roonie." Yes, Ben Turpin is retiring from the screen, so he can have all his time to devote to his invalid wife. Gloria Swanson's address is Famous Players' Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood. "Ben Hur" is not yet completed; yes, there was some talk of Betty Bronson's playing the role of the Madonna.

(*Continued on page 46*)

The Evolution of a Gown

For the Decoration of a Star

When a star would be adorned, it is not the simplest of matters to costume her. Her gowns must be creations, her screen frocks "the ultimate word." And it requires a master mind and a master hand to conceive and execute the creation which half of the world will view and criticise from theater chairs.

Howard Greer is the creator of *Paramount* fashions, without whose touch no gown is quite perfect. Above he is shown putting the final touches to one of his own "ideas."

The wardrobe rooms which house these creations are huge places with seamstresses and wardrobe women by the score to keep the gowns in perfect condition.

Above is a corner of the wardrobe room at the *Paramount* studio and on the left is *Harold Greer*, in his studio, supervising the fitting of a gown on *Betty Bronson*.

What Our Readers Think of Us

This Week's $10.00 Prize Letter

M—ovie Weekly is a winner! We consider it the best.
Every member of our family reads it weekly with a zest.
O—h, we read it, start to finish, and we race to get it first.
When it comes to hearty interest, Dad and Mother are the worst.
V—ainly ask for criticism, for there's nothing due but praise,
From the picture on the cover to fair Anna's other days.
I—nteresting, entertaining, spicy, newsy, it's a treat!
Take it from a constant reader, you've a paper hard to beat.
E—verybody likes the columns that are called "Across the Screen,"
For your aim is sure and steady, and your criticism keen.

W—hat a wizard is "The Colonel"! Newsy, witty, clever, sage,
Guaranteeing hearty laughter for each and every page.
E—very number's been a good one, but the last one is the best.
June the twentieth is finer, even better than the rest.
E—very picture is delightful! "On and Off the Screen" is great!
Norma Talmadge's department will soon bring all up-to-date.
K—indly interviewers give us glimpses of film idols as they seem.
And the life of William Collier, whom an actor great we deem.
L—ikable are all the stories. We enjoy them every one.
"Camera Scoops" intrigued our interest, as it every time has done.
Y—es, we like the "Gallery Portraits." They're the best we've ever seen.
Learned a lot of movie lifedom in "The Girl Who Would Be Queen."

W—e found interest in the letters, what your readers think of you,
We agree with last week's winner, and think what he said is true.
I—ncomplete would be my lyric if the cover got no mention;
Laura's charming, lovely picture wins immediate attention.
N—ow we like the Movie Weekly, think it's better every week.
Only one thing in this issue that we find not, though we seek.
S—O S, dear Movie Weekly! Did our interviewers fall?
Tell Miss Fletcher to get busy, and her partner, Gladys Hall!

EMEROI STACY,
Portland, Ore.

This Week's $5.00 Prize Letter

MRS. T. M. BUSH,
Leeds, Ala.

This Week's $3.00 Prize Letter

FLORENCE SEARS,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Honorable Mention

MARCIA SANGUIN,
El Paso, Tex.

IF I WERE YOU

By

Norma Talmadge

Photograph by Albin

Claire D.: It was a feeling somewhat akin to pride that I felt when I read your letter. Pride that one of so fine and sensitive a nature should turn to me for comfort in a time of distress. There is not much that I can say to you, outside of agreeing with your own comments on your problem, except to remind you that courage such as yours will eventually lead you out of the sordid environment in which you are now living. It is most tragic that a young girl of fifteen should have to have the beautiful illusions which she has built up about her mother shattered. You feel that your mother has failed you. She has not been able to come up to the ideals you built for her. She has dishonored motherhood in your eyes. I can, of course, see your viewpoint. I can feel your keen disappointment in her weakness. But there is one thing which neither you nor I must overlook. And that is the fact that perhaps she needs you more today than she ever did before. Don't let her feel the sting of your contempt, but give her, instead, the protection of your love. You are too young just now to understand what her temptations were and why she did not have the strength to fight them when they came upon her. Those things are not for you or me to condemn. The answer perhaps can be found only in her own heart. What her struggles were you know. Try then to help her to go on. It may be that the love that you and your sister have always had for her can be the means of lifting her once more to heights she should attain.

Bubbles: The correct weight for one who is five feet three inches, is one hundred and twenty-six pounds. However, since you are growing, it is not necessary for you to come up to that mark. I think you are about ten pounds underweight. You should drink at least one quart of milk each day to help you put on weight.

The pimples on your face cannot be removed by using cold creams. You will have to get at the source of the trouble, which probably comes from wrong diet. I think it would be wise for you to consult a reliable physician and let him prescribe for you.

Elsa: I don't think I would allow myself to be upset by other people's remarks concerning something which you did in a spirit of fun. If they would only stop to realize that their gossip is far worse than what you did, they would have cause to feel ashamed. I think that you have done your part in explaining your motive in doing what you did, and if they are too narrow or prejudiced to see things from your point of view, I think I would just try to put the entire matter out of my mind. Such things are apt to fret any of us when we first hear of them, but if we allow ourselves to be made miserable by keeping them alive in our minds, it will be to our own detriment.

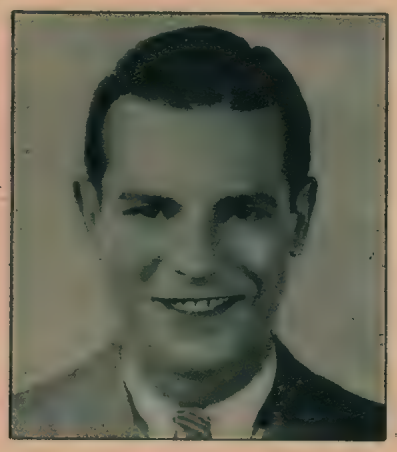
Marian: You will find that there are few colors that will prove unbecoming to you with your fair hair and clear skin. Perhaps the shades which it would be well to avoid are the intense reds or yellows. These, I think, would not harmonize with your paleness and would tend to submerge you.

You do not want to accentuate your extreme slenderness by wearing stripes or frocks that would emphasize your length line.

Elizabeth: In all frankness, my dear, I think that a young girl of fiteen is much too young to be using cold creams and rouge and powder. If you are pale, the thing for you to do is to get out in the fresh air and exercise instead of spending hours poring over cheap literature. Become interested in some outdoor sports that will do more to put color in cheeks than any amount of paint. Your mother is right in reproving you and I think that you will some day come to look at things from her point of view.

Beatrice: Every young girl who aspires to go on the stage as a dancer wants to come to New York. You have met with a certain amount of success in the Middle West, and now you are eager to try your luck in the East. If you are in a financial position to come to New York and maintain yourself until you become established or secure an engagement, your plans might be feasible. I do not think, however, that you should risk such an adventure unless your mother is with you, as you are much too young to attempt such a thing alone.

Stars Who Will Shine



Photograph by W. D. Pearsall

Photograph by Clarence S. Bull

Photograph by Eugene Richee

Lawrence Gray, immediately above, entered the production end of the business in *Hollywood*, but, unable to find a similar position in *New York*, he "extra-ed" in pictures until his work attracted attention and he was given an important role in *"The Dressmaker From Paris,"* and finally signed by *Paramount* to a long-term contract.

Evelyn Pierce, in the center, was a 1924 *Wampas* baby star, and, like so many of those baby stars of other years, is rapidly forging ahead. Her blonde loveliness is to be seen upon the screen under the *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer* banner in the future, for she has just been signed by them to a long-term contract.

Majel Colman, on the right, under *Evelyn Pierce*, hails from *Ohio*, and it was her odd beauty which won her *Cecil De Mille's* attention and a contract with his new stock company. She has red hair and green eyes, and is really a startling beauty. *Majel* went to *Hollywood* and home twice before she landed a job as "extra" at $7.50 a day, but her perseverance has won her a place in *De Mille's* productions.

Below is *Hugh Allan*, the young newcomer to the screen, whom *Mary Pickford* saw and selected to play opposite her in *"Little Annie Rooney."* *Hugh* has only been appearing before the camera for six months and already has attracted the attention of producers. Unfortunately, *Hugh* hurt his ankle and had to be replaced in the cast of *Mary's* picture.

In the circle below *Sally Rand* is *Estelle Clark*, who is the latest *Polish* girl to attain success in *America* in dramatic circles. *Estelle* was born in *Warsaw*, about nineteen years ago, and was christened *Stasia Zwoninska*. Her work in *"The Snob"* won her a long-term contract with *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer*.

Both photographs by W. D. Pearsall

Richard Arlen is another newly-signed *Paramount* star, and he brings to the screen a real type of young *American*. He was born in *Virginia* less than thirty years ago, and was completing his education in the *University of Pennsylvania* when the war broke out. His valor in the war won him the commission of second lieutenant, and it was after the encounter was over that he decided to try the stage and ended up on the screen. *Mr. Lasky's* attention was called to the young player's work in *"In the Name of Love,"* and he offered him a contract, which *Richard* gladly signed.

Beneath *Majel Coleman* appears *Sally Rand*, another new star for *Cecil De Mille*. *Sally* started her stage career with *Gus Edwards* in vaudeville, and then danced for a while in *New York*. *Mack Sennett* added her to his list of bathing beauties and she also worked on the *Hal Roach* and *Christie* lots before *Mr. De Mille* persuaded her to sign with him. *Sally* is just twenty and hails from *Kentucky*, where her father is a Lieutenant Colonel in the army. Like *Majel Coleman*, she was one of the fourteen beautiful models in *"The Dressmaker From Paris,"* and also they both played in *"The Golden Bed."*

William Boyd comes from *Cambridge, Ohio*, the son of a civil engineer. He started his business career as an auto salesman, but abandoned it to try *Hollywood*. *William* is an all-'round athlete and he is being hailed as a possible successor to *Wallie Reid*. He began in motion pictures as an extra and when his work attracted attention was featured. Now he has been added to the new *Cecil De Mille* stock company and great things are to be expected in the future from him.

Photograph by Witzel

Photograph by W. D. Pearsall

Photograph by Henry Waxman

On with the Dance

Aileen Pringle **is the fascinating heroine of** ***"Dance Madness,"*** **in which she appears with** ***Lew Cody.*** **This is the first time the popular pair have graced the silver sheet together, though they have been on the** ***Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer*** **lot for some time.**

We are anxious to see them and judging from the photograph of the very exotic ***Aileen*** **above, we can safely say that** ***"Dance Madness"*** **will be a very sumptuous production—for the presence of** ***Aileen,*** **alone, is enough to guarantee that.**

Let No Man Put Asunder

(*Continued from page 20*)

else to do my stuff . . . it's too much of an effort trying to keep young and pretty.' The last time I had my face lifted . . . well, so help me, I'll never do it again, and that's that!"

And she would laugh merrily at the joke on herself, and so would everyone else. People universally liked Peachy Blasco. Frank, and blunt . . . straight from the shoulder, sometimes a bit loud and brusque, but true-blue clear through . . . that was her reputation. Also, there was not a casting director in picturedom that could foretell a young aspirant's possibilities so shrewdly as Peachy, who did all the picking of the pretty "peaches" who had succeeded her, the original, at the Blasco lot. When seventeen-year-old ingenues, screen struck, and trembling with excitement and hope, found their way to the Blasco Studios, they were advised by friendly souls that if they could make a hit with Mrs. Peachy it would be as good as contract.

Tonight, as she and Sam made their way through the gleaming cars that rolled, one after the other, up the street and into the Downing drive, Peachy was accompanying their progress with a ceaseless chattering.

"You know, Sam, it's a darn shame that girl isn't the chicken type!"

"Sure," said Sam, affably. He always agreed with Peachy, and many times only bethought himself to find out what it was all about afterwards.

"She'd photograph like a million dollars!" continued Peachy.

"Sure!" said Sam, then: "Who?"

"Oh, for goodness sakes, Sam Blasco, do I have to go all over that again? I was saying that I've got a hunch Jacqueline and Downing aren't hitting it off very well, and that it's a pity Jacqueline doesn't go into pictures. If she was our sort of type, we could sign her up ourselves."

"Say now, Peachy, don't you go butting in there and making trouble. If they're off on the wrong foot, you leave 'em alone, understand?"

Peachy dropped her husband's arm like a hot-cake, and started off by herself, saying back over her shoulder:

"What kind of a plumb fool do you think I am. You make me sick!"

"Hey, you, come back here, do you want to get yourself killed?" roared her husband, dodging a sleek, silent limousine. He trundled across the street, and caught up with his wife on the other curb. He was puffing like a grampus.

"What I mean is this, Peaches . . . Downing's a fine chap. Regular guy. The trouble with Jacqueline is she's full of temperament. Let 'em alone, and they'll come out all right."

But Peachy did not answer. She had her own ideas on the subject. They joined the throng of late arrivals, had time for only a smile and a greeting to their host and hostess, and then were hustled along in the general movement toward the little outdoor theater.

Peachy settled the skirts of her perky pierrette costume about her contentedly. She was going to be amused, and she loved being amused. She tucked a possessive hand under her husband's fat arm, and secretly gave thanks for a number of things. One, that she loved this great fat man, and that he loved her; that their interests and pleasures were mutual, and finally for the Blasco twins that lay sleeping peacefully across the street, in their sweet slumber, utterly refuting the fact that they were the terror of the neighborhood!

Suddenly Peachy leaned up and pulled her husband down to listen. She never could keep silent for long and Blasco, instead of minding her chatter, usually let her go on like the brook, until something caught his interest. In answer to her tug on his arm, he obediently bent his huge bulk nearly double. It never occurred to the Blascos that they were often ludicrous. It was their very naturalness that was part of their secret of happiness.

"You mark my words, Sam Blasco, and you know I'm some little prophet, that things are due for a smash here! Downing had better take a tumble to himself or . . ."

But her confidences were cut short by a murmur of surprise and delight from those about them. It was the same sort of a murmur that comes up from a motion picture audience when a glorious sunset or moonrise is thrown on the screen . . . The innate appreciation of beauty in the human soul, individually or collectively.

The scene that presented itself to Jacqueline's guests was one of sylvan charm. A tiny lake, surrounded by graceful plants and foliage, dimly lit. Slowly the light became stronger, and disclosed here and there fantastic, pan-like shapes. Perched on rocks, leaning down to drink from the water, bending low from overhanging tree limbs. All these beings were male. There was no feminine thing there until, drifting like a veil of mist from the denser woods, came a lovely, slender shape. Immediately, the pan-like creatures sought to catch the sylph, but she ran laughing, from each. In vain they capered and danced after her. She refused to be caught and held, until finally came one tall and slim as she, and to him she surrendered. Then the pan creatures melted away into the woodland, and the two lovers were left alone. A moon was made to rise from behind the trees, until it shone directly into the little pool, that became in consequence, a quivering, molten mirror into which the two bent to gaze. A moment they held this pose. Then the moon's face was obscured by a cloud, and from the resultant darkness a voice was heard:

"These two know only the joy of life. They are the symbols of happiness, as we have left them by the pool. But soon they will find that happiness is not kept alive by idleness. They will weary of their irresponsibility, and discontent will possess them. They will long for work to do, and . . . so . . ."

The voice stopped, and the darkness again began to lift as the moon sailed from behind the cloud. The two lovers had left off gazing in the pool. The man was building a hut. He worked with a strange, furious energy, as though driven. When the girl spoke to him he could hardly take time to answer. The girl did not seem to care at first. She was too busy. She was weaving a basket, and was entirely absorbed in her task. Their happiness had been supplanted by a driving desire of accomplishment . . . for material possessions . . . for achievement. Their faces were no longer the glad, happy faces of care-free childhood.

The voice spoke again as the scene was darkened.

"They will work this way for years upon years. They will grow apart from each other. They will grow narrow and self-centered and prejudiced. They already have forgotten how to dance and sing. They have forgotten even that once they were happy. And so on, until old age and inability to work will come upon them. Then they will awaken, and be lonely for each other, but they will be separated by a chasm of years. They are worn out human working machines . . . no longer children of joy. The man will have a sign upon his back, and it will read: 'The broken-down, tired business man,' and the woman will have a sign upon her back, and it will read: 'The decrepit, over-zealous club woman!'"

There was a general burst of laughter and clapping of hands. When it settled to quiet again, the voice continued:

"So this is a symbol . . . a warning, oh, ye busy husbands, and nervous wives! Lend ye an ear, lest ye too find yourselves possessed of either too much irresponsibility, or not enough! Learn by this token to mix play and work to the perfect leaven of happiness!"

"Ye are requested to start this night by dancing on the green. Not to dance conventionally, but to gamble freely as little lambs in the field; as the shepherd, who dances his flock to the hillside; as the dryads, whose sylvan grace has been the lay of minstrels. Dance, all of ye, dance! Dance with a will and a spirit, and laugh for sheer joy of the dance!"

There were shrieks of mirth as the audience attempted to carry out instructions, and gave vent to the various ideas of what the speaker had meant. Some of the older men began to "gamble like lambs," and the women to dance like dryads. The result was in a great many cases ludicrous, and in a great many pleasing. Many realized the great truth behind the words they had heard . . . and how stiff and clumsy they were, from lack of just this abandon to a very natural expression. They resolved to dance oftener in this wise, upon their own lawns, instead of confining themselves to the conventional ballroom exercise. The younger folk formed a ring, and went round and round like pixies, and they made up a funny little impromptu chant.

Jacqueline stood watching, glad that her guests had entered into the spirit of the occasion . . . knowing well that a bit of healthy exercise and a good laugh sends a guest home feeling as though he had had the time of his life. Then her eyes fell upon Stephen Downing, standing silent, apart. It was at once pathetic and strange that the two, who were responsible for all this merriment, should not be a part of it! Jacqueline felt her heart heavy as lead within her.

"Oh, the irony of it! The fallacy! I was a fool . . . a poor fool to think he might understand . . . might learn through this to play with me . . . to laugh and be happy, and young, with me!" Her heart cried within her.

But perhaps Stephen Downing was not entirely different in his failure to comprehend, for good old Sam Blasco turned a bewildered fat face to his wife, and hissed in what he fondly believed was an unheard whisper:

"Say, Peachy, what's it all about, anyway?"

"Shut up! Don't you be a poor dumb-bell, too!" she snapped in unwonted ire. Then, placatingly, "Never mind. Look wise and say nothing. I'll explain it to you before we go to bed!"

Then she coerced him into dancing with the rest, and when he pantingly besought to rest, she called attention to his over-generous proportions, and reminded him that if he would do a little more than ride back and forth to the studio in his car, he might get thin enough to be half-way attractive again.

An elaborate midnight supper followed the dancing, and then other surprises in the way of entertainment. Jacqueline thought that the night she had herself planned, would never end. Downing was courtesy itself, but beyond that he did nothing but stalk about and look on. When the time came for the gondola ride on the swimming tank (which had been transformed into a tree-bordered lake for the occasion), she waited in vain for him to come to take her out. It was D'Antonio who gently urged her toward the boat.

"Come, I will show you how it is done in Venice, and I will sing the song the men sing there . . . and I will look at my beautiful lady, and . . ."

"Hush, D'Antonio . . . but, yes, I will go . . . only you must promise not to make love to me!"

"Va biene!" he assented. Then, as he pushed the graceful little craft gently out from shore, he added passionately:

"Ah, signora! It is not that I *'make* love to you!' It is, and that you know well . . . *I love you!"*

Jacqueline put out a silencing hand . . but she did not answer. Instead, she relaxed with grateful weariness on the cushions. She felt that no matter what she said to D'Antonio, he would go on saying these same things to her. It was his way, and suddenly she was too tired to try any longer to stop him. She was tired—tired—tired—of the struggle for happiness, of the night's program, not yet ended; of the heartache that Stephen Downing's coldness wrought. She was worn with too much emotion. And after all, what mattered it if D'Antonio raved on, his *words* could not hurt her!

The lilting strains of Nevin's "Venetian Boat Song" came to them.

"Bella!" murmured D'Antonio softly. "That is beautiful, yes, *cara?"* He hummed a moment with the music. Then an impish laugh escaped him. "Your husband . . . the so-dignified Mr. Downing . . . he would prefer . . . Ah, 'Marching Through Georgia,' by that Sousa's band, eh?"

Jacqueline roused herself.

"Victorio! Better you make love to me than ridicule my husband. *That I will not have . . . you understand?"*

"Oh, *si! si! Va biene capisco . . . molto bene!"* he agreed carelessly.

And Jacqueline was convinced he *did* understand, but she said pleadingly:

"It is lovely . . . heavenly quiet out here! The

moon . . . the water. But I must soon be getting back; remember I am hostess tonight. The brief time I can allow myself . . . Victorio, do not spoil it! Do not again make love to me! Since the one who has the right to say such things . . . is not here . . . be my good friend only! Ah, you men! If you understood friendship one-half so well as you know passion!"

D'Antonio's eyes burned down at her, and his voice was warm, caressing, as he answered:

"Why are you Anglo-Saxons so afraid of emotion . . . passion? Is it not, as our own D'Anunzio says, 'the flame of life'? Without that so-frowned-upon 'passion,' everything would end! Everything! It is the passion of life . . . the flame of life, that brings the flowers in the spring, the fruit in the fall! Ah, carissima, carissima . . . you are too young, too—what you say, *vital* . . . too beautiful, to be so cold!"

Jacqueline's saner reasoning told her this was an old story . . . perhaps a customary one with D'Antonio. Yet that innate craving for tenderness, which her marriage had not given her, made her listen . . . Perhaps he was right . . . who was she to know? Perhaps she was cheating her womanhood by going on and on through these unemotional, coolly routined days in the big house whose lights flashed so brilliantly against its encircling foliage . . .

"Carissima . . ." D'Antonio was murmuring again . . . and this time she did not stop him.

"Wonderful party, Jackie! Bye-bye!"

"Marvelous time . . . coming to my bridge?"

"What do you mean, *bridge?* She's coming to *mah* jong!"

"She's not going to anything, we're going to sign her up with us as Queen of the May," trilled Peachy, joining in the gay good-byes.

"That's the stuff! No kidding!" It was a good-looking young man with a frightfully earnest countenance.

"No kidding! *Why* don't you go into pictures? Why, you'd be a knock-out . . . with that figure, and"—but his lady was tugging impatiently at his arm, and he allowed himself to be led, laughing and protesting, away.

Side-by-side, as they had received them, Stephen and Jacqueline stood speeding their guests; listening to the called farewells, jokes and that half-hysterical line of good-bye patter that comes upon the heels of a long and excitingly gay evening. One by one, the big cars silently rolled up in front of the great house, stopped, took on their gay load, and slipped away in the darkness. A few were on foot, from adjoining estates, and their voices and laughter could be heard lilting away through the trees.

Jacqueline wanted to turn to Stephen and say something equally and foolishly happy, but the words died on her lips as she saw his stern, unsmiling face. As she turned to go in, her silk shawl slipped down her shoulders, and he gently put it up again.

"It is chilly . . . don't linger out here!" he said, and that was all.

"Don't linger!" Jacqueline wondered if ever in his life he had held a woman in an encircling arm, and pointed out to her the beauty of the moon . . . the night? She wanted to ask him that . . . but what would have been the use?

She turned away again, and went in.

Across the street she could see the porchlight on the Blasco doorway go out. Then she saw Sam's huge bulk cross the window, stop, and the flashing on of the big rose-colored lamp by the fireside. She pictured them there, having their "before-bed talk." Peachy had told her about it . . . that comfy, precious, quiet hour when they could be alone . . . free from boisterous small boys and curious servants; the duties of household routine, and the worries of business. Jacqueline imagined how it was with these two. Silent and contented, warm and cozy together . . . perhaps brief sentences, sometimes unanswered because of the tacit understanding that was theirs. Perhaps little bursts of animated conversation, exchange of ideas, information!

Contented, comfortable, wholesome folk. Not brilliant, nor beautiful, nor filled with divine unrest! Blasco, his fat hands folded over his generous paunch. His clothes, which although tailored by the best shop in town, always appearing like bags upon him. He hated the confines of a fitted garment. Blasco, home man and faithful husband, and producer of two-reel, slap-stick comedies! Peachy Blasco, her little face, that had been saucily pretty in her youth, now presenting a slightly-dried and wrinkled aspect, as it rose comically from the great ruff of her pierette costume. The Blascos, sitting before their fire in perfectly natural, somewhat ludicrous relaxation . . . a funny pair! The salt of the earth.

Now Sam stretched his fat legs to the flames, which, although the evening had been warm, were welcome after the coldness that, almost without fail, creeps into the air after midnight in Southern California. He slumped down in his chair. He yawned prodigously, without excuse or comment.

"Oh, hum! Great party, eh?"

"Mmmmm!"

Then there fell a little silence, during which Peachy unhooked the tightly confining bodice of her dress, and Blasco settled down to a more comfortable position, leaning his head back against the chair, and closing his eyes.

"Wake up! Want to get a stiff neck?"

"Wasn't asleep. Peachy, you've got me thinking!"

"Well, old dear, that's welcome news . . . what about?"

"Jacqueline Downing. You're right. She'd be a *knockout!* Photograph like a million dollars! That little bit of work tonight convinced me the girl's got too much talent to shut it up in that white elephant across the street!" The Downing establishment was always too much for Sam. He said it wasn't a home, and never would be a home, and no one on earth could make a home out of it!

Peachy did not answer, just sat pondering, her little toes out to the hearth.

August 1st Closes Contest for Naming of Ruth Roland's Mare.

There have been a number of inquiries from *Movie Weekly* readers as to whether *Ruth Roland's* new pony was a male or female. As announced in the first issue which opened the contest, the pony is a mare, and any allusion to a "he" in any successive issue was a typographical error. Remember, you have just a few more days to get your suggestion in. So send in your suggestion for *Miss Roland's* "lady pony" today.

"Say, did I ever tell you why Clavering went to Europe?" Sam asked suddenly.

"No . . . why did he? I thought it was a rest . . ."

"Rest nothing. He went over on a wild goose-chase after a girl . . ."

"Girl? Thought he never looked at a woman, except professionally, since his wife died!"

"Doesn't . . . didn't . . . hasn't. This *is* purely professional. He's looking for a member of one of Europe's old aristocratic families to play the lead in a story he's got on his mind. Been telling me about this story for the past three years. You know how he is when he gets a yen about anything? Well, he's sure got it about this story. Says he is going to make it if it's the last thing he does before he dies."

"The poor fish! Who gave him the idea he's got to go to *Europe* for a beautiful woman! I'll bet I could walk down Hollywood boulevard, and find his type by the dozen in ten minutes!"

"Nope . . . not *this* kind. He says there are several in pictures, but they're all signed up on long contracts. He wants a girl that can walk like a lady without being taught . . . that is, what he calls . . . Patrician . . . This part calls for a girl with royal blood. I think it's about some one of the French queens, or somebody like that. He says the girl's got to be the *real* dope!"

"Well, seems to me the poor boob's kind of cuckoo on the subject. As I just told you, I could get him a dozen anytime he wants 'em. Why didn't you tell me before!"

"You don't get the idea, Peaches . . . but maybe it will come to you later. What I started to say was, that I believe Jacqueline Downing is the type he wants . . . but of course, she's out of the running. She's not in pictures."

"I'm not so sure!"

"Huh! You never heard Downing hold forth on his idea of married women in pictures? Home deserters, and all that sort of trash? Well, wait until you do!"

"Oh, gee! Ain't it a shame," mourned Peachy. "Perfectly good part, perfectly swell girl . . . and they can't meet. Gosh, I've got a mind . . ."

Sam Blasco suddenly heaved himself out of his chair, and standing over his wife, shook a fat finger at her.

"Sorry I spoke about it! 'Spose you'll go over there and cause a divorce or something! Get yourself into a fine mess! Well, don't let me catch you doing it!"

"I won't," she said, impishly.

But he was not to be trifled with.

"No fooling! I want your promise to mind your own business as far as those people and their rows are concerned . . . hear?"

When Sam Blasco took that tone, Peachy knew it was no use to argue. She said obediently:

"All right, old dear! But say, would you mind telling me why you are so set on the subject? Anyone would think I might get my head bitten off, or a bullet in me tummy, or something!"

"That's it exactly! You might! Now put this under your hat, and keep it there. You aren't the only one that has prophetic leanings in this family! I've a pretty strong hunch that Stephen Downing isn't the poor stick you women think he is. He's been so busy making money he's forgotten how to live. He's like the only kid, who goes to a party, and when he gets there he doesn't know how to play with the other kids. You've seen it right here, when we've had birthday parties for the boys. I've got a hunch that man over there is plumb off his nut about his wife, but the poor boob doesn't know how to show it. She's not the kind to help him along . . . just goes off and gets into her shell and freezes up the same way. Huh . . . fine icebox they keep!"

He stretched again and took a long breath. For Sam Blasco that had been some speech. Peachy had gotten every bit of it, and was doing some hard thinking. It might be old Sam was right.

"Well, let's hop to bed. I'm dead for sleep. Got to jump to Chattsworth at seven A. M."

"Chattsworth! The papers tonight predicted a blazing hot day tomorrow. Sam . . . please, don't go . . . it may be cooler next week!"

Peachy had forgotten the Downings in her concern over her husband's comfort.

"Can't help it, old lady . . . waited too long as it is . . . pick up that dress, you're going to break your neck!"

So stumbling over her ruffled skirt, held up by her husband's stalwart guiding arm, mutually yawning in wholesomely weary anticipation of their bed and sleep, Sam and Peachy Blasco "hopped up."

It was quite some time after the Blascos had started their peaceful way through slumberland, that Jacqueline Downing suddenly rose from her bed and commenced walking nervously back and forth across her velvet carpeted floor. Once she stopped and laughed . . . a bitter choked sound.

"I have never read a book, in which the heroine did this sort of thing, that I did not take it with a grain of salt . . . thought it was because the author didn't know what else to do with her," she told herself. "It takes a crisis . . . an emotional crescendo, to show how much people are alike, and perhaps how truly feline the feminine human is, after all, as the cynic says! There is certainly something inside me tonight that makes me want to pace, pace, restlessly, like a tiger!"

And so she did pace, pace, pace, restlessly, back and forth, back and forth, seeking in the physical tax upon her muscles to wear herself to the point of sleep. But her mind refused to become tired with her body. Her mind went on analyzing, probing, going back and forth over the right and the wrong . . . approaching the thought of separation from Stephen, recoiling against it. She could not help thinking that it was D'Antonio who was responsible for all this. D'Antonio with his extravagant love-making, that would, in any event, pale an Anglo-Saxon's into mildness. Then she remembered that there was, and had been, no love-making at all in her home, wild or otherwise. Surely that was not right! There *was* a wrong relation existing. It must be ended. It was not fair to either one of them. They were both cheating themselves.

"The irony of it," she told herself again. "Here we are, young, well-to-do . . . in possession of our health . . . but not our happiness! Ah, no . . . that is not right. This marriage of ours is farce . . . a burlesque . . . it is sacrilege again

all that should be sweet and sacred and cherished!"

Her thoughts rambled on, seized upon one thing and then another. Yet all the while she was subconsciously searching for some concrete decision whereupon to straighten the turmoil in her brain. There must be something to do about it! Did people just go on, and on, when they came to a cross-road like this? No, certainly not . . . they must choose one road or the other. They could not travel both at once. Jacqueline realized that she could not go on along the way she had come, living a lie . . . untrue to herself and to everyone . . . masquerading when there was no masque!

And because she had not married with the idea that the divorce court is an easy recourse in case of trouble, it cost her mind a great deal of dallying by the wayside to reach the approach to even a thought of divorce. First, she thought that she might try going away for a while, in the hope that they might get lonely for each other. Then she knew that they could be no farther away from each other in reality, than they had been in spirit the last year . . . housed together.

When the sky was beginning to lighten with the false dawn, she rose resolutely from her bed, and throwing a robe about her went out into the hall. Under her husband's door she saw a faint glow . . . his night light. Ah, then he, too, was still up. She knocked.

(To be continued next week)

Bebe Daniel's Life Story

(Continued from page 26)

What Has Gone Before

Bebe Daniels comes of an eminent ancestry. Her grandfather was the Consul to the United States of Colombia, South America, and her grandmother was the daughter of the governor. Her mother was a very talented woman, who after the loss of three fortunes willed the family, went on the stage to earn much needed money. Her father was a theater owner, but finally went on the stage, too. Bebe was born in Dallas, Texas. When only ten weeks of age, she made her stage debut in "Jane," a comedy, in which her father and mother were playing.

When Bebe is only four she has a minor role in a Shakespearean play. One evening, in the middle of the performance, she is taken ill. A physician is called and he pronounces her ailment only a childish malady and gives her a handful of sugar-coated pills. The following day, though very little improved, she and her mother leave with the company, for the "next town." On the train, a woman who had just lost her boy of typhoid, tells Mrs. Daniels that Bebe has typhoid symptoms. The following day in Kenton, Ohio, a doctor confirms her fears. Bebe has typhoid. Bebe remains in bed a month and her mother stays with her, after which time she sends Bebe to California, to her grandmother, to recuperate.

see how so cruel a thing could have come from so praiseworthy a motive. The cruelty of life began to touch me.

Between the years of five and seven I played many child parts for the Morosco and Belasco companies in Los Angeles, some of them being the Little Boy, in "Pelleas and Melisande"; Ivan, in "The Doll's House"; Beata, in "Gioconda"; the Little Prince, in "The Royal Family"; Milly, in "Shore Acres," etc., etc. The plays generally ran from three to four weeks, some of them only one week, so I had plenty of time to devote to my studies.

Whenever possible, I stayed at my grandmother's country place, in Lacanada. There were some polo ponies there which I rode to my heart's content and my neck's risk. I dug in the gardens, romped and raced and grew to be a healthy, normal youngster. When I was not engaged in a theater production, my uncle used to take me on the back of his horse to the neighboring country school. A funny little old school. There were a number of children all in one room, getting their three R's in a pleasing medley. That poor teacher . . . I think she had eight grades, had they been divided and graded. She surely had her hands full and her patience strained to the breaking point. The children ranged indiscriminately from tiny tots of kindergarten age to quite grown-up girls and boys. I became a regular tomboy, played baseball, football, skin-the-cat and raced horses with the farmer's children thereabouts.

Before my arrival in the country, and while in town, I had always been most carefully dressed. Laces, ribbons, all the other furbelows and pretties that an only child, with a doting mother and grandmother, six devoted aunts and two adoring uncles usually does fall heiress to. But my association with the country children quite changed my views in the matter of style. The dainty dresses were resolutely discarded, excepting for state (and reluctant) occasions, and in their frilly stead I donned the regulation overalls that the other children were wearing. I was happy in these, for I was free to ride as much as I liked, play follow-the-leader, slide down the barn roof and generally rough-and-tumble without fear of after-results!

My tomboyishness made the real boys look upon me as a pal and I was honored by being one of their "gang," even to being given the honorary title of "Initiator." I doubt whether I have ever been quite so proud of any other title. When a boy came to school it was my task and privilege to assist in the initiation ceremony. He was asked to stand erect, hands at his sides. I was to walk up to him and boldly knock his hat off. If he became angry, if he didn't take this in good part, one of the gang would promptly challenge him, and the newcomer's chances for admission into the sacred circle were light indeed. If, on the other hand, the newcomer treated me with politeness and accepted my rather surly overture in good stead, he was allowed to become "one of us" forthwith.

Another memory . . . one day my uncle was taking me to school, when by the roadside we heard a plaintive cry, like the cry of a baby in pain. We dismounted and upon investigating found a dear little baby lamb in the brush, just off the road. It had, we decided, strayed from the fold.

We took it home, fed it warm milk from a bottle and mother made it the cutest little green coat out of a piece of silk she had. I was enchanted with the picture it made.

A few days after this delightful "find" I was called back to town for a new stage production. One of the girls in my class, a prim, teacher's pet type of young person, looked longingly at my cherished little lamb. I agreed, magnanimously, to let her care for him in my absence. You will never be able to guess what she did! It was stunningly incredible to me then . . . it is incredible to me even now. *She sold my little lamb to the butcher for twenty-five cents.* Sold it . . . my lamb, my baby . . . for twenty-five cents!

I could not get over it. I believe that I was actually broken-hearted. I had no further use for that girl. I loathed her and I determined to get even with her. "Get even on her," as the children said. One day on my way to school I found a dead rattlesnake. I concealed it as best I could until we formed in line to enter the schoolhouse and then I dropped the slimy, wriggly thing deliberately and accurately at her feet. Nor did it hurt my feelings when I was kept in for three hours after school, as punishment.

We used, for the matter of that, to play all sorts of pranks. Such dear, sweet things as we thought of to do! We put eggs in the hat of the superintendent . . . small snakes in the crevices of desks . . . merry little things like that.

One day I fell in love! Oh, *desperately!*

A new boy came to school. He was an Italian, very handsome, very neat looking, and he wore—*a celluloid collar.* I was terrifically impressed. And somehow, I lost all interest in my hitherto cherished position as "Initiator." I started wearing my best clothes to school. I forgot my tomboyishness. I became, again, the fastidious, well-bred child. Feminine. Love can work wonders!

I returned, not so very long ago, to that schoolhouse. I wanted to see what changes had come to the little place. I stood on the grounds and watched the slow progress of a rather bedraggled team of horses pulling a dilapidated farmer's wagon. There, driving, sat *my hero*—no longer, alas and alack, the neat, handsome, celluloid Romeo, but an untidy, rather greasy-looking individual, very much in need of a shave. Alas, again, for the shattering of one's illusions.

It was when I was seven years old that mother and I took a trip to San Francisco, where I was starred in "The Prince Chap." I played little Claudia in the first and second acts . . . the part is usually played by a different child in each act.

We returned again to Los Angeles, where I played Hal in "The Squaw Man," with Lewis Stone. After having played there between the ages of five and seven, the Federal authorities quite suddenly objected to my appearing. Little Hal is supposed to be just seven years old and so I was just right for the part. An older child might well have spoiled the production. In order that I might continue I was made a partner in the firm and as one of the Belasco-Mayer-Daniels organization, I became the youngest theatrical manager in the world. I was given a pad upon which to write passes—just like all managers. And you may be sure I used that pad! Every small boy and girl I met was presented with a pass upon which I had written in true managerial style, "Best in the House." Mr. John Blackwood, who was then manager of the company, was greatly amused, but told me if I didn't call a halt on my generosity the house would be filled with "paper" and there would be no money at the end of the week with which to pay the poor actors. That fixed me!

It was during the run of "The Squaw Man" that a representative of the Selig-Polyscope Company called on my mother at the theater and offered us parts in a forthcoming screen production. At that time, pictures were considered quite ordinary, quite common and beneath the stage. Mother was against it. We went to consult our director, who little knew that he held my future in the palm of his judicial hand.

(To be continued next week)

Not So Long Ago

(Continued from page 23)

and almost nothing at all for anybody else. He ridiculed the horseless wagon. He ridiculed the Ballards, their house, their social position, their servants and their very existence. He ridiculed most of all, Billy Ballard, whose name he sneeringly pointed to in the Society Columns of the New York papers.

He said that he, Lawrence Wheat, would, one day, be a Big Man in New York. He spoke of daring ventures, mysterious "deals," fortunes subterraneously in the making.

He told Betty that if she would marry him she would "wear diamonds" and ride back of a pair of bays not to be matched the length and breadth of the land. She would have her own box in the Horseshoe Circle at the opera. She would have a staff of servants. She would have a house that would put the brownstone-frontier of the Ballards to everlasting shame. She would not, in fact, be able to speak to the Ballards at all, so superior would be her own position.

As tangible tokens of this glowing and inflated future, Lawrence had only a two-wheeler in a very dilapidated condition, and a harmonica, with which he made hideous the night air of the vicinity.

Betty and Lawrence were walking on a Sunday afternoon. They were strolling in the environs of Bowling Green.

"Will you marry me, Betty? I tell you, you will never have a greater opportunity. Right now I have a scheme up my sleeve that will make money like the mint itself . . ." (Lawrence perpetually had something "up his sleeve.")

"No, Lawrence. Please, *please* don't ask me any more. I have said no so many times. You see, I don't love you . . . I'm sorry . . ."

"Oh, you don't, don't you? So that's it, is it? That's the ticket! Ho, ho I see! I see everything now. You can't keep things from Lawrence Wheat. He has eyes in his finger-tips, eyes in his toes, eyes in the back of his head . . . try and fool Lawrence Wheat and put a rope around your neck. Yes, even you, my pretty, a rope around your neck . . ."

"*Ple-ase*, Lawrence . . ."

"'Please, Lawrence,' is it? I know what the rest of it should be, my dear. Please, Lawrence, leave me alone because . . . mark this, my love, because I am in love with Mister Billy Ballard. Hopelessly in love with the fine young gentleman whose name appears in

the society columns. The elegant young gentleman who uses pomade on his hair and scent on his hands and wears a sprig of sweet geranium in his button-hole. Please, Lawrence, I cannot be your wife, your adored and wealthy wife, because I am pining away for Mister Billy Ballard, that up-town dude, that polka-artist, that . . . yes, Lawrence, my poor boy, I am hopelessly in love with Mister Billy Ballard . . ."

("Hopelessly" . . . and yet, in fairy stories . . .)

Betty blushed scarlet. She blushed scarlet, with two emotions. One was the sweet pain of hearing the name of Billy Ballard, even though it was said in scorn and derision. The other emotion was the unwonted one of anger, the anger of hurt pride, of wounded dreaming. She flamed like a tiny rose-bud, brilliant and small:

"You stop that, Mister Lawrence Wheat," she said, "you stop right now. I *am* in love with Mis—with Billy—but—*and* he is in love with me. Yes, in love with me. In fact, Mister Lawrence-Smarty-Cat Wheat, we are very much in love with—with each other. We are terribly in love. We—we tell each other so every day; sometimes ten times a day, morning and afternoon. Now *there!*"

Lawrence had at least one trait in common with all the other lovers of the world and that was that he believed every man could well be in love with Betty. He believed her.

He flew, right there on Bowling Green, into a terrific rage. He said explosive things. Once he nearly burst into gushing, spurting tears, and that was the only time Betty felt really terrified. Her "admission" had cost her so dear that she was spent and breathless. She was beyond feeling. Her only sensation was the astonishing one of being *glad* . . . that she had had her moment. It had been perilously sweet to say what she had said about Billy Ballard, even though the saying was a wicked lie for which, undoubtedly, God would never forgive her.

It never occurred to her that Billy Ballard would have anything to forgive. She didn't go beyond the admission. She never for a moment supposed that Lawrence Wheat would. She didn't look ahead.

Her world shivered about her ears when she heard Lawrence say, in a strangled sort of way, "I'll fix you and him, too, the up-town dude! I'm going straight home and tell your father about it. I'll make him go uptown with me first thing in the morning and fix Mister Billy Ballard. As if he means to marry you . . . well, we'll fix *him!*"

Betty was sickened, terrified. What, oh, *what* had she done? What horror was this she had precipitated on her head? Tell him . . . oh, they couldn't . . . they musn't. What would he say? What would he do? What would become of her dreams? She could dream no longer . . .

She ran away from Lawrence Wheat. She tried to run away from her own thoughts. She told her father she had a headache and hurt his feelings by not asking him about the horseless wagon, a question she never before had omitted, morning or evening.

She laid awake all night trying to find a way to avert the catastrophe, the humiliating, hideous trap she had laid for herself. About dawn she decided that the only thing she *could* do would be to beat her father and Lawrence Wheat to it by going to the Ballard mansion earlier than they and throwing herself on the mercy of Billy Ballard. Somehow, she didn't know how, she felt a sort of faith in Billy Ballard. She thought that he would understand . . .

Katy said that Mr. Billy was at breakfast. No, Mrs. Ballard was still abed. Katy had just taken Her tray up to Her. Yes, she thought Mr. Billy would talk to Betty, sure . . . Was there trouble? Had the old man died? No, the old man had not died . . . Yes, she was in awful trouble, Katy, thank you . . .

Mr. Billy Ballard was dwadling over his coffee. He was reading the society columns of the morning paper. He was being regaled by an account of a bal masque the night before, at which he and Miss Ursula Kent, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Reginald De Loven Kent, had so brilliantly figured. He and Miss Ursula Kent . . . there was nothing in brilliant New York at which Miss Ursula Kent did not figure, adding lustre to the lustre. There was almost nothing in brilliant New York at which he, Mister William T. J. Ballard, did not figure, also brilliantly. There would be nothing at all in which he would not figure if he should join the Ballard name and interests to the Kent name and super-interests. Well . . . pity that Ursula was so commanding, even in youth . . . she would be a very dowager of a woman. He didn't like commanding women. He didn't fancy dowagers. His taste was for the dainty, the child-like, the petite . . .

"Miss Betty to speak with you, Mister William," said Katy.

Billy Ballard . . . Billy Ballard . . . Billy Ballard . . .

Billy Ballard glanced up over the edge of his morning paper. He laid his morning paper down. He was fresh-shaven, scented, irreproachable. His morning robe was the latest thing. He said:

"Ah, er, yes . . . my mother's . . . quite so . . ."

"Yes," said little Betty, with the courage born of a sleepless night, and desperation, "Yes . . . I . . . I am your mother's seamstress. Mr. Billy, I . . . I've done an awful thing . . . oh, I am in such *trouble!*"

Pretty child . . . pretty, dainty, helpless little thing . . .

"Tell me . . ." said Billy Ballard. His voice was deep and kind and . . .and manly. Oh, she had *known* he would be like this!

"You see, I . . . you see, Lawrence Wheat is in love with me. He keeps asking me to marry him . . . he just keeps on and on. Yesterday he asked me again and I . . . I said 'no' . . . again. Oh, Mister William, I don't know what you are going to think of me . . . it's a dreadful thing I have to tell you . . . a . . . a sort of a crime . . ."

What had the child done? Stolen from his lady mother? Killed the persistent Lawrence Wheat? Whoever *he* might be . . . and no wonder he kept on and on . . . deuced pretty, this child . . . hands a little red . . . his mother was a Tartar for working people and no mistake . . .

Pity Ursula was so commanding . . .

"Sit down and tell me . . ." said Mr. Billy . . . "Katy, bring Miss Betty some coffee . . . make you feel better, Miss Betty . . . now do go on and don't be the least bit afraid. My ears are hardened to crimes of the blackest nature . . . please don't be afraid of me . . ."

Was it possible that he had stressed the "me" . . .as if to say, "You know that between us there need be no fear, no hesitancy? Oh, she loved him, she loved him . . . and she had lied about him . . .

"Well, I refused him . . . and he said, 'I know why you refuse me . . . it's because . . . because you are in love with that . . . that man uptown, where you work . . . he meant you, and so I . . . I . . ."

"Go on, my dear. What did you say to this impertinent creature?"

"Why, I . . . I told the truth . . . I mean that I said . . I said *yes* . . . I said yes, that I was in love with you, that I *am* . . . and he laughed and said, 'hopelessly in love with this . . . er . . . this man . . . and I got awfully mad and didn't know what I was doing, I was so mad . . . and I flared right up, then and there, at Bowling Green, and I said . . . oh, I don't know how to say it . . ."

"Please don't be so afraid, Miss Betty . . . why, child, go on . . ."

"I told him that you are in love with me, too. I told him that we are in love with each other, and that we tell each other so ten times every day, morning and afternoon. I told him that it is *all right.* So *there!*"

And Betty, having finished on a spurt of courage, buried her face in her pricked little hands and sobbed dolefully.

(*To be continued next week*)

Cross Word Contest

Well, puzzlers, nobody took advantage of our invitation of last week, to drop in and watch the Contest Department function. Therefore, we presume you are all content to let us continue the checking of your solutions along the same systematic, rapid procedure already in use. Perhaps this is just as well, because it is said to be disastrous to change horses while crossing a stream. Our "hobby" is checking puzzles accurately and speedily, and we certainly will feel more comfortable to let this arrangement ride along for another week.

There is significance to that last sentence. Progress has been such these last days that another week may bring you the first inkling of the news for which you are so eagerly waiting. If it works out that way, and we certainly hope it will, we think two records, at least, will have been established. To begin with, there will be a new record for unusual speed in checking, judging and getting results into print. Then, also there will be a record for patience on the part of you competitors. Movie Weekly wants to compliment you. It is realized that waiting—even the absolutely necessary waiting expected when a contest reaches the gigantic proportions of Movie Weekly's Cross Word Contests—is, at best, a tedious task. Yet we have received but few written or telephoned requests for greater speed. We thank you all for your forebearance. Perhaps you, yourself, will be particularly glad you waited patiently when you read the impending announcement of winners' names.

Be sure you look for the Cross Word news in next week's issue.

Grounds for Divorce

(*Continued from page 27*)

had gone that moonlit white, her eyes had turned to stars of fire, her mouth had opened like an opening rose. Just so . . . for him . . . and now . . .

He looked at Marianne, surly and narrow-eyed —what was she doing here? Here in Denise's home—Denise's and his? Pretty, yes. Appealing, yes. But what then? She was not Denise. She was not his wife—his. She had no place in their home—*their home.*

He looked at the young aviator. What was *he* doing here? Here in his home, his—with Denise? What was he doing, looking at Denise like that, anxious, expectant, desirous. How dared he look at another man's wife *like that?* Handsome, tall, stalwart, yes . . . but what of that? What of anything or anybody when Denise belonged to him and he belonged to Denise?

What had these past weeks and months been anyway? A nightmare. A fantastic interlude shot through and through with pain, perplexity and suffering?

He stood there, staring at Denise. Denise stood there, staring at Maurice. Their eyes caught and held. They forgot where they were, almost who they were. It came to them that they were not two people, two individuals, leading separate lives, but Maurice and Denise . . . *one.*

Marianne broke the tranced silence by observing, with knife edges to her voice, that she would go and await Maurice at the cafe, *if* he chose to appear. Maurice nodded, automaton-like, and she left the room, leaving behind her a trail of Coty's and violet breaths.

Denise tore her eyes away from Maurice. The months of anguished waiting, the futile hours, days, nights, in which "Why doesn't he come? Why doesn't he come?" had hammered themselves into "He doesn't *want* to come, he doesn't want to come," came back to her. She rallied. He might be, he was Maurice, infinitely dear, precious beyond expressing, but he was, also, a man; a man who had slighted her—Denise—beautiful and desirable. A man who had turned from her arms to —to Marianne Regnault, odoriferous of Coty's and narrow-lidded like a female python. Lessons must be taught to men. What though they come too late?

Denise said: "Maurice, you must arrange for my young aviator and me to be in the—hotel. The Count will follow me here immediately. He must catch me with the young aviator. There will be nothing wrong, of course, but the Count will sue for divorce and I will be free . . . to marry. You have arranged these things before—oh, but so skillfully, Maurice, so adroitly, with such dispatch and expedition. I appeal to you now . . . as an old friend . . . Maurice . . ."

She had appealed to him before . . . as his sweetheart . . . as his bride . . . as his wife . . . appealed with her lovely lips on his . . . her heart

against his heart . . . Hell, what nightmare was this? What figment of a disordered brain had brought them to such a pass as this?

He said, "It can be arranged."

Denise thought, "He looks like a dead man speaking. I could warm his cold white lips to life, to love. Oh, God, Maurice . . ."

Paris talked again about the marriage of that brilliant young lawyer, Maurice Sorbier, and his Denise. They printed the story of the divorce, the unconsummated marriage to the Count de Zapata, the engagement of M. Sorbier to Marianne Regnault, now taking the "rest cure" at a Spa. They printed columns about the flight of the lovely Denise from Italy to Paris, the sensational scene, nearly resulting in the deaths of Maurice and Denise, when the Count de Zapata, giving chase, found his bride in name only dining in a hotel suite with a gallant young aviator, and upon suing for divorce learned that M. Sorbier had also been in the room all the time.

They extolled, with many adjectives, the gallant retreat in defeat, it were, of the young aviator, who was quoted as saying that he knew true love when he saw it and had taken too many risks not to admire the great risk of great love when it was gallantly taken.

They devoted more columns to the love story in, it might be said, its second installment. A love story that throbbed like the strains of an old romance. They gave a description of the wedding, quiet, attended only by the brother of the groom and Monsieur and Madame Felix Roget. They commented on the happy fact of the scintillating lawyer for divorce being, in his own life, thus ecstatically rewed. They observed, sententiously, that life is sometimes like that . . . sometimes . . . not always . . .

M. Felix Roget and his plump and better-half sat at coffee after having seen Maurice and Denise off on their second honeymoon.

"How beautiful she looked," sighed the good Madame, without envy, "Like an angel that has been purified by fire and water—like one who has reached Heaven through Hell . . ."

"And Sorbier . . . what an expression was his!" sighed M. Roget, *not* without envy. "Did you note the look in his eyes? A famished look, the look of a man who has gone too long without food and drink . . ."

"One observes," sighed Madame, "that, in the end, the wife returns to the husband, and the husband to the wife—let what and who will come between. It is better so."

"My love," said M. Roget, "you have solved the problem of conjugal felicity."

THE END.

On the Set and Off

(*Continued from Page* 33)

local affairs of this sort, graced the theater on this occasion, posed smilingly for the news-reel photographers and waved greetings to the thousands of film fans who jammed the theater court during the entire evening.

Delicate summer gowns were in favor with the feminine stars, and elaborately embroidered Spanish shawls completed many of their costumes.

Following the film, a storm of applause from producers, directors, stars and other studio folk brought Chaplin to the stage, where he was greeted with an ovation. He seemed in a very happy frame of mind as he responded to the tributes paid him, and then re-joined the Pickford-Fairbanks party, with whom he attended the premiere.

Lazy summer days may make work seem almost an impossibility to a great many people, but Harold Lloyd is not one of 'em. He has plunged into work on his new comedy, the first under his Famous Players-Lasky contract, and could be seen almost any day this week shooting street scenes along Hollywood Boulevard. The comedy has not yet been given a title.

It is positively dizzying to try and keep up with the changing titles. Now Rudolph Valentino has changed the title of his new picture, on which work is to start shortly, from "The Untamed" to "The Black Eagle."

Rudy was telling me the other day that he is very enthusiastic over this story, which is laid in the time of Catherine the Great, of Russia. He is hoping that his fans will like it better than anything he has done since "Blood and Sand" and "The Sheik."

Rudolph Valentino's first wife, Jean Acker, is back in pictures again. Miss Acker recently signed a long-term contract with Cecil B. De Mille, thereby becoming a member of his rapidly growing stock company. She has not appeared in pictures for some time, having devoted the last two seasons to vaudeville.

Anita Stewart is quite a surprising person.

We dropped in to call on her, at her beautiful Hollywood home the other day, and someone requested her to sing. For the first time we discovered that Miss Stewart possesses a soprano voice of beauty and power, and that she plays the piano like a concert pianist. When we expressed surprise at her heretofore hidden talents, we found that she has studied voice and piano for many years.

Miss Stewart, with her mother and brother George, are occupying her Hollywood home while her sister, Lucille Lee Stewart, has just purchased a charming new bungalow in Beverly Hills.

The birth of a son to Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Chaplin will not cause the comedian to change his plans for a European trip, it is said. Chaplin, although rejoicing in the birth of his six and three-quarter pound heir, is leaving almost immediately for New York and Europe. He will stage the opening of "The Gold Rush" in the eastern metropolis, and sail shortly thereafter for London. Later he will go to Paris, returning to Hollywood in September.

At the Beverly Hills mansion of the comedian, it is reported that both Mrs. Chaplin and the baby are doing nicely.

The latest report regarding the new heir to the Chaplin fame and fortune is that he is not to be a junior, but will be called Spencer. Charlie seems to think it bad for a child's individuality to be called a junior and he adds that Spencer is an old family name. The baby, we are told, has blue eyes and brown hair and both he and Mrs. Chaplin are getting along famously.

By odd coincidence, John and Lionel Barrymore are to appear in films bearing similar titles. While John is filming "The Sea Beast" for Warner Bros., Lionel will be working in a film version of "The Sea Wolf," a Jack London story which will be produced by Ralph W. Ince Productions.

Mae Marsh is back in Hollywood again. Mae is the film colony's champion globe trotter. She recently completed work in "The Rat," which was filmed in London. Ivor Novello played the leading male role. Sir Alfred Butt, owner of ten London theaters, has Miss Marsh under contract to appear in a spoken stage play in London this Fall.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Valentino and Marion Davies were hosts, recently, at a reception given at the Ambassador Hotel in honor of Federico Beltram-Masse, noted Spanish painter. The artist recently completed portraits of Valentino and Miss Davies, and these paintings, with nearly one hundred others from his brush, were subjects of great interest to art patrons attending the reception and exhibition.

On the same evening, Valentino presented John Barrymore with the Valentino medal "for the best individual acting in any picture in 1924."

Valentino explained that the critics of America had chosen Barrymore's performance in "Beau Brummel" as the most artistic screen performance of the year.

Kenneth Harlan underwent an operation for acute appendicitis at St. Vincent's Hospital in Los Angeles this week. It is reported that his condition is favorable, but that he will have to remain in the hospital for some time.

Bill Hart is ready to fight, in order to prevent his wife, Winifred Westover Hart, from appearing on the screen. At the time of their separation, the actor and his wife entered into an agreement, a clause of which prohibited Mrs. Hart from doing motion picture or other work. Other sections of the agreement provided for her a trust fund of $103,000 and a trust fund of $100,000 for their child. Mrs. Hart recently brought suit to have set aside the clause prohibiting her from working. She won a court victory. Now Bill Hart is carrying his case to the highest California court, and has filed an appeal against the verdict won over him.

After forsaking the stage and screen for more than a year, Dustin Farnum will return once more to his chosen profession. He has signed a contract, we hear, to play a featured role in "On the Frontier," the epic of the West, which Universal is to produce on a large scale. Mr. Farnum left pictures some time ago to devote himself to his favorite sports, principally yachting, and he has won the Vanderbilt Cup for three consecutive years. "On the Frontier" will be directed by Edward Sedgwick and Norman Kerry will also have a prominent part in the picture.

Unreasonable jealously was the disrupting factor in the home of Ralph W. Ince, brother of the late Thomas Ince, according to the story related from the witness stand in Los Angeles, recently, where Mr. Ince was granted a divorce from Lucille L. Ince, to whom he has been married since 1907. Mr. Ince testified that his wife's jealously was without foundation.

When George O'Brien's picture, "The Dancers," played in his home town, San Francisco, his father, Daniel J. O'Brien, chief of police there, was so pleased he decided to have an O'Brien week. Every person bearing the surname of O'Brien was admitted to the theater free, and 500 O'Briens were counted at one performance alone.

Fox Films has chosen Kathryn Perry to be Helen and Hallam Cooley to play the part of Warren in their forthcoming two-reelers based on the "Married Life of Helen and Warren" series.

Lucille Upton, Peggy Hopkins Joyce's blonde young sister, is to play the flapper in Ben Lyon's new picture, "The Pace That Thrills."

Pauline Garon has been cast to play opposite Lowell Sherman in "Satan in Sables."

Fred Thomson and his horse, Silver King, will be featured in the Altura Round-Up when that rodeo celebration is held next month. Arrangements have been made by the F. B. O. star to film the entire round-up and use it in his next production.

Montague Love is to play an important role in "The Ancient Highway," a screen version of James Oliver Curwood's story of the North woods, and is booked to stage a fight with Jack Holt, the hero.

Bebe Daniels, according to a recent rumor, may take the role which Lila Lee is enacting on Broadway in "The Bride Retires" in the Western company of the stage success.

Is Hollywood to Blame for These Things?

(*Continued from page* 10)

preachments threaten to really establish the fad for wigs the color on one's gown for the women, and not content with that, he is trying to induce the men to follow his lead and wear colored dinner jackets. So far no one has succumbed, but the men have their own little fancies. The memory of the older inhabitants goes back to the days when all directors wore puttees, and all the studio employees imitated them, but that fad has passed. Now they usually wear knickerbockers, gray knickerbockers, and if they have the least excuse, in the form of one blond hair or a pair of blue eyes, they add to the knickerbockers a figured blue sweater, a baby-blue necktie and checkered blue and gray golf stockings.

Out in Hollywood, they ask, almost with Shakespeare, "Tell me, how is a fad bred, in the heart or in the head?" And like Shakespeare, they don't know. They only know that fads come and go, leaving in their wake, however, the one old standby. Summer and winter, we have it with us, the white ermine evening wrap. The first on record, it is said, was worn by Florence Lawrence; in fact, featured in her pictures, and since then no star who wishes to be thought successful has ever been without one.

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His Hidden Wife

(*Continued from page 13*)

featured players; character actors, and extras—paced with a fine attempt to appear unconscious that cameras were recording their smiles and nods and waved greetings.

Mollie and Aaron stepped to one side, mingling with the banked-up crowd that was cheering each important new arrival.

Let's see the gods and goddesses go by—the idols of the great American public," Aaron grinned down at her. "No one knows us—but I'll wager that after this picture is released, the name Mollie O'Mara will mean something to a crowd like this."

"How pleased Kirk must be!" Mollie's voice was tender. "It is hard to realize that Norma and Constance Talmadge and Gloria Swanson and Ramon Novarro—" her voice followed her eyes, as those she named appeared in that shaft of light, "are here to see Kirk Preston! I'm glad the success of his first starring picture justified this swank. Oh, Aaron, I'm feeling very proud and glad for Kirk tonight."

"He's coming now," Aaron told her. "The police are clearing a way for his car. No wonder boys like Kirk Preston want to be movie actors. Well, he's getting the thrill that comes once in a lifetime, and I'm not grudging it to him. I wish you were by his side, Mollie!"

"Don't, Aaron!" she cried sharply, so that two or three of the pressing crowd looked at them curiously.

Her courage flagged for a moment. She did not believe she could possibly bear the sight of Doris by his side, at this moment to which they—Kirk and Mollie—had once looked forward with such prayerful faith and hope.

"Sorry, Mollie!" Aaron's hand closed over hers. "But this is your night, too. Wait till you see the picture, my dear!"

Her head went up then, her shoulders straightened under their burden of old, dull pain. And she looked full upon her husband and the girl who walked so proudly at his side.

A little lane was opened in the crowd that jammed the street, where the car had stopped, unable to reach the curb. A cameraman hastened up, set his instrument, and began to grind as Kirk Preston stepped out of his new five thousand dollar sedan. He was in full dress, of course, but it seemed to Mollie that he had never looked so handsome, so superbly poised, so much the polished gentleman of the world. His narrowed brown eyes swept the audience lazily, and his deeply-carved lips smiled slightly, showing the gleam of even white teeth. Mollie remembered how she had paid out of her own money to have them straightened. All that seemed very far away now, as she stared at the man who had become a stranger to her.

It was only for an instant that he favored the crowd with his recognition; he turned then to assist Doris Kane to alight—Doris in pink chiffon, the petalled skirt caught up with rosebuds in a charming shepherdess effect. It was Doris' first appearance as a motion picture actress, and she made the most of it. Mollie flinched as a ripple of excited admiration ran through the crowd.

"Wait till they see what she calls acting," Aaron chuckled. "Pink and white and gold beauty doesn't always register one hundred per cent, either, as many a baby-doll has found out."

"But she *is* lovely to look at, Aaron," Mollie protested, trying to be fair so that the pain in her heart would not be unbearable.

It was a moment of supreme triumph for Kirk. He paused at the curb, to let his eyes take in the glory of the electrical display—"Kirk Preston in 'Old Spain.'" Mollie shared the thrill with him, as she had shared it all during those three years when she had striven to make the dream come true. But now Doris clung to his arm, while she—she was only a part of the crowd that raised awed eyes to take in his magnificence.

The entire cast was present, of course, occupying two boxes. Kirk Preston, Doris Kane, Aaron Grosbeck, Alec Lampson, the producer, and two famous character actors, occupied one box, Mollie and the others taking the upper box. Aaron had begged her to sit with him, but she had refused steadfastly. She wanted Kirk to enjoy the event to the fullest possible extent, and she was sure that her presence would embarrass, even pain him.

When at last the great crowd had seethed into its seats, and the picture was ready to start, nearly an hour later than the announcement had promised, a sudden resolution came to Mollie. This was Kirk's great night. His first starring picture had gone on quietly, stealing into public favor modestly. There had been no fanfare to welcome it. But with its success assured, and Kirk's position as a star made more secure, Acme had felt justified in clinching that position by heralding this new picture as a great achievement. Lampson was clever enough to know that a well-staged Acme premiere would go far toward making the public believe it was crazy over Kirk Preston. And so it was!

As is the rather tiresome custom at all premieres, the flashing of each player's name upon the screen brought a round of applause, to which Kirk and Doris and the others bowed with charming poise. Mollie alone did not respond to the polite salvo of clapping which greeted her name, unknown to picture fans. She sat back in her seat, writing a note. She hardly realized that her name had been applauded. It meant less than nothing to her at that moment.

She had borrowed a pencil from one of the men in her box, an actor who had a small part in the picture. On the wide white margin of the elaborate program, she scribbled hastily:

"Dear Kirk: I want you to be perfectly happy tonight, so I am interrupting you for a moment to tell you something you will be very glad to hear. I am going to leave California for six months, as soon as I can get away. I congratulate you on your great success, and hope you and Miss Kane will be very happy.—M."

She folded the strip of paper closely, then, with a whispered word of excuse, slipped out of the box and found an usher. She pressed a dollar bill into his hand, along with the note:

"Take this to Mr. Preston, in the box below. Give it to him personally—no one else, mind you! Don't be afraid. I am in the cast of this picture, and it's a message of great importance to Mr. Preston."

She added the last because the boy hesitated. With her heart lighter than it had been for months, she went back to her seat to watch the picture.

She looked on almost impersonally at her own work. Through seeing rushes of each day's work in the projection-room, she had grown accustomed to seeing herself on the screen. But she found herself now unable to judge herself. As the picture unwound, she found herself watching for bits that the cutters had discarded, bits that many hours of strenuous work had gone into. It was almost impossible to concentrate on the picture as a completed thing. Memories associated with the filming of every foot of it swarmed around her, clouded her vision. Only the work of Kirk and Doris stood out, Kirk's for its fine restraint and power, Doris for its utter inadequacy. Yet Mollie had to admit that the girl filmed well. She moved like a lovely, animated French doll, cleverer than most dolls, because it could walk gracefully and say more than "Papa" and "Mama."

"I suppose I'm being frightfully unfair," Mollie upbraided herself. "But I can't see how any human being could be so *blank!*"

At last it was over, and the packed little theater was a bedlam of applause, stampings, calls for the cast and director. Much of it was carefully stage-managed, Mollie knew, but certainly no amount of careful "planting" of paid applauders could account for the hullabaloo that crowd was making. She leaned over the edge of the box, her eyes as bright as stars, her heart overflowing with pride for Kirk.

The next few minutes were full of delirious confusion. Mollie saw Grosbeck and Kirk take their places in the spotlight upon the stage, saw Grosbeck bow with ironic deference toward Kirk and then leave him the stage; saw Kirk's lips moving in a speech, which she could scarcely hear, for the roaring of blood in her ears.

Then she saw Kirk step to the box, on a level with the stage, and give a hand to Doris Kane. The crowd cheered as Kirk presented her, but its cheering was noticeably less spontaneous, and quickly died down.

"Where's your sister, Prince?" the shrill, penetrating voice of a half-grown boy rang out, even as Doris was spreading her pink chiffon skirts in another bow.

Mollie's heart leaped up, as a firehorse to the clang of a bell. Applause! It had been the breath of life to her once; the amen to her efforts to please. Now they wanted her, that strange, new sort of audience below, that fell in love with shadows upon a screen!

"They're calling for you!" the actor who had lent her his pencil, leaned toward her. "Better stand up and make your bow."

Below her, her name was beginning to pop out like the explosion of firecrackers. "Mollie O'Mara! Mollie O'Mara!" They had been consulting their programs for the name of the "sister." The girl who had made Broadway love her had again won a place for herself.

Trembling so that she could scarcely stand, Mollie rose slowly to her feet and stepped to the low, plush-covered railing of the box. Far below her, Kirk Preston, in the spotlight, made a courtly gesture toward the small, tremulously smiling girl in the upper box. The spotlight shifted, picked out her face, irradiated it. The applause of the generous first-nighters rose in a great tide that washed healingly upon the heart of a girl that had been denied all recognition for three long years. Mollie O'Mara smiled, and her smile was brighter than the spotlight which was focussed upon it. Her hands fluttered out in an appealing gesture of shy gratitude, which stimulated the audience to a last burst of applause.

Her first thought, when she sank back into the obscurity of her box, was for Kirk. What had he thought? What emotion had swept along his nerves when he had raised his hand to point out to the crowd the girl who had been his wife, and whom he had cast off?

The next day the verdict of the crowd was confirmed, almost unanimously, by the opinion of the Los Angeles critics, and by the wired reports of the New York reviews.

"Far better than I dared hope," Aaron told Mollie, a sheaf of clippings in his hand. "The Times says, 'Kirk Preston is "sitting pretty" as a star. Another picture as good as "Old Spain," and Acme can congratulate itself on having done the impossible—equalled the Valentino success, that, until now, has been unique in pictures. If Kirk had had adequate support from a leading lady, this would have been a great picture. As it is, it can safely be included in anyone's list of the ten best pictures of the year.'"

"I think that's more than fair," Mollie's eyes were shining. "He can't hope for more than that!"

They were in Aaron's office. The director had left word that he was not to be disturbed.

"Aren't you interested to know what they said about you?" he demanded.

"Oh, I read the papers before I came over here," she evaded, flushing. "I wanted to see copies of the New York reviews."

"They agree with the Los Angeles opinion, except that they are all a little more restrained. Not one of them fails to mention Mollie O'Mara. Listen to this, from the Herald-Tribune: 'The writer has often wondered what had happened to Mollie O'Mara. Now he knows. She has been *living*—learning intimately the meaning of joy and sorrow and defeat and victory. It all shows as pure gold in her characterization of what might have been a minor part but for her artistry. The sister of the Prince, if this writer doesn't miss his guess, will go down as one of the finest pieces of screen acting that this year has brought forth.'"

"Oh, Aaron!" Mollie's eyes were glorified. "I can't believe I did anything to deserve that! If I could believe that, maybe I'd not be sorry it all happened—"

"Then listen to this." Aaron drew another typed copy of a New York review from the pile on his desk. "'Of course New York remembers Mollie O'Mara, who scored such a tremendous success in "A Perfect Gentleman." Well, she's turned up again, after being God knows where, for three or four years, turned up as the most adorable screen actress it has been our good fortune to see for many arid months. It has always been our contention that stage training is the best foundation for a screen player to build on. No critical observer could compare the work of Mollie O'Mara and Doris Kane—the beautiful, but absolutely inadequate leading lady—without realizing what her years on Broadway did for Miss O'Mara. In addition, she has acquired warmth, a depth, a poignancy, that we do not remember in the charming little heroine of "A Perfect Gentleman." It would be interesting to know how Mollie O'Mara had spent the last three years.'" Aaron folded the papers and regarded Mollie with his kind, love-filled black eyes.

"I am afraid your obscurity is going to be torn rather ruthlessly from you," he added, as he saw fear dawning in her eyes. "When newspapers get interested—"

"That's just the critics," she tried to reassure herself and him. "I haven't told you, Aaron, because I dreaded to, but I'm leaving tomorrow for Reno."

"You can't do that!" the director's voice was sharp, almost frightened. "I've been saving the big news for you until you'd had time to enjoy all the reviews. But I might as well tell you now, to put all that nonsense out of your head. If Kirk wants a divorce, let him get it himself. You're going to be too busy to bother with Reno. Lampson wants you under contract, Mollie. He wants you to play opposite Kirk Preston in his next picture."

The blood drained out of Mollie's bright cheeks, leaving them like waxen magnolia petals. Her eyes were piteous, like those of an animal that has been kicked unjustly, for an offense it did not know it had committed.

"Aaron!" she gasped. "You know I couldn't! Why didn't you stop him—keep him from making the offer! Oh, Aaron, stop! Quit grinning at me! I can't bear it!"

"I thought you were cured!" Aaron spoke reasonably. "I thought you were Mollie O'Mara again. Preston needs you. You are an actress who can help him to get every ounce of drama out of a scene. You'd be a fool to turn this down!"

"You don't understand!" she cried out brokenly. "I'd be wild with joy if I could play with Kirk! But he'd never let me play opposite him! It would be horrible for him. And think what a light it would put him in with Lampson—to refuse to play with me! No, I'll have to turn it down myself! It means ruin for me, to refuse an Acme offer, without a good excuse. I can only say I have another offer—then go away—" She began to cry, her face twisted pitifully. "Just when I thought I could work again; make my own place in the world again—"

"Mollie! They told me you were here!"

The girl whirled round, at the sound of that voice. With her shaking hands she began to mop frantically at her tear-streaked face, to arrange her hair, which she fancied must be frightfully disheveled.

"How did you get in, Preston?" Aaron's voice was cold and hard.

"Picked your secretary up and set her down six feet from the door," Kirk answered. "And I'll do the same for you, if you don't let me have the use of your office for a few minutes. I want to talk with my wife!"

At that word, Mollie's face was so transfigured that Aaron could not bear to break in on the glory of the moment for her by uttering a word. He took his hat and passed swiftly out of the room. Mollie had no eyes for him, did not see that his shoulders had sagged like those of an old man.

"Kirk!" What do you—want—of me?" she faltered the words, holding on to Aaron's desk for support.

"All of you!" he had the grace to hang his head as he said the words, but his shame and remorse did not keep him from picking her up in his arms and carrying her to Aaron's big swivel chair.

"Kirk!" Her mothering hands crept slowly up his breast, stopped for a fluttering moment upon his lips, then clasped his lean, smart face tightly. As it had done a hundred times before, his head went down to her breast.

"My dearest dear!" she murmured. "Oh, Kirk, how I've prayed to feel your head against my breast!" She seemed content to sit on his knees, her arms around him, his head at home again.

"Will you kiss me, Mollie?" Kirk raised his eyes with such abject appeal that she almost laughed, in the deliciousness of her joy.

"Have you ever asked me to do anything that I did not do?" she cried softly, her voice rich with love. She raised her chin with her soft palm, and laid her lips upon his. The quiver of his mouth,

Lucille Le Sueur's Name Has Been Chosen

At last, *Lucille Le Sueur's* name has been chosen and the task of selecting the winning name from the three or four hundred thousand names which were submitted, was a gigantic one. The suggestions for a new name for *Miss Le Sueur* were so numerous that not only were the judges kept busy almost every moment since the contest closed, but they have been working overtime. There has probably never been a greater number of suggestions submitted in any contest than there was in this one, for a suitable and pretty name for the lovely new *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer* star. In the first place, almost every contestant submitted more than one name—in some cases a single contestant sent in from one to five hundred names. So *Movie Weekly* readers can readily understand just how big a job it was for a few judges to undertake. Now they are engaged in picking out the next best names and as soon as all of them have been chosen, *Movie Weekly* will be ready to make the announcements of the names and the lucky winners. Just a little more patience on the part of the readers and contestants. The names will be announced very shortly.

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pressing hungrily against hers, was the sharpest ecstasy she had ever known.

"You would kiss me, when you didn't even know what I meant to do to you." Kirk raised his head and searched her face wonderingly. "Oh, my darling, I'm such a beast, such a cad! I don't see how you can love me! But you do, Mollie? Oh, Mollie? Oh, Mollie, you do?"

"Always, Kirk. That is the reason I am going to Reno," she answered with a smile that jerked her lips crazily.

"Reno? You don't believe for a minute that you're going there—after this?" He tightened his arms about her, and his face was flooded with tenderness. "Why, Mollie, I can't live without you! I've found that out! I've been trying for months to find a solution for the tangle I'd gotten us into. I've tried to tell you at the studio—you wouldn't listen. I wasn't strong enough to do what I'm going to do now. I thought the mess was too bad for me to handle alone. I wanted to talk things over with you, get your help."

"Then—you don't love Doris?" she scarcely breathed the words, for fear she would wake herself and find it was a dream.

"I've despised her almost since the day she arrived in Hollywood. The first day I saw her with you, I found what a fool I'd been. But I was too much involved with her, and with you—" he drooped his head again, like a shamed boy—"to make a clean breast of the whole thing. I've never been in love with her. Aaron was right. It was a silly infatuation, and she cured me quickly enough. But I thought I had lost you, too, and I was nearly mad with worry and indecision."

"What happened to make you—come to me?" she asked softly, her hands straying with a lover's rapture over his head and face.

"When I got your note last night, I believed you still loved me. I was crazy with joy. I'd begun to believe that you had realized at last how unworthy I was, and cured yourself of your love. I wanted to come to you there, in the theater, but Doris was with me. I had to clear her out of my life before I came to you. She made my opportunity for me. She has been furiously jealous of you ever since the picture was begun—suspected all along that I had an interest in you. An interest! My God, Mollie, how foolish words sound at a time like this!" He stooped to kiss her again, and she saw that his eyes were swimming with tears.

"Poor Kirk!" she murmured, touching his eyelids with her soft fingertips.

"She saw me read the note. She demanded to see it. I refused. Then she began to revile you; said terrible things. She had been trying to 'get' something on you, as she put it—and an extra girl who worked on Stage 3, last week, tipped her off. A pal of that Maisie Moore, you know. I—I—"

"Yes, Kirk?" Her voice was very low. She felt drugged with happiness.

"I almost told her the truth then, but I realized what she would do with it. She'd put it before the public in the worst possible light."

"Yes, Kirk," her heart, so high in her heaven of joy, began to sink. Kirk, the cautious; still cautious!

"I wanted to beat her to it," he brought the words out triumphantly. "Oh, Mollie, it's going to be heaven to be free of all this burden of lies and beastliness and caddishness! I've written it all out, honey, every last vestige of the truth. A signed statement for the papers. Here, read it!"

She made no move to take the paper, but she sat straight up in his lap, took his face between her hands and searched his eyes.

"Do you realize what this means, Kirk? It means that the whole country will brand you as a coward! It may ruin your career! I can't let you do it, Kirk!"

"I don't care what the public thinks of me. I want to vindicate you in the eyes of the world. I've got to do it, for my soul's good, Mollie! It's the only way that I can win peace!"

She closed her eyes, instinctively, hiding from him the glory of her love, which was at last justified. The tears slipped from between the lids and dropped hotly upon his hands.

"Oh, Mollie, my love! I'm never going to make you cry any more!" he whispered, his own voice husky with tears. "We'll stand before the world together, able to bear anything they may do to us."

The wording of his sentence gave her her cue. "But don't you see, Kirk," she reasoned, "they will say cruel, hard things about me, too. They will say how stupid I was to encourage you in such folly. They won't make a heroine of me, because it's you—*you*—Kirk, whom the flappers adore! They'll hate me for letting you tell on yourself! Oh, Kirk, my dearest, I love you to distraction for being willing to make this sacrifice for me, and for your soul's sake. But we must be practical now. We belong to the public. How often I've laughed at that expression in stars' interviews, but it's true. We have no right to reveal things about our private life that will be a shock to their ideals. We sell them ideals, along with their pictures. To them, you are no coward, dear. You are the soul of chivalry, the bright knight of their romantic hearts. I can't let you hurt them, all these women and girls who have fed their starved hearts on dreams of you. After all, the fact that you *want* to tell, are willing to ruin your career by doing so, is enough for me. It should give you, too, the feeling of absolution, which your soul needs. There's Lampson, too. He's spent many thousands of dollars on you, he's banking on you. Aaron, too. We can't throw them all down for a personal reason, to make our own little hearts feel better. Do you see, dear?"

Something died out of his face—a fanatic joy in his martyrdom. But in its place came such a glow of love that Mollie could see that other thing die out without a qualm. She kissed him very tenderly, then, as his arms tightened about her as if they would never let her go, she allowed all the suppressed passion of months to sweep over her lips to his.

When they were calmer, Mollie laughed softly and asked, "What about poor Doris? I forgot to ask how you broke your engagement with her."

"Why, when she spoke of you, I told her a dozen or two painful truths about herself, and she flung my ring into my face. She broke the engagement herself, so she has no kick coming."

"Then we'll announce our 'engagement' in tomorrow morning's papers," she laughed. "I shudder to think what was in your 'confession,' so I am going to write the announcement of our engagement myself. And if you dare to come out with a denial, to eke out the publicity on it—" But she did not finish her sentence, for he stopped the dire threat with his lips upon hers.

Aaron Grosbeck's voice broke in upon their rapture.

"Am I ever going to be allowed in my own office again?" he demanded. "This is a shameful state of affairs. Mr. Hayes would ask me to resign if he saw you two carrying on!"

"Run along, Aaron," Mollie laughed. "And tell Lampson he can draw up his contract. I'm going to be Kirk's leading lady from now on!"

THE END.

The Editor's Mail Bag

This Week's $5 00 Prize Letter

When we come to analyze and trace the ideas which form the basis of the moving picture industry, why is it we forget to recognize, or do not realize, the true value of the comedian? I do not mean the tip-toppers, such as Lloyd, Chaplin and Keaton—but the extras, the ones who do their bits, be it only to fall down a flight of stairs or allow a block of ice cream to slip down one's back. Where are the directors?

It may be human to make one cry, but it is art to make one laugh. It is difficult—I admit—to reconcile the idea of the boarding-house "slavey" of the comedy with the polished woman of the drama. But it can be done. It has been done. Long before Vera Reynolds was chosen by Sam Wood, some of us in Ottawa had recognized her possibilities. We also had our eyes on Edna Murphy months ahead of the director. Agnes Ayres, Betty Compson, Edith Roberts, Colleen Moore, Edward Earle and Tony Moreno are only a few we had picked as winners. Most of these played in comedies at one time.

Humor is the finest, rarest gift there is, and the heart of the whole universe responds to it. I wish some magazine would start a department for comedians only. They've earned it with their clownish antics and amusing facial expressions. They deserve more recognition than they have been given, up to the present. This much I'm sure of, when a director is at a loss for an actor or actress to play a part, let him visit the comedy lot. He will find every variety of star from a kittenish flapper to a vamp or country swain to Mexican matador.

EILEEN HILL,
Ottawa, Ontario, Canada.

Honorable Mention

EMIL H. HAURIN,
St. Louis, Mo.

The Colonel

(Continued from page 34)

ROSE BUD—You seem to have decided on a writing career—letter writing. The addresses you ask for are as follows: Viola Dana, Shirley Mason, Blanche Sweet and Anna Q. Nilsson, United Studios, 5341 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles; Lillian Gish, Mae Murray, Claire Windsor, Pauline Starke and May McAvoy, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California; Lois Wilson, Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood; Leatrice Joy, De Mille Studios, Culver City; Barbara La Marr, care First National, 383 Madison Ave., New York. Marguerite De La Motte lives at 1401 Fairfax Ave., Los Angeles, and Madge Bellamy at 517 Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

WONDERING—I won't keep you wondering so very long. Ronald Colman played the role of Carlo Bucellini in "Romola." Tito was played by William Powell. Yes, there are several well-known actresses taller than 5 feet 5. Betty Blythe, Alice Brady, Alice Joyce, Helene Chadwick, Jane Novak, Anna Q. Nilsson, Nita Naldi, are all 5 feet 7; Claire Windsor, 5 feet 6½, and Lois Wilson, Doris Kenyon, Clara Kimball Young, all 5 feet 6.

LETA—Write Buck Jones at the Fox Studios, 1417 N. Western Ave., Hollywood. William Collier, Jr., is about twenty, and Anna Q. Nilsson is her thirties. No, Mabel Normand has not made any pictures in several years. She is playing on the Broadway stage this next season, in "The Five O'Clock Man."

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(By Himself)

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Is HOLLYWOOD To Blame For These Things? *See Page 9*

Movie Weekly

August 1st 1925

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Motion Picture Life

Marie Prevost

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Is Gloria Swanson Happy? See Page 9

Movie Weekly

August 8
1925

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Latest Hints for BOBBED HAIR

Gertrude Olmsted

IN THE BEST THEATRES YOU WILL FIND
FOX PICTURES

George O'Brien
in
THE FIGHTING HEART

JOHN FORD, who made "The Iron Horse," directed this picture from Larry Evans' "Once to Every Man" – the story of a young country boy's resolution in conflict with the Gay White Way. Clean-cut George O'Brien has the star role, supported by Billie Dove, J. Farrell MacDonald and other skilled players.

Youth and the charm of young love — Billie Dove and George O'Brien.

The art of Charles (Buck) Jones against the homely background of village life.

LAZYBONES

HERE, hard on the heels of its long successful run on the New York stage, comes Owen Davis' play, picturized by Frances Marion, and directed by Frank Borzage [director of "Humoresque."] *Lazybones*, the lovable idling villager, is delightfully portrayed by Charles [Buck] Jones, and the waif who grows up to be *Kit* is charming Madge Bellamy. Leslie Fenton, Zasu Pitts and Jane Novak are in the big cast.

The great international stage success of New York, London, Paris.

HAVOC
A Drama of War-dazed Women

SCENES laid in a London nerve-racked and fun-mad, and on the French front, bring us a faithful picture of the *havoc* wrought by the world war on the souls of women, and in turn by them on men! A tremendous production – with an exceptional cast, including George O'Brien, Madge Bellamy, Margaret Livingston, Leslie Fenton, Walter McGrail, Eulalie Jensen – directed by Rowland V. Lee, who staged "As No Man Has Loved."

Fox Film Corporation

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Photograph by Muray

JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT

What is one's loss is another's gain! This time the silver sheet has gained *Joseph Schildkraut*, who has temporarily deserted the stage to appear in *Cecil B. De Mille's "The Road to Yesterday,"* which is being filmed in the *Royal Gorge of Colorado*. Since *Joseph* appeared in the *"Song of Love"* with *Norma Talmadge*, some time ago, we have been hoping for this desertion.

Photograph by Ruth Harriett Louise

PAULINE STARKE

The lovely *Pauline,* in her next production, *"Paris,"* should make even the famed peacock hide his plumage in shame. For in this *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer* production, *Miss Starke* will be arrayed in gowns fashioned by the world-famous designer, *Erte.* And juding from the title, we expect *"Paris"* to have a decidedly *Continental* flavor.

Photograph by Edward O. Bagley

THOMAS MEIGHAN

The genial *Tommie*, one of the most beloved of screen actors, who last appeared in *"The Man Who Found Himself,"* recently signed a contract with *United Artists* to play opposite *Norma Talmadge* in one picture, *"My Woman."* *Tommy*, alone, is enough to assure us a splendid picture, but with the addition of *Miss Talmadge*—well, words fail us!

Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe

MAY ALLISON

Sumptuous palaces, gorgeous lounges and game-rooms will be the background of the lovely *May Allison*, who is one of the "medley" of beautiful blondes playing in the *"Viennese Medley,"* an elaborate *First National* production, which has for its setting a famous gaming resort of old *Vienna*.

Photograph by Kenneth Alexander

MAY McAVOY

May, whose dark tresses were hidden beneath a blonde wig in her recent portrayal of the fair *Esther* in *"Ben Hur,"* appears *au naturel* in her next picture, *"The Only Thing."* Trying to improve *Miss McAvoy's* beauty is like gilding the lily; it seems quite unnecessary, to us.

Is Gloria Swanson Happy?

Youth—Beauty—Wealth—A Devoted Husband—A Lovely Child. All these are Gloria Swanson's. Have they brought her content?

By Helen Carlisle

I SAID to Gloria Swanson, "I have been sitting here in your library thinking about you. Surely no woman alive today finds her life more complete than you do. You have youth, beauty, wealth, a devoted husband and a lovely child. Added to this you have made a tremendous success of your career. You have achieved. Tell me, does the realization of all this bring content? If it does not, surely there is no such thing as true contentment in this world."

Gloria sat very straight in the hand-carved Italian chair facing me. Her slim figure was wrapped in a lovely gown of heavy white satin. A delicate strand of pearls was clasped around her throat and caught in a diamond circlet at her breast. Her boyishly-cut hair was brushed smoothly back, and her face looked young, unlined, serene in the clear morning light.

The words vivid, exotic, colorful, seem not to fit the Swanson. The spacious house with its great rooms—too crowded, one might say, with heavy, ornate furniture—seems not her proper background. Perhaps it was well suited to the movie queen, Gloria Swanson, whom Cecil De Mille developed, but I should imagine a simpler, more restrained setting for the clean-cut, level-eyed, unassuming Marquise de la Falaise de la Coudray of today.

As I say, Gloria sat very straight in the hand-carved Italian chair, and weighed my decidedly personal question thoughtfully.

"I am happier," she said presently, seriously, "than I have ever been in my life, before this time. When I left Hollywood, two years ago, I was wretched. Both my personal and professional life were in tumult. I used to try and force things to come my way. When they did not, I wore myself out in worry and strain. I would think, 'This *has* to be as I wish it.' I burned up my nervous energy, exhausted myself. I was completely out of harmony with myself and my environment.

"But within the last two years I have found that life is not to be lived, at its best, that way. Soon after I went East my father died. He and I had always been very close to one another. It—it almost seems to me that something of his spirit descended upon me, at his death, and that it has guided and directed me ever since. I have learned to *accept* life, and in doing so I find that its problems disappear of themselves.

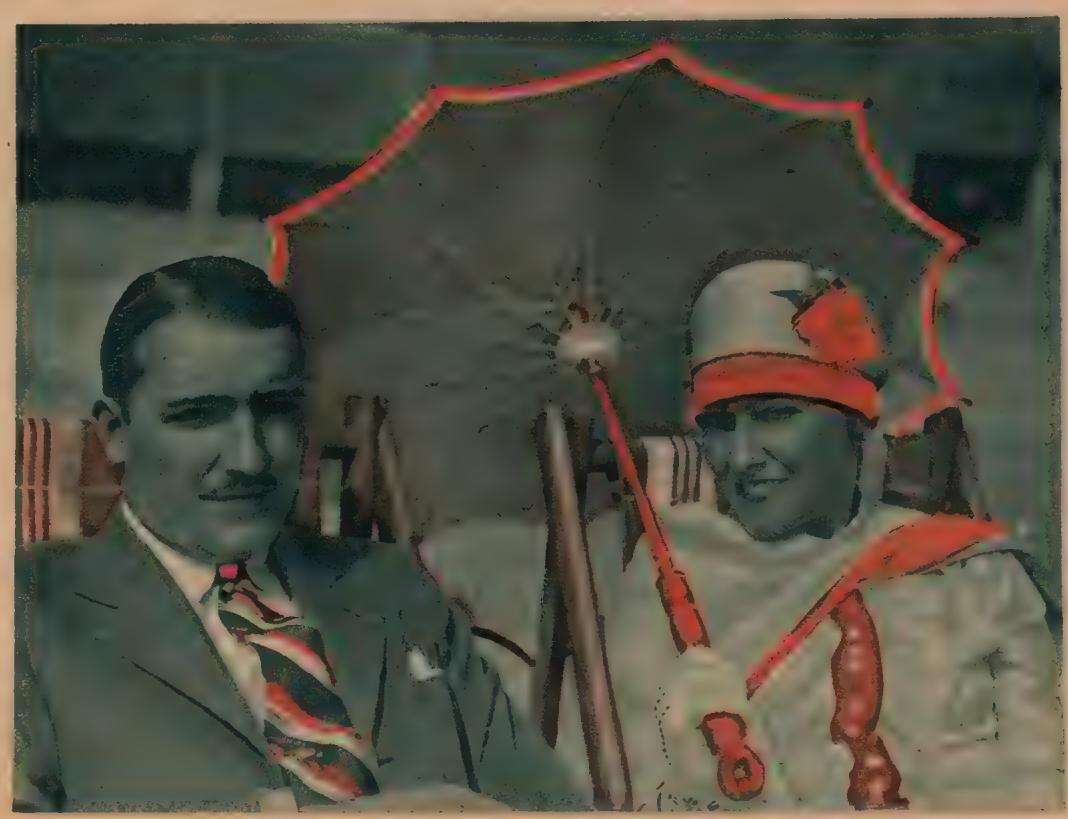
"The acquisition only of material things will not bring lasting happiness. There must be a spiritual development. I do not say that the comfort wealth brings is unimportant. I have worked hard for it. When I started in motion pictures at the age of fifteen, I determined that some day I should have all the luxuries with which our present-day civilization may surround a woman. Why not? I questioned. Had anyone a better right to a complete enjoyment of life than I? I have always believed that one can accomplish anything *within reason*, and so I worked, and fought my way upward, sometimes exhausting myself, as I have said, in fashioning my life to suit me.

"But, when I had acquired them, I found that wealth and fame were of only relative importance. They could not bring me complete happiness.

"Perhaps I was too self-centered. I remember that I used to drive through the crowded streets of New York and wonder how those struggling millions of people, many of whom were just barely earning enough to live from day to day, found life endurable at all. But I realize now that some of them were richer than I was at that time. The death of my father taught me sorrow and humility. In grief I felt myself close to every person in the world who had suffered bereavement. I needed love, and sympathy, and understanding, just as anyone does. And I needed to attune myself to life."

Gloria smiled.

Photograph by Keystone Photo Service



"My husband has helped me a great deal," says *Gloria*. "He understands me. He knows that I am naturally of too serious a nature, and he makes me relax and play."

On the left is one of the few photographs which have been taken of the *Marquis* and *Marquise de la Falaise de la Coudray*.

adopts a protective air toward him. If anything is given her, Brother must share it.

"It is a very interesting study, that of childhood," she continued. "I often wonder that grown people give children so little credit for intelligence. Why, a child is an *individual* even when it is a baby. Impressions made upon its mind during the early years last through a lifetime and are instrumental in molding character.

"I wish to educate my children partially in this country and partially abroad. I should think that all parents who have the means to do so, would send their children to school for a time in France and in England. In that way the child learns the manners and customs of other nations as he never can through casual contact. His mind is broadened, made tolerant. I shall send the children, for two or three years, to the public schools in this country. I want them to mingle freely with other children so that they will be democratic.

"I love to play with them," smiled Gloria. "You know, through a certain sequence in 'The Coast of Folly,' I dress as a little girl in rompers and with curls. I came home one day with some friends from the studio and we decided to have a romp with Gloria and Brother. So I went upstairs to the nursery, lay down flat on the floor and started to cry and kick my feet like a little girl in a very bad temper. Gloria and Brother were brought in and introduced to me. I was sulky and indifferent. Gloria was very much shocked to have as a visitor such a rude little girl. She didn't know me at all, until I laughed and caught her up in my arms."

At this moment, the Marquis and Anthony Jowitt, Gloria's leading man in "The Coast of Folly" came in. Mr. Jowitt is the guest of the Marquis and Marquise while in California.

"Brother has elected himself my valet," laughed Mr. Jowitt, as they joined us. "This morning I was awakened by a vigorous rattling of my door-knob. When I opened the door, there stood Brother, to inform me that my bath was ready!"

It is an easy, pleasant life that Gloria and the Marquis have been living during their comparatively brief stay out here—typically the life of wealthy Californians. There have been smart beach parties, yachting trips, deep-sea fishing off Catalina, motor trips over glossy boulevards to Del Monte and Coronado. At Gloria's imposing Beverly Hills home several charming parties have been given. Mornings, now that her picture is finished, may find her, with the Marquis, whiling away an hour in the sunny semi-tropical gardens, or romping with the children on the ivy and rose-covered piazza.

The children came in with their nurse before I left, chubby, rosy-cheeked Brother, and the blonde, blue-eyed Gloria 2nd, who curtsied with sweet gravity and, to a question, replied that she did not particularly enjoy ocean travel.

"I was very sick, coming ovah," she informed me.

***Anthony Jowitt, Gloria's* leading man in *"The Coast of Folly,"* is the guest of the *Marquis* and *Marquise* while in *California*, and they have been leading an easy, pleasant life during their brief stay in *Hollywood*.**

Below are *Anthony Jowitt* and *Gloria* in a scene from their new picture.

The *Marquis* has the natural distinction and grace which seem peculiarly the gift of the *Continental* man of high breeding, and a gay boyishness which is quite enchanting. Surely, the *Marquis*, if anyone in the world, could teach *Gloria* to play.

"My husband has helped me a great deal," she said. "He understands me. He knows that I am naturally of too serious a nature and he makes me relax and play. He's—well, you have met him, haven't you?"

I had. A few weeks ago a group of us went down to Coronado, where Gloria was filming scenes for "The Coast of Folly," her present Famous Players-Lasky picture, and she and the Marquis gave a delightful dinner party for us one evening in their suite at the hotel. After that first meeting, I freely admit myself as lashed to his chariot wheels. He has the natural distinction and grace which seem peculiarly the gift of the Continental man of high breeding, and a gay boyishness which is quite enchanting. Surely the Marquis, if anyone in the world, could teach Gloria to play.

All Hollywood has fallen for "Hank," as the Marquis is called out here. He will never be known as "Gloria Swanson's husband." Already, Hank occupies a place distinctly his own, with Gloria's Hollywood friends. He's one of the gang.

"And my children complete my happiness," said Gloria. "I am very glad that I adopted a little boy to be playmate and companion for Gloria. Their devotion to one another is beautiful. He is only two and one-half years old, while she is five, so she

Photograph by Eugene Richee

I believe that *Gloria Swanson* is one of the happiest women in the world today, and what is more important, that she is worthy of the happiness which shines in her eyes and in her whole radiant being.

She is a true daughter of her mother, is the little Gloria, for immediately she noted the gown Miss Swanson was wearing.

"It is very pretty, mothah," she said, and ran her tiny, baby fingers sensitively along the white satin folds. Gloria caught her up with a gay laugh and held her close. Then the entire group came out on the piazza to wave *adieu*.

One cannot say, from two or three meetings with a person, particularly the person Gloria Swanson is today, that *this* is true and *that* is thus and so.

But I do say that I believe Gloria Swanson is one of the happiest women in the world today, and what is much more important, that she is worthy of the happiness which shines in her eyes and in her whole radiant being. She has fought a good fight, and won, and regardless of what pessimists may say, she has found content and joy in achievement.

And the Marquis?

"I regret only that I must soon leave your California," he assured me. "You have here the wonderful climate, the beautiful flowers and the lovely women."

However, since he will be taking one of Hollywood's most fascinating women with him, in the person of his wife, when they go to New York for Gloria's next picture, I think the Marquis, too, will be content.

Photograph by Eugene Richee

The Son of His Father

The eyes of the motion picture world have been upon young *Douglas Fairbanks* since he started his career before the camera; the precedent that his famous father has established in always giving the public his very best, in never falling from the cinema pedestal, in never failing his audiences, is a rigid one for this youngster to follow, but *Douglas, Jr.,* is proving himself a true son of his father—he is making himself "felt" in the picture world. *Doug, Jr.,* will next be seen in *"Wild Horse Mesa,"* a *Zane Grey* story.

Bebe's Career Was Not Mapped Out for Her

Fate and Necessity Really Thrust It Upon Her

The True Story of My Life

By Bebe Daniels

For Synopsis of Preceding Chapters See Page 42

AS I HAVE said, mother was not very keen about entering a screen career, either for herself or for me. She had the feeling that it would be derogatory to our standards and that it would do us no good in the future. She was not particularly enthusiastic to the representative from the Selig-Polyscope Company, who had called upon as at the theater with offers in his very hand.

But our director, surprisingly to mother, saw the matter in a different light. He argued with mother that pictures were "good for the health." He said that there would be a lot of outdoor work, which would certainly be beneficial to me, and that mother should regard the whole affair as a lark, to be taken advantage of and enjoyed accordingly. He said, further, that he would arrange with the manager of the picture company to let us off whenever we were needed at the theater. I think that it was the health idea that most appealed to mother. Like all mothers, she was always solicitous about my physical well-being, perhaps more so than most mothers because I worked on the stage. And thus I made my screen *debut* at the tender age of seven.

Mother was not very keen about entering a screen career, either for herself or for me. She had a feeling that it would be derogatory to our standards and that it would do us no good in the future. But our director, surprisingly to mother, saw the matter in a different light.

My first part in my first picture was as the little Southern girl in "A Common Enemy." Betty Hart and Frank Montgomery were the leading players and Frank Boggs was the director. I did have a perfectly wonderful time. Mr. Boggs had a little pony and cart for me to use in the picture and he allowed me to drive about in it as much as I pleased when we were not working. This was joy to my small heart, of course, as any little girl will know!

In those days, too, there were no retakes and no night work—the grilling toil of today—everything was done by pure and unadulterated sunlight—not a studio light was used. There were no Kleig eyes and no overtime and there were frequent days off when the sun failed to put in an appearance.

They had what were called diffusers. Diffusers were pieces of muslin strung along wires overhead, through which the sunlight filtered. When a breeze came up, which it frequently

Photograph by William Potter

Mother went back to the stage for a year and I was sent to a convent to board. The stage life had undoubtedly unfitted me for convent regime. I missed the noise and the excitement, the people of the theater, the audiences, the applause, all of the stuff of the theater world. It is true, it does get in the blood.

did, the falls of the sets fairly shook and shivered. That small detail was, however, calmly passed by. It didn't make any difference even though it was noticeable on the screen when the picture was finished.

Another custom of the time was to have the company's trademark used in every scene (photographed in some part of the set) to protect the company from infringement.

About this time, I must record a good deed of myself. Mother always supplied me generously, more generously than she could afford, with spending money. Despite the generosity I kept on asking her for more money, more money, and she was, naturally, surprised at my persistence. She knew, of course, that *I* knew the state of the family exchequer. Finally she called me "on the carpet" and said, very gravely, "Bebe, you must *not* spend so much money. You know that we can't afford it. It's lovely of you to be so generous with the other children, but you will have to wait until we are in better financial circumstances."

Still I kept asking for money.

It finally transpired that I had not been spending it at all but had been taking it to a little drygoods shop in the neighborhood, placing it in the hands of a kind and interested saleslady who was helping me select an "outfit" for mother. Stockings, undies, corsets, blouses. Poor mother! You may well imagine how badly she felt when the surprise was eagerly presented to her and she recalled the lectures she had given me on this subject.

A little later on, to get back to the screen, I played a child part for Christy-Universal. I think the name of the picture was "The Kentucky Feud" or "The Feudal Debt"—at any rate it was that type of story and had the word feud in it somewhere or other. Dorothy Davenport Reed was the ingenue and her mother the character woman. Henry Otto played the grown-up me.

About this time my mother went back to the stage for a year and I was sent to a convent to board. I was very lonely there, although the sisters were lovely to me, especially dear Sister Crescentia, whom I have never forgotten. A lovely name and a lovely soul.

The stage life had, undoubtedly, unfitted me for convent regime. I missed the noise and the excitement, the people of the theater, the audiences, the applause, all of the stuff of the theater world. It is true, it does get in the blood.

I did what I could, however, to inject a portion of excitement into the peaceful domains of the convent. I slept, of course, in the little girls' dormitory and every night Sister used to come in, tuck us in and give us her good-night blessing.

No sooner would the door close after her tranquil, retreating form than the nightly frolic would begin. On one occasion, I remember that some of us crawled under the beds and as the girls passed we would grab them by the ankles and trip them. One night this pet, particular pastime was at its height—I was in a fine feather of excitement—in the semi-darkness I saw a pair of feet passing beside the bed under which I was concealed—I made a gleeful lunge—the owner of the feet tripped neatly and completely to the floor. Imagine my horror and consternation when I found, that instead of one of the girls, it was dear, fat Sister Crescentia whom I had thus heavily felled!

I may add that it took me several nights to make up the rosaries which she imposed upon me as penance.

Still and always, away as I was from the atmosphere of the stage or anything remotely pertaining to it, my thoughts and longings kept reverting to the theater. The theater which was, indeed, my second home. I had taken with me to the convent a few bits of make-up, a wig and some odds-and-ends of costumes. Sometimes, at night, I would dress up for the other children. I would almost always do this surreptitiously. I'd put on one of the wigs, one of the costumes, tip-toe to the bed of some half-asleep companion, bend over her until she almost awoke, and then, very softly, I would vanish.

This merry prank-making of mine resulted in the belief that there were a variety of strange apparitions in the dormitory at night. In the morning the children, all eyes, would (*Continued on page* 42)

Photograph by William Potter

On the right, *Bebe* is pictured with *Pilot Casey Jones* and *Nils T. Granlund* just before she went up on her aeroplane hunt for locations for one of her latest *Paramount* pictures.

Marie Prevost

"Bobbed Hair" **presents so many varied and rarely lovely camera studies of *Marie Prevost* that we cannot resist printing each one which comes to our desk. This latest of her cinema offerings has provided the little star with a bigger and better opportunity than she has had on the screen heretofore—an opportunity to prove that she possesses versatility as well as pulchritude.**

Who Says There's No

Photograph by Eugene Robert Richee

In Paris every variety of bobbed wig is tried on before the shears are used. Here a score of stars, of different types, present the bobbed mode which suits them best—and compensate those of us who must be bobbed without the benefit of wigs.

Gloria Swanson's **bob is one of the simplest and most becoming, in addition to bearing a *Paris* label. Brought straight back, it leaves her broad forehead quite free, and shows just the tips of her ears.**

Immediately beneath *Gloria, Betty Compson* presents a perfect contrast in shorn locks. Her hair is a mass of curls, every one of them a ringlet.

On the left, *Aileen Pringle,* like *Gloria,* wears her hair back from her forehead, but marcelled in perfect waves. It suits *Aileen's* aristocratic loveliness to a nicety.

Just below *Betty Compson, Eleanor Boardman* shows her idea of how bobbed hair should look. It is brought in a low dip over the forehead, disclosing not a bit of the ear and gives the effect of long hair.

On the right is little *Lois Moran,* the "child wonder," who signed a contract with *Samuel Goldwyn,* to be effective so long as she remains unmodernized and unsophisticated. Her bob is quaint and old-fashioned. the hair parted on the side and falling in soft waves to a cluster of curls at the nape of her neck, brushed back so that her ears completely show.

Photograph by Henry Waxman

Photograph by Lee Rollinson

Variety in Bobs?

Photograph by Clarence Bull

Photograph by Seely

Photograph by Ruth Harriett Louise

Claire Windsor wears her lovely golden locks parted on the right side near the center of her head, and falling in a dip over the left side of her forehead in perfect waves.

Immediately above, *Carmelita Geraghty* also wears her dark hair parted on the right side. It falls in broad waves from the part and forms fascinating little curls on her forehead.

Julanne Johnston, just below *Claire Windsor*, presents a bob we have not seen before, and we think it very effective. It is waved at the sides and also the bang, and gives one the illusion of a coronet of hair.

Greta Nissen, the new star from across the seas, wears her bob very simply parted on the left side and brought straight back from her forehead.

On the upper right, little *Colleen Moore* illustrates the straight *"Dutch"* bob. Hanging straight at the sides and with its severe bang, it suits her piquant little face, as no other mode would.

Joyce Compton, on the right, beneath *Colleen*, has blonde curls and they form lovely soft ringlets all over her head.

Photograph by James N. Doolittle

Let No Man Put Asunder

By Carmen Ballen Edington

For Synopsis of Preceding Chapters See Page 43

STEPHEN was in his lounging robe and slippers when Jacqueline went to his door after the party, and must have been that way ever since they first came up. She knew this, because he was immediately at the door in answer to her knock. He stood there silently, waiting for her to enter, but not asking her in. His amazement at her presence was plainly written on his face.

"May I come in, Stephen? Thank you."

She went and sat down in his big reading chair.

"I would not have bothered you, but I saw your light still on . . ."

"I have not been in bed . . ."

"Then you, too" . . . Jacqueline started to say; "then you, too, have been thinking, suffering!" But she stopped herself. How did she know that he had even been giving her . . . their problem . . . the slightest thought? There was a little awkward pause between them, and then Stephen said quietly,

"Is there anything I can do for you, Jacqueline?"

His tone was controlled, even, and she felt, almost cold.

What unburdening of her heart she might have made to him was chilled into silence by his calm. Calmness in the face of this bridge between them! Certainly he could not care any more. She straightened herself in his chair, and folded her hands in her lap . . . she would be as calm, as cold as he!

He wanted love, a home, children—but he wrapped about his love a mantle of reserve. She wanted a career, happiness, laughter—but she erected a barrier built of pride . . . And so they drifted apart.

"Yes, there is something you can do, Stephen. You can listen to me, and perhaps . . . help me . . . I have been thinking ever since we came up, trying to fathom what is the matter with us. I have come to the conclusion that there can be no happiness, no comradeship between two people who do not share their joys and sorrows, their daily interests. I tried to share yours . . . to interest myself in your business . . ."

"Women do not understand business, unless they are business women, and *then* sometimes they don't," he rejoined decidedly.

"Yes, I know that is what you think. But you see, Stephen, I did not think that then, and I do not think it now. There *are* married people who work together, as well as live together. There are women who help their husbands. I am afraid you never gave me credit for having much . . . what you men call 'horse sense!' I think you misjudged me, Stephen. And feeling that, and seeing tonight that we have come to the place where there is apparently no turning back and starting over together, I think that the fair thing to both of us is—to start over alone."

"What do you mean exactly?" Downing went to his smoking stand and bent over to light his pipe. As he puffed to draw the smoke up and started it going, and the light flared back into his face, Jacqueline thought he had turned a bit white . . . but she did not know. She was quite sure, however, that his hands trembled in an unaccustomed manner . . . but then, he had been having some long, hard days in town, and now this wearing night . . .

"I mean that I think the sensible thing to do would be to become divorced. Someway, I feel that it is a greater sin to go on living this way, than to break a marriage vow!"

"I do not believe in divorce. We have never had, to my knowledge, a divorce in the family before!"

"No . . . perhaps not, Stephen, but is that so very vital, considering that it may mean our ultimate happiness . . . a happiness we don't seem to be approaching very fast together?"

He did not answer, and so she steeled herself to go on. Evidently, he was leaving it entirely to her.

"I realize now a great many things that, had I had a mother, she might have told me, before I married you. One is that I married altogether too young. I had not yet had my youth: that glorious freedom and mixing with young people that is the great gift to American girlhood. I think, too, that you should have known this. Someone should have told you, just as someone, you or your mother, should have told me that your primal motive in marrying was to raise a family . . . carry on the name and fortune . . ."

"I am not ashamed of that."

"You have no need to be, Stephen. It is only that some women have other creative impulses beside procreation. I am that kind. I do not say that I will never want children . . . but until I *find myself* I do not think it right, nor wise, to bring another little soul into the world."

"Have I ever reproached you because of this?"

"No . . . but I have felt . . . things you did not say. I have felt that in some way I was failing you as a wife, and yet . . . when I have a child, Stephen, it will not be merely to please my husband. You may be surprised to know it, but I have very strong ideas on that subject. I have seen children, unwanted by the mother. They sometimes bear the stamp of that resentment on their little faces."

"It seems to me that you have a great deal of freedom to do as you wished . . ."

"Yes, and no. One thing I have wanted you did not give me . . . your friendship and confidence. Like so many men, you judged me only by my pretty face . . . You thought I was only a doll, to be dressed up and shown off. That is an old story, Stephen, and men aren't doing it any more. They are treating their wives like pals. You gave me money . . . but you have yet to learn that money does not always buy happiness. That, too, is what Peachy would call 'old stuff'" . . . there was a catch in Jacqueline's voice as she tried to break the seriousness of the moment with an attempt at joking. "You are woefully behind the times, Stephen!"

"Yes . . . it would seem so," he assented bitterly. Then he added, "I guess I've been all wrong, all the time, eh?"

Jacqueline wanted to go to him and protest, at that. Yet her pride would not let her. She wanted to go over and take his hands and look into his eyes and say, "Oh, Stephen, why are we talking like this . . . trying to hurt each other . . . deliberately killing any tenderness that might be? Isn't there some way we can start all over. Neither do I believe in divorce. I hate the thought of it . . . it is the mark of instability and cheapness. Let's go away, just you and I, to some quiet, unpretentious spot, and get right with ourselves and God."

But she did not say these things, and if Stephen Downing had any similar thoughts, she did not know it. She felt that she must bring their interview to an end. They were getting nowhere. She rose and went to the door, pausing there to say:

"There doesn't seem to be any 'talking it out' Stephen. I think we had better do as business concerns do when they come to a problem like this . . . they call it dissolving partnership, don't they? . . . go to our respective lawyers to handle it for us. One thing, though, I wish you would get the divorce . . ."

"But I don't want a divorce!"

"I thought that, too, but separation would be a very unsatisfactory solution, I think. I want you to be free to marry again . . . the sort of woman you need. I am not so utterly selfish that, realizing I am not that sort, I want to debar you from finding the kind of wife that might make you happy. So please . . . Arthur Ready will manage it quietly. It can be done behind closed doors. I cannot, you see, because I have no cause the courts would recognize!"

"What makes you think I have?"

"Desertion is ample cause. I have decided to go away in the morning . . ." She closed the door and was gone. His startled exclamation,

"Go away! My God, Jacqueline, this is your home, what are you talking about!" died half uttered when he realized the closed door was between them. It was not until after she must have reached her room, and closed her door, also, between them, that he recovered from his surprise sufficiently to go after her. Then he realized it was too late . . . and somehow he could not quite bring himself to go pounding at her door in protest. He took the chair she had vacated. It was still warm from her body. Suddenly, he bent forward, and a great trembling seized him. He put his head on his arms, and wept silently . . . terrible, racking tears, as anguished men weep.

And there in his room alone, Stephen Downing's heart said to the silence all the things he had wanted to say to his wife. That he had never thought their lack of active interest in each other's affairs could assume so vital a denouement; that he had been, most of the time, contented merely to watch her doing the things she had wanted to do, until she had wanted to become a picture actress and, of course, that he would not allow. He had wanted to tell her that he believed in her . . . still believed in her . . . that some day he felt she would want to stop playing, and come to him . . . a woman . . . no longer a child. He had wanted to say so much, but, poor dumb fool that he was, he had said nothing, or what he had said had only made matters worse! Why had he not said the things his heart was saying? A stubborn pride, a deplorable, weak, self-consciousness . . . his English blood hiding his really sentimental nature under a camouflage of reserve and convention.

Finally, he made himself go to bed to snatch a bit of sleep before morning. He had a trying day before him, and he felt that now, more than ever, he must get at the helm of his business worries. He frowned a bit as he thought over happenings of the day previous. He had been convinced yesterday that somebody was out to knife him, but he had thrown off the suspicion. Now he considered it carefully . . . Jacqueline must have a large sum settled upon her, and he could take no chances of foul-play downtown. He would see Ready about it and this other thing, at the same time.

* * * *

Peachy had just come from a morning romp on the beach with her two sons, when Jacqueline's voice over the 'phone told her something serious had happened in the Downing home. She did not wait to ask what, nor how . . . she simply heard the thin, half-hysterical tones of her friend saying "Good-bye, Peachy . . . I'm going away for a rest . . . will write you," and she answered briefly:

"I'm coming over. Wait for me!"

The traveling bags in the hall, and Jacqueline dressed in tailored suit, and a small traveling hat over her white face . . . something about the definite air of her departure, told Peachy that her worst fears were probably so. Jacqueline was leaving her home.

"You might have forgotten something important. People do. I always go back and take a last look . . . it pays!" greeted Peachy merrily, and taking Jacqueline's arm, drew her toward the stairs. When they were alone in Jacqueline's room, Peachy closed and locked the door. Then she faced her friend, squarely, and said simply:

"Are you perfectly sure it's what you want to do?"

Jacqueline bit her lips, and her eyes wandered away from meeting those honest, inquiring ones before her. Then in a sort of desperation, she broke out, "No! I'm not sure! All I know is that this can't go on! It can't! Something inside me keeps telling me it is wrong. Something keeps telling me we will never get anywhere this way . . . but that . . . we must have a chance to start again . . . alone . . . or together!"

Peachy said, "A separation is a serious thing."

"I know . . . but living together the way we have been doing is worse! It's a *deadening* thing! I feel and act years older than I am! I hesitate to laugh . . . to sing! I am stifled. I am unhappy. I cannot be a good wife when I feel like this!"

"What are you going to do? Go to your old guardian . . . Arthur Ready?"

"No . . . he is Stephen's friend and legal advisor. It wouldn't be fair to Stephen. I am going down to Laguna Beach, and just rest . . . and think . . ."

"Don't do that!" Peachy spoke quickly. "That is the worst thing you can do in your condition! Oh, if you only had *something to do* . . . to keep you busy! There's nothing like work to get your mind straight about things! Thinking only makes it worse. You get a grudge about something, and you just go around petting it along, until the molehills all grow to mountains. *I know!*"

"Peachy . . . I've always been crazy about dramatic work. That is really the thing I want to do . . . but somehow, it seems so trivial to break a home up over! I want to do it . . . try to get in pictures . . . but I hesitate for fear that perhaps I am selfish . . . Oh, I don't know . . . everything is so . . . mixed up. I don't know right from wrong . . . I . . ."

"Here . . . cut that out, baby! No tears! You'll have me weeping, too. I always weep over divorces. I'm a maudlin fool myself, but maybe this will come out all right. Now listen . . ." and then over Peachy's face came a sudden memory. She had promised Sam to "keep out of it!"

"I promised Sam to mind my own business . . . damn!" said Peachy, succinctly, and brought the first smile to Jacqueline's lips. She was such a sulky, unwilling, *obedient* wife.

A knock came at the door, and the maid's voice said, "Note for you, Mrs. Downing. I told Mr. D'Antonio you were not receiving."

Peachy opened the door and took it, and handed it to Jacqueline. Then she looked quickly at her friend. Ah, so there was a man in it! She felt a bitter disappointment. She had never thought Jacqueline was that kind.

"Here . . . read it! What am I to do with him? Nothing short of choking will stop him!" Jacqueline was handing the note back to her.

"Carissima! You are going away! I see your bags in the hall. You are unhappy! Let me give you the companionship you hunger for!"

"Huh! Writes pretty good English for a 'wop'!" was Peachy's dry comment, and then she deliberately tore the note into tiny scraps and put them in a grate. Taking out her cigarette case, she struck a match and watched them burn.

"S'pose I shocked you, calling him a 'wop.' I know I'm prejudiced, but I can't think of that kind any other way. My sister married an Italian. Met him in Rome . . . was over there making a picture. She only had a small part, but dressed like a million dollars. She had a trick of making things look (*Continued on page* 43)

Peachy **opened the door and took it, and handed it to** ***Jacqueline.*** **Then she looked quickly at her friend. Ah, so there was a man in it! She felt a bitter disappointment. She had never thought** ***Jacqueline*** **was that kind.**

Where Hollywood's Hetty Green Lives

One of Hollywood's most successful realtors is Ruth Roland. Business acumen, in addition to a pretty face, has won and kept for her a fortune and fame.

Ruth Roland is probably one of the wealthiest young women in *Hollywood*. And it is due as much to her dealings in real estate as to her motion picture salary that she has amassed a fortune. And in spite of wealth, she has chosen to live in a great old-fashioned house on the most exclusive *Wilshire Boulevard*.

Above is pictured the music-room. The large grand piano is an Ampico Chickering, and just behind it one catches a glimpse of a mahogany Victrola. The enormous loving-cup in the center of the room is only one of the many which *Miss Roland* has won for dancing. She is an accomplished dancer and musician, in addition to her other attributes.

On the left is *Ruth's* bedroom, very dainty and feminine, in orchid and blue. The furniture is ivory, and all the furniture in the room as well as the walls and ceiling are beautifully hand-painted, by a famous artist. There is a lovely little hand-painted desk which holds a statuette of the star, in one corner of the room.

Just above, is pictured a corner of the sun-porch just off the bedroom, the walls, ceiling and furnishings of which harmonize with *Miss Roland's* sleeping-room.

"On the stage we can forget ourselves, sort of live our part, but in the movies there are so many little technical details that it's impossible to forget that one is before the camera. I truly think that if one photographs well and can follow directions, one can succeed in the movies."

On the left is a picture of *Lynn Fontanne* as she appeared in the *Theatre Guild Production, "The Guardsman,"* and below, she poses with her husband, *Alfred Lunt,* who played in the same stage play and who is also a new screen recruit.

Photograph by Muray

Photograph by Muray

When a Stage Star Turns to the Screen

By Nanette Kutner

AS THIS is a typical "Arlenish" age we might be pardoned for borrowing a line from Michael's pen, and thus call her "Shelmerdene, that lovely lady" Yes, Lynn Fontanne reminds us of an Arlen heroine. She is an English lady, who possesses all the charm of cultured sophistication.

Somehow, we can't picture her at a noisy supper club, or frequenting any popular rendezvous where the majority of stage and screen celebrities hold forth. Lynn Fontanne at a cabaret would be like placing a Tiffany jewel in a Woolworth setting. Lynn Fontanne moving gracefully about, in someone's drawing room is a different matter, in fact, Lynn Fontanne in any drawing room would be an asset. She is the height of refinement, and that quality is bound to have a pleasing effect on those in her immediate vicinity. When she was in the chorus the girls cut down on their rough language, and they whispered their *risque* stories, for somehow, they were ashamed, and didn't want Lynn to hear. They wanted to shield and protect her. Don't misunderstand us, Lynn Fontanne is no namby-pamby Elsie Dinsmore; it's simply that she is not common, in an age when vulgarity only too often reigns supreme. She is quite romantic and sentimental, but tries to hide those qualities, by acting matter-of-fact, for she hates to have the world look into her heart.

We were seated in her dressing-room, backstage of the Garrick Theater, when Lynn told us of her plans to enter the movies.

"I'm just a little scared!" she informed us. "You see, I'm so used to the stage, that I'm sure I'll miss using my voice, so I'll probably be terrible! I guess I'm a poor press agent," she added with a smile. "Frankly, I think beauty means everything in the movies. A real motion picture star must posses that type of beauty which takes one's

Lynn Fontanne **reminds us of an** ***Arlen*** **heroine. She is an** ***English*** **lady, who possesses all the charm of cultured sophistication . . . She is quite romantic and sentimental, but tries to hide these qualities by acting matter-of-fact, for she hates to have the world look into her heart.**

breath away, she must be vivid looking. There's Bebe Daniels—I adore her creamy complexion—she reminds me of a tea-rose.

Another reason why I probably won't be a great movie star is a very simple one. I can't give out these interviews—I lack the atmosphere," Miss Fontanne continued, as a wicked twinkle flashed into her eyes. "I don't own one pet elephant, or even a cat, and I'm sure no one cares what I eat for breakfast, but nevertheless, I'm going to play opposite Tommy Meighan in his next picture—and that's that!

"It will be my first real movie part," Miss Fontanne went on to say, as she deftly applied her make-up. "I did do a little bit in one of my husband's pictures, and the less said about that—the better! All the scenes were taken in cellars or on stairs, so they couldn't give me any back lighting, consequently—well—let's change the subject! As for the screen tests! They said I took a marvelous test, so I rushed up to the projection-room and almost died when I saw it. My eyes lacked sufficient make-up, my forehead looked like a snake's, and if that's the best test they ever took I'd hate to see the worst! I took another test, this time I combed my hair in a different style, put on more make-up, and when I saw the film I could barely recognize myself! I looked like a little fluffy-ruffle, simple school-girl, so I must admit that the movies are chock full of surprises. I'll also admit that I don't know anything about them, as you are interviewing me *before* my movie *debut*. Why not come to see me *after* I've started my picture, and then I'll give you some real reel information."

So a few weeks later we went over to pay a call upon Mrs. Alfred Lunt, in other words—Lynn Fontanne, who greeted us at the door, and then settled herself in a big cozy chair.

"I'm all in," she began. "I've been packing the entire day, for Alfred and I are leaving for the wilds of Wisconsin. I guess I need a rest, after working in that picture. It was so tiresome. I didn't mind the actual work, it was the waiting that got on my nerves. You wait nine hours in order to play fifteen minutes!"

"And how did it go?" we asked.

"To be truthful," commenced Miss Fontanne, "I don't know. I acted all over the place. I think I did some of the best acting of my career, but I have no idea how it photographed. I wanted to see the 'rushes,' but I never got the chance. I figured that if the 'rushes' were good, it would prove that an actress on the legitimate stage can emote successfully before the camera, but if they were terrible, it would prove that I know nothing about movie acting.

"Of course," she continued, "on the stage we can forget ourselves, sort of live our part, but in the movies there are so many little technical details that it's impossible to forget that one is before the camera. I truly think that if one photographs well and can follow directions, one can succeed in the movies. That real acting ability, the years and years of stage training, are not a necessary factor in a movie star's life. Now don't misunderstand me," Miss Fontanne hastened to explain. "Many a movie star is a versatile actress, but still the fact remains, that you don't have to possess as much dramatic talent to achieve stardom in the movies as you must have to be a stage star. There's the voice. It takes years and years of stage training and study of voice culture in order to be able to speak lines properly, but in the movies the voice is a minus quantity.

"After I see the picture I made, I hope to make another one," Miss Fontanne continued, "but at present I am going away to rest in our summer home in Wisconsin, and when I come back I'm starting rehearsals for a new Theater Guild Production, Shaw's play, 'Arms and The Man.' My husband, Alfred Lunt, and I will be co-starred in it. It's marvelous to work with one's husband. Our marriage has been a happy one and that's because we don't try and boss each other. Everyone has their own life to live, no human being can 'own' another one. After all, successful marriages are purely luck.

We met Miss Fontanne's leading man in stage and real life, and we don't blame her for signing a contract with the Theatre Guild which states that she is to play opposite him for another year.

Knowing that Lynn was tired, we then said good-bye, and as we went down the stairs, she called after us, "In one respect the screen has it all over the stage—and that's when it comes to salaries!"

"I'm just a little scared," she informed us. "You see, I'm so used to the stage, that I'm sure I'll miss using my voice, so I'll probably be terrible. I guess I'm a poor press agent," she added with a smile.

Simplicity Is the Keynote of Eleanor Boardman's Style

Black and white satin and charmeen are the materials which *Eleanor Boardman* has used in this most effective though simple street ensemble on the left. The long black coat has inserts and the lapels of black satin, the lapels piped with white and a panel in front edged with white buttons. The skirt is charmeen and a smart cloche of the same material rimmed in black satin and adorned with a white fancy completes the costume.

On the right, *Eleanor* poses in a good-looking wrap of white twill embroidered all over in black and collared and bordered with white fox.

This simple and attractive sports frock on the right is one of *Eleanor's* favorites. It is a two-piece model with a slip-on blouse and is made of the newest of *French* plaids piped at the neck and pockets with white silk. It is the most practicable and convenient of frocks and can be worn on any occasion that calls for sports clothes.

The smart straight-line coat on the right is of the very popular *Kasha* cloth, the most practicable and attractive of materials for sports wear. A tight-fitting little hat of felt is worn with it and a long, slender swagger stick adds the last touch to "what the well-dressed woman wears when she goes for a stroll."

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Night Life of New York

By Janet Reid

(Based on the Famous Players-Lasky Production, of the Same Name. Copyright by them, 1925)

THE leading newspaper of Clay City carried upon its bold front page, a biography, panegyric, eulogy and general laudation of one John J. Bentley.

The newspaper's first and certainly most appreciative reader was John J. Bentley himself.

Well, he felt, expanding under the deservedly inky space . . . well, he deserved it. God knew he had labored long and mightily. He had never spared himself in any instance. He had been fair and square in all his dealings. He had not got his gain illy. No one in Clay City could say a foul word about John J. Bentley or about his business either. Few men had done as well. Thirty years . . . thirty years is a long while . . . but here before him, in this glowing testimonial to his remarkable rise, success and honor was the first fruit of his struggle. Yes, he had done well, very well . . . The name of Bentley would go down nobly in the annals of Clay City. No doubt they would name the bank after him. They had already named a street. Perhaps, in time, a statue . . . a statue of John J. Bentley astride a ramping steed. Of course he had never ridden a steed, ramping or otherwise, but still, a statue and a great deal is done in the name of Art and Bentley.

John J. Bentley reluctantly abandoned the first page of the Clay City Courier for the second and then for the third. On the third he paused again. A close observer, if there had been one, which there was not, would have noted that the strong hand of John J. trembled ever so slightly as he made the stop on page three. For John J. had come, again, upon the name of Bentley. His own fair name of Bentley. But this time the name over which he had labored for thirty years was taken rather more than in vain. It had to do with his son, Ronald. Young Ronald, who had begun at the age of three, by systematically breaking the neighbors' windows and who had ended up here, today, in the Clay City Courier, in a story which linked his name with that of Carrie Reed, an actress, who played in stock during the summer season. Miss Reed had given a statement to the enterprising sheet in which she averred that she was not engaged, never had been engaged and, in all probability never would be engaged to Ronald Bentley, son of John J. Bentley, who, as every citizen knew, etc., etc., etc. . . .

Damned young scoundrel!

John J. seethed and fumed. Here he had labored for 30 years, fairly and squarely, for the honor and success he had achieved and he had a son with no more to him than a penchant for stock actresses, speeding in the roadster and getting himself into trouble generally.

Something would have to be done about Ronald. This business had got to stop. Here and now. He couldn't have the honored name of Bentley dragged in the mire any further. That was that. Carrie Reed . . . indeed! Some slattern from New York, a city where no woman could be respected and no man trusted. Why couldn't Ronald marry a Clay City girl, take hold in his father's business and act like any upstanding, right-thinking young American man should act?

John J. sent for Ronald.

Ronald slouched in. Ronald never entered a room as any other youth would enter it. He either slouched, indolent and indifferent, or he breezed in, bombastic and noisy.

This morning he slouched. He should have come grovelling, a penitent. But, no, he slouched. There was no penitence in the boy.

"Well, sir," said John J. in his most John J-ish tones, "what have you to say to *this?*" He held before his son's eyes the column generously given out by Miss Carrie Reed.

"Nuthin'," said young Ronald, "she's said it all, the little rascal."

"'Said it all,' eh? I should say she *has* said it all—and she's said just about enough. She's said just about all that is *going* to be said about the name of Bentley that I have labored for thirty years, fair and square, to . . ."

"Oh, come off, Dad, what's that go to do with a chap having his little fling? Damned if it isn't pretty stiff, being the son of John J. Bentley in Clay City. I'm supposed to act like the figure of a dying gladiator on a tombstone. I can't live up to it, that's all. I've got to have a little fun. If I can't have it in Clay City, let me go to New York, where you don't get in the paper every time you take a good-looking girl for a ride."

"Don't you talk to me like that, sir!" bellowed John J., "and let me tell you right here and now that no son of mine will ever go to that Sodom and Gomorrah on my money. No, sir, not on any money of mine will any son of mine ever enter that foul and accursed hole. If you go to New York, sir, you ride a freight there and you earn your board and keep by the sweat of your brow, as I have earned mine in Clay City, fair and square, for thirty . . ."

Ronald slouched toward the door. He was fond of the old man, but he couldn't stand for the shouting business. Nor could he endure hearing about the thirty years of fairness and squareness more than half a dozen times a day. He had feared the worst when he had read the morning paper—not the third page, but the first. He had known what to expect then. The combination of the two

"Well, sir," said *John J.*, in his most *John J-ish* tones, "what have you to say to this?" He held before his son's eyes the column generously given out by *Miss Carrie Reed.*

stories would prove, he had rightly anticipated, fatal.

"If I can't go to New York, Dad," he said, "at least I can try to make this burg a little bit like it. And besides, Dad, as man to man, it's not New York you're sore at—it's that dumb dame who turned you down to marry the Workman guy. Cheerio, she only did it because she couldn't use her lamps for more than a square inch ahead of her. If she had known that one day she might have been Mrs. John J. Bentley of Clay City, she would have played the other trick."

Ronald slouched toward the door until he disappeared. He had disappeared before his disgruntled and *distrait* parent collected his wits enough to bid his son begone.

When he was sure that the impudent rascal had made good his disappearance, John J. Bentley rose and went to the old secretary desk that flanked the wall of the dining-room. From a small and secret drawer in the desk he extracted a faded photograph of a beautiful girl of the early nineties and an equally faded letter. The picture was autographed and said, "Yours always, Sally." The letter said that Sally was sorry but felt that she had made a serious mistake and was about to rectify it before it was too late by marrying William Workman.

"That's what came," muttered John J., "of going to New York and having anything to do with the women of that city. I might have known . . ."

He wanted to think of something to say to cunning *Meg*. Why, he ought to be able to think of something . . . just anything . . . but he couldn't.

Well, he had come home from New York a sadder and wiser man and he had never gone back, nor ever would. He had married a Clay City girl, Ronald's mother, and if she hadn't given him the ecstasies that had been partially promised him by the more dazzling Sally, she had at any rate, appreciated him. She had believed him second only to the Presbyterian God of her fathers, and had died with the persistent and loyal conviction still burning in her heart.

There had been other compensations. The enterprising Workman for whom he, John J. Bentley, had been jilted, had gone from one financial failure to another. One of the chief joys of Bentley's life had been the day he had made William Workman the manager of his New York branch, thus establishing between them the status of employer and employee. Had he been an analytical person, he would have been cognizant, too, of the joy he must have had in signing the checks that provided the whilom Sally with her bed, board, etceteras! It is doubtful, however, that John J. went quite so far as that.

* * * * *

Ronald left his father to go straight to Carrie. He told Carrie that he was about to give her "a piece of his mind," having just had a piece of his father's given to him. He told Carrie, sternly, that when she felt called upon to give newspaper reporters bits of information which was, Heaven knew, fair enough, she should be at some pains to tell the truth. She should never say, for instance, that she never had been, was not and never would be engaged to Ronald Bentley. Stranger, more ominous things had happened . . . who could tell?

Carrie, who lived for thrills and was the pal of any man so long as he could provide them for her, flipped her overly-manicured fingers, said "Let's ride . . .!" and they were off.

Carrie wanted thrills. Ronald wanted excitement. He wanted to shake off the pater's words. The pater was getting a bit thick. He was taking his thirty years and his fairness and squareness too seriously. He was really piling it on. Ronald stepped on the gas. Carrie shouted, "Let's *go!*"

They went.

So did a motorcycle cop. Great stuff! Ronald stepped on the gas a bit harder. Harder still. Carrie shrieked "Let's win. . .!"

"We will, the blighter!"

And they might have, had not a passing freight barred their speed and permitted the cursing motorcop to draw up beside them, outraged and armed with cuff-links and other paraphernalia of the law.

"Let's go," said Carrie Reed, with a feeble grin.

"Good kid," said Ronald.

They went.

The news came to John J. Bentley as he was conferring in his mission-furnitured, imposing offices with William Workman.

William Workman, who had felt from the beginning that his line was tact, muttered something to the general effect that "boys will be boys."

John J. Bentley said, unkindly, that fools will be fools, too, unless—something very drastic is done about it.

He was, actually, disturbed. His face had turned a shade of pale putty. He said something about the fact that Ronald was his only son—all he had—the boy was making a fool of himself—over some flighty woman . . . Would Workman suggest anything?

Workman suggested New York.

"After all, Mr. Bentley," he said, "your son can get away with a great deal in Clay City that he couldn't get away with in New York—especially if we did a little planning; laid a few little traps. He thinks he is a little god out here. Son of John J. Bentley. In New York he would find a great many little gods, older and wiser than he is. He would see a good many Carrie Reeds . . . better and worse.

"I believe that we could, between us, cook up something that will send him home sadder and wiser—and saner—"

John J. Bentley recoiled a little at the words. "Sadder and wiser." That was how he himself had come home from New York. Heartbroken, too, he had thought. But had he been? Really? Or had he been only "saner" after all?

John J. Bentley paid the requisite large fine and removed his unrepentant son and the rather flippant Carrie Reed from their temporary resting places behind the bars.

They arrived home and John J. had a brief conference with his son and heir.

"I have changed my mind," he said, "I have changed my mind, sir, about several matters. Most importantly, I have changed my mind about New York. I am going to send you to New York. I am going to give you a certain amount of money so that you may see the town. You are so expert a rounder, you know so much about men and women, about mixing about and still remaining out of difficulty that I have come to the conclusion it is only fair so gifted a young man should have a larger scope. You are to leave by the morning train. Mr. Workman will travel with you to New York, and after that you will be on your own and accountable to no one."

* * * * *

Ronald arrived in New York. It was larger than he had thought it would be. The buildings were taller. (*Continued on page* 46)

The Heroic Villain

And the Ladies He Loses

Smiling, likeable, debonair *John Roche* is an odd villain. He looks the part of the hero always, but thanks to the scenarists, he never fails to connive against the heroine.

On the left, *John* is shown with *Dolores* and *Helene Costello*, daughters of *Maurice Costello*, in a scene from *"Robbed Hair."*

John probably never looked more hero-like than he did in *"My Wife and I,"* but nevertheless *Irene Rich* had to turn him down, for as usual, it fell to his lot to portray the villain.

On the right, he is shown with *Irene* in a scene from the picture.

Dorothy Devore was the lady in *"The Broadway Butterfly,"* who had to close her eyes to *John's* masculine charms and turn him down for the hero. In spite of the story, we would find it hard to play a role that would necessitate hard-heartedness toward this handsome villain.

On the right, *John* is shown pursuing his villain-like way with *Marie Prevost*, in a scene from *"Kiss Me Again."*

Photograph by P. and A.

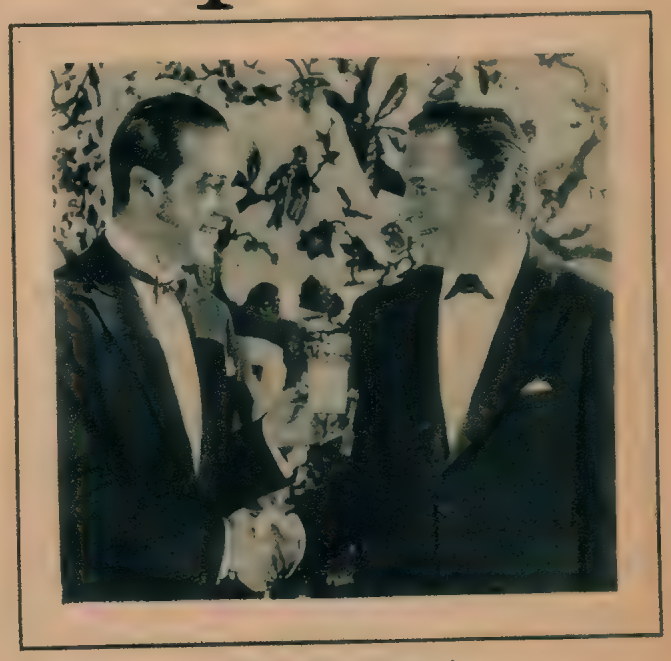
"Our Gang" Promoted

The *"Our Gang"* kiddies have finished their school year with honors, each and every one of them, in the *Los Angeles* city schools, and now they are the envy of their schoolmates, for instead of vacationing at the seashore or mountains, they are to spend their holidays in making pictures.

Camera Scoops

As One Actor to Another

John Barrymore was awarded the *Valentino* medal, for the best performance in any motion picture during 1924, which he won by his work in *"Beau Brummel."* The presentation was attended by elaborate ceremonies, after the decision had been made by leading newspaper and magazine dramatic critics. Here *Rudolph* is pictured giving *John* the medal.



Photograph by P. and A.

An Imported Star

Greta Garbo, Sweden's famous film star, has come to *Hollywood,* to make pictures for *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Miss Garbo* is known as *"The Norma Shearer of Sweden,"* and is one of the most beautiful young women of *Europe.* She is pictured here, aboard the *Drottningholm,* just after her arrival in *New York. Mauritz Stiller,* her director, accompanied her, and the two famous *Swedish* film people are expected to do big things in *Hollywood.*

ACROSS the SCREEN

"THE LUCKY DEVIL"—85%
Reviewed by Alma Talley

Richard Dix's new film is an automobile-racing picture and the best of its kind that has been seen in months. It has lots of action, delightful comedy, and the automobile race itself is replete with thrills.

Richard Dix, in the title role, plays a young automobile salesman who wins an expensive car in a raffle. Then his adventures begin. Entirely broke and owing a big hotel bill, he enters his car in a race, in which the prize is ten thousand dollars. The automobile is said to be hoodooed, and everything the author could think of happens to prevent his winning that race, all of them very amusing. The final blow occurs when, just within a few hundred feet of the goal, he strips his gears; but he drives in, winning the race, in reverse.

Richard covers himself with glory, as well as mud; this is really the first opportunity he has had in some time to show his ability in a light comedy role. Esther Ralston plays opposite him, and no one could ask for a prettier heroine. And there is amusing Edna May Oliver, as her spinsterish aunt, who contributes a great deal to the comedy value of the film. Don't miss "The Lucky Devil."

The cast includes: Richard Dix, Esther Ralston, Edna May Oliver, Anthony Jowitt, Tom Findlay, Mary Foy and others.
The picture was directed by Frank Tuttle.

"THE WHITE DESERT"—85%
Reviewed by Tommie Gene Browne

"The White Desert" is adapted from the Courtney Riley Cooper story bearing the same title. It is a spectacular picture laid in the snow-driven mountains of Colorado. While it is not an outstanding achievement in entertainment value, it is decidedly realistic and gives us innumerable thrills and many beautiful snow-shots. It is the story of man's strength pitted against nature. The plot is simple but very well worked out. The photographic work is splendid.

Keith, the head engineer is anxious to rush the completion of the tunnel, which has been impeded by the heavy snow. Barry, his assistant, warns him that unless he ceases blasting, a snowslide is certain to occur. The blast is fired; the camp is demolished. Robinette, the daughter of the president of the railroad, who is loved by both men, barely escapes death. Both men attempt to reach a nearby junction where supplies may be had. Barry wins out and brings the rescue train in time to save the camp and in time to rescue Robinette from the villain.

Claire Windsor, as Robinette, is very lovely and does some very good acting at times. Pat O'Malley, as the real he-man, does some admirable acting. Robert Frazer and Snitz Edwards deserve mention.

The cast includes: Claire Windsor, Pat O'Malley, Priscilla Bonner, Snitz Edwards, Robert Frazer and others.
It was directed by Reginald Barker.

"THE TEXAS TRAIL"—80%
Reviewed by Harriette Underhill

"The Texas Trail" is a pretty but emasculated little "Western," where the plot centers 'round the theft of a box of dried apples. It does not sound any too exciting and it isn't. The picture is well done but those who look for a pace that is fast and furious are going to be disappointed.

Harry Carey is seen as Pete Grainger, a comedy cowboy who does not please the exacting young lady who left New York for Texas. She expected to find romances and perhaps a personal romance in the great open spaces. "There men are men," she exclaimed, just as she came on a brave cowboy holding his hands in the air while bandits looted his pockets. It happened to be the hero, too.

Ethel Shannon plays the heroine and she is better in "The Texas Trail" than in any picture we ever saw her do. This heroine must have beauty, versatility and agility, for the plot requires that she not only break hearts but also that she break laws and prison bars. She looks especially cute as a bandit. Harry Carey is a generous star, to allow his leading woman all of the plums.

The cast includes: Harry Carey, Ethel Shannon, Charles French, Claude Payton and Sidney Franklin.
The picture was directed by Scott Dunlap.

Editor's Note: *Our reviews are printed of a uniform size so that they may be kept for future reference. They are written by members of our editorial staff, who are skilled critics and whose viewpoints we know to be sane and unbiased. We believe you will find the ratings of special assistance and invite our readers to send in their personal ratings of pictures they see.*

RATING: Excellent, 95%; Good, 90%; Fair, 75%; Poor, 60%

"CYRANO DE BERGERAC"—85%
Reviewed by Alma Talley

This is an Italian-made picture, done on a spectacular scale, in color. Like most films of its kind, it revels in mob scenes—battles, street crowds. But it is superior to most of them in that the love theme is kept constantly in the foreground and the characterizations are so well drawn that the leading players come to life.

"Cyrano," as everyone familiar with the classic knows, is one of the greatest love stories of all time. Cyrano was a poet who loved a woman madly but had such a grotesque nose that confessing his love seemed ridiculous. Instead, he eased his heart by writing impassioned letters which he permitted a handsome young man to send as his own, because The Girl loved the youth and he was too shy to woo her. The youth married her, and then discovered it was really the letters which had won her. So he purposely got killed in battle, but Cyrano refused to spoil his widow's memory of her husband by revealing the truth.

The role of Cyrano is made pathetic and real by Pierre Magnier. The handsome young man—and he is handsome—is played by Angelo Ferrari, and Linda Maglia makes a beautiful heroine.

The cast includes: Pierre Magnier, Linda Maglia, Angelo Ferrari, Umberto Casilini and others.
The picture was directed by Augusto Genina.

"THE HAPPY WARRIOR"—85%
Reviewed by Tommie Gene Browne

"The Happy Warrior," the screen version of A. M. S. Hutchinson's novel, is a picture with ample plot very consistently handled—very adroitly directed. Though there are times when the tempo lags, in spite of that, it is a worthwhile, enjoyable picture.

It is the story of the rightful heir of an estate and title being shoved aside. And, in the end, when the heir learns of his true heritage, he forgoes all. For he is the "Happy Warrior" who has health, happiness and love, while the usurper has nothing but a title and an estate.

There are times when one may grow weary of the titles telling that the "Happy Warrior" is the embodiment of manly strength—of willingness to fight and defend. Since that is Hutchinson's theme—and bringing it to the screen entails difficulties, perhaps this way is as good as any.

There was a court-room scene in which the prisoner's thoughts are given us by photographing the people of the court through mirrors. Though it is very grotesque, it is effective. On the whole, this is a very worthwhile picture.

The acting honors go to Malcolm McGregor, as the "Happy Warrior," and to Olive Borden, to whom a very obscure role is entrusted.

The cast includes: Malcolm McGregor, Alice Calhoun, Mary Alden, Olive Borden, Wilfred North, Gardner James and others.
It was directed by J. Stuart Blackton.

"THE LADY WHO LIED"—75%
Reviewed by Harriette Underhill

The best part of "The Lady Who Lied," is the title. It is far more interesting than any title has any business to be, unless the picture itself can live up to the titular promise. And "The Lady Who Lied" lacks many things.

The stars are Lewis Stone, Virginia Valli, Nita Naldi and Edward Earle. Miss Valli plays the lady who lied, and she told Horace Pierpont (Lewis Stone) that she didn't love him and that she was only playing a joke on him when she said that she would marry him the next day. The truth of the matter was, that Fay Kennion, the lady's name, on the morning of her marriage to Horace Pierpont discovered in his bedroom the alluring Fifi, played by Nita Naldi. Now, Fifi was a discarded sweetheart and was only seeking revenge. But the lady waited for no explanations. She just up and married an old fiance. This is where Edward Earle comes in. He was, presumably, the villain, but to us he seemed the most sympathetic character in the picture. We think he was very badly used. We also think that unless the scenes in the early part of the picture are modified, some of the censors are going to lose their heads.

The cast includes: Lewis Stone, Virginia Valli, Nita Naldi, Edward Earle, Leo White and others.
The picture was directed by Edwin Carewe.

Hobart Henley is at work in the picture above, directing *Lew Cody* and *Renee Adoree* in a scene from their new picture, *"An Exchange of Wives,"* and to the left, *Colleen Moore* poses in the gardens of the *United Studios* in *Hollywood.*

On the Set and Off

SAMUEL GOLDWYN, independent film producer, has affiliated with United Artists, bringing a $2,000,000 production schedule to this organization, which already includes Douglas Fairbanks, Norma Talmadge, Mary Pickford, Wm. S. Hart, Rudolph Valentino and Charles Chaplin.

Goldwyn's two important directors, Henry King, who is directing "Stella Dallas," and who will direct "The Garden of Allah," in Africa, and George Fitzmaurice, are lined up now with the producer under United Artists' banner.

Joseph M. Schenck, head of the corporation, states that Constance Talmadge and Buster Keaton will join U. A. within a year, when their present contracts with First National and Metro-Goldwyn, respectively, expire.

There's not much of a blanket left after *Willard Louis* gets enough of it around him. *Ruth Clifford,* over at the other end, is almost left out in the cold. *Louise Fazenda* and *Huntly Gordon* are fortunately in the middle. However, they are working in their new picture, *"The Love Hour,"* and with a title like that everything should be O.K.

AFTER all, it seems that Lionel Barrymore isn't to head the cast of "The Sea Wolf," the famous Jack London story, which is to be filmed by Ralph Ince.

Mr. Ince, himself, has assumed the role, which it was formerly stated, was to be given Barrymore. Viola Dana has the leading feminine role and Theodor von Eltz will be seen in a prominent part.

RECENTLY Ralph Ince obtained a divorce from his wife, Lucille Stewart. This

Photograph by K. O. Rahmn

"The Midshipman," Ramon Novarro's Annapolis **story, will soon come to the screen. Above are pictured *Christy Cabanne, Harriet Hammond, Wesley Barry, Kathleen Key* and *Ramon* in one of the sequences, and right next to them is *Mary Pickford* in one of her many charming poses from *"Little Annie Rooney."***

week he announces that as soon as the divorce is legal, which will be in one year's time, he will marry again. His fiancee is Lucilla Mendoz Castro, daughter of a former Venezuelan president.

ROBERT EDESON surprised Hollywood last week by announcing that he had married again. His bride is a South American girl, whose maiden name was Aide de Martinez. She was formerly on the stage. The romance started, it was revealed, when the actor and Miss Martinez were introduced to one another by Rudolph Valentino. Edeson was formerly the husband of Mary Newcomb, stage star.

HAROLD and Mildred Lloyd are going to have that long-deferred trip to Europe. Oh, not right away, as Harold must make two pictures for Famous Players-Lasky before he departs, and he plans to spend about five months on each, but early next spring will see the Lloyds Europe-bound.

Jobyna Ralston will continue as leading woman for the comedian. Several companies have been angling for the services of Jobyna, and small wonder, but Lloyd exercised his option on her contract.

Mildred will soon start work on "Alice in Wonderland," which is to be produced on a very elaborate scale. She's busy these days fitting costumes and trying to decide whether to wear a wig in the production. Mildred's hair is bobbed, and Alice, of course, wouldn't seem herself without long curls.

JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT is apparently determined to "be himself." We glimpsed him strolling unconcernedly about the lobby of the very conservative Garden Court Apartments, the other day, clad in a purple lounging robe. The picturesque New York actor recently returned from the Grand Canyon, where scenes for "The Road to Yesterday," the current Cecil De Mille picture, were made. Vera Reynolds, Jetta Goudal and Casson Ferguson have important parts, with Schildkraut, in this production.

WHEN King Vidor, film director, told Florence Vidor, film star, that matrimony interfered with his career, she realized that they could be happy together no longer. Mrs. Vidor told a Los Angeles judge, who granted her a decree of divorce.

Mrs. Vidor did not ask for alimony, stating that she is well (*Continued on page* 40)

The boy orator on the left is *Robert Sessions, Jr.,* winner of the *National Oratorical Contest on the Constitution of the United States,* held recently in *Washington, D. C.,* and he is shown orating to *Claire Windsor, Count de Rayne, Sally O'Neil* and *C. H. Blanks,* director of the contest, at the *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer* studio, where he was the company's guest.

Concluding

Not So Long Ago

By Pearl Malverne

(Adapted from the Famous Players-Lasky Production of the same name, Copyrighted by them, 1925)

BILLY BALLARD placed the tips of his fingers carefully together. He did this; he made this calm gesture because he didn't, inexplicably, feel calm at all. He was aware of the fact that he should feel annoyed, piqued, even outraged. He should have said, with dignity and resentment, "Why did you do and say such an absurd thing? What do you mean by placing me in such a ridiculous position? How dared you? I, who have never spoken more than ten words to you in my life! Really . . ."

But he didn't feel like saying any of these things. He felt like walking around the table, like taking the slim and sobbing creature into his arms, like saying to her, "There, there, never mind . . . it'll be all right . . . it'll be all right." That's what he felt like saying.

"I told him that we are in love with each other and that we tell each other so ten times every day, morning and afternoon" . . . The darling little thing! The absurd child! Yes, if one were in love with her, one would tell her so ten times every day, morning and afternoon. One would *want* to . . . it would be really delicious.

He let her cry for a few moments. It would do her good. Poor little thing . . . so she was in love with him?

He said, "Don't cry, Betty. It *will* be all right. I suppose that your father and the impertinent young man are coming to see me? To ask me my intentions? Is that it?"

"Y-yes . . . oh, please, please forgive me! I am so sorry . . . so ashamed . . ."

"Nonsense, of course I forgive you, only there isn't anything to forgive. It was the human thing to do. The young gentleman, if he is one, shouldn't have exasperated you so. We'll forget all that and when they come I shall simply tell your father that I am very genuinely interested in you and ask him if I may call. How's that?"

"Oh, Mr. Billy . . . I can't accept that. It's too hard. I . . ."

"Of course you'll 'accept' it. And I want to call. I . . . I want to know you better, Betty."

When Betty's father, trembling, irate, fearful, arrived at the mansion, Betty was upstairs at her work. Billy received him and calmed him by telling him that he had nothing whatever to fear, that he was very much interested in Betty and that he would like permission to call. Michael Dover had had, in his day, considerable experience with men. He thought that there was nothing very villainous about Billy Ballard. He did use scent and he was elaborately dressed, but he had, too, a sturdy pair of shoulders and good, he-man fists. Yes, he thought his little girl might be safe with "the uptown dude." And who could tell . . .

Billy Ballard was as good as his word. Two nights later he came to call. He took Betty walking and no walk had ever been so enchanted for the girl. She told him about her mother, who was dead these many years; she told him about her father and his horseless wagon and the fortune he would make one day. She told him about herself . . . even a little bit about her dreams . . . Billy Ballard had never been so entertained. He had thought that girls like this existed only in fanciful books . . . books he had put away, but had never quite forgotten. She was sweet . . . He called again . . . He began to feel that the intervals between calls were the longest days and the longest evenings he had ever spent. It was necessary for Miss Ursula Kent to call him sharply to account on more than one occasion. "What *are* you mooning about?" she would ask, acidly. It was also necessary for her to remind him of the different engagements they were scheduled for. She thought that he was becoming very tiresome. And she told him so. Miss Ursula believed in being frank at all times. It was a part of her creed.

It is difficult to say how Fate would have handled matters had Fate been left alone to go her way. But Fate was not left alone. A factor in the aggressive person of Mr. Lawrence Wheat intervened.

Mr. Lawrence Wheat became cognizant of the tact that Mr. Billy Ballard was calling, regularly, upon Betty. He had, even, seen them together. His ire knew no bounds. He knew how to fix them. He had a sort of native shrewdness, had Mr. Lawrence Wheat. His scorn for the uptown dudes, notwithstanding, he kept pretty accurate account of their comings and goings. He knew them. He knew, too, that Mrs. Ballard had high aspirations for her son. He had seen the name of Ursula Kent and Billy Ballard coupled together on many more than one occasion. Miss Ursula Kent was the only daughter of *the* Kents. Mr. Billy Ballard was the only son of *the* Ballards. Well . . .

Mr. Lawrence Wheat presented himself at the brownstone mansion of the Ballards.

He was granted an audience with Her and he made full use of this audience by acting the aggrieved suitor! He told the angrily sympathetic lady of his long courtship of Betty Dover. He told how satisfactorily it had been progressing until . . . well, until Betty fell in love with Mr. Billy Ballard. He told of Mr. Billy Ballard's calls to the little side-street flat. In short, there was something afoot and Mr. Lawrence Wheat (*Continued on page* 45)

***Billy Ballard* had had conversation with *Betty*. He had told her "all about" *Miss Ursula Kent*, to whom, he confessed, he had been engaged. He explained that the engagement had been "rather a family affair." He had not, he added, successfully, known what true love meant at that time.**

Betty Compson

We remember when *Betty Compson* was one of the most popular of the feminine stars—not so long ago, and then for a short while *Betty* fell just a bit short of her fans' expectations in her pictures. Her last characterization in *"Paths to Paradise,"* however, has brought back the *Betty* of old—slim, piquant and charming. Her next picture is *"The Pony Express,"* an episode of the *West*, said to rival *"The Covered Wagon,"* and it is directed by her husband, *James Cruze*.

Now

Will the Flappers Approve?

Photograph by Eugene Richee

Joseph Striker **has joined the ranks of the *Paramount* featured players after a number of years spent with other companies, but we doubt if his fans will allow him to remain very long in the ranks. *Joseph's* height and bearing and perfect profile and the manner in which he wears his morning clothes prophesy approval upon the part of the flappers, than which there is no greater mark of success.**

Photograph by Eugene Richee

What Our Readers Think of Us

This Week's $10.00 Prize Letter

Movie Weekly merits praise because it does what all the other screen magazines do —and does it just a little bit better. You know what Macaulay says, "The world gives its admiration, not to the man who does what nobody else even attempts to do, but to the man who does best what multitudes do well." And the same statement applies to magazines—Movie Weekly being the leader in this branch of literature. Its pictures are just a little clearer, its news a little fresher, its criticisms a little pithier than those obtainable in other cinema journals.

We like the recent addition of fictionized movies in your paper. Like *hors d'oeuvres* they give us just enough idea of the plot to create in our minds a determination to SEE THAT PICTURE! Then, too, the stories are so attractively, so intelligently written; none of the melodramatics, none of the hectically exaggerated diction and style so beloved of some movie writers.

Your "True Story" series delight the hearts of all fans, I know. These autobiographical sketches give us a much more vivid, succinct and complete story of the lives of our various stars than we could ever accumulate from isolated, sparsely-worded paragraphs about them from time to time. Thank you for this pleasing innovation.

And then your "Across the Screen"—a veritable treasure chest to the fastidious picturegoer! Your several critics are courageous, concise and honest in their reviews of the current productions. They try, I think, to see the picture through the eyes of the average fan and to report their reaction as such. They do not indulge in high-falutin' soliloquies as to the technical perfection, accuracy of tempo and degree of verisimilitude of the films—for which the saints be praised! I trust and respect Movie Weekly's judgment of a picture every time —and I have yet to find your analysis incorrect or unfair.

In short, Movie Weekly occupies the first and topmost foot of my "five-foot shelf" of magazines.

With best wishes for your continued success, I am

MRS. L. F. HOFFMAN,
Buffalo, N. Y.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

This Week's $5.00 Prize Letter

MISS ELENORE BROWNE,
Holyoke, Massachusetts.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

This Week's $3.00 Prize Letter

MISS RONNY MADSEN,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

Honorable Mention

FRED J. MEYSTRE, JR.
Oak Bluff, Massachusetts.

IF I WERE YOU

By Norma Talmadge

Photograph by Albin

An Anxious Girl: The many things you wrote me about yourself were read with much interest. I cannot, however, advise or encourage you concerning your desire to leave your country and try to establish yourself in the United States. I do not think it would be wise for a girl so young as you to attempt such a venture unless you could make arrangements to have friends here meet you and look after you somewhat until you were able to establish yourself. I am afraid that the wonderful dreams that you have in your little village of coming to "the great America" and becoming rich or famous cannot be realized as easily as you imagine. It may be that you can find friends in your own country who would be glad to give you assistance by having some of their friends here look out for you, provided you had sufficient funds to take care of you until you found employment. You seem to be quite versatile so that it might not be as difficult to find something for you to do as it would be for some one whose talents were more limited. Things may work out for you all in good time, so I would not try to rush into something that might end in disillusion of your day-dreams.

Peggy O'Neil: You are worried because you are self-conscious and blush easily. Your friends seem to delight in teasing you about it and you want to know how you can avoid it. I don't know of anything that will enable one to stop blushing at will, for the rise of color into the face is involuntary. You may be able to help yourself, however, by trying to forget yourself in becoming interested in what those about you are saying. Don't feel that all eyes are riveted on you unless there is some particular reason why they should be. You will soon learn that no one person dominates a crowd of people entirely at social affairs. Your self-consciousness at the present time may be a thing that you will outgrow. It is not uncommon for many young people to feel as you do about things.

You want to know whether actors are as calm in private life as they are on the stage. Training has much to do with such a matter, and while many actors never get over having a sense of "stage fright" in front of the footlights, the majority of them are conscious of the fact that they know how to stand, walk and control their voices, so that they have less reason to be self-conscious than those who have not been fortunate in having such training.

Miss N. G.: There are any number of books that have been written in order to instruct those interested in scenario writing. You can secure lists of them from any big book publishing house. You will find all the information which you desire in any one of them.

It is not necessary to have your manuscript copyrighted as it does not take effect until the story is published and the first rights sold to the publisher or producer.

You can send your work directly to the editorial offices of the motion picture corporation to which you feel that your story is suited.

You will be notified in due time whether your scenario has been accepted and the price which is usually paid. If it does not meet with the approval of the readers it will be returned to you. Some "stolen" manuscripts are lost either through the mail or through the carelessness of clerks. I am speaking, of course, of all the well-known motion picture films.

Marian: Perhaps the best thing for you to do is to take up a course in designing. In this way you will learn how to make sketches of the clothes that you have designed, and will be able to show to manufacturers samples of your work.

Eleanor G.: Red hair and green eyes are a much-envied combination, sought after by many of the leading artists and portrait painters. And even the tiny little freckles which you lament are considered marks of beauty. From (*Continued on page* 42)

Versatile Constance

Dons a Serious Mien and Plays a Dual Role

"Her Sister From Paris," **which is *Constance Talmadge's* latest starring vehicle, probably furnishes greater scope for her versatility than anything she has yet done. In it *Constance* plays a dual role, *"La Perry,"* a temperamental *Parisian* dancer, and the demure *Helen Weyrunger,* her sister. The former role calls for all of her well-known sparkle and charm and in the latter she portrays a demure, prim lady. But *Constance* is *Constance,* regardless of her role, and we find it hard to choose just how we like her best.**

Malcolm McGregor

As clean-cut as his finely-chiseled features is *Malcolm McGregor*, and as popular a young man off the screen as on. *"The Vanishing American"* is the title of the next picture in which his perfect profile will be seen.

The Colonel

This department is for the service of our readers. No charge whatever is made for the answering of questions, whatever their number. However, if a personal reply is requested, we ask that you send a stamped, addressed envelope. All letters should contain the name and address of the writer and, if it is desired that a fictitious name be used in the publication, this name should also be written at the bottom of the letter.

Are you curious to know if your favorite screen star is married . . . where he was born . . . or the name of his new picture? If so, write to the COLONEL at Movie Weekly, 1926 Broadway, New York City.

THE UNKNOWN—Do I think you a fool or not? Well, as long as you are "The Unknown," how can I tell? I think it's very nice of Richard Talmadge to send you a photo for nothing; you can't blame him for not writing you a letter when you think how many he gets; if he tried to answer them, he'd have to spend his entire time on it. Then how could he make any pictures? I never heard of his being born in Switzerland. To the best of my knowledge, he is Italian-American, born in New York. I don't know of any books about Richard Talmadge.

A. B. C. D. GOLDFISH—Yes, indeed, I get that; what shall I do with it? Yes, of course Ben Lyon has "two different eyes," but they're both blue. Colleen is the one who is said to have one brown eye and one blue eye, but I have met her and they both look alike to me. No, she and Ben are not related. I suppose the reason Rod La Rocque didn't play opposite Gloria in "The Coast of Folly," as originally announced, is that Gloria's illness delayed the picture so long that Rod's contract with Famous Players ran out and he signed up with Cecil De Mille. Gloria is said to be the biggest woman star in pictures, judging by her drawing power at the box office, and Tom Mix the most popular man star. Richard Dix is right up at the top among men stars. Some of Gloria's pictures of several years ago include: "Under the Lash," "Her Husband's Trademark," "Beyond the Rocks," "Her Gilded Cage," "My American Wife." Colleen Moore's next picture is "We Moderns." "The Desert Flower" was shown at a Broadway theater May 31st.

"OUR CLUB FANS" announces itself as a new correspondence club, whose honorary members include Bebe Daniels, Madge Bellamy, John Bowers and Bessie Love. Anyone interested in this club may write to Miss Julia David, 98 Waltham St., Boston, Mass.

THE RICHARD DIX PAL CLUB also introduces itself, care Harold Revine, 179 Arthur St., Ottawa, Ontario, Canada.

CUPID'S JEWEL—I see you are the same Cupid's Jewel who has been writing me before. Otherwise I might suspect Cupid of going into the jewelry business. I don't suppose Irene Rich answers her own fan mail as a rule, though she might write you an acknowledgement of the drawing you sent her. I should think you could reach her daughter, Frances, also at Irene's home address, 8082 Selma Ave., Los Angeles. I think you draw very cleverly, judging by the little sketch you sent me. It was nice of you to send it.

DICK BARTHELMESS FAN—So you don't like the heading on my page? I see you want to put the artist to work drawing another one; and this is vacation season, too. I don't know why "New Toys" was not shown in Pittsburgh; perhaps they are holding it for fall release. Business is always so much poorer in the picture houses in the summer that most of the companies hold over their best films until cool weather. After "The Beautiful City," Dick Barthelmess is going to make "Just Suppose."

BILL FIFIELD—Of course I might do some investigating as to whether or not Viola Dana's long eyelashes are real; I could see, for instance, if I could pull them out, but that's no way to treat a lady, now, is it? I don't think Viola has made a picture since "Winds of Chance." "Mary of the Movies" was played by Marion Mack. Glenn Hunter recently played in "My Buddy's Wife" and "The Little Giant."

BLUE EYES—Lots of Blue Eyes on this page today. In fact, I hope there are lots of all kinds of eyes on it, after I go to all the trouble of writing it. Ricardo Cortez was born in Austria; he looks exactly same in real life as he does on the screen. No, he isn't married. He has been making "The Pony Express" and "Not So Long Ago." I don't know just how the bullfight in "The Spaniard" was filmed, but it probably wasn't a real one.

LOUISE KRAEMER—I don't think you will have to miss seeing "The Lost World." It had a Broadway run in New York, but I think it will not be released generally until Fall.

TILLY AND IRENE—In "Sackcloth and Scarlet" the baby was five years old at the time of Shirley's marriage.

THEDA BARA FAN—I'm glad Theda has some fans waiting to see her on her return to the screen. I don't know what Theda's very first picture for Fox was, but "A Fool There Was" was the film that made her famous. Her last one for them was "The Lure of Ambition." Theda is 5 feet 6, and weighs 135 pounds. The supporting cast in Theda's new picture, "The Unchastened Woman," is so far, Eileen Percy, George Walsh, Gladys Brockwell and Harry Northrup. I don't know what Polly Moran is doing now; she seems to have disappeared from films.

HAL—"The Wanderer" opens in New York, August 15th; it will probably not be released throughout the country until after its New York run. Hobart Bosworth lives at 219 Dohen Drive, Beverly Hills, California. His new picture is "Winds of Chance." Ruth Stonehouse lives at 403 Laurel Ave., Los Angeles. I don't know of any picture she is working on at present.

RUDOLPH THE SHEIK—No, of course I won't get angry at you for being so familiar, as you put it. Sheiks are always supposed by most people to be familiar. I think you can probably get pictures of most of your favorites by asking for them. Buck is Charles Jones' nickname.

BLUE EYES—Did you ever notice that almost all the girls in poetry have blue eyes? Write both Shirley Mason and Viola Dana at United Studios, 5341 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles. Douglas MacLean lives at Beverly Hills, California. You can subscribe to Movie Weekly for three months for $1.50. Address your letter to the Subscription Department, Movie Weekly, 1926 Broadway, New York.

SISTER COMFORTER—It's a little warm for a comforter these nights! So "big sister, Lulu, is dippy over James Kirkwood; is there a chance?" A chance for what? If you mean she wants to shoo Lila Lee out of his household, I'm afraid there isn't; he rather likes Lila and the small James, Jr., with his four teeth—or perhaps he has cut another one by now. Mr. Kirkwood is in his forties; I can't answer questions about the screen stars' religious beliefs. You can reach James at Famous

(*Continued on page 44*)

Zasu Pitts

Zasu Pitts' services have been much in demand ever since she made *"Greed."* Her portrayal of *Trina* was one of the finest bits of screen characterization of the year, and her fans, of whom she has many, are eagerly looking forward to her next picture, *"Lazybones."*

On the Set and Off

(*Continued from page 3*)

able to provide for herself and her daughter, Suzanne, who was placed in her custody.

The Vidors were married September 21, 1915, and separated March 10, 1923. They are both very popular in the film colony and friends have attempted to bring about a reconciliation between them at various times, but without success.

Probably no young woman in Hollywood has blossomed out more interestingly than Florence Vidor, during the last two years. From being a quiet, rather colorless person, she has become one of the most popular of Hollywood's feminine stars. Masculine Hollywood vies to pay her homage. During recent months she has been seen frequently with George Fitzmaurice, noted film producer and director.

Mr. Vidor is seen frequently with Eleanor Boardman, and it has been rumored at various times that they will marry.

Now it is Rudolph Valentino who has purchased a Beverly Hills estate. And "estate" is the word, for Rudy purchased several acres adjoining his $100,000 residence site, and plans an aeroplane landing-field there.

The residence will be of Italian villa design, and the landscaping will be carried out under the actor's personal direction. Rudy's present home on Whitely Heights, overlooking Hollywood, will be sold. Probably bidding will be high for the former home of "the sheik."

Where is Mahlon Hamilton? In case you're interested, he has just signed to appear in a Fox production, "The Winding Stair," which John Griffith Wray will direct. Alma Rubens and Edmund Lowe play the leading roles.

Probably no theater ever housed so many film celebrities at one time as did Grauman's Egyptian Theater, on the night that Charlie Chaplin's latest picture, "The Gold Rush," was given its *premiere* in Hollywood.

Not only were the scores of usual first-nighters present, but film stars who rarely attend such affairs, came to pay homage to Chaplin. Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford were there with John Barrymore in their party. Miss Pickford looked very lovely in a silver lace gown, over which she wore an apple-green velvet cape trimmed in ostrich feathers.

The Marquis and Marquise de la Falaise (Gloria Swanson) created a flurry of interest as they entered the theater. Miss Swanson was gowned in georgette, in the varying shades of pink, and wore a cape to match, beautifully ornamented with georgette roses.

Bessie Love, Alice Joyce, Lillian Gish and other stars whose work has kept them in eastern studios much of the time, all attended this *premiere*.

The theater court was packed with a struggling mass of humanity, all eager to catch glimpses of the film celebrities as they stepped from their motor cars. Indeed, Hollywood Boulevard quite remembled Times Square during the theater hour. Shouts of greeting and bursts of applause greeted the different favorites.

An innovation was a film presentation of the stars who were present. This preceded the showing of the film, and was part of the elaborate prologue staged by Syd Grauman.

The picture was enthusiastically received, and at the final fade-out Chaplin himself took the stage, and received a real ovation. Altogether, it was quite a thrilling evening, not only for those inside the theater but for the "sidewalk fans" as well, who remained patiently in their places until well past midnight in order to hail the stars again as they left the theater.

Rudolph Schildkraut, father of Joseph Schildkraut, has decided to take a whirl at the movies. He arrived in Hollywood recently and will be featured by Universal in a production called "His People."

Schildkraut's role is that of a patriarchal old Jew of the New York East Side, showing his trials with his family and his struggles to uphold his native traditions.

Hollywood is wondering if Patsy Ruth Miller will be the next bride of the film colony. Patsy caught Helen Ferguson's bridal bouquet, when Helen married Bill Russell—and you know the old tradition.

There is a rumor in Hollywood that Pauline Frederick is to be married again. Pauline, just at present, is touring Australia in a stage play, "The Lady," and it is said that her leading man, Charles Coleman, is to become her husband. The actress recently secured a final decree of divorce from Dr. Rutherford, a Seattle physician.

Norma and Constance Talmadge are vacationing just now, but before long they will be at work. Norma's next picture is to be "The Sun of Montmartre," depicting the Persian art student's life, while Connie will do "East of the Setting Sun."

It has been definitely decided that Norma and Thomas Meighan will appear together in a picture this fall, co-starring in "My Woman." It is reported that Meighan will receive $10,000 weekly during this engagement.

Of course you remember Vera Gordon in "Humoresque." Miss Gordon is returning to the screen in another role of the type which first brought her fame. She will be seen as a Jewish mother, in "Two Blocks Away," a Universal production. Charlie Murray plays the role of her Irish husband. This should be good.

Siamese Twins on Loew Vaudeville Circuit

In the July 18th issue of Movie Weekly, in the interview "Will the Siamese Twins Go Into the Movies?" these young vaudeville entertainers were referred to as "filling houses on the KEITH circuit." This was a particularly bad error, for the vaudeville circuit that the Siamese Twins have been following, as every one at all familiar with vaudeville knows, is THE LOEW CIRCUIT. We wish to make public and humble apology to everyone concerned.

Hollywood is having its first glimpse of Alice Joyce's two lovely daughters. Miss Joyce brought them west with her, when she came out to appear in "Stella Maris" and the little family now occupies a charming bungalow in Beverly Hills.

Lillian Rich has decided to become an American citizen. Having established herself as a popular motion picture star in this country, Miss Rich, who came from England four years ago, has applied for her first naturalization papers.

Ernest Lubitsch decided to celebrate the Fourth of July properly, in anticipation of his early accession to full American citizenship. So he purchased a mighty array of fireworks and assisted his stepchildren in igniting them. Everything went well, until the always original Lubitsch got the bright idea of firing a giant cracker from the branches of a big palm tree. Fire-cracker and tree both exploded in flames, imperilling the beautiful $250,000 home recently acquired by the director and his wife.

Fortunately, the noble fire laddies of Beverly Hills rushed to the scene of disaster, and speedily extinguished the conflagration. Lubitsch is all for a safe-and-sane Fourth, hereafter.

Justine Valse, who came into the limelight when she told police officers that she was being used as a tool by a group of conspirators, who plotted to blackmail Pola Negri, has been committed to the State Insane Asylum. It was stated that she had evaded confinement in a private sanatorium and had raised a disturbance at a local studio when refused work.

While Jack Dempsey and his wife, Estelle Taylor, have been touring Europe, Jack's police dogs have been allowed to excursion about Hollywood, much to the terror of other dogs in the Dempsey neighborhood. So when Jack gets back it will be to face a complaint filed against him by his neighbors, charging wilful neglect and careless handling of vicious bull and police dogs.

There is such a thing as being too popular. Charlie Chaplin, for instance, found himself without a dinner engagement on the evening of "The Gold Rush" *premiere*, because everyone assumed that someone else had already claimed the lion of the evening.

Late in the afternoon, Harry Du Ast, a member of the Chaplin organization, who had spent the day with the comedian, mentioned that he was giving a dinner at the Montmartre before the *premiere*.

"Well," said Chaplin, "no one has asked me to dinner, anywhere."

Needless to say, an invitation to Du Ast's dinner-party was immediately forthcoming, and so Charlie didn't have to dine alone, as he had come near doing.

A mighty exodus of film players took place when two great Lasky companies, comprising 285 persons, headed for distant location spots at the same time. The stories to be filmed are "The Pony Express," with James Cruze directing, and "The Vanishing American," a Zane Grey story.

Richard Dix plays the lead in the latter picture, and together with Lois Wilson and Noah Beery heads the company, which has gone into the heart of the Navajo Indian Reservation, 165 miles north of Flagstaff, Arizona.

A special train took the company filming "The Pony Express" to Sacramento, where a portion of the old city has been rebuilt for opening scenes in the picture. Ricardo Cortez, Betty Compson, Wallace Beery and Ernest Torrence will play the featured roles.

Envy the debutantes who are summering at Catalina. For Ronald Colman is over there. Colman is being kept busy in the studios, but he has managed to snatch a week or two of relaxation, having completed work in Constance Talmadge's last picture. He will be back at work shortly, probably doing two pictures at the same time, as he is scheduled for George Fitzmaurice's "The Dark Angel," and also for the lead in "Stella Dallas."

Lillian Rich certainly doesn't have much leisure. Now she has been cast to play in Frances Marion's first independent production, "Simon The Jester," which will be released through Producers and Distributors organization. Eugene O'Brien will play opposite Miss Rich, and the cast also includes Edmund Burns and Henry Walthall.

Kenneth Harlan is in the hospital, having undergone an operation for appendictis. Secrecy was maintained about the operation, as Mr. Harlan's mother is seriously ill with pneumonia. Mrs. Harlan was not informed of her son's illness, but his wife, Marie Prevost, has been spending much of her time at his bedside.

Katherine MacDonald will soon be seen on the screen again. Miss MacDonald, who in private life is Mrs. Charles Johnson, has decided that her husband and young son can get along without her constant attention and has signed with Embassy pictures, to play a lead in "The Unnamed Woman." Herbert Rawlinson will be seen as her leading man.

The members of that successful stage comedy, "Is Zat So," have gone in for the movies. Marie Chambers is playing a wicked woman for D. W. Griffith in "That Royal Girl"; she's flung about by the hair, and beaten and bruised and finally murdered, but it's all in the day's work. And Bob Armstrong was seen down at Famous, where Frank Tuttle took a test of him, so we wouldn't be a bit surprised if he turns out to be a new movie sheik.

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Let No Man Put Asunder

(*Continued from page* 19)

What Has Gone Before

Stephen Downing loves his young and beautiful wife but is entirely too engrossed in business to tell her so. Things have been strained for a year but they come to a breaking point on the eve of a lawn fete which they are giving. Jacqueline is dressed as a wood-nymph; Stephen tells her she cannot go down to greet their guests so scantily clad. She disregards his wishes. With the assistance of D'Antonio, an Italian poet, she stages an allegorical play, which has a moral intended to reach Stephen. Stephen does not enter into the gaieties of the evening. After the play, D'Antonio persuades Jacqueline to go boating with him. He tells her that he loves her but she chides him severely. Sam Blasco, a producer of two-reel comedies, and his adoring wife, Peachy, attend the party. They see the tragedy that threatens the Downing household and hope to see it averted. Sam suggests that Jacqueline would screen beautifully. When the guests have departed, after a cold good-night, Stephen retires to his room. Jacqueline goes to hers. She envies the Blascos their contentment. She paces the floor all night, trying to see a solution. Finally, just before dawn, she decided to talk things over with Stephen. She goes to his door. The light is burning! Has he, too, been pacing the floor? She knocks.

that way. Well, this guy tells her he's got a title or something, and that kind of talk gets the kid. Oh, she's still over there . . . says he's a wonderful lover! But I'd prefer Sam for a husband . . . there's something in her letters . . ." Peachy's voice trailed off in a sigh. There was real feeling, and an attempt to open Jacqueline's eyes, in case she was taking this chap seriously, in her tones.

"Don't worry, Peachy! There isn't a man on earth who interests me as much as Stephen . . . *or as little!* But I must go. I'll write you from Laguna . . . I'm sorry Sam feels the way he does . . ."

"That's all right. That's the way to feel! Too many people go around stirring up trouble!" defended Peachy quickly.

Then she added feelingly, "I'm sorry you can't come over to us . . . but . . ."

"*I'm sorry you* can't take a run down to Laguna with *me*. Peachy, I somehow have a sudden fear of D'Antonio. Maybe he isn't the sweet, impulsive Latin lad he seems. What if he should follow me! Oh, I wish you could come . . . I wish there was somebody older and wiser I could go to . . . I . . . don't want to see D'Antonio alone . . . again!"

"Ma Goodman's down at Laguna making a picture. She's the finest woman I know. I don't think Sam would kick up such an awful rumpus if I gave you a letter to her!"

When she was ready to go, and had left the letter on Jacqueline's desk, Peachy suddenly took her friend's hand and held it to her cheek.

"God bless you, honey-child . . . and Stephen, too! I'm going to pray for both of you," and she was gone. Jacqueline did not know that Peachy went home and wept most of the afternoon. She was right about herself . . . she always broke her heart over divorces! It was sad . . . this breaking of the Downings . . . and yet . . . what had Jacqueline said to her . . .

"I've been unhappy so long! There is nothing between us but formality . . . strangeness . . . nothing that can be called companionship. It isn't that way with you and Sam, is it?" And Peachy had said fervently, "No . . . thank God . . . that isn't the way it is with us!"

"You see . . . I knew it! There *is* something all wrong with *Stephen* and *me!*"

"What's the *matter* with that man!" Peachy muttered angrily to herself. "Why can't he act like a normal human being. Why can't he let Jacqueline go into pictures if she wants to . . . he ought to know she isn't the kind to flirt about. He acts as though he was afraid to have anyone even look at her . . . *idiot!*"

Jacqueline had stood a moment in her room after Peachy had left. Why did she feel so reluctant . . . so sad, to leave? She had never been happy in this great house. She had only desperately tried to be happy. It was, as she had heard Sam Blasco frankly say, more of a hotel than a house, and she also felt it never could be a home! Perhaps the very vastness of it . . . its great high ceilings, and long hallways, had been instrumental in building a bridge between herself and Stephen. She remembered a funny little speech of Peachy's about twin beds . . .

"Don't believe in 'em. I've seen more divorces come out of twin beds than I can count! You go to bed with a grouch on, and unless your husband puts his arms around you and says, 'Don't go to sleep mad, honey' . . . you do! Then you get up in the morning madder'n ever! Then the first thing you know you're chasing down to a lawyer and getting out your papers!"

Jacqueline smiled wistfully . . . well, it couldn't be helped now. She picked up her purse and the letter Peachy had written, and went down. Sitting back in her car as she was being driven to the station she let the tears roll down her cheeks. She was at once sternly determined to go on . . . and breaking her heart over the going. What could the future hold for her now? She had a premonition she could not shake, that she would find her happiness with Stephen or not at all. "Oh . . . it is cruel! cruel! I feel like a squirrel on a wheel! Trying to run away from it all . . . and getting back to the same place!"

But she kept on, and did not turn back. The break was made.

"Ready . . . for God's sake . . . come out to the house . . . can you?"

Arthur Ready, calm, wise, Christian-hearted, compressed his lips thoughtfully at the desperate note in Stephen Downing's voice as it came to him over the telephone. However, he kept the worry out of his own tones, as he asked coolly.

"What's up, old chap?"

"Can't tell you over the 'phone. I . . . say, *can* you come out?" Shaking, frantic tones, from trembling, twisting white lips. Could this distraught creature be the dignified, cold-natured Stephen Downing?

"Steady, old chap! Be right with you," and Ready, the lawyer, hung up the receiver and turned to the man at his side:

"When does that Manning case come up?"

"It's on the calendar for two o'clock today, sir."

"Hm! . . . Well, I can make it if I hurry. Do what you can for me in the way of excuses in case I'm late. This is a vital matter."

The lawyer went out to his car and was soon speeding towards the ocean, and Beverly Hills. As he went, his mind was busy trying to find an explanation for Downing's manner. At the same time he found it hard to believe his own ears. He could not remember of ever having known Downing so shot to pieces. When Biggs showed him up to his friend's room, the first sight of that tortured face told him tragedy was writing itself in the Downing household. Naturally, his first inquiry was for Jacqueline . . . people get killed so suddenly these days in auto wrecks. It might be that.

"What is it, old man?" he asked gently.

Then as the other did not answer . . . seemed searching for a way to tell him, he went and put his hand on the quivering shoulders of his friend, who sat hunched in a great chair.

"Steady, man . . . steady . . . and come out with it! Is Jacqueline . . .?"

A groan burst from Stephen's lips, and he broke in frantically, "Yes . . . yes . . . that's it! Jacqueline!"

Ready stilled a "My God!" He must control his own anguish in the face of this, her husband's. Instead he took a chair near Stephen, and putting his hand over his eyes, he said quietly, "Just tell me how it happened . . . will you, Stephen?"

"I . . . we had been pretty much apart . . . that is . . . we hadn't been getting on very well. After the party last night . . . you weren't here; but I won't go into details . . . afterwards we had a talk. She told me how unhappy she'd been. I hadn't suspected. She never told me so before. She always was so silent about her feelings! So . . . we . . . agreed to separate . . . get a divorce. I was dead tired. I guess it didn't really percolate that she meant she was going away . . . *this morning!* I just got home for luncheon a little while ago . . . and I found this . . ." He held out a note to Ready. As Ready's eyes raced over it, he silently sent up a prayer of thanksgiving. Only a separation . . . divorce! Those things could be mended. He knew. He did it.

The little note only said briefly, "I am going. Good-bye, and God be with you always!"

Ready folded it gently and handed it back. He got up and walked up and down the room a little while. Then he went and stood looking out of the window thoughtfully. There was no agitation in his movments. They were deliberate . . . steady. In a moment he turned, and came back to Downing. He said, "I am a lawyer, and my specialty is divorces. But I don't like 'em, Downing. In this case I particularly don't like it! Yet my experience has taught me sometimes the only way is to separate. If there is a meager chance of going on together, sometimes a separation brings it about. However, I am convinced that any chance here is pretty slim. I helped raise Jacqueline. I know her pretty well. She puts up with a lot . . . for a long time. Then she makes up her mind, and if she breaks her heart over it, she carries out her decision!"

"But my God! I gave her money . . . I let her do what she wanted . . . I . . . loved her!"

"Did she know that? That you loved her?"

Downing looked up quickly . . . a sort of outraged resentment showing through his grief.

"Why shouldn't she know it? I married her! I never knew another woman was on earth!"

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"My lad, you can't marry a woman, hand over your check book, and expect her to be happy, or believe that you care anything about her! You have to *go on* making love to her. Women of Jacqueline's type can't be bought! You've got to hold 'em, by keeping them happy . . . giving them companionship . . . love! A man that's got that kind of a woman has the finest thing in the world . . . if he knows how to keep it!"

"You're telling me practically what Jacqueline said. Well, it's a hell of a time to tell me! Why didn't she let me know before!"

"Pride, Stephen . . . pride. She couldn't go to you and *ask* you to make love to her . . . She probably fought it out alone, and then decided it wasn't worth fighting for any longer. Stephen, I'm going to tell you something. You'll never be happy in any married condition unless you change your own nature . . . fundamentally!"

"What's the matter with me?" Downing's tone was aggressive. If Ready heard the warning, he gave no heed.

"Nothing. Except that you are just sort of paralyzed! 'Specially around the heart. The way you react to this situation shows me that! It took a pretty strong dose of stimulant to get you working. You probably went through that last interview with Jacqueline as cool as a cucumber! If you'd pulled a scene like this, she might be here yet!"

"I don't get you! It isn't done . . . by the best people . . . this tantrum stuff. If you can't talk a thing out calmly, without behaving like er . . . *scum* . . ."

"Did you ever hear it said that 'folks are folks'? Well, they are. From the first squabble in the Garden of Eden, folks all want to act the same way under certain emotional conditions. When you start geting *unnatural* about it . . . then the *real trouble* commences! If you two had come to a hand-to-hand battle, I'd have great hopes for you! As it is . . ."

"Bah!" exploded Downing suddenly. "You've heard too much of that sort of stuff in your business! That primitive squabbling is all right, for animals! Not self-respecting human beings!"

"Perhaps. But down to cases, Downing. What do you want of *me?*"

Then Downing told him what Jacqueline had asked about a divorce, and he ended his recital with, "I'm asking your advice. I don't believe in divorce. I don't want a divorce! Yet, I can't hold a woman against her will . . ."

"Best thing to do is give her the divorce. I will arrange it quietly." Then Ready sketched out briefly the necessary red-tape, all the time keenly watching the other's face. More and more the rebellion against the break between them, began to show there. It finally deepened to anguish, and the suffering husband broke out incoherently, "I can't do it! My God, I can't do it! You don't understand! I have worked like a slave all of my life. I had had it pounded into me that money was power, and without power civilization crushed a man. It crushed my father. I set out to make money before I had gotten my growth. It did something to my heart . . . my whole nature. I don't think as a little chap I was like this . . . it took away my power to express emotion! Can you imagine an emotional bank president . . . or corporation head? They *can't* be emotional! They have to train themselves to disregard their own feelings. It gets to be a habit, Ready. You can't put on characteristics in the morning like an overcoat, and shed them at night when you come home! I didn't want to! Money gave me the ability to buy Jacqueline what she wanted . . . it gave me Jacqueline! She was my only luxury . . . I can't give her up . . . Ready!"

There was a desperate pleading in his tones . . . a helpless, hopeless beseeching. He was like a drowning man, clinging to Ready's strength, as to a lifesaver. There was a sudden lightening of the lawyer's heart, which had been torn deeply over this unhappiness to his little Jacqueline. Now he leaned forward impressively, and said:

"Downing . . . do you want me to try to get you out of this? I say try, because it may be too far gone for anyone to help."

"My God, yes . . . that's what I called you for!"

Ready assumed his professional air of command. It was an attitude that made its beholders feel as though all the power of the law in Christendom was vested in him; that he could sway and change destinies as he willed, with a wave of the hand. It inspired the greatest confidence.

"Very well. You must promise to obey me to the letter! If I tell you to do things you believe to be foolish, even sinful . . . out of all reason . . . you are to do them!"

"Let me understand you, first . . . you are in exchange to give me your word of honor that the things you ask me to do, are what you believe to be, things that will bring on a reconciliation!"

"Yes! All we can agree upon is a mutual *attempt* at reconciliation. I give you my word at that. You give me yours that you will follow instructions, unquestioningly . . . not matter how your habitual nature rebels? I'm going to ask you to do some strange things, for Stephen Downing!"

"I can't say I understand what you are driving at. But I have no plan of my own . . . I seem utterly at your mercy. I have failed so miserably with Jacqueline . . . go ahead, Ready . . . do your worst! I put myself in your hands!"

They shook hands solemnly, and then Ready picked up his coat and hat.

"I must rush off. Sorry. I'll call you in a couple of days. In the meantime . . . don't try to track Jacqueline . . . don't worry, and . . .

He was gone.

On his way back to town Arthur Ready suddenly chuckled.

"Poor old Stephen! Who'd ever thought he'd go to pieces like that! Pretty much alive and kicking, after all, if you touch the right button!"

Then he thought how little, after all, he knew of human nature. He, who professed to know so much. Stephen Downing in a panic! He would have said it couldn't be done. He had told him to pray, and he had not preached what he did not practice. The most famous divorce-case lawyer in the state, yet the carpet of his private office frequently felt his knees; the listening walls of his sanctum frequently heard the earnest petition:

"What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder . . . if it be Thy Will, Oh Father!"

* * * * * * *

In a way, Jacqueline rather dreaded meeting Ma Goodman. There would have to be explanations. She did not want to talk about her trouble. Yet, she felt that Peachy's advice had been sound. If she allowed herself to think . . . to brood, it would not be well. Through Ma Goodman she might find something in the way of work.

When she stepped off the train at Laguna, and no one gave her a welcoming smile, an overwhelming realization of her aloneness came upon her. She had a knowledge of what it must feel like to be alone, and also penniless, in a strange land. She was fortunate in still having, intact, the little legacy her father had left her. Stephen had not let her touch that. She remembered now a remark of his:

"You ask me why I'm so absorbed in making money. You'll find, perhaps, some day, that when all other friends desert you, a full purse will see you through. I hope, of course, that time will never come!"

It had come. Not that her friends had deserted her, but, that by her own act, she had cut herself off from them. It amounted to the same thing, she thought. She wished poignantly, that Peachy had come with her. She longed suddenly, like a little child, for Arthur Ready's dominant assurance to give her courage. As she stood hesitating, a small boy came up. He was ridiculously little to be in a bell-hop's uniform, but he wore it with jaunty pride. He picked up her bags and started toward a worn-looking vehicle that had "Hotel Bus" on it. Mechanically, Jacqueline followed.

(To be continued next week)

The Colonel

(Continued from page 38)

Players' Studios, Astoria, Long Island, N. Y.

FLAPPER—Don't you think flappers are getting a little tired of flapping? Kenneth Harlan's latest picture is "The Marriage Whirl," with Corinne Griffith. Viola Dana's latest is "The Necessary Evil." Viola married Lefty Flynn, on June 20th. Her former husband, John Collins, died in 1918. Mae Murray recently got a divorce in Paris, from Robert Leonard. As to "who is counted the most beautiful movie star"—it depends on who does the counting. Beauty is a matter of opinion. Harry Carey's address is 6640 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood.

I'M IN LOVE—That's a bad place to be in, I assure you. I don't know the exact release dates for the pictures you ask about, but "Dulcy" was released late in 1923, and "The Goldfish" in May, 1924. Write Virginia Lee Corbin, care Associated Exhibitors, 35 W. 45th St., New York. Lloyd Hughes lives at 601 S. Rampart St., Los Angeles, and Malcolm McGregor at 6043 Selma Ave., Hollywood. Pierre Gendron is about twenty-six; he gives no home address, and he is not connected with any particular company, so he is very hard to keep track of. The latest picture he made was Mrs. Valentino's "What Price Beauty?" at United Studios, 5341 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles; perhaps you could still reach him there. Write Marion Davies at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California; Larry Grey and Mary Brian, Famous Players' Studios, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood. None of the stars whose ages you ask about reveals the secret.

DOT—Sometimes my page is covered with Dots, but I haven't had many lately. Try Arthur Rankin at Warner Brothers' Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood. Warner Baxter. Famous Players, see I'M IN LOVE.

Leo C. Wertgame, Kansas City, Kan., Wins 1st Prize in Movie Weekly's Second $1,000 Cross Word Contest

Congratulations from Movie Weekly's vast family of puzzle solvers to Leo C. Wertgame, of Kansas City, Kansas, are in order. These words mean he is richer by $500 than when he entered the Second $1000 Cross Word Contest, April 4th. He will receive a check for that amount in the near future, when the prize money is distributed to all of the forty-eight winners.

Movie Weekly adds its own congratulations to those of all of you puzzlers. It is no slight honor that the Judges have awarded him premier honors in a competition involving thousands of contestants who filed solutions not only from practically every state in the Union, but the Canal Zone, Philippine Islands, Bermuda, Canada, England and Germany as well.

It is regretted that lack of time prevented the obtaining of Mr. Wertgame's picture and the personal information every puzzler will be anxious to read, in time for this issue. The photograph and information have been requested, however, and will undoubtedly be received in time for publication in an early issue. Watch for them, together with the names of other winners, some of which, at least, will be found in next week's issue.

While this announcement disposes of the first prize, there is not the slightest cause for any puzzler to feel that he or she is not "in the money." Remember, there are still forty-seven other awards in the hands of the Judges. If you submitted a complete set of solutions you may yet be one of the forty-seven. Certainly any one of the cash prizes Movie Weekly offered is worth hoping for. All winners' names will be published with the least possible delay. We realize how anxious everybody is to know where the money is going.

Whether you win a prize or not, the enjoyment you found in solving these puzzles has been ample compensation for the time you invested in them. Do you recall the satisfaction you felt when you finally cornered and caught an elusive synonym? And the thrill you got when your suggestion proved your movie knowledge superior to that of other members of the family who, unable to resist the lure of these special puzzles, insisted on offering suggestions? Surely they were worthwhile moments.

Then there is the ever-present possibility of an added thrill—the biggest thrill of all—the thrill of finding your name listed among the prize winners. Look for it next week.

Not So Long Ago

(*Continued from page* 32)

felt it only fair to all concerned, chiefly yourself, ma'am, and also myself, if I may say so, to apprise Mrs. Ballard of the goings-on. Mrs. Ballard had agreed with Mr. Lawrence Wheat. She consoled Mr. Lawrence Wheat by assuring him that she would "take the matter in hand." Mr. Lawrence Wheat looked at the sinewy hands, covered with jewels, but unfeminine for all that; he thought of little Betty, frail and wistful, and he had the grace to shudder.

He bowed himself out.

Mrs. Ballard betook herself upstairs. She came upon Betty, bent over a violet satin, stiff and regal. She said, "Miss Dover . . ."

When she said "Miss Dover" that way, Betty knew . . . she knew what to expect. She took it standing. She thought she could bear it better standing.

She said, "Miss Dover, you are discharged—*without references.* I thought, when I hired you that you were a decent, respectable girl. Instead of that, I find you a scheming, conniving creature, designing to inveigle my son into some shameful relationship . . . perhaps with the absurd idea of forcing him to marry you . . ."

"Why, Mrs. *Ballard,* I . . ."

"Please do not open your mouth to me, Miss Dover, I will have none of your impertinence. I have endured quite enough at your hands already. You must realize, you must certainly, that my son could never marry you. Such being the case, I can only dismiss *you without a character* for attempting to intrigue my son into a secret liaison. Furthermore, my son is already engaged to Miss Ursula Kent, whose name I bring into this deplorable conversation, not through desire, but through grim necessity. You will oblige me by leaving my house within the next five minutes. If I find that you are still making attempts to see my son, other measures . . . other very powerful measures . . . will be taken. I bid you good-bye."

So he had deceived her. So he wasn't really kind. He wasn't what she had thought. He had been playing with her, poking fun at her, making light of her. Engaged! Engaged to be married! To Miss Ursula Kent.

Betty went home to find her father crunched into his chair and Lawrence Wheat standing over him expounding an idea in glowing language. Her father, she gathered, had had to sign a note giving to Jerry Flint, money-lender, the possession of the horseless wagon if the horseless wagon should ever, miraculously, do what was expected of it. Only so could Michael Dover raise the necessary funds to carry on his experiments to their completion.

"He believes in it or he never would have advanced the money," said Michael Dover, sadly. He added, "Ah, well, that is the fate of the penniless inventor. We give to the ages and we, ourselves, go without. Poor little Betty . . ."

Lawrence Wheat was sweeping all this aside. He was proposing to Michael Dover that upon the completion of the horseless wagon he, Lawrence Wheat, should run a race with it.

"Can't you see," he said, loudly, "can't you see that it will create a great amount of interest? It will put the horseless wagon on the map? It will gain an audience. Come, come, now! And if I win, if I beat the invention, then I marry Betty . . . fair enough, I call it. What do you say?"

It was Betty who spoke up.

"I say *'yes,'*" she said.

Her father raised his head and regarded her with amazement. Lawrence Wheat stared at her, also in amazement.. He had not anticipated so easy a capitulation. He had staked all on the one throw . . . and lo, the one throw had won!

He didn't know, Michael Dover didn't know, that that day Betty had lost her world. There was nothing left. It didn't matter. If she could help her father . . . if she could contribute some little bit of happiness, it didn't matter how she did it . . . nothing mattered now.

"It's settled," said Lawrence Wheat.

The day of the race.

The street was lined on both sides with curious faces, jeering faces, amused faces, a few interested faces.

In the crowd could be picked out Jerry Flint, peering, narrow, crafty, hopeful.

Betty, trembling, white, fragile, fluttering . . .

Billy Ballard, not quite so dandyfied, white, too; strained, trying to speak to Betty, who would not speak to him. What had he to say to her? Why should she listen and awake again the pain she was trying to dull.

In the horseless wagon, old, eager, strained, Michael Dover.

In a track suit, self-confident, bombastic, playing to the galleries, Mr. Lawrence Wheat.

The race began.

As the horseless wagon snorted, backed, sputtered and finally began, the crowds roared with shrill laughter. Here was a spectacle!

But as the horseless wagon gained momentum . . . as the wheels glided smoothly, miraculously up the track . . . gained on the flying limbs of

If only I could write that story

THERE's more than color and movement behind the chance incident on the street. You can almost sense the motive, the tug of emotions that forced that person on the street at just that hour, that put that oversized plant in those straggly arms and set that look of tenseness on the thin white face. To write of the way a person looks is one thing. But to write of the way she thinks, the terrible things she feels . . . to stamp a childishness, a hunger or grimness on a few brief pages . . . . to set a conscience beating on paper . . . to summon forces you can't see and make them pull and twist and wrench—that is the harder thing. That is the wonder that makes words breathe up a living being, and transforms a mood, a scene, an impression into a dramatic story that the screen can forcibly portray.

Whatever you would write, whether out of your observation and experience or told you by another, the Palmer Institute of Authorship can help you write it in the way a professional screen writer would. Palmer instructors are experienced photo-dramatists and directors. They train you in your own time, wherever you are, to write photoplays with the professional slant that producers demand.

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Yet since only those with a creative imagination can be admitted for Palmer training, the Palmer Institute of Authorship asks to give you a creative test. This comes to you without cost or obligation. For full particulars, mail the coupon.

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Don't Hide Them With a Veil; Remove Them With Othine—Double Strength

This preparation for the removal of freckles is so successful in removing freckles and giving a clear, beautiful complexion, that it is sold by all drug and department stores with a guarantee to refund the money if it fails.

Don't hide your freckles under a veil or waste time on lemon juice or cucumbers; get an ounce of Othine and remove them. Even the first few applications should show a wonderful improvement, some of the lighter freckles vanishing entirely.

Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine; it is this that is sold on money-back guarantee.

We recommend Othine Complexion Soap for use with Othine, also as a shampoo—it's wonderful for bobbed hair—25c a cake at all drug or department stores or by mail. Othine Laboratories, Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

Clear-Tone

The Wonder Working Lotion

Use like toilet water. Is positively recommended for quickly and permanently removing

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Eruptions on the face or body, enlarged pores, oily or shiny skin. Endorsed by druggists, physicians, skin specialists, barbers, and over

100,000 Men and Women

test cases, who succeeded with Clear-Tone after failing with everything else. Write today for my Free booklet, "A Clear-Tone Skin," telling how I cured myself after being afflicted 15 years.

E. S. GIVENS, 170 Chemical Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Mr. Lawrence Wheat . . . passed . . . the shrill laughter changed to exclamations . . . "Well, now, did you ever? What do you think of that? I shouldn't be at all surprised . . .!"

The race was all but won. The horseless carriage had nearly made the line. Mr. Jerry Flint was fingering the note in his pocket with a covetous glee. Betty's white face was whiter still. Billy Ballard was mopping his brow . . . when, horror, there was a violent noise, a smoky explosion, a reek of foul air and the horseless wagon split asunder like a mammoth nut. Lawrence Wheat had won! He had won the race. He had won Betty. He had vanquished the poor wreckage that had been the horseless wagon!

The crowd laughed again . . . shrill cries of derision . . . they dispersed . . . moved away . . . Everything was chaotic . . . Jerry Flint swore foully and in his rage threw away the note . . . Billy Ballard picked it up . . . Lawrence Wheat came dashing over to Betty, made to take her in his arms . . . astonishingly, Billy Ballard's manicured fists shot out and the next instant Billy Ballard and Lawrence Wheat were mingling sweat and swear-words in the dust . . . Michael Dover sat by the ruins . . . Betty sobbed and cried on everyone and everything to stop . . . the world seemed to have come to an end.

Three months.

Billy Ballard had worsted the victor of the race. Never again would Mr. Lawrence Wheat refer quite so scoffingly to "the uptown dude." He had found nothing resembling a dude in the mighty blows delivered by the uptown dude upon his person. There had been no mincing of words and no mincing of upper-cuts.

Billy Ballard had retrieved the note thrown away in a passion of disgust by the momentarily unwary Jerry Flint. Billy Ballard had made good the note, had further financed the horseless wagon, in which he was tremendously interested, and Michael Dover was happily at work upon a perfected edition of the unfortunate predecessor.

Billy Ballard had had conversation with Betty. Not once, but many times. He had told her "all about" Miss Ursula Kent, to whom, he confessed, he had been engaged. He explained that the engagement had been "rather a family affair." He had not, he added, successfully known what true love meant at that time. He further added that Miss Ursula Kent had confessed her lack of amatory interest in him and her access of amatory interest in another man. Therefore, said Billy Ballard, all ends merry as a marriage bell—and he swept the trembling Betty into his arms and held her there until all her tremors stilled and all her fears were vanished and love flooded into her being, making her heavenly sweet to see.

She said, only, "But . . . your mother?"

"You leave my mother to me," said Mister Billy Ballard, with that unsuspected firmness he had exhibited upon occasion. "*I* know how to handle my mother. And I will handle her so that she will welcome you not only with affection and pride, but with an apology as well." Which, for the benefit of those who are interested, she did.

One month.

Billy Ballard and his bride were setting forth on their honeymoon. They traveled in the horseless wagon. They were showered by rice and blessings. After the departure, Mrs. Ballard and Mr. Dover walked away arm-in-arm. Mrs. Ballard had professed the belief that "the invention is quite *too* wonderful!"

The newspapers carried the story. Lawrence Wheat read each version. He thought, "Oh, well, there's as good fish as have ever been caught . . ."

THE END.

Night Life of New York

(*Continued from page* 25)

There were more people. They were hurrying more. They looked wiser, harder, more sophisticated. He wondered whether, after all, he would be quite as smart, get along quite as well as he had in Clay City. Here in New York, being the son of John J. Bentley meant nothing. Nothing at all. Not one person in ten thousand would even know who John J. Bentley was. Odd sensation. Unaccustomed state.

Ronald registered at the Blitz. He felt a sense of satisfaction in that he knew that much anyway. It would be rather fun, writing to some of the fellows at home on the stationery of the Blitz. He had to get some clothes, too. Well, he fancied that he rather knew how to dress. No difficulty there.

There were a couple of small preliminaries and then he could step off . . . off and out . . . into the night life of New York. His father thought that he would be swallowed up, obliterated. Well, he would show his father that he, Ronald Bentley, would cut no mean figure.

Ronald deposited his baggage, shaved, dressed and strolled down into the lobby. He thought he would call Workman's office and ask him about a tailor just to show that he knew New York people. It would make him feel more at home. He was accustomed to feeling at home. At the switchboard sat a cute little "trick" with razzle-dazzle eyes. No, nice eyes . . nice, kind, friendly eyes . . . cunning dimple . . . cunning hair . . . her name, he gathered, was Meg. He tried to get into conversation with her. Easy conversation. The kind he had been wont to start, so successfully, in Clay City. Meg stared at him. She turned a cold but piquant shoulder. She said icily: "What number did you call?"

Ronald couldn't think of what number he had called. He had a sudden thought of Carrie. Carrie, tall, cold, blonde, metallic. Somehow the thought failed to give him the thrill he had . . . when . . . only yesterday . . .?

He wanted to think of something to say to cunning Meg. Why, he ought to be able to think of something . . . just anything . . . but he couldn't.

He was saved further effort by hearing his name paged in the narrow corridor of the 'phone booths. He answered the call.

"Miss Carrie Reed would like to speak to you in the tea-room, sir."

Carrie! In New York! Here! Meg! Oh, the deuce!

(*To be continued next week*)

The Editor's Mail Bag

This Week's $5.00 Prize Letter

I am always glad to see our stars grow bigger and brighter, but in glorifying them we shouldn't forget those players who are beginning in bits and as extras.

Take, for instance, Marcella Daly. She has played in numbers of small roles; anything, everything, but she has the spark of genius. At present, she is quite unknown, but if you look closely you will find her mentioned in the billing.

Watch her rise.

Another is Charles Farrell. He has had about the same luck as Miss Daly, but his opportunity came in "Wings of Youth," starring Ethel Clayton, and he has been awarded a contract by Warner Brothers.

He will go far.

Mary Aiken is another whose years of apprenticeship have just been rewarded by such leading roles as in "Charley's Aunt" and "My Son."

More power to her.

I can remember Irene Rich when she did bits in William Farnum's and the late Olive Thomas' photoplays and I am happy to say that she made the grade in just the same way as the bit players are doing today, proving that fans should be as observing of them as of the stars.

John E. Thayer,
Cambridge, Mass.

Honorable Mention

Everett Emerson,
Potean, Oklahoma.

Lionel Barrymore acts a True Story

LIONEL BARRYMORE, most popular of America's best-loved theatrical family—star of such Broadway successes as "The Jest," "Richard the Third," "The Claw"; and in the silent drama "Enemies of Women," "The Copperhead," and "Meddling Women"; who comes under the True Story banner for the greatest role of his career in "The Wrongdoers."

Now--- True Stories in the Movies

Famous Stars Live These Life Dramas Before Your Very Eyes!

DRINK in this marvelous news! Gripping true stories, right out of True Story Magazine, itself—made into motion pictures!

Now you can not only *read* these powerful life stories where all sham and pretense is torn asunder—*you can actually see enacted before your eyes every happening exactly as it occurred!*

Lionel Barrymore, one of the world's greatest screen and stage stars, plays the leading role in the first picture: "The Wrongdoers."

Here is a tremendous story of an innocent girl and a beast old enough to be her father, who turns out to be—but wait—every incident will take place before you *just as if you were really there!*

"The Wrongdoers" is only the first of a series of 8 heart-throbbing stories to be re-enacted before your eyes. If the simple words of the stories fascinate you, the true scenes of the pictures will grip and clutch you!

You will not want to miss a single one of them. You needn't. Read the request at the right. Sign it. Clip it. Drop it in an envelope addressed: "To the Manager." Then pass the envelope into the box office next time you go to the movies.

"The Wrongdoers" is almost ready for release, so be sure and clip the request slip *now!*

Before You SEE This Picture—

You Can READ the Story

It's fascinating to read the story—then go and study its picturized version!

"The Wrongdoers" starts in serial form in True Story Magazine, illustrated by actual scenes from the picture!

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Here is a distinct saving on your magazine expenditure—the convenience of having your magazine mailed to your home—and the assurance that a sold-out newsstand cannot deprive you of a single installment of this great story.

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TRUE STORY FILMS, INC.

NAT. G. PENDLETON, Gen'l Mgr.

To the Manager.

Dear Sir:—

I am one of the 2,000,000 purchasers of True Story Magazine. I read it every month because its stories are so realistic, so dramatic, so heart-throbbing with life.

Now these true stories are being presented in motion picture form. They are elaborate productions, as gripping and as satisfying as the stories themselves.

Lionel Barrymore, supported by an all-star cast, plays in the first production: "The Wrongdoers." It is now ready for booking.

As an old patron of your theater and as a regular reader of True Story Magazine, I have every confidence that "The Wrongdoers" will be one of the most popular pictures you have ever shown. You can depend upon every True Story reader in this neighborhood (and there are scores of them) to agree with me.

"The Wrongdoers" is produced by True Story Films, Inc., 1926 Broadway, New York, and is distributed by the Astor Distributing Corporation, 1540 Broadway, New York, through their franchise holders.

I eagerly await the appearance of "The Wrongdoers" posters in your lobby.

Very truly yours,

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Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

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Kremola *has helped thousands of women improve their complexions.*

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A beautiful complexion, radiant with the creamy glow of health follows the use of Kremola. This scientifically medicated cream removes tan, moth patches, dark spots, eczema, etc. Its continued use brings back that priceless glow of youth. Price, $1.25.

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Our Complexion Soap thoroughly cleanses every pore and clears the way for a perfect complexion. Price, 25c a cake or three cakes for 65c.

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Is Gloria Swanson Happy? See Page 9

Movie Weekly

August 8
1925

MACFADDEN
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THE HIGH COST OF STARDOM

Movie Weekly

AUGUST 22
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15 CENTS

THE TRUTH
about
RAYMOND
GRIFFITH

HOPE
HAMPTON

VOL. V

MOVIE WEEKLY

Printed in U. S. A.

No. 29

Will Radio Keep the Stars at Home?

The radio has accomplished so many wonders in this day of impossibilities made possible, that one is not surprised at any new thing which this famous discovery may bring forth. It has brought concerts and debates, vaudeville and conventions, baseball games and prize-fights, and many other sports and pleasures into the immediate home. And now

Johnny Hines

in an exceptionally humorous broadcasting talk, has raised the momentous question of whether it will keep the stars at home of nights. You will enjoy Johnny's broadcasting almost as much as you do his pictures, for

Nanette Kutner

has written it into an entertaining little interview with him.

Among the hundreds of people who are daily seeking a means of reducing, who are dieting and starving themselves, foregoing the foods they like best so they may lose a few superfluous pounds, may be found one or two who wish to gain weight. And particularly to these few

Catharine Brody

brings a message from the stars in Hollywood entitled

Drink and Grow Fat

There is not only some valuable advice in this article, but it is written in a very interesting vein and will prove excellent reading even for those who are diligently studying "Eat and Grow Thin."

There are a great many other particularly worthwhile pages in

MOVIE WEEKLY
for AUGUST 29TH

Don't run the risk of missing it.

Reserve your copy now!

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GALLERY of PORTRAITS

COLLEEN MOORE

Immediately following her return from foreign shores, *Colleen Moore* signed on the dotted line with *First National*, which calls for her to make twelve pictures. *"We Moderns"* is now claiming the fair *Colleen's* time. *"We Moderns"* is the type of role that brought *Miss Moore* her first fame.

Photograph by Russell Ball

Photograph by Russell Ball

WILLIAM POWELL

William Powell, **one of the most subtle villains of the screen, is now lending his talents to *"Faint Perfume,"* a *B. P. Schulberg* production. *"Romola,"* opposite *Lillian Gish,* is one of *Powell's* most recent, wicked roles.**

CLARA BOW

Clara Bow is the last word in youth. Her coiffure and manner make even the flapper seem very much out of date. *Miss Bow* is the very bewitching lady in *"Parisian Love,"* a *B. P. Schulberg* picture.

Photograph by William Davis Pearsall

EDMUND BURNS

Edmund Burns, **who, until *Cecil B. De Mille* bestowed a more fitting title upon him, was known as *Eddie,* is one of the reasons why *"Hell's Highroad,"* wicked though it may sound, is an interesting picture. He plays opposite *Leatrice Joy* in this *De Mille* production.**

Photograph by William Davis Pearsall

JULIA FAYE

Julia Faye **has joined the** ***Cecil De Mille*** **fold and will continue a career of "enticing men" under** ***Mr. De Mille's*** **tutelage. She recently returned from the** ***Grand Canyon,*** **where she appeared in** ***"The Road to Yesterday,"*** **in which** ***Joseph Schildkraut*** **has the starring role.**

Photograph by Hoover

RUTH CLIFFORD

Again the screen reclaims one of its deserters. *Ruth Clifford*, who a short time ago added her name to *those recently married*, is returning to the silver sheet in *"The Love Hour,"* in which she co-stars with *Huntly Gordon*.

Photograph by Muray

MADGE KENNEDY

"Lying Wives" **is the title of** ***Madge Kennedy's*** **next screen offering. And from that we judge that the erstwhile demure maiden of the screen assumes a slightly different role—a prevaricating one, we would suggest.**

The High Cost of Stardom

With Stardom It Is the Same As with Automobiles---It Isn't the Original Cost---It's the Upkeep---According to Patsy Ruth Miller

By Dorothy Spensley

"THIS thing of being a star is not all it's cracked up to be," vouchsafed Patsy Ruth Miller, as she munched a soda-cracker and gazed reflectively at Matt Moore, safely seated some distance across the long vista of the Hollywood Athletic Club restaurant. Pat nodded her blue-hatted head at Matt, whereupon half a dozen other masculine crania in Pat's perspective also nodded, thinking the alluring smile was intended exclusively for them, and causing the vicinity to assume the appearance of a field of nodding flowers.

"Stardom, itself, is the most enjoyable thing in Hollywood . . . while it lasts . . . and also the most costly. One must put on a certain amount of appearance as homage to the institution. It's thrilling, and I love it —the excitement and the glitter and the fun—but sometimes when I am all by myself (rare occasion!) I wonder if it is worth the effort.

"It is not only hard on the pocketbook but hard on the constitution. If I am not rushing home for a day's location work on the beach or mountainside, I am rushing out to dinner and an opening. Or if it's not that, I must run over to dine with a friend from St. Louis who has not seen me for ages and, lest she think I'm getting 'up-stage,' I dash over."

Her health-retaining salad having made its colorful appearance, Pat poked pensively at a coy cucumber, reluctant to leave its bower of lettuce. Giving Pat a chance to eat every morsel of the dressing-drenched concoction, let us take into consideration what costly stardom includes.

First of all, there is the servant question—a trying problem for anyone. The Miller family is not a large one—just Mother Miller, Father Miller, Brother Winston and Sister Pat—but add to that a ten-room house with garden, tennis court and pool, and dinner guests every other night, with Saturday and Sunday crowded with folks who "dropped in for a moment"—and you have a problem that can't be solved with an Ouija board.

Thus a cook is a necessity. And the Millers prefer a colored cook who can be called upon on Saturday and Sunday to prepare between two and three hundred sandwiches and two or three bowls of fruit-salad for the hungry throng who troop in from a spirited game of tennis or a lively dip in the pool. A buffet luncheon is always on tap and that means Dinah or Jemima or whoever rules the kitchen must have the disposition of a saint and the broiling propensities of a sinner.

And several nights a week there are dinner parties—sometimes Pat's fellow-actors . . . sometimes some of Dad's business associates . . . and again some fellow-townsmen of St. Louis, Pat's native hearth. That

The *Miller* family is not a large one—just *Mother Miller, Father Miller, Brother Winston* and *Sister Pat*—but add to that a ten-room house with garden, tennis court and pool, and dinner guests every other night, with *Saturday* and *Sunday* crowded with folks who "dropped in for a moment."

A delightful, "homey" home is the *Miller* residence in *Beverly Hills*—just the sort of place you would imagine *Patsy Ruth* living in. But the upkeep . . .

***Patsy* spends hours and hours on the tennis court. And she and her brother, *Winston*, glimpsed here, are inseparable pals.**

Photograph by Melbourne Spurr

"Stardom is thrilling and I love it—the excitement and the glitter and the fun—but sometimes when I am all by myself, I wonder if it is worth the effort."

means more work for Chloe in the kitchen and also calls for a butler.

And like the immortal young lady of the poem who had nothing to wear, and who, when she did get a gown, discovered it called for a new wrap—a cook in the kitchen calls for a maid in the parlor, and that adds to the monthly budget, for "girls don't work for food and a song" these days. Not with factories booming and wedding licenses only $2.00—or is it $3.00?—a throw. Of course, the same difficulty was met in pre-stardom days—but the higher the star ascends the more she is expected to expend.

At the studio Pat needs a maid to fetch and carry for her—to clean her tiny dressing-room and sew snappers on her dresses. So a neat little colored girl who serves as personal maid, the chauffeur and the gardener who comes every few days to tidy up lawn and tennis court, complete the cast of the Miller domicile . . . but not the cost!

Salad dispatched, Pat studied the menu with youthful zest.

"How about strawberry shortcake with whipped cream?" eyes gleaming in anticipation of the treat. Neither of us being burdened with overweight, the chilled delight soon awaited our onslaught. Pat continued:

"And my fan mail has been growing by leaps and bounds! Every week I notice its increase and that necessitates a secretary, photographs, stationery, postage and envelopes. And those supplies are costly, even if you buy them by the gross.

"I love the fan mail. It keeps me in touch with my audience. It is like the ocean. If I have been in a particularly poor picture or have been miscast, it comes in like a huge roaring breaker, but if my performance has been good, the Sea of Public Opinion is placid and the letters are calm and commending.

"Do you know I receive on an average of three or four begging letters a week asking for anything from an evening frock, glimpsed in some picture, or for the loan of a thousand dollars? The most extraordinary request I have ever received came last month. It was from a

Photograph by C. Heighton Monroe

"It is not only hard on the pocketbook but hard on the constitution. If I am not rushing home from a day's location work on the beach or mountainside, I am rushing out to dinner and an opening."

girl just entering finishing school. It seems her parents were in moderate circumstances and did not see fit to deck her like a millionaire's offspring. Therefore, she decided I might be interested in turning Fairy Godmother.

"All she asked was for a riding habit, a bathing suit, a street frock, two dinner dresses and a rather elaborate evening gown. And, incidentally, a platinum wristwatch—if I couldn't get her a platinum one, white gold would do. However, she said she would prefer platinum. And she did not even include postage for a reply!"

Pat's own wardrobe is another source of continual expense. Simple street frocks for summer and winter (Hollywood is no respecter of season)—elaborate evening gowns suitable for Monte Carlo or Palm Beach—sports dresses for link or yacht—dinner attire for Ritz, Drake or Biltmore—furs that would make an Eskimo jealous—they all cling to their hangers, row upon row, in the closets. Hats, gloves, shoes, stockings—all of the newest mode, for the screen cannot tolerate anything not of tomorrow's cut.

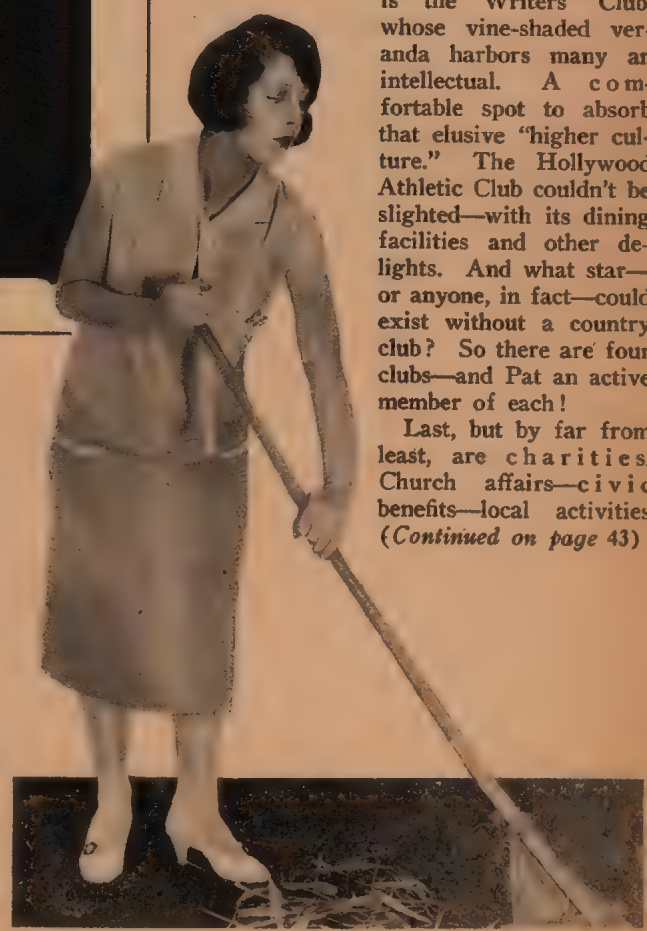
Jewelry, of course, is not a great expense. Although Pat has a number of fine pieces in the way of necklaces, rings and bracelets—particularly a finely-meshed slave anklet worn above the left pedal extremity!—she does not have to worry about the intrinsic value of her ornaments. "All that glitters is not gold"—and, anyway, the sparkle of youth and beauty outshines either real or paste gems.

There is the continual round of marcels and manicures—shampoos and facials. Quite an expense at the present cost of cosmetics, but a star must always appear as if just emerged from a bandbox. It takes time, too. Pat manages to catch up a bit on her rest while she is being curled and anointed. Driving in the wind soon takes the marcel from luxuriant long tresses, untouched by the bobber, and that means a twice-a-week marcel, so the critical lense of the camera will not record a dishevelled Pat.

Speaking of cars—there's another item. The Millers have two machines now—a limousine and a roadster—but with Brother Winston rapidly growing into manhood (he was fifteen the other day, if you please!) and college looming in the distance, it means that another car must be added to the flock if everyone in the family intends to keep his appointments. Oil and gas and upkeep!

Clubs, too. They form another big item. The Great God Appearance must be kowtowed to, and where is a better place than at a club? First, there is the Beach Club—and what popular star could resist the lure of the beach, with other stars and satellites shooting into the water and shining on the beach? Then there is the Writers' Club, whose vine-shaded veranda harbors many an intellectual. A comfortable spot to absorb that elusive "higher culture." The Hollywood Athletic Club couldn't be slighted—with its dining facilities and other delights. And what star—or anyone, in fact—could exist without a country club? So there are four clubs—and Pat an active member of each!

Last, but by far from least, are charities. Church affairs—civic benefits—local activities (*Continued on page* 43)



The True Story of My Life

By Bebe Daniels

For Synopsis of Preceding Chapters See Page 46

BEFORE I go on to tell of some of the fun Harold and I had together in those first days of our playing together I must not forget to record that to be a screen actress—or any kind of an actress at all—was *not* my childhood ambition. I think that was because we usually have ambitions that have nothing whatever to do with our workaday lives. If we are the daughters of, say, literary people, we probably prefer to work in a department store. If we are the children of musicians we may have a "yen" for mechanical engineering. Unless, of course, the virus of genius is transmitted to our veins.

In my case I was conscious of no overwhelming ambitions for the stage, because I had always been on the stage. It was my daily life, my daily bread. I absorbed it naturally, lovingly enough, but naturally. I didn't step back and *think* about it . . . there it was . . . there *I* was. We were one. We were inseparable. We belonged, the stage and I . . . had I been torn away from it, as that time in the Convent, when I missed it all so, I would speedily have awakened to my real love, my real desire . . . I would have clamored and fought for it to the death. I know that now.

But nevertheless, my childhood ambition was to become a *writer of detective stories*—a writer of poetry, over which vast populaces would "oh" and "ah" or—to be *a snake charmer*. I first tried to gratify my ambitions via poetry. I would dash it off by the yard with great vim and spirit—so I thought. Each poem had to do with the Glorious, Golden West (always in capital letters) and they usually contained some graphic bit about "the dashing Mountain Torrents where the Best have met their Fate." They were also plentifully besprinkled, of course, with Indians, generally represented as gorily on the Warpath, and Cowboys with strong Right Arms and Chivalrous Souls. It always happened, too, that the somewhat Languishing Maiden of these stirring epics was dark and brown-eyed and bore a somehat amazing resemblance to my exalted opinion of my own appearance.

I also wrote odes on every imaginable subject. When I was really quite tiny I even employed the Muse as a barb of humor toward myself. It was the result of an attack of chicken-pox, contracted shortly after a visit to the country. It went:

"Went to the country,
Saw some chickens in a box,
Now I'm in bed
With the chicken-*pox!*"

I did more than most mature writers do, too—I used to illustrate all of my own writings.

Mother had read aloud to me since I could remember, and early in life I formed a real fondness for reading, which has, happily, never deserted me. When I got to the stage of reading to myself I used to spend hours in grandmother's library, consisting as it did, of some six or seven thousand volumes, and as if by instinct, or at any rate, by natural preference, I always selected volumes by Conan Doyle or Edgar Allen Poe. I would read the books for an hour or two, maybe more, and then, fired and inspired, I would take pen in hand and begin to dash down my own literary bits. They inevitably and always began like this: "Leon Montmorency, twirling his long, heavy black mustache, puffed on a huge, strong jet Havana cigar . . ." No matter what unravelings took place in my detective stories they never failed to begin like that.

As for the snake-charmer ambition, I suppose I got that idea from watching one of those gifted ladies at the beach, where we used to spend some of our time. I thought she was simply marvelous. Brave and beautiful. A sort of enchanted person. I spent most of my allowance buying her candy and trinkets in fair exchange for which she allowed me to pet the head of her snake while she held on to its body. I spent delirious hours in dreams, imagining myself in her position one of these days. How important I would feel! How people would stare! How they would murmur about me, marvel and admire! Yes, at one stage of my small career, I was perfectly convinced that God had intended me for a snake charmer!

I remember telling Harold about this one day, and he said, "My gracious, Bebe, aren't you afraid of snakes?" I replied, very boastfully, "Why, Harold Lloyd, I should say *not*—the dear, little things wouldn't hurt you." A few days later, at the studio, I received a huge floral box. Harold *happened* to be talking to me at the time. I eagerly opened the box, carefully spreading apart the green tissue paper on the inside. Instead of the dewy American Beauties I had expected, out jumped *a snake* . . . it was just a little garden snake that Harold had found on location . . . but somehow his little joke cured me of ever wanting to *look* at a snake again. I don't know what it was, the shock, the surprise, something . . . at any rate, I revolted, and the last vestige of that old ambition died a stone-dead death.

It was at about the age of ten, I think, that I craved to be a cowgirl. One of those with long, flowing braids and a revolver at her belt. I used to ride a great deal at that time for the cowboys were always kind to me and let me use their horses. Mother had a pretty little pearl-handled revolver which she prized as a keepsake, and in her wardrobe trunk I found a lovely, long switch which she had used on the stage. Attaching this switch to my curls and with the revolver fastened by a ribbon to my belt, I would start off toward the hills. I loved to stand my horse at the top of the hill and look out over the country with narrowed, speculative eyes, imagining myself the girl I had once seen in the play, "The Girl of the Golden West." "*My* Golden West . . . *my* Hills . . . *my* California . . ." I would repeat dramatically, after the fashion of the heroine in the play.

As a matter of fact, I often amused myself by playing theater. Most children do, I think. It is probably no foreshadowing of what they are going to be later on. I played naturally because I had so many "props" and things to play it with, perhaps. I

In my case I was conscious of no overwhelming ambitions for the stage because I had always been on the stage. It was my daily life, my daily bread. I absorbed it naturally, lovingly enough, but naturally.

Bebe Longed To Be a Poet

But Harold Lloyd Changed Her Mind

They were happy days . . . my first days with *Harold.* I felt like a *Princess,* like a feminine *Midas,* like a near relation of the *Rockefellers.* I was earning the munificent sum of thirty dollars a week to *start with* . . .

would usually be the author, director and leading lady, all in one. Mother had several trunks of stage wardrobe, and as I look back on it now, I realize how over-indulgent she was when she permitted me to use these silks and satins for my make-believe theater.

I would erect an Opera House in the basement of our house—the Opera House consisting of imagination and a dirt floor and we would usually have the grace to pin the silks and satins high about me so that they wouldn't trail too badly. We charged pins for admission; safety pins when possible. I did scenes from Romeo and Juliet and other great dramas and also sang operas with magnificence and gusto. When I was an opera singer I would place a pillow at my chest and sing the prima donna's role, then drop the pillow to my stomach and sing the tenor's part. I knew the airs of several operas and improvised the words to sound as though I were singing in Italian. It was very amusing. It must have been.

Most of those early ambitions have faded, if not vanished. The writing has gone. The snake charmer is, for me, no more. I still retain my great love of horses, especially the real Western horses, but I can't honestly say that I wish to be a cowgirl with flowing braids and a revolver. The screen may have been forced upon me to the desperate exclusion of these other towering ambitions of mine, but I have managed to find in it all of my old ambitions rolled into one—and all's well.

Well, to get back to my first days with the Rolin Company (as it was then called) and Harold. They were very happy days indeed. I felt like a Princess, like a feminine Midas, like a near relation of the Rockefellers. I was earning the munificent sum of $30 a week *to start with*—and Harold, who had a starring contract, was making $50. On that salary of mine, I furnished my own clothes—mother was working in pictures, too, at that time, so we got along splendidly. The clothes item was the chief problem. I had to have *two changes a week*—we made one one-reeler weekly, weather permitting. We would finish a couple of pictures and then Mr. Roach or Mr. Whiting would journey to New York to sell them to Pathe.

Harold Lloyd, by the way, to deviate for a few moments from the professional end of it, *was the first boy I ever went out with in my life.* I was fourteen. Mother made an exception to the rule she had made and allowed me to go around with Harold. At the time, Harold had a Ford with no top on it. When we went out in it together he had to put newspapers in the seat to keep my dress clean. I often think now that we must have been, in reality, as funny as some of the comedies we made for the screen. Not that we thought so then. I should say *not!* If it rained while we were out we had to put up an umbrella.

One of our chief and favorite amusements was to go to the beach and to dancing contests. We were always going to dancing contests—we had a perfect mania for them. The first cup we ever won was in competition with Wally Reid. Wally was at the pinnacle then and we regarded him (*Continued on page* 46)

For *Bebe's* latest release, *"The Manicure Girl,"* she had actual training in the art of manicuring before she played the role, and she had no less a person than *Michael Arlen,* the well-known *English* author of *"These Charming People"* and *"The Green Hat,"* to practice on.

Love's Old Sweet Song

"Lights of Old Broadway" **presents** ***Marion Davies*** **in a dual role, a new chance for the lovely star to show her versatility, for in one role she portrays a sweet old-fashioned girl, with golden curls and in the other her dark-haired sister. And the dual role is expected to prove one of the best bits of her career.**

Let No Man Put Asunder

By Carmen Ballen Edington

UPON Jacqueline's arrival for her appointment with Madame Renan, she was ushered through a large anteroom, where a number of women sat about waiting their turn, and into an elegantly furnished little office-room. In the brief moment before Madame looked up from her desk, Jacqueline's eyes had been attracted by four long rows of flashing colors. There were hundreds upon hundreds of gowns on their hangers, stretching away down four wide corridors that led off of the immense workroom into which she looked. Between this workroom and Madame's private room there was but a little swinging gate, so that Madame could see what was going on all of the time.

"Mercy," exclaimed Jacqueline. "Mercy . . . there are enough dresses in there to clothe a city!" And she gave a little gasp of sheer amazement.

Madame's throaty chuckle answered her first, then her voice came, and it was a voice Jacqueline instantly recognized as having authority, efficiency, balance back of it.

"*Mais non!* Not quite an entire city, child."

Then she looked with squinted, studying eyes at Jacqueline.

"So! You are the Jacqueline de Valera, yes?"

"Yes . . . how do you do, Madame Renan?" and Jacqueline held out her hand with sudden, warm cordiality. She liked this woman, even thought she had a feeling she could be as over-bearing, as tyrannical as a Cossack, if need be.

"*Why de Valera? . . . Jacqueline* de Valera . . . ugh! It is *hard,* that Jacqueline!"

"How do you do, *Madame Renan?*" and *Jacqueline* held out her hand with sudden, warm cordiality. She liked this woman, even though she had a feeling that she could be as overbearing, as tyrannical as a *Cossack,* if need be.

Jacqueline smiled apologetically, "My ancestors were Spanish. I think the name 'de Valera' was once in the family. I thought it was euphonious, with Jacqueline!"

Madame pursed up her mouth, and exploded the famous, "Mais *non!*" It had the force of a small projectile hitting the room. Jacqueline was immediately in a panic. Perhaps Madame would say "Mais *non!*" about her in every respect! She hastened to say, "Perhaps you can suggest a better one?"

"I fit the gowns, not the names! *N'importe!* You may not amount to so much, in any event!"

"But, Madame, pardon! I think it *is* important! I want to *start* right! And if my *name* is wrong . . ."

"So . . . you *have* something of a head on your shoulders? You know something of the psychology, perhaps, of names? Think then, yourself, a better name . . . but not another one like that Jacqueline de Valera . . . pah! That is terrible!"

Jacqueline burst out laughing, "Oh, I think you are most delightfully and brutally frank person I have ever met!"

"*Oui, oui.*" agreed Madame, then added, "Go now, to the fitting-room and take off the clothing!"

When Jacqueline found herself in the little French fitting-room, she surveyed the dozen or so negligees hanging about. Madame had told her she would find one there.

"Find one! I should think so!" She chose a jade-green robe of clinging, dull silk . . . with dull-gold chiffon sleeves. Then unconsciously she fell to admiring herself and the way the material clung to her slender limbs. Suddenly she roused herself, "Mercy! Vanity, vanity . . . all is vanity, sayeth . . . Oh, this will never do! I cannot be a picture actress, because it will make me vain, and I hate vain people!"

She sat down in utter dejection on the little fitting-platform, and it was thus that Madame came upon her.

"And now, what is the matter here?" inquired Madame, with danger in her tones.

Jacqueline told her.

Madame struck an attitude. She folded her arms, and glared down upon Jacqueline, much as Napoleon must have gazed upon a retreating army.

"So! It *is* that you have no brains! No brains! Look at her, drunk with her own beauty . . . bah! Do you not know that so good little English proverb . . . how goes it . . . 'Beauty is as beauty does'? Must it take me, a French woman, to tell you how excellent a lesson that is?"

She paused but for a moment to note Jacqueline's lighting countenance, then she ordered:

"Up with you and walk around for me. I shall hear no more such foolishness!"

Jacqueline "upp-ed." There was something about Madame Renan like Arthur Ready. People just did the things she said as though in a trance of obedience. Jacqueline knew that part of Ready's power was his refusal at any time to admit a possibility of error in his judgment. He thought over a thing a long time, found a true line and then walked it, and made everyone else do likewise. Evidently Madame Renan had found her true line in the case of newcomers to the screen!

She walked about for Madame, and suddenly Madame said, "Good! Stop! Marie! Marie!"

A fair-haired, gentle-looking girl got up from one of the sewing tables and came to the door.

"Marie . . . do you observe the eyes, *oui?*"

"*Oui!*"

"Do you observe the hair, and the tones of the skin?"

"*Oui,* Madame!"

"Velvet, the color of the eyes . . . but not too brilliant for the hair and the skin. *Montrez-le-moi!* Produce!"

But Marie could not "produce!" and she said so, adding, to make sure she had Madame's idea:

"Pekin blue, *avec un peu de* jade?"

"Oh, but you talk impossible! It cannot be done! Pekin blue

Can a Career Compensate a Wife for the Loss of Her Husband's Love---or Success Fill the Place of Home and Children?

For Synopsis of Preceding Chapters See Page 42

with a little jade! But *oui!* That is exactly what I desire! *Montrez-moi,* Marie!"

"We have none? *Non! Autrement!.* No one has any of that Pekin blue with a little jade. It is not made! I, myself, some day, am going to manufacture some of those velvets, and then we shall see some colors!"

Jacqueline said, "What you need is the Carpet of Bagdad, or Aladdin's Lamp, Madame, to 'produce' for you the combinations you call for!"

"Ah!" and Madame raised her hands on high, "If I but had that same Aladdin's lamp! The colors . . . the gowns . . . Ah! Of a magnificence impossible!"

Marie came back to report there was no jade-green chiffon, only sage.

"Sage! *Trop triste* . . . of a deadness unspeakable! I shall go to town for the chiffon. *J'ai quelques emplettes a faire.*"

She sailed out, with only a *"Venez avec moi!"* over her shoulder to Jacqueline. In one swift, unbroken movement she gathered unto herself her bag, her gloves, a flat leather case, and a square glass object that she slung dexterously about her neck. Then she was out again, past the waiting women in the anteroom, who turned to look at each other with sighs at her departure. Already her car was slowing in front of the wardrobe department and Madame swooped like a gull into the back seat. Immediately she craned her neck out of the side, to look impatiently back.

The minute Madame's feet left the fitting-room floor, Marie pounced upon Jacqueline.

"But quick, Mademoiselle!" and she flung Jacqueline's clothes upon her, not waiting to hook hooks, but concealing the results of her haste with a great enveloping cloak which she threw about her. It was many sizes too large. Jacqueline was lost in its voluminousness.

"But . . . this is not *my* coat, Marie!" she protested.

"N'importe! Wear it! It belongs to the wardrobe." She seized a hat . . . Jacqueline wondered whose, from the wall.

"Le chapeau!" and she slammed it at Jacqueline's head. "Quite right," thought Jacqueline, to herself. "That hat! But whose?"

Marie went on, pulling at her, shoving her gloves into her hand, hanging her bag on her arm. Then she gave a quick, strong thrust toward the door, *"C'est fait!"*

"But I don't understand. Am I to go with Madame?"

"Oui! oui!" answered Marie impatiently, urging her along.

"Venez! Venez!" Madame shouted, the moment she glimpsed Jacqueline emerging through the doorway.

As she settled herself in the car, Jacqueline felt as though she were going through some Alice in Wonderland adventure . . . that Madame might be the Duchess, and any moment order, "Off with their heads!"

Then Madame flounced about with an explosive sigh, folded her hands over her stomach, lay back her head and closed her eyes. Jacqueline, turning to smile at her, saw that she had gone promptly and solidly to sleep! Jacqueline felt that Madame would have acted in exactly the same way in the presence of royalty. Indeed, she felt that Madame Renan herself was a sort of royal person. Suddenly she sat up with a little shiver of realization . . . excitement. She was in it! In the middle of all this fascinating, whirling, producing business. Working with all these interesting people! She felt as though she had met more fascinating personalities in the last few weeks than in all her entire previous life. People who had done so much that was recognized as accomplishment by the world, that they could just go along saying the things they thought, doing the things they felt like doing! She looked with growing admiration at the benign plump countenance of Madame, relaxed and infantile in its repose.

"Oh . . . it is like taking a drink of some elixir . . . just to be with her! The dispatch with which she does things! The marvelous, sure efficiency!" And then Jacqueline could believe what she had heard of Madame Renan, that she personally inspected or costumed every one of the hundreds of actors . . . extras and stars . . . who went out on the Superior Screen Pictures lot every day. Jacqueline laughed out loud suddenly:

"If she rushes them *all* along like a sixty-mile cyclone, I don't wonder!" She looked quickly at Madame to see if her laughter had wakened her. She could not know that nothing short of a collision would awaken Madame until, like an alarm clock set to the minute, she would open her eyes the instant her car's wheels brushed the curb.

When they stopped in front of the most exclusive importer of gowns in the city, Jacqueline almost exclaimed, "Oh, but they don't have goods by the yard in here! Didn't you come for velvet . . . Pekin blue, or satin . . .?" But she was glad the next minute that she had not. Madame was not the sort of busy woman who said to people, "Now, *don't* let me forget that!" She never forgot anything, and she always knew just what she wanted to do, and when she wanted to do it. Now she said merely, "Gowns we will first inspect!"

"But Madame . . . I am not yet cast in anything. It is only a try-out in some scenes for tomorrow!" Jacqueline had to say that. Surely there was some misunderstanding.

"Oh, *so!"* said Madame, with raised eyebrows, and pursued her stately way into the shop. Jacqueline trailed (*Continued on page* 42)

She looked with squinted studying eyes at *Jacqueline.* "So! You are the *Jacqueline de Valera,* yes?"

Fashions in Furs

According to Norma Shearer

Lovely *Norma Shearer* is setting the fashion in furs this season by purchasing them in *August*. And she poses in *ermine* and *broadtail* for the benefit of those of us who must wait until *Christmas* for furs.

On the left, she wears a tailored coat of *natural broadtail* trimmed with *nutria* and with a deep *nutria* border.

Below, the exquisite *Norma* wears a luxurious evening wrap of *ermine* trimmed with a *lynx* collar The lining is in perfect balance with the outer effect. It is of combined black and white *moire* worked into an effective pattern.

At top of page, *Norma* displays the lining of a walking coat. The coat is of *brown pony* trimmed with *civet cat* and the lining offers a pleasing combination of brown *crepe de chine* edged with black patent-leather ribbons. There are large sprays of flowers made of the same ribbon on each side.

The charming coat of *natural crimmer* trimmed with *white fox* (on the left) is cut on the newest lines. It is tight-fitting at the waist and boasts a very full skirt.

The Mystic

By Janet Reid

ALMOST everyone read about Zara, the Mystic, "Queen of Spiritualistic Phenomena" . . . there was a lot of talk about her when she was in this country. The papers carried blurbs about her. She was interviewed and photographed and wild tales were current about her ability or her trickery, according to the point of view. There was also a lot of stuff about this young American, Jim Barton, who was mixed up with them, and there was added sauce in the name of Bradshaw, and the fact of the Merrick girl being caught in their toils. It was a *pot-pourri* of sensationalism and chicanery and mystery and bunkum. As a matter of fact, I don't believe in spiritism and I wasn't interested in Zara, her father, her father's assistant or old man Bradshaw, either, from the supernatural point of view. But I was interested in Doris Merrick from the human point of view. I still am, and it was from Doris that I got the straight dope about the motley crew. Doris said, by the way, that Zara, the Hungarian gypsy girl, was the most improbably beautiful creature she had ever laid her own beautiful eyes on. From one woman of another, that's high praise. It proves the estimable character of my Doris, and also the surpassing charm of the girl, Zara . . .

I never went to one of their "seances," but Doris did, and she said that they fooled *her* all right. Perhaps, she said, it was because she so much wanted to be fooled. But that, I told her, is what most mystics, mediums and such-like owe their success to—the credulous craving of bereaved men and women.

Well, but this is the story of Zara, as I got it from Doris. Zara was by birth an Hungarian gypsy. Her mother died when she was a baby. Her father had always been connected with the show business, traveling troupes, circuses, carnivals and what not. When Zara was eighteen she and her father and her father's assistant, the fiery young Anton, were members of a small carnival company in Hungary. They used to travel about from town to town, nomadic entertainers, pitch their tents and pull their stuff. Zara's stuff was to get into a cabinet, impersonate the squeaky ghosts of dear, departed relatives, friends and sweethearts, wave spirit hands, pull spirit bells and otherwise ballyhoo the poor morons who paid admission into uncanny beliefs. She was by way of being highly successful in her line. She buncoed the public right and left. Tales were told of her . . .

Well, about the time *this* tale opens, Zara's father and Anton, who was her frantic adorer, began to notice that wherever they went, whatever town they played in, a young American chap was also to be seen. They noticed that he didn't pay much attention to the rest of the performers, but concentrated his entire attention upon Zara. He never asked her any questions, he seemed to have no desire to speak to the voyagers beyond the Styx, but there he was, all eyes and ears and admiration. Anton got it into his head that the young American had fallen in love with his Zara, and he was boiling over with jealousy. Zara had quite a time with him.

One night, just after the carnival had opened in a new town, the young American was again seen among the spectators. And late that same night he was seen to come to the van containing the personable Zara and peer boldly in. This, of course, was too much for Anton and for the mystic's father. They tricked the young American within easy reach, bound and gagged him and made him prisoner. The fellow divulged the fact that his name was Jim Barton, that he was interested in the show business, that he wanted to pick up a specialty to take back with him to America, and that he had decided upon Zara as that specialty. He told the gypsies that America was ready and ripe for Zara, that they would fall for her like an orchard of ripe apples, and that she could make in a month what it would take her five years to make in Hungary. He was, he said, ready to back the act to the limit. They could take an apartment, or a house, start a campaign of advertising, and before they knew where they were the city of New York would be clamoring at their doors. To prove that he was not bluffing he exhibited fifteen thousand dollars in good, hard cash, and swore that he was ready to invest it in Zara to the end of making all of their fortunes.

Zara's father and Anton exchanged glances and an order was given for the caravan to drive on. Zara knew full well what that meant. She was wise to her father, was Zara, even though she may not have been as wise as many thought when it came to the dear, departed, with whom she seemed to be so easily conversant. She sharply countermanded the order and informed her father . . . he was called the Professor, you remember . . . that she was going to New York, that she believed in Jim Barton and that if her father wanted to be a fool and lose this glittering opportunity, that was his look-out, but *she* was

I never went to one of their "seances," but *Doris* did, and she said that they fooled *her* all right. Perhaps, she said, it was because she so much wanted to be fooled.

Zara informed her father that she was going to *New York*, that she believed in *Jim Barton* and that if her father wanted to be a fool and lose this glittering opportunity, that was *his* lookout, but *she* was going to *America*.

Based on the Metro-Goldwyn Mayer Production of the Same Name. Copyrighted by Them, 1925.

going to America, and if there was any monkey-business about it she was going *alone*. Doris said that Zara was as smart as she was beautiful. She even had the Professor fooled, slightly in awe of her. And of course she had Anton fooled. He was in love with her. Love is the most powerful alchemy of all. Of course, Doris always maintained . . . . still does maintain . . . that Zara "had powers." She admits that she doesn't know quite what those powers were, but that they were not the endowment of the average person, or even the unusual person, she feels certain. She confesses, now, that she doesn't believe Zara really enabled her to speak to her dead father, but that is the only thing she is sure about, she says . . . At any rate, I'm running ahead of my story . . .

Well, Zara and the Professor and Anton came to New York with Jim Barton. And after they had been in town about a month the papers suddenly and blaringly announced that Zara, Europe's greatest medium, was in town, and had invited certain noted men to her house on Madison Avenue to witness a demonstration of her strange, inexplicable powers. Oh, Jim Barton was clever, right enough. He did the thing up brown.

Barton not only got wised up to such personages as would have private, passionate and particular yearnings to be duped by Zara, but he also made a bold gesture and invited Inspector O'Brien and a plain-clothes man to be present at the first seance. Which was given, by the way, with all the suavity and dignity and authenticity of a scientific meet. Doris never knew just how much Jim Barton himself believed in Zara's "powers," but that he believed in Zara's cleverness was beyond peradventure. Of course, Doris says that it is her opinion Jim Barton doesn't believe in anything except the belief of others. He is quoted as saying that the only demi-god who ever lived was P. T. Barnum, who mouthed the apex of all wisdom when he said that there is one born every minute . . . Of course it is true as steel that if you take two exceedingly clever people and bulk them together they can outwit and befool fifty ordinary humans. It was upon this human equation that Jim Barton counted.

At any rate, before the opening seance, he managed to have most of New York talking about Zara over the breakfast tables and around the tea-tables and over the before-dinner cocktails. The wide-spread leads on her arrival in America, the stories printed of her marvelous performances in foreign lands, the amazing things she had made manifest to this Bey, that Rajah, this Prince, that Peer, were beyond flesh-and-blood belief. But not beyond flesh and blood hope—nothing is beyond that. It springs eternal and it springs virile and full-bodied.

Well, that first seance was well and notably attended. Mind you, there were curiosity-seekers there, thrill-chasers, but there were, too, men of business who wanted to talk to financiers dead and gone; there were women whose names you can read any day in the Newport and Hot Springs papers, who had come to speak, officially to their departed consorts and unofficially to their deceased lovers. There were gray-haired mothers who had lived for patient years in the hope of hearing their child's voice again . . .

Barton made them all feel at home. He injected decorous hospitality and a sort of hellish hallucination into the whole affair. I understand that that night Zara materialized the spirit of a child dead twenty years and that the mother cried out in a voice that cracked with grief and joy that just so had little Tottie talked before God took her home. She materialized the spirit of a young victim of the Argonne, who gave his father the reassurance of his well-being that gray-beard had been suffering to hear—and in just the words that the young soldier would have used had he been speaking with his body rather than his spirit. The place was murmurous, Doris told me, with ohs and ahs, sobs and little squeals of fearful joy. And at the conclusion of the program, when Zara, still tranced and almost fainting, was borne out of her cabinet and into retreat, the inspector ironically remarked to the Professor that it was "very well done."

The Professor repeated the remark to Jim Barton, who seized upon it with avidity and used it as the headline of his story sent to the gullible press that night. The remark was a public endorsement. If the skeptical Law could swallow Zara, the rest of the public could, sanely and safely, follow suit. They did. The inspector and his detectives were the only ones who swore and raged. They swore revenge on the whole hocus-pocus.

The inspector set about clearing the troupe up at once. He got together a detail of four men and commissioned them to do nothing but watch the activities of Zara and her "accomplices." He said that he strongly suspected that they were not only frauds but crooks, and that the only way of getting their game was to keep eight eyes focussed upon them unremittingly and all the time. They had the public with them, and that was bad. It was going to take drastic measures to disabuse the public of the impression received.

* * * * *

Fame was Zara's and fortune was well on the way to being hers, too. The Professor went about in a daze and Anton was surly and resentful. Money, yes . . . but he yearned in his aching heart for the gay carnivals of Hungary . . . the caravan creaking from town to town along the wild and scented roads, under the moon and stars . . . the girl Zara as she had been before Jim Barton came to open wider vistas to her, fairer fields . . .

Zara held her seances at night and during the day she and Jim Barton were kept busy in various and secret ways. One of their jobs was to dress in mourning . . . Zara in widow's weeds, Jim in decent black . . . and haunt the cemeteries in order to copy names and dates from tomb-stones and connect these epitaphic bits with interested parties still on the shores of the living.

It was in such a manner, Doris said, that they got onto the trail of James K. Bradshaw, who was the partner of Doris' father, the late James Merrick. You see what I am (*Continued on page* 44)

My Old Dutch

A Romance of the London Coster Life

"My Old Dutch," a story of the part of *London* which might be compared to *New York's Bowery,* is a romance of the *London* coster life, in which *May McAvoy* portrays a role different from any she has played heretofore. It takes her through the years from the light-hearted girl, who was wooed and won by *Pat O'Malley,* to a tottering old lady. Suddenly left a fortune, the couple determine to bring their boy up a gentleman. But he squanders their fortune and disgraces their name, and the final scene shows them, poor, lowly, old, unloved and unwanted, but hand-in-hand, going "over the hill to the poorhouse."

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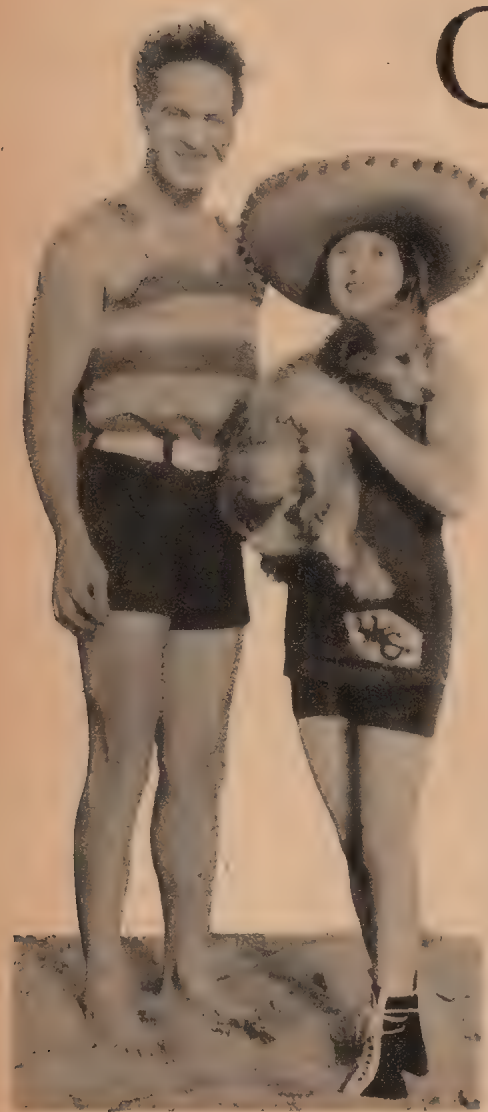
"When Good Fellows Get Together"

On the Beach



"It's always fair weather," according to this bunch of good fellows, out at *Ruth Roland's* for a swim. From left to right, are *Bobby Agnew, May McAvoy, Ethel Shannon, William Russell, Irving Wineburg, Helen Ferguson, Ruth Roland, Joe Jackson, Marion Nixon* and *Mrs. Ferguson.* In the small picture are *Ruth, William Russell* and *Ruth's* dog, and below, a group of the fair maidens.

Camera Scoops

Harold Scores Again

In the recent *Shriners' Pageant* held in *Los Angeles, Harold Lloyd* won the prize for an electrical display. Here he is shown with *Undersheriff Eugene W. Biscarlux*, of *Los Angeles*, who presented the comedian with the solid gold trophy.

The Village Blacksmith

"The Pony Express," Ernest Torrence's new picture, is said to be a second *"Covered Wagon."* It takes us back to the year 1860, and it provides *Ernest* with one of the most fascinating roles he has had—a village blacksmith, who is a religious fanatic.

Her First Day's Work

Vilma Banky, the new star from *Budapest*, is shown here receiving instructions from her *American* director, *George Fitzmaurice*, during her first day's work in *Hollywood*. She is portraying the leading feminine role opposite *Ronald Colman* in the screen version of *"The Dark Angel."*

California Peaches

Ruth Roland and *Helen Ferguson* acted as judges in the *California Beauty Pageant* at *Santa Cruz*, to help choose *"Miss California"* of 1925, to represent the *Sunshine State* at the *Atlantic City Pageant*. They are shown here with three of the winners: *"Miss Venice,"* the most perfect bathing girl; *"Miss Hollywood,"* the most charming personality and most unsophisticated, and *"Miss Los Angeles,"* the most beautiful girl in evening gown.

Photograph by Morton and Company

This Serious of Being

By Elisabeth

Photograph by Eugene Richee

Raymond Griffith **is simple and friendly, yet he has a shyness or a reserve which it is not easy to penetrate. He changes, confusingly, from a boyish light-heartedness to a serious, mature dignity.**

Jesse Lasky **has said that within a year he will undoubtedly be as great a figure as *Harold Lloyd*. Though comedies have brought him to the peak of success, he is fighting against the menace of his silk hat.**

THE Press Agent was solemn:

"Of course you understand that Mr. Griffith is carrying the entire burden of the production."

A sudden bump in the road lent emphasis to this statement. The studio car lurched heavily from the highway into the rough road to the Lasky Ranch. Our purpose was to interview Raymond Griffith, the silk-hat sensation of screen comedy who has so recently found his place in the movie sun. It occurred to me, tossed between roof and seat, that the road to fame, as traveled by Mr. Griffith each morning, was rough.

A sudden calm brought the realization that we had come to a stop at the Griffith location, an imposing castle on which the sun poured burning rays. We found seats in a shady spot in the clutter of cameras, ice cream wagons and abandoned sets. Directly before us lay the breadth of the castle's stone terrace. A short figure, clad royally in satin and scarlet with a velvet cloak on his arm, stood there addressing a circle of costumed personages in attentive attitudes.

"He is thinking up a gag," breathed a little actress beside me. "He's the cleverest gag-man in the business; he thinks of the funniest things." Then, in awe: "And of course you know he bears the whole burden of the production."

The Press Agent nodded sombrely:

"He is really writing this picture as he goes along. A terrible burden."

I began to feel sombre, too, and quite sorry for Mr. Griffith, when suddenly he stepped back from the knot of listeners and entered into a skirmish with an imaginary bull, flourishing his red cloak with all the deftness of a toreador. His face was expressionless, but he executed the final steps with a gravely gratified air, and resumed his conversation. During this interval none of the others took any notice, but continued their talking all at once.

The Press Agent fidgeted nervously and made frantic signals. Gloom fell blackly on Mr. Griffith as the Press Agent caught his eye. He came slowly over. His wide shoulders gave an impression of bigness, overcoming his short stature. He shook hands pleasantly. His moustache, carefully clipped, in no way lessened the charm of his smile. The Press Agent explained that I wanted an interview. Griffith's nod acknowledged the importance of this. "But it's going to be tough," he said. His voice was the ghost of a voice, a husky whisper carrying only a few feet. A cold, contracted some years ago while he was playing in vaudeville, left him so. It is an amazing voice—pleasant, shy. Through its medium anathema employed picturesquely becomes a prayer. It is fascinating in conversation—but impractical on the stage. So he turned to pictures, "We're working night and day on this picture—working out

Business Funny

Greer

Above is *Raymond* aboard his star-class racing yacht, *Dona Bertha,* with one of his pals, *George Drangold. Raymond* is quite a sportsman and spends much of his spare time on his graceful little boat.

Raymond's rise to fame has not been as brilliantly sudden as it seems to the public. Years of hard work and experience stand back of him, without which his present achievements would have been impossible.

at night the stuff we use the next day." He squinted at the sky. "I've got to take advantage of the sun," he said huskily, and left us.

The Press Agent writhed in despair. But the sun is a despot in California. The extras assembled, the cameramen climbed to their places on a platform level with the castle terrace. Director Eddie Sutherland seized his megaphone and shouted "Ready!"—and the sun went under a cloud. A groan arose—but the Press Agent was beaming. "What a sun it is! Always present but never wears out its welcome. That's California." I made no comment. Griffith returned to us and sank into a chair, buried in thought. A strained look on the face of the Press Agent warned me that I was about to get my interview. It came at last: "My five favorite screen artists," whispered the voice, "are Pepper, the cat; Rex, the horse; Josephine, the monkey; Jennie, the elephant, and Mack Sennett." He relapsed into silence, which he presently broke to ask, "Or how would it be if you just wrote your impressions of all this foolishness?" He looked desperately at the sky. "I can't tell you about my early struggles," he whispered, "because I never had any. Everything seemed fine to me." He was wrapped in thought again. "Every job I ever had I thought was wonderful—while I had it. I thought I was great." He moved uneasily and took another furtive look at the sky. "And I never missed a meal. Sometimes they only cost five cents—a glass of beer and a free lunch—but it was eating." Just then the sun came out. "Everyone on the set!" shouted the director, and he left us.

This man, perhaps the greatest screen find of recent years, and a tremendous box-office attraction, doesn't take himself very seriously, in spite of the Press Agent and the admiring company. The burden of production, which to them seems so oppressive, rests lightly on him. He is simple and friendly, yet he has a shyness or a reserve which it is not easy to penetrate. He changes, confusingly, from a boyish light-heartedness to a serious, mature dignity.

His rise to fame has not been as brilliantly sudden as it seems to the public. Years of hard work and experience stand back of him, without which his present achievements would have been impossible. The year and a half he spent with a French pantomime troupe has been invaluable to him in his work on the screen, making him skilled beyond the average actor—an artist as well as a personality. He has been recognized in the motion picture word for a number of years, notably as a clever gag-man, and all those who knew him prophesied that he would one day take his place in the ranks of the great.

Now Jesse Lasky has said that within a year he will undoubtedly be as great a figure as Harold Lloyd. Though comedies have brought him to the peak of success, he is fighting against the menace of his silk hat. His ambitions reach far beyond that, even carrying him as far as "Lord Jim." He longed to play this role, but the silk hat was settled too firmly. Audiences demand him as a comedian—nothing else.

As I left the location, I saw him marching solemnly along the terrace in his undershirt, with a megaphone crowning his head at a precarious angle, and an old broom held majestically in his right hand. At the edge of the steps he bowed with great dignity, and slumped into the coronation chair, brushing a fly from his nose with the broom. He looked extremely happy, and fittingly so. He had returned to his place in the sun.

ACROSS the SCREEN

"LIGHTNIN'"—90%
Reviewed by Harriette Underhill

The screen version of "Lightnin'" is quite as enjoyable as the stage version, and this is the highest form of praise; for the John Golden comedy ran three years on Broadway. For some strange reason, we dislike bibulous, old men who sit around and tell stories while their wives do all the work. Yet often they are idealized by the tender hand of the playwright. This is what happened in the case of Lightnin' Bill Jones, and there was a great deal of fine comedy distributed through the play, which has been faithfully transferred to the screen.

Jay Hunt plays the title role and he gives a flawless performance. Edythe Chapman, as the long-suffering Mother Jones, is better than she has ever been before. Ethel Clayton is the prospective divorcee who wins over the old bachelor judge as soon as she sets foot in Reno. "When did you first notice that your husband's love was growing cold?" he asks the plaintiff. "About a year before we were married," she replies. "Divorce granted," exclaims the enamored judge. If you like bucolic comedies, don't miss "Lightnin." Besides being what is known as "appealing," it has a real plot to it.

The cast includes: Jay Hunt, Madge Bellamy, Wallace McDonald, Ethel Clayton and others.
The picture was directed by John Ford.

"TRACKED IN THE SNOW COUNTRY"—80%
Reviewed by Alma Talley

It is Rin-tin-tin, the dog, which makes this picture fairly worth while. The story itself is just one of those movie-ish plots dealing with the villain's attempt to get the map of the mine belonging to the heroine's father. In the struggle, the father is killed, and Rin-tin-tin, being half wolf, is blamed for the murder.

There are miles and miles of snow, which will cool you off these hot days, and there are lots of thrills. There is a tremendously exciting fight between Rin-tin-tin and the villain in the old mine; the dog is pushed down into a hole and struggles, again and again, to get "up and at him." Somehow, a dog like Rin-tin-tin can put as much pathos into a scene as the best human actor in the profession—and in this picture he does.

June Marlowe is pretty as the heroine, and David Butler makes an attractive hero (a Forest Ranger, instead of a Northwest Mounted policeman). The picture follows, throughout, the regular formula for a "great open spaces film," and makes its final bow to conventionality when it ends with the hero and heroine rocking a cradle of twins.

The cast includes: June Marlowe, David Butler, Rin-tin-tin, Mitchell Lewis and Charles Sellon.
The picture was directed by Herman Raymaker.

"RUGGED WATERS"—80%
Reviewed by Tommie Gene Browne

"Rugged Waters" is an old-fashioned drama with Cape Cod Bay as its setting. It is the story of a lifeguard who in an hour of stress defies the orders of his superstitious, cowardly old captain and saves a crew from drowning. Save for some very splendid photographic effects in the storm scenes, the picture is rather commonplace.

The acting is, on the whole, very good, but even that doesn't save the picture. Warner Baxter, as the hero, is very good, though his role calls for nothing but to act brave and strong. This he does well. Lois Wilson, the heroine, sweet and lovable, does as much as the role permits. We do wish these "sweet parts" often given Miss Wilson had more chance for real acting; for she can act. To Wallace Berry the acting honors go. He, who usually plays the villain, is cast as a very decrepid, cowardly captain. And he gives us a splendid characterization. We prefer him wicked, though. Pauline Garon is the city belle, cute and kittenish, as far as the 1902 wardrobe she wears will permit.

This is a wholesome, enjoyable picture, fit for the eyes of every member of the family. Irvin Wallatt did very good directing.

The cast includes: Warner Baxter, Lois Wilson, Phyllis Haver, Wallace Berry.
Directed by Irvin Willatt.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Our reviews are printed of a uniform size so that they may be kept for future reference. They are written by members of our editorial staff, who are skilled critics and whose viewpoints we know to be sane and unbiased. We believe you will find the ratings of special assistance and invite our readers to send in their personal ratings of pictures they see.*

RATING: Excellent, 95%; Good, 90%; Fair, 75%; Poor, 60%

"THE STREET OF FORGOTTEN MEN"—90%

Reviewed by Alma Talley

"The Street of Forgotten Men," is a film of real artistic merit, but it is sordid. Its atmosphere is largely of the slums, and has to do with fake beggars and kindred unpleasant things. But the story is extremely novel, and well worth seeing, if you don't mind a few morbid moments.

The hero is "Easy Money Charlie," who goes every morning to "a cripple factory," where able-bodied men are cleverly made up as legless beggars, hunchbacks, etc. Circumstances place a little orphan girl under his care; she grows up in a Long Island cottage, adoring her foster-parent, and unaware of the source of his income. When he realizes that her love for him is not filial, he takes himself out of her life so that she will forget him and marry the socially eligible man who loves her.

Percy Marmont is ideal as the beggar hero, who loves the heroine too much to let her marry him. The role calls for pathos and it doesn't call in vain, with Mr. Marmont playing it! Mary Brian is sweet as the orphan girl, and Neil Hamilton plays her aristocratic lover. Juliet Brenon (the director's niece) does outstanding work as "Portland Fancy."

The cast includes: Percy Marmont, Mary Brian, Neil Hamilton, Juliet Brenon and others.

The picture was directed by Herbert Brenon.

"A SLAVE OF FASHION"—85%

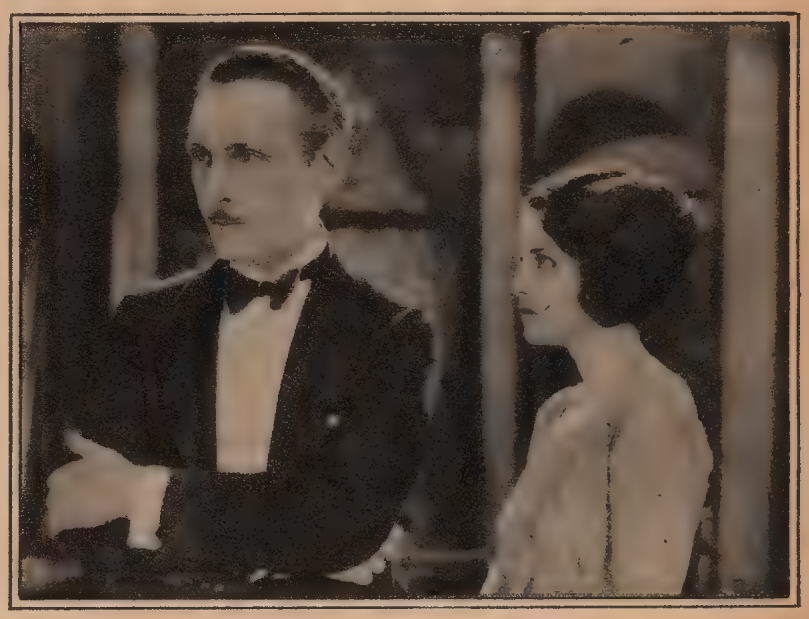
Reviewed by Harriette Underhill

Any picture which Hobart Henley directs is sure to have at least three terrible people who never existed in real life, even in the rural fastnesses. If they are men they shave their necks up the back almost to the top of their head. If they are women they have buck teeth and are gossipy. Both of these types are represented in "a slave of fashion." But Samuel Shipman has fashioned such a deft tale, and Norma Shearer is so delightful as the pleasure-loving heroine, that "A Slave of Fashion" should go on the list of things worth seeing.

Miss Shearer plays a girl who lives in Iowa and longs for New York. On her way to the Metropolis she is in a train wreck and into her lap is thrown a letter which gives her access to the home of the richest and most fascinating bachelor in New York. Of course, he returns from Europe weeks before he is expected and finds her ensconced with her comedy family, in his home. Write your own ending! William Haines is very attractive as the rival lover. We enjoyed Lew Cody, too, as the owner of the home. We think that "A Slave of Fashion" is a good picture, but one's judgment cannot be trusted in a Norma Shearer film. She is too beautiful.

The cast includes: Norma Shearer, Lew Cody, William Haines, Mary Carr and others.

The picture was directed by Hobart Henley.



"UNDER THE ROUGE"—65%

Reviewed by Tommie Gene Browne

"Under the Rouge" is a crook story which was "personally directed" by Lewis H. Moonaw. For the first half of the picture we wondered what relation the title had with the picture we were viewing and by the time the last half was over, we decided: nothing at all.

The plot is one of the oldest hackneyed ones in existence; of two crooks, a girl and a man who decide to "go straight." And of another who has no such good intentions. Eileen Percy, who is the girl, falls in love with a bank clerk whom she believes quite respectable. But he turns out to be a crook. Tom Moore, as the "crook gone straight," tries to take the blame in order to save the girl's feelings. But she discovers all. The cad shows his hand, and tired of life, Eileen tries her hand at suicide via rapids and a waterfall. But Tom rescues her and while in his arms she learns that she has always loved him.

There is some good camera work in the rescue scene. The rapids are very realistic and the one thrill of the picture comes here. In spite of that and some decent acting from Tom Moore and Eileen Percy, the picture is hopelessly inane and tiresome.

The cast includes: Tom Moore, Eileen Percy, Mary Alden, Carmelita Geraghty and others.

It was directed by Lewis H. Moonaw.

Photograph by Malcolm Smith

Rudolph Plus Sideburns

Not content that he caused a national flurry when he grew a full beard, *Rudy* now gives us an entirely new quirk in sideburns. The aforementioned decoration was grown and groomed for the benefit of *"The Lone Eagle,"* in which production he plays the role of a *Russian.* This is *Valentino's* first offering since he became affiliated with *United Artists.*

Concluding

The Lucky Devil

By Pearl Malverne

Based on the Famous Players-Lasky Production of the Same Name. Copyright, by them, 1925.

THE attendants at the Asylum were very nice. They were not as sympathetic as the disappointing occasion seemed to warrant, but that was because they were used to the vagaries of lunatics. They had seen too many similar cases. They explained that the distant Uncle indulged his mania by the sly and unpreventable mailing of wild epistles. At present his delusion of grandeur took the form of leaving his mythical fortune to various persons, connected or not connected at all, as the figures of the Past presented themselves to his disordered brain. They were sorry . . . they would try not to let it happen again . . . They were blandly unaware of the fact that the charming Doris, her disgruntled mama and the inexplicable young man accompanying them were all stony broke.

Randy was optimistic. He simply couldn't feel "down" with Doris. amicable, by his side. He felt that he could move the earth and have it do his bidding. Here, here and now was his opportunity to show his mettle, to provide for the penniless Doris and her equally-penniless mama.

Randy left mama and Doris upon the porch of the local hotel and went scouting about to find what he could find.

He came back with the triumphant information that there was to be a road race within the week: a $10,000 road race at the county fair. The entrance fee, he said, was $100. Doris and mama failed to see the triumph in this. They said that Randy might just as well tell them that the entrance fee was one million dollars as one hundred. They didn't see, and they were nothing if not frank about it, what difference it made to them if there should be fifty similar races at the county fair.

Randy told them they must not have faint hearts. He said that he and his speedy roadster, his pippin, were going to enter that race, come what might. He added, expanding his worthy-of-notice chest, that he was going to win that race. He had to win it . . . he was more than perfervid about the necessity of his winning that race. Mama pursed her lips, but Doris blushed. She was acute, was Doris. She suspected that Randy was talking about winning something other than the race . . . *someone* . . . Randy was confusing the two issues in his mind . . . well . . .

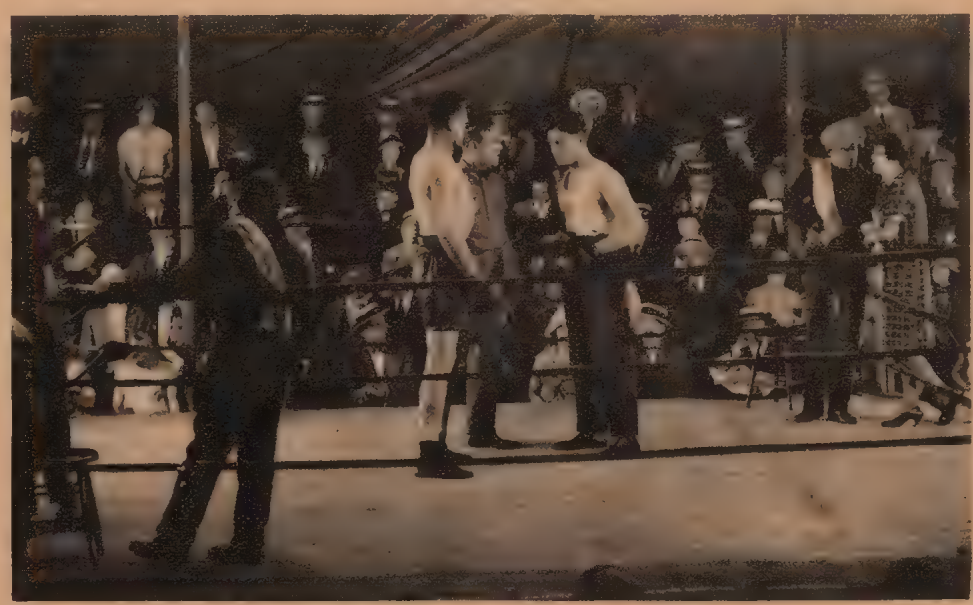
Randy departed again to see what he could see. He betook himself to the fair grounds, gay with bunting and rope and ripe with opportunity. He encountered a burly prizefighter who was vaingloriously offering $200 to any man who could stand up to him for two rounds. Randy proffered his body as battering ram. The prizefighter sneered rather unpleasantly and took him on. Randy went into the ring thinking of the knights of old who had jousted for their ladies fair . . . He called upon every muscle and sinew in his body. He called upon his swiftness and what little technique he had. He thanked his few lucky stars for the decent life he had led, for the clean and virile blood that pounded in his veins. He won the $200. He came out of the ring, swollen, black-eyed, bruised, battered, bleeding—triumphant. He came out with the name of Doris upon his distorted lips.

Randy started to hobble back to the hotel where, anxiously, waited Doris and mama. He had pleasant, healing visions of Doris bathing his head in Ponds' Extract and liniment and pocketing the $200 to keep for him until the entering day.

He had left the fair grounds behind him when he came upon a familiar-looking figure. Just at first he couldn't tell where he had seen the man before or if, indeed, he *ever* had seen him before. It suddenly occurred to him that his subconscious had registered the impression that now came swimming clearly up into his conscious mind. This man was the same man who had stolen the money from his coat while he had been fixing his car the day before. He remembered now, he had passed him skulking along the road just before he had had his tire trouble. Well, he had just licked a sure-fire prize-fighter; he guessed he could lick the coward who had pilfered his coat. He could lick him and, perhaps, retrieve at least a part of the stolen hundred. He needed all the extra money he could lay his hands on. At least, he could provide for Doris and mama if he had a little extra. He laid violent hands upon the thief, and the thief, a neat-appearing creature with a ferret face, immediately set up a most ungodly clamor.

Afterward, Randy realized that he had not used his brain. Perhaps the prizefighter had rammed that askew, too. He might have known that the little weasel would set up a howl, and he might have known that the Law, sufficiently harrassed by the misdemeanors of the fair grounds, would judge by tonsorial appearance. The thief was neatly shaved (on Randy's hundred dollars, no doubt); the thief was decently attired, on the same bank-note, unquestionably. The thief had a gold watch and chain and a bicycle, probably redeemed from an infamous resting place by the same means, and the thief got his word in first. He shouted dolefully and plaintively that this feller had accosted him,

(*Cont. on page* 44)



***Randy* went into the ring thinking of the knights of old, who had jousted for their ladies fair . . . He called upon every muscle in his body.**

Romance in Costume

It has fallen to the lot of *Edmund Lowe* to play in more costume dramas than any other actor. He has thus won the name of *"Romance In Costume,"* in *Hollywood,* and a fitting title we should say it is, for *Edmund* is as romantic a knight as ever won a fair lady. Even on the stage he excelled in romantic costume plays. On the left, he appears as *Mark Antony* in the stage production of *"Julius Caesar,"* before his screen advent. Above, in costume for *"The Kiss Barrier,"* and on the right, in *"East Lynne,"* two of his pictures.

Photograph by Apeda

Probably one of the best loved of *Edmund's* roles, was the part he portrayed in *"Barbara Frietchie,"* the historical romance in which *Florence Vidor* was the "girl." In the lower left-hand corner is *Edmund* as he appeared in the picture, and on the left, in *"In the Palace of the King."*

Photograph by Clarence S. Bull

On the Set and Off

CHARLIE CHAPLIN and his wife, the former Lita Grey, were seen together in public for the first time in several months, when they attended a recent dinner-dance given by the "60 Club," at the Biltmore. Mrs. Chaplin looked exceptionally well, and very happy—and so did Charlie, for that matter. The famous pair were in the Rudolph Valentino party, which also included Marion Davies, Seena Owen, Lowell Sherman and other shining lights.

I'VE never seen Belle Bennett on the screen, but I've seen her at work making scenes for the Samuel Goldwyn production of "Stella Dallas," and I prophesy that she will be a perfect Stella.

The role is an acid-test for an actress, for so sharply etched was the character in Olive Higgens Prouty's novel, that it allowed for but one interpretation. Miss Bennett seems to have literally stepped from the pages of the book itself, and I think we're all going to like her.

Here we have *Tom Mix* in a new role, demonstrating *"The Dance of the Water Sprite,"* to *J. Farrell MacDonald.* These two players are now making *"The Lucky Horseshoe."*

ALL rumors that John McCormick, husband of Colleen Moore, would retire from First National, are set at rest with the announcement that Mr. McCormick has been elevated to the position of general manager of production on the West Coast. He was formerly western representative of this organization, which stars his wife.

JOY and tragedy walked hand-in-hand into the life of little Eva Novak, film leading woman, recently.

Early in the week, Miss Novak, who in private life is the wife of William R. Reed, film stunt-man, gave birth to a seven-pound daughter. Two days later, her husband, while performing a dangerous stunt as double for Buck Jones, Fox cowboy actor, received injuries from which he may die.

The scene required that the actor leap from the roof of a building and catch the cross-bar of a telephone pole. Unfortunately, Reed missed the pole and was hurled to the ground. He sustained a fractured skull and other injuries. The scene was for a picture called "The Man Four Square," in which Buck Jones is being featured.

THE extra people of Hollywood are going to have a free casting bureau, established by the Association of Motion Picture Producers. It will be under the watchful eye of Will Hays, who declares that its establishment will "automatically wipe out of existence all questionable employment agencies, make-up schools, schools for acting and other pretending agencies preying on a gullible public."

Statistics show that the film industry has over 200,000 casual labor placements annually. These placements are divided among 30,000 people. Under the Hays plan these people, who have been paying ten per cent of their salaries to agents, will receive the full amount of their vouchers.

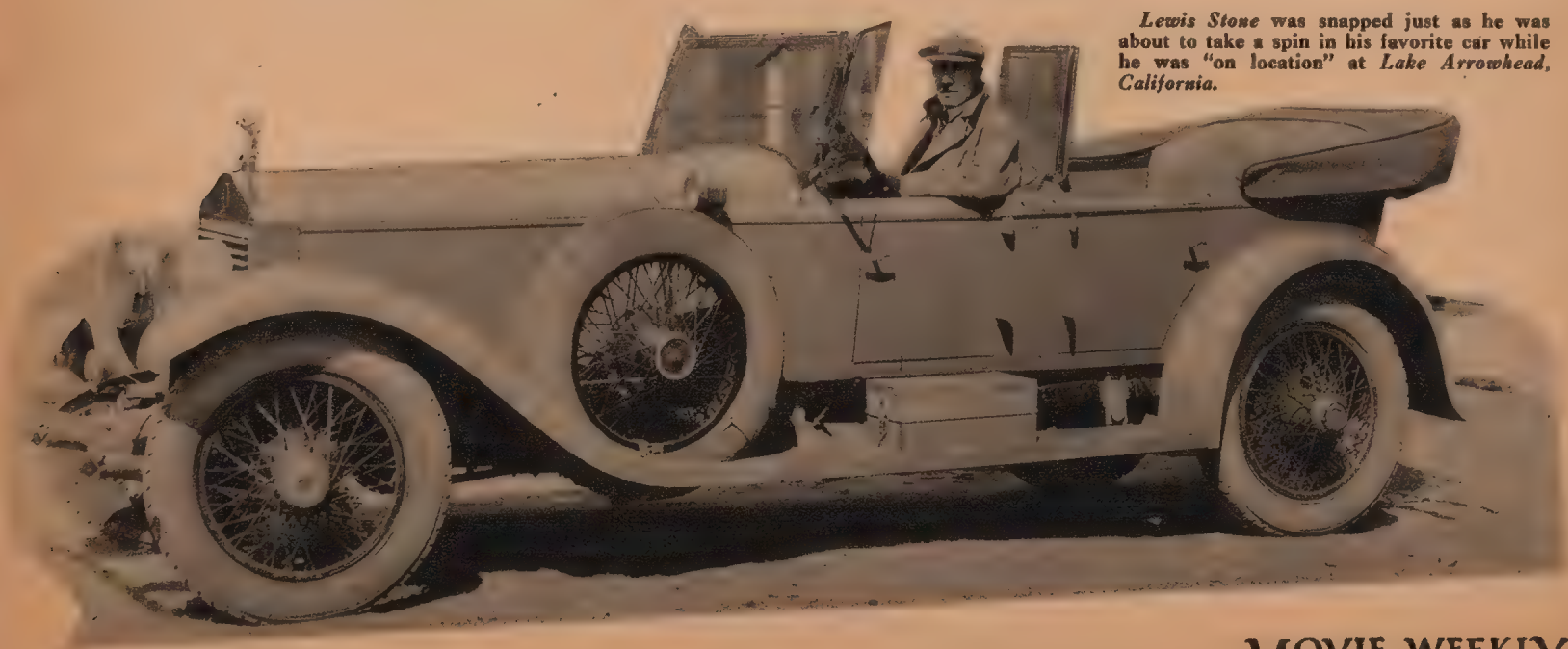
MARSHALL NEILAN spent a single night in the Santa Monica Bastile, recently, charged by the police with driving an automobile while intoxicated. Neilan, it is said, tried to persuade his car to climb a traffic signal, with unfortunate results to all concerned.

Blanche Sweet, who was with her husband when the accident occurred, fled from the scene in a taxicab. She sustained slight injuries, and production of "The Sea Woman," in which she appears, has been held up.

IT'S A dull week in which no film star brings a damage suit against one of the film companies.

Now it's Agnes Ayres, who is suing the Producers' Distributors Corporation for $43,000. Miss Ayres says the producers did not carry out the contract which provided that she was to star in three pictures, for each of which she was to receive $10,000. The first picture was made, she says, but no preparations have been made for filming the other two.

Miss Ayres says that she has been kept idle since March because of the failure of the company to produce her pictures and asks $25,000



Lewis Stone* was snapped just as he was about to take a spin in his favorite car while he was "on location" at *Lake Arrowhead, California.

Theodore Roberts, smoking his 2,109,887th cigar, visits the set at the *Paramount* studio in *Hollywood*, where *Mal St. Clair* is directing *"The Trouble With Wives."* The popularity of the famous actor, who is finally on the road to full recovery after his eighteen months' illness, is indicated by the attractive scenery forming the background of this picture.

Rex Ingram and *Alice Terry*, better known as *Mr. and Mrs. Rex Ingram*, are enjoying their stay at *Nice*, where *"Mare Nostrum"* is being filmed. Above is their latest picture.

damages on this account. Added to this is $8,000 claimed to be due her for the second picture and $10,000 for the third.

The picture made under the original agreement was "Three Faces East."

GLORIA SWANSON and her husband, the Marquis de la Falaise, have gone to New York, and her beautiful Beverly Hills home is again closed, or will be when her children, traveling incognito as it were, follow her eastward.

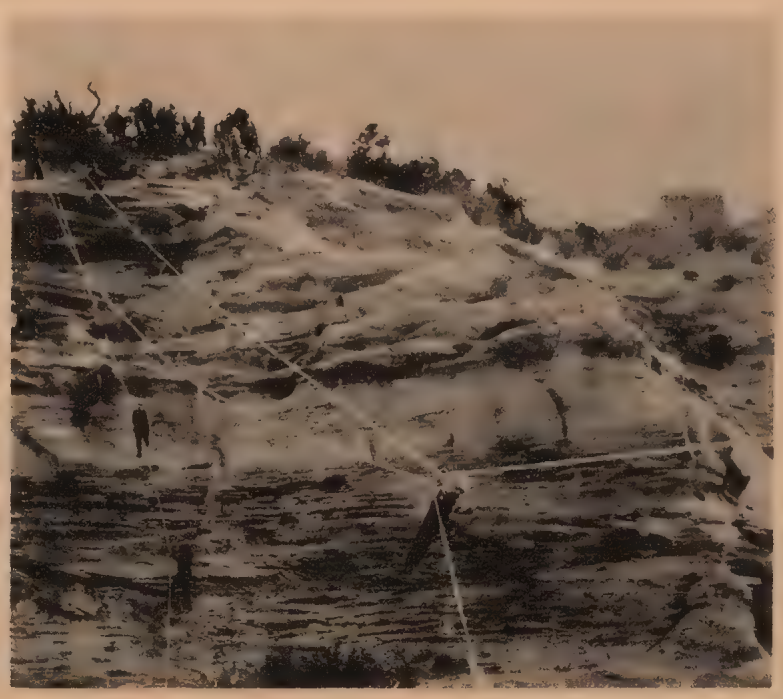
Gloria's next picture, "Stage Struck," will be made in New York. Upon its completion she and her husband may take a brief trip to Europe. It will be necessary for the Marquis to return to his native land and have his passport renewed.

LARRY GRAY, handsome juvenile, who has been appearing in recent Famous Players-Lasky productions, has been chosen by Gloria Swanson to appear as her leading man in "Stage Struck." Young Gray, who was at one time a production manager for Famous, went into pictures at the suggestion of Bebe Daniels. He rapidly came to the fore, appearing recently as leading man with Betty Bronson in "Are Parents People?" He is the scion of a wealthy Santa Barbara family.

ERICH VON STROHEIM is going back to work again. Since the rather stormy completion of "The Merry Widow," in which Mae Murray is starred, the temperamental Austrian director has been "at liberty." But now he has signed to direct none other than Constance Talmadge in her next feature. This, by the way, is the latest George Barr McCutcheon novel, "East of the Setting Sun," and it relates the further romantic experiences of the nobility in that fascinating imaginary kingdom of Graustark. The Talmadges seem to be going in for this sort of thing lately, as Norma has just completed "Graustark."

PAUL BERN, who is not only one of Hollywood's best directors, but one of its most popular men as well, is quitting the Famous Players-Lasky company when his present contract expires within a few weeks. Bern is going to Europe to direct pictures for Continental audiences. This has been his ambition ever since he first took up a megaphone, and he is eager to be on his way. During the last year he has directed six pictures for the Lasky company. He is at present directing Pola Negri in "Flower of the Night."

THERE are a lot of fake princes, dukes and counts around Hollywood, but a real, honest-to-goodness Russian prince will appear as leading man with Pola Negri in "Flower of the Night." He is none other than the Prince Yucca Troubetzkoy,



Shooting motion picture cameras, valued at thousands of dollars, across massive canyons on location at *Red Lake, Arizona*, was one of the many hazards encountered during the filming of *"Wild Horse Mesa."*

Lucille Le Sueur, new *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer* player, takes a brisk walk every morning with one of her police dogs. She is now playing one of the leading roles in *"I'll Tell the World."*

Beautiful bead flowers have replaced artificial ones of various kinds in *Hollywood. Howard Greer* brought the idea back from *Paris.* The delicate flower shown on the shoulder of *Esther Ralston* was made in two days' time by *Lupe Bringas,* and is composed of crystals, pearls and diamonds.

son of Prince and Princess Nicolai Troubetzkoy, and nephew of the famous sculptor, Paul Troubetzkoy.

Of peculiar interest is the fact that the prince was born in Los Angeles twenty years ago, while his parents were making a tour of the world. He received his education at the Russian court, and following the overthrow of the monarch went with his parents to France, where he appeared in several European films. He came to Hollywood recently.

THEY'RE saying around Hollywood that Buster—excuse me, William Collier, Jr.—is going to prove a knock-out when "The Wanderer," in which he plays the title role, is shown.

Famous Players-Lasky evidently are satisfied with the young artist's work, for he has been signed to play the leading role in "The Lucky Lady," another big feature. Lionel Barrymore will also appear in this film. It has not yet been determined what lucky lady will appear with these two stars.

ALL is quiet these days around the Valentino mansion on Whitely Heights. And for a very good reason. Rudy has started work in "The Lone Eagle," the new, and we hope, final name for his picture, and since his scenes require that he work nights, he is spending the days in sleep. As previously announced, Vilma Banky will play opposite the star. Louise Dresser also has an important role.

ALTHOUGH the temperature is—er—very unusual for California, Jackie Coogan is not spending his days down by the cool seaside. Papa Coogan has got everything lined up for Jackie's next production, "The Rag Man," and the child star is now at work. We are glad to note that Alan Forrest, who did some very sympathetic work with Jackie in "Long Live the King," will be a member of the cast.

LITTLE Gertrude Olmstead seems to run into hard luck occasionally. You'll remember that she was the original choice to play Esther

(*Continued on page* 41)

Henry Major, world-famous cartoonist, visited the *Paramount* studio in *Hollywood,* where *Malcolm St. Clair,* himself a former newspaper cartoonist, was directing *"The Trouble With Wives."* He showed his skill by sketching some of the players. Left to right, *Malcolm St. Clair, Florence Vidor, Tom Moore, Mrs. Major* and *Mr. Major.*

Stella Dallas

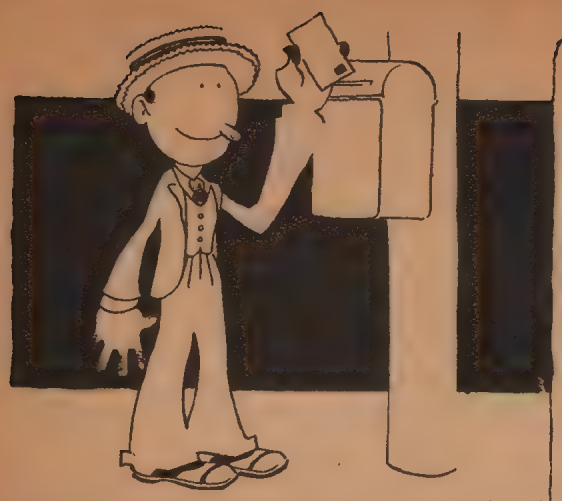
A Story of Mother Love

One of the most poignant stories of mother-love ever written is *"Stella Dallas," Olive Higgens Prouty's* widely-discussed novel. And one of the most-talked of screen roles of the year is the title role, which *Belle Bennett* was chosen to portray from among hundreds of applicants. *Stella* is a gaudy, over-dressed, flamboyant character, whose most redeeming quality is her love for her daughter, *Laurel.* And when she finds that her association is not good for *Laurel,* she makes the great sacrifice and fades out of her life.

Left to right are *Vera Lewis* as *Miss Tibbetts, Lois Moran* as *Laurel,* and *Belle Bennett* in the title role.

From hotel to hotel wander *Stella* and *Laurel,* the mother never "accepted" by her neighbors, but the child, with her quiet, well-bred little air, welcomed until their relationship is discovered. And when *Laurel* meets the boy she later loves, she sees her mother as her playmates see her.

On the right is a scene in which *Stella* is pointed out and talked about by *Laurel's* friends, and above, with *Ronald Colman,* who portrays the role of *Stephen Dallas,* her estranged husband.



The Colonel

This department is for the service of our readers. No charge whatever is made for the answering of questions, whatever their number. However, if a personal reply is requested, we ask that you send a stamped, addressed envelope. All letters should contain the name and address of the writer and, if it is desired that a fictitious name be used in the publication, this name should also be written at the bottom of the letter.

Are you curious to know if your favorite screen star is married . . . where he was born . . . or the name of his new picture? If so, write to the COLONEL at Movie Weekly, 1926 Broadway, New York City.

ALWAYS A FAN—You must be nice to have around these hot days. By all means, close your letter when you hear the "boss' footprints"; he must have very large feet! Barbara Bedford is now Mrs. Albert Roscoe; she was married at one time to Irvin B. Willat, now Billie Dove's husband. No, Barabara has no children. I doubt if Richard Dix will be married within a year, though of course one never knows; I don't think he even knows himself. I'll tell him, when he comes back to New York to wait for you, and see what he says to that.

CUPID'S JEWEL—So your friend is afraid to write me? Tell her I can't do anything worse than growl; she's too far away for me to bite! Yes, Ben Lyon answers his own fan mail—at least, he did a few months ago when I last talked to him about it. And he's very good about sending his photos on request, but he says "tell them please to send a quarter" because it costs him so much and he is not yet making a star's salary, though he is just as popular as a star. He didn't say that last; I put that in myself. Write him at Biograph Studios, 807 E. 175th St., New York. Why didn't your friend try to get in the Paramount School if she's so wild to get into pictures? It's rather a hopeless proposition when one has to get in and struggle along by the "extra" route.

BUDDY—Pauline Starke was born in Joplin, Mo., a little more than twenty years ago. I think that is her real name. She is not married, and lives at 410 Normandie Place, Los Angeles.

M. E. D.—I'm sorry, I don't know where Olive Borden can be reached; she doesn't give a home address, and she doesn't work at any particular studio. Her latest picture is "Overland Limited," an independent production. I don't know where it was made.

A MOVIE WEEKLY READER—Of course it isn't a bad idea to ask questions, especially when you want to know something. Marion Nixon lives at 4145½ Melrose Ave., Los Angeles. Write Blanche Sweet at United Studios, 5341 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles. No release date has been announced for "Where Am I?"

DORINE—So you were reminded of me when you drank a glass of nice cold buttermilk? At the moment I feel neither nice nor cold, so it must have been the buttermilk which made you think of me. I'm not sure I want to be like buttermilk! Constance Bennett is the daughter of Richard Bennett and Adrienne Morrison, both very well known on the stage. She also has a sister, Barbara, who is now the dancing partner of Maurice, in Paris. I don't know Constance's exact age, but she is not much over twenty. She has brown eyes and blonde hair—the combination is one of the reasons why she is so stunning. Constance is not married.

KITTY KAT KITTEN—What a catty person you must be! George O'Brien has been making "Havoc" lately. Write him at the Fox Studios, 1417 N. Western Ave., Hollywood.

RIKKY—No, you couldn't possibly see your answer before August 1st. As a matter of fact, this is the very first issue in which it could appear after I received your letter. Conway Tearle was born in New York in 1881; I don't know the day and month. He is married to Adele Rowland, his third wife, and lives most of the time in Hollywood, though he frequently comes to New York to make pictures. Conway is a brunette, and is 5 feet 10½ inches tall.

EVELYN BODE announces the organization of a Bebe Daniels Fan Club, with pins, pennants, membership certificates and everything. Anyone interested write to Evelyn Bode, 2745 Myrtle Ave., Glendale, Long Island, New York, enclosing a stamp for the reply.

ANXIOUS—I shouldn't be anxious over so little a thing as the pronunciation of Betty Bronson's name. It is pronounced just as it is spelled—Bron (the o as in Bonny)—son; accent on first syllable. Lois Wilson has never played in vaudeville; she used to be a school teacher until she won a beauty contest and got into pictures. Mary Astor is 5 feet 5, weighs 120 and has auburn hair and brown eyes.

A PENNSYLVANIAN—No, I can't agree with you that Gloria and Colleen are sixth-raters, even if, as you say, you promise not to tell them I said so. You'll be surprised, but occasionally, a star reads this column—perhaps just to be sure he or she doesn't get any dirty digs like that from me. Of course Gloria and Colleen have had a lot of publicity—but the fact remains, they are the two most popular women stars on the screen. Publicity couldn't do all that unless the public really liked them. Alma Rubens was born in San Francisco; she is in her late twenties. I don't know of any brothers and sisters. She has been in pictures six or seven years; I don't think she ever played on the stage. Neither, so far as I know, did Florence Vidor. Florence was born in Texas and attended high school and a convent in Houston. I agree with you about most of your favorites.

BOX ANKLED—So I have a future spouse somewhere in the world? Is it a box-ankled one? I suppose most of us do have future spouses somewhere, unless it's a present one—and even then there may be another one threatening. No, I personally don't think Rudolph Valentino is the best actor on the screen; but I don't know of anyone else, either, about whose ability I could be so definite.

BRUNETTE—Yes, I'm afraid your favorite, Huntley Gordon, is married. He was born in Montreal, and is in his thirties. He has brown hair and dark blue eyes. Write him at Warner Brothers' Studio. 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood. His latest picture is "The Golden Cocoon."

VAMPIRE—There are a few real vampires who will admit it! I think Constance Talmadge will send her picture free of charge, though most stars charge a quarter. Write Mae Murray at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California. William Desmond, Eileen Sedgwick, and Hoot Gibson, Universal Studio, Universal City, Cal. I imagine these stars would send their pictures free, though it is hard for me to tell. Most stars will not admit that they do because they prefer to have the fans send a quarter with each request. Write Virginia Lee Corbin, Associated Exhibitors, 35 W. 45th St., New York.

DISCONTENTED—Can't something be done about that? The hero in "The Silent Watcher" was Glenn Hunter. (*Continued on page* 44)

Photograph by Russell Ball

A Northern Star Rises in the West

Greta Garbo, **who has already attained luminary heights on the *Continent,* has been transferred to the *West Coast* by *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer,* with whom she recently signed a "starring" contract. *Miss Garbo,* who was a pupil of the *Royal Theater of Stockholm* before entering pictures, is a *Swedish* actress, whom the critics have acclaimed as possessing a super-abundance of that indefinable thing—screen personality.**

What Our Readers Think of Us

This Week's $10.00 Prize Letter

For several years I have been a devoted reader of Movie Weekly, and cannot defer any longer the desire to express my opinion of its real value.

I am among that large class of patrons who delight in seeing the movies. In fact, the movies have come to be regarded as a necessity for recreation, inspiration, and other material benefits. Consequently, there must be a large field for a movie publication.

In order to become better enlightened, I regularly read your magazine, which surely is filled with such wonderfully good stories, features and the general information that one must have to appreciate and understand photoplays. To me, the magazine supplies material which makes the movies more pleasing and worthwhile. Therefore, I feel my time has been well spent in reading all I can of each issue.

The life stories of the stars are exceptionally pleasing. Who wouldn't enjoy reading such excellent success stories? But the remarkable photographs reproduced so well, and illustrations of stories and features are worthy assets of the magazine. The contests, reviews, personal information and many other features surely have won the admiration of your large number of enthusiastic readers. Still, we are calling for more of the best, true, authentic, timely reports of what the producers have in store for our entertainment.

Anyone can surely enjoy this magazine. I'm firmly convinced that it is the best of its kind published. Your enthusiastic readers eagerly await the coming of each issue, for there will be something in it of interest, no matter how exacting one may be in the selection of reading material. The publication has won prestige and confidence through its merits, and I shall look forward to my favorite magazine for that which is inspiring and enlightening. I wish Movie Weekly continued success, and that it makes even greater strides in the future, for it justly deserves it.

BETTY STAUFFER,
Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

This Week's $5.00 Prize Letter

AL AVERINE,
Montreal, Canada.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

This Week's $3.00 Prize Letter

ALICE KERFOOT,
Riverdale, Maryland.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

Honorable Mention

ARVO HALOREN,
Lebanon, New Hampshire.

IF I WERE YOU

By Norma Talmadge

Photograph by Albin

Mrs. Edith S.: The picture that you sent me of your little daughter is charming, and I can well understand why you are so proud of her. It may be, as you suggest, that she has inherited from your mother, who was an actress, the ability to portray personalities other than her own. It is not possible, however, for me to see personally the many people whose requests are similar to yours. And then, too, while I am an actress I may not be in a position to judge amateur talent as well as a theatrical manager or casting director.

Since your home is in New York you are near many of the largest studios in the country and in a position to have access to the most worthwhile judges. Let them see what your little girl can do with her imitations of other actors or original work and if she is what they are looking for, they will be glad to use her or give you some practical advice as to what course you should pursue.

I think you are very wise in not wanting to force her in any way. Many mothers under similar conditions might be tempted in their ambition for their child's future to forget that childhood is a time more for play than work, unless it is work wisely managed.

Mrs. L. M.: I think the greatest care should be taken in selecting a dancing teacher for your small daughter when she starts to learn toe-dancing. So much harm is done to the feet and legs of young children by ignorant teachers or by instructors who are anxious to "show off" their pupils or who desire to push them too rapidly.

I have been told by teachers with many years' experience that the greatest caution must be observed to lay a foundation of strong muscles in the entire foot before the pupil be allowed to stand on her toes. If this important factor in dancing is overlooked, deformity or broken arches often result and the entire future of the child is ruined.

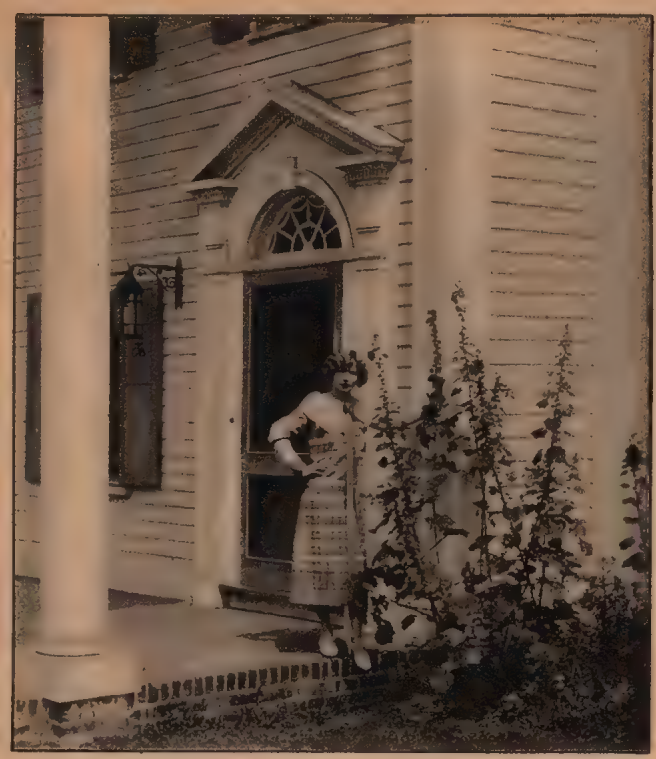
It is never wise to crowd a child in anything. Let them develop slowly and naturally. One would not tear a budding flower apart in order to hasten its bloom. And the same principle holds true in the growth and development of a child. Let them take their time under intelligent guidance and eventually they will be able to take care of themselves.

L. A.: You are making yourself miserable worrying over a skin condition that has peppered your shoulders and upper arms with pimples and blackheads, but has left your face untouched. It is small comfort, I know, to say you should be glad that your face is unmarred, when you find yourself unable to wear evening clothes or to go bathing. The best thing for you to do, I think, is to consult a reliable physician and let him prescribe for you. Evidently, your blood is out of order or it may be that your diet is at fault. At any rate, I think it would be the part of wisdom to have a physical examination made in order to ascertain just what the real trouble is. Cold creams will not remove such a condition. You will have to first get at the source and remove the irritating condition.

Dorothy S.: The letters that come in to me through this department must be answered on this page instead of by personal letter. You sent a photograph of yourself to a well-known movie actress at her California address. You have not heard from her and you are wondering if she ever received it. You do not say whether it was insured and there is a possibility that it may have been lost in the mail. Often, too, accidents happen in busy offices, particularly when the "fan" mail is heavy. I have no doubt that the actress whom you mentioned would be the last to want to seem discourteous and I am sure that her silence in not acknowledging the receipt of your picture has been due either to an oversight on the part of those who assist her with her mail or to the loss of the picture in transit.

(*Continued on page* 46)

The Other Gilda Gray



In one of the lovely *Long Island* suburbs, in an old *Colonial* mansion, lives *Gilda Gray*, whose shoulders, famous the world over on the stage, will from now on be known on the screen. *Gilda's* home would remind one of an old *Southern* manor, with its *Colonial* pillars and quaint wooden shutters.

Photographs by Russell Ball

Mrs. Gil Boag is quite a different person from *Gilda Gray*, dancer. At home, *Gilda* is very much the little housewife, just like many other of her suburban neighbors, who wait for the five-fifteen to bring the "tired business man" from the city. And *Gilda* seems quite content in this other role.

Here, *Gilda* gives us an intimate little glimpse of one corner of her boudoir. The famous dancer has quite simple tastes in private life. Her bedroom is plain but charming, with its dotted swiss curtains and chintz hangings.

Here Is the Second Contest Master List

As Constructed by Our Puzzle Expert

Below you will find the eleven master-puzzles by which the entries in Movie Weekly's Second $1000 Cross Word Contest were judged. If you have a duplicate set of solutions, comparison with the solutions on this page will prove interesting.

These puzzles, as we have already emphasized, were constructed for the special entertainment of motion picture enthusiasts. Seeing them grouped on one page you will realize at once, if you have not already done so, how thoroughly the puzzle-maker succeeded in his unusual task.

No. 1

R	U	D	O	L	P	H		P	L	A	Y	E	R	S
E		A	L	O	E		C		O	V	E	N		E
V	E	N	D		D	O	R	I	S		S	I	L	T
I	L	K		T	A	P	E	R	E	D		D	O	T
E	S		P		L	E	P	E	K		B		C	I
W	E	I	R	D		S	O	S		M	A	S	O	N
S		R	I	O	T		N		H	A	R	T		G
	D	A	V	I	E	S		M	O	R	B	I	D	
S		T	A	L	E		V		D	I	A	L		S
P	I	E	T	Y		R	A	H		E	R	E	C	T
E	D		E		R	A	C	E	D		A		H	A
N	O	R		N	O	V	A	R	R	O		P	A	R
G	L	O	T		M	E	T	R	O		B	U	R	R
E		P	O	L	A		E		N	E	I	L		E
R	A	Y	M	O	N	D		M	E	D	D	L	E	D

No. 2

H	E	M	P		R	E	T	R	O		A	L	S	O
A	S	S	A	Y	E	R		A	N	D	R	E	W	S
I	T		L	E	N	S		G	I	R	L		A	S
L	E	N	A		E		S		O		I	O	N	A
	L	A	C		E	A	T	O	N		S	I	S	
K	L	I	E	G		M	I	X		A	S	S	O	T
E	E	L		R	A		R		E	N		E	N	E
R			B	A	R	A		F	A	I	R			R
R	D	S		S	E		L		R	T		M	A	R
Y	E	A	R	S		D	I	E		A	M	I	T	Y
	V	I	E		H	E	L	M	S		U	L	E	
B	E	L	T		E		A		I		R	O	L	L
A	L		A	N	N	E		O	D	O	R		I	O
B	O	O	K	I	N	G		D	E	F	A	C	E	S
A	P	S	E		A	G	N	E	S		Y	O	R	E

No. 3

P	M		D	R	E	W		N	O	A	H		B	C
R	O	B	E		V	I	D	O	R		O	M	A	R
E	N		A	L	A	N		R	E	E	L		Y	E
S	T	O	N	E		D	I	M		A	T	O	N	E
S	E	T		W	A	S		A	S	S		W	E	D
		T	R	I		O	W	N		E	N	E		
C	H	O	O	S	E	R		D	I	S	A	R	M	S
A	U		L		L			D		C		U	P	
B	E	L	L	A	M	Y		F	A	Z	E	N	D	A
		I	S	M		O	I	L		U	L	O		
P	A	T		I	L	L		I	N	K		R	O	B
E	N	A	C	T		A	C	T		O	H	A	R	A
N	E		L	Y	O	N		T	A	R	O		A	N
A	N	N	A		A	D	D	E	R		L	I	L	A
L	T		N	I	T	A		R	E	N	D		S	L

No. 4

H	O	P	E		W	A	L	E	S		B	O	O	K
	F	R	A	Z	E	R		N	E	W	E	L	S	
S		A	R	A	B	I		S	T	I	N	G		G
H	A	Y		S	E	S	S	U	E	S		A	L	I
O	N		K	U	R	T		R	E	E	L		P	S
T		L	A			O	W	E			E	A		H
	M	E	T	R	O		A		L	E	A	H	Y	
H	E		H	O	L	L	Y	W	O	O	D		E	N
	T	I	R	E	D		N		U	S	E	R	S	
O		N	Y			S	E	W			R	A		D
W	E		N	E	V	A		E	R	I	S		M	A
E	N	A		R	I	C	K	S	O	N		I	A	N
N		T	E	N	O	R		L	O	C	K	S		A
	T	O	W	S	L	E		E	T	H	E	L	S	
D	O	M	E		A	D	A	Y	S		Y	E	A	R

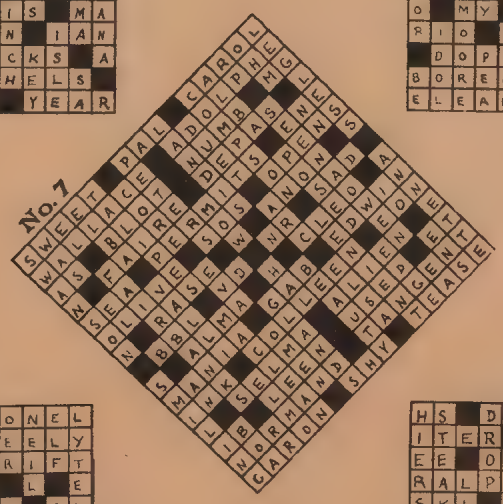
No. 5

R	A	L	S	T	O	N		M	A	R	L	O	W	E
A	L	L	U	R	E		M		L	I	O	N	E	L
	M	O	N	A		M	A	E		S	N	I	P	
R	A	Y		P	R	I	N	G	L	E		O	T	C
U		D	I		O	X		G	A		A	N		A
T	R		A	I	D		P		D	A	Y		O	R
H		A	R	T		O	R	E		L	E	E		R
	B	O		G	O	R	I	N	N	E		L	F	
I		A	S	H		A	N	D		R	E	F		B
V	R		L	Y	E		T		S	T	Y		L	L
O		M	Y		R	R		W	E		E	S		U
R	I	O		M	E	I	G	H	A	N		P	I	E
	D	O	P	E		N	E	O		U	S	E	D	
B	O	R	E	A	L		O		A	D	O	R	E	E
E	L	E	A	N	O	R		S	T	E	D	M	A	N

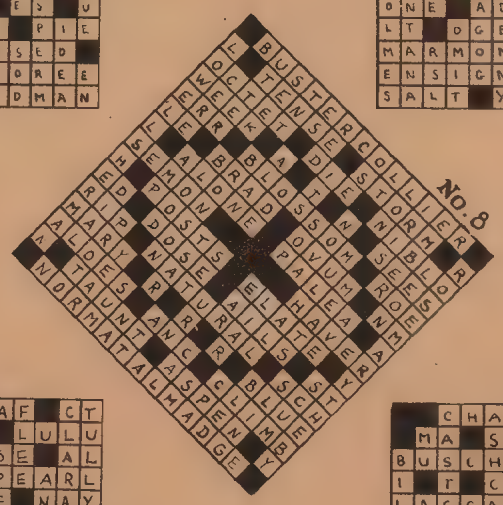
No. 6

L	E	A	P		M	I	T		A		T	I	M	E
A	L	L	I	S	O	N			F	A	R	N	U	M
P	E	A	S	A	N	T		M	O	N	O	C	L	E
L	A		A	N	T	E		A	U	N	T		H	R
A	N	T		S	E	N		I	L	E		M	A	G
N	O	R	A			D	I	D			B	A	L	E
T	R	I		A	S		R		I	T		N	L	
E		B	A	R	T	M	E	L	M	E	S	S		F
	M	U		M	Y		N		P	A		I	C	E
H	O	N	E			S	E	W			M	O	H	R
O	N	E		A	D	O		A	L	P		N	A	G
L	T		D	G	E	R		N	E	A	R		P	U
M	A	R	M	O	N	T		D	A	N	I	E	L	S
E	N	S	I	G	N			A	N	T	O	N	I	O
S	A	L	T		Y		A	S	S		T	E	N	N

No. 7



No. 8



No. 9

H	E	A	I	O	N				L	I	O	N	E	L
E	L	L	I	N		S	A		N	E	E	L	Y	
N	I	T	A		C	I	S	H		R	I	F	T	
Y		C		D	A	L	T	O	N		L		E	
O	H		T	E	L	L	E	G	E	N		R	L	
N	A	V	E	S		S	R		G	A	B	E	L	
	R	E	A	P	S			M	A	R	I	E		
	L	I	R	A	S			S	T	I	L	L		
V	A	L	L	I		A	S		I	N	L	E	T	
A	N		E	R	U	P	T	I	V	E		D	U	
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C	R	A	N		E	R	I	E		H	E	A	P	
H	O	X	I	E		T	P		N	A	L	D	I	
N	E	I	L	A	N			C	O	L	M	A	N	

No. 10

H	S		D	A	Y	S		D	E	A	F		C	T
I	T	E	R		E	T	H	E	L		L	U	L	U
E	E		O	W	S	E		R	I	S	E		A	L
R	A	L	P	H		W	O	E		P	E	A	R	L
S	K	I		A	L	A		M	A	E		N	A	Y
		A	A	L		R	U	E		R	E	T		
H	E	R	B	E	R	T		B	A	M	B	E	A	U
U	R		E	Y				W		O		C	L	
B	R	E	A	M	E	R		B	E	N	N	E	T	T
		A	M	E		O	W	E		A	Y	E		
B	A	R		L	A	B		I	G		L	D	S	
E	L	S	I	E		E	L	E		E	A	S	E	L
T	T		N	E	A	R		O	I	L	S		N	A
T	A	L	C		S	T	A	R	S		P	I	N	T
Y	R		E	L	K	S		D	E	N	S		Y	E

No. 11

		C	H	A	R	L	E	S	R	A	Y			
	M	A		S	T	A	R	V	E		O	N		
B	U	S	L	H		K	I		P	L	U	M	A	
I		T		C	A	E	C	A	L		N		C	
L	A	S	C	A	R			C	O	O	G	A	N	
L	D		A	N	T	E		L	T	C		V	E	
Y	O	U	R			R	A	S		E	W	E	S	
B	R	I	M		B	E	N			L	I	R	A	
E	E		E	R	A		D	A	D	O		S	Y	
V	E	A	L	E	R			L	U	T	H	E	R	
A		R		C	A	R	E	E	N		A		E	
N	O	R	M	A		E	C		D	O	R	I	S	
	S	O		L	O	A	T	H	E		E	N		
		W	I	L	L	R	O	G	E	R	S			

Photograph by Evans Studios

The Great Stone Face

Bill **of the severely chiseled features, the unconquerable hero of** ***Westerns,*** **is returning to the screen in** ***"Tumbleweeds."*** **There is a sternness, tempered with the proper amount of tenderness, that has made** ***Bill*** **one of the best loved of all** ***Western*** **actors.** ***Mr. Hart*** **is now with** ***United Artists.***

On the Set and Off

(*Continued from page* 33)

in "Ben Hur," but May McAvoy actually got the role. Then she played the lead with Rudolph Valentino in "Cobra," and that picture has been shelved for the present. Recently she was given a leading role in a Universal special production, "On the Frontier," but before she could start work she was stricken with appendictis and rushed to the hospital for an operation. Anne Cornwall succeeded her in the role.

Lionel Barrymore, one of the outstanding actors of the stage and screen, has been signed to play a featured role in Raoul Walsh's forthcoming Paramount picture, "The Lucky Lady."

Although long recognized as one of the screen's most accomplished actors, the present engagement is the first for Mr. Barrymore at Paramount's Hollywood studio. Others chosen for featured roles are William Collier, Jr., Greta Nissen and Marc MacDermott.

"The Lucky Lady" is an original story by Robert E. Sherwood, editor and dramatic critic of *Life*, and Bertram Bloch. It has been adapted for the screen by James T. O'Donohoe.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Dustin Farnum at their home in Hollywood, a few weeks ago. Mrs. Farnum is professionally known as Winifred Kingston.

Josephine Whittell has announced that as soon as the run of her play ends, she will go to her home in Chicago and begin divorce proceedings against Robert Warwick.

Donald Keith, who recently aroused the enthusiasm of screen critics for his work as the juvenile in "The Boomerang," has been chosen by B. P. Schulberg for a similar role in "With This Ring," a Saturday Evening Post novel, by Fanny Heaslip Lea. The picture is now in production as a Preferred release and is being directed by Fred C. Windemere. Alyce Mills, Lou Tellegan, Forrest Stanley, Joan Standing, Martha Mattax, Eulalie Jensen and Dick Sutherland are also featured.

In return for their good work in several pictures over the last few months, Warner Brothers are considering starring Willard Louis and Louise Fazenda as a team. They have worked together so well that the Warners believe if given a story and company of their own, they would produce some exceptional comedies. Louise, with her pigtails and small-town dress, was a stand-by with Mack Sennett for years, and since she has cast her lot with Warners, and the heavier dramas, she has increased her popularity ten-fold.

Mr. Louis has come forward by leaps and bounds since his portrayal of the Prince of Wales in "Beau Brummel." His work in "Babbitt," in which he starred and later in "The Limited Mail," and "Kiss Me Again," stamps his versatility.

After notifying the world they had not a vamp on their payroll, Warner Brothers have gone and done it. Her name is Myrna Loy, and she hails from Helena, Montana. Miss Loy is described as a "new sort of a vamp," and looks the part—also in a different way. She is a cross between a baby and a Broadway vamp with the "come hither" eyes of both. Her first appearance is with Lowell Sherman in "Satan in Sables." The Warners have signed her to a long-term contract, as the twenty-seventh member of their stock company. Watch those eyes.

Monte Blue is enjoying a well-earned few days' rest between pictures. He finished "The Limited Mail" one day and started "Red Hot Tires," another strenuous picture, the day following, and is now scheduled to begin on his third outdoor feature for Warner Brothers within the next two weeks. It is to be called "The White Chief," a story by Gregory Rogers.

Furthering his search for new screen personalities, B. P. Schulberg recently signed Riza Royce, who is well known on the New York stage, to a long-term contract for featured roles in Preferred Pictures, to be released during the coming year. Miss Royce's beauty is of an unusually vivid type. She made her professional debut in the Ziegfeld Follies, but almost immediately graduated into dramatic roles, the most recent of which was the second lead in the Edgar Selwyn success, "Dancing Mothers."

Miss Royce has gone to Hollywood to play her first role, which is to be in the screen version of Wallace Irwin's novel, "Lew Tyler's Wives."

The producer expresses great enthusiasm for the young actress as a potential star. She is the third screen "find" to be developed by Mr. Schulberg this year. Donald Keith and Alyce Mills—both recent "discoveries"—are already established by their work in "The Boomerang" and "Faint Perfume," respectively.

Riza, we might add, we have known since she was a four-year-old golden-curled tot, who was the envy and admiration of her playmates because even at that tender age she was sure of her intention to become a movie star. And we have watched her grow up and attain success on the stage, as she recently told us, by hard work. And she has retained all of her youthful enthusiasm! She is just as sure of success today as she was at four, and we are sure of it for her, and wish her the best of luck.

Ernest Lubitsch had an opportunity recently to show his skill in directing unexpected situations. His early film career was built largely on the adroit manner in which he handled spectacular scenes. A fire not written in the book started at Mr. Lubitsch's Beverly Hills home. Aside from the value of the house, its furnishings include many rare articles from the European home of the director, and thousands of souvenirs of his professional career abroad. In addition, the homes of Irene Rich and Marie Prevost nearby were in danger. Mr. Lubitsch behaved like a human being as well as a director. He simply called up the Beverly Hills fire department and they put out the blaze without very serious damage.

"Compromise," a novel by Mrs. Jay Gelzer, has been selected by Warner Brothers as the next vehicle for Irene Rich. This will be the last picture Miss Rich will do before going to Europe on a vacation. She has been working very hard of late so is looking forward to her trip abroad. It was first intended that she take her trip at the completion of "The Pleasure Buyers," the last picture in which she appeared, but when "Compromise" came along," Miss Rich was willing to postpone it as she has wanted to do this story for some time. The author, Mrs. Jay Gelzer, has been given an office at the studio and is working with E. T. Lowe, Jr., in adapting her story for the screen. Alan Crosland, who has just completed the picture, "Bobbed Hair," for the Warners, will direct.

Nigel Barrie has returned from Europe, where he has been appearing in pictures for Gaumont and other European companies for the past two years. He has been signed by Warner Brothers to appear in a picture to be directed by Roy Del Ruth.

Since the inception of the motion picture camera, screen fare has traveled in cycles. A costume picture success will be followed by a wave of like pictures and the same was true of the domestic triangle film.

Today the cycle has turned to red-blooded action. The higher class producers are borrowing a page, as it were, from Poverty Row, the home of the wild Westerns. An example is seen in New York at the Eastern studios of First National, where Earl Hudson has supervision. There "The Making of O'Malley," released some time ago, with Milton Sills in the starring role of a New York policeman. From start to finish the picture contains action, fist fights, melodrama.

"The Half-Way Girl," also released a short time ago, is a thriller. To get action, a former Shipping Board steamer, which was built at the cost of $900,000, was blown to atoms, for perhaps ten minutes of unusual thrills. Fire scenes, in which a live leopard runs riot among the passengers on a burning steamer, stirring scenes laid in Singapore and fistic battles so realistic that actors were really—not "reely"—injured, are among the situations.

"The Knockout," a story of a prize-fighter's experiences in the North woods, is another of this type. Log jams, lumber-camp scenes taken in the Canadian woods, actors risking their lives riding logs through swirling rapids, Sills and a six foot seven inch adversary battling in a raging stream up to their necks, are among the situations.

In another picture by the same company, Ben Lyon and Mary Astor are featured in "The Pace That Thrills"—a film in which the hero, as a motion picture actor, plays auto-racer and bull-fighter, while in preparation by the same company are several other stories, all with a silent tinge of the melodramatic.

Believe it or not—

Mary Astor, First National featured player, has an antipathy for young men.

If you are between the ages of nineteen and thirty, although that is a fine age from a military standpoint, you haven't a chance with this beautiful young screen star. She positively will have nothing to do with men under thirty; hates to talk to them; won't have them around.

"Men have to be over thirty or I can't be bothered with them," said Mary the other day.

"Young men from nineteen on to thirty seem to have nothing interesting to talk about; if they have, they don't know how to tell it.

"Oh, I don't know, but somehow or other, to me they seem to lack poise.

"But a man between thirty and fifty is an interesting creature. He has attained poise. He has passed his flighty days. He is sensible, and can talk about things other than self. He knows the world, has had experience in making his own way. He knows life, can offer suggestions and give advice. I can talk for hours with men of this age."

Lewis Stone, recognized as one of the most popular, intelligent and adroit of screen actors, has been signed for a term of years to appear in First National Pictures, according to an announcement made recently by General Manager Richard A. Rowland, thereby adding another important name to the steadily growing list of leading players signed during the past few months.

Mr. Stone, who recently completed the lead in Edwin Carewe's production of "The Lady Who Lied," from Robert Hichens' novel, "Snake-Bite," and is now acting in "What Fools Men," from Henry Kitchell Webster's new novel, "Joseph Greer and His Daughter," has appeared in many productions released by First National.

Mr. Stone has been on the stage for some years before beginning his screen career, having appeared in "The Misleading Lady," "King, Queen, Jack," "Bunny," "Nancy Lee," "Where Poppies Bloom," and in "The Bird of Paradise," scoring one of the hits of the year in the latter as the young American of bright prospects who becomes a beachcomber in Hawaii.

The George Fitzmaurice company returned from location near Santa Ysobel, California, recently, tired, sunburned, but happy over the success of their trip made in the interest of "The Dark Angel," a Fitzmaurice production for First National Pictures, sponsored by Samuel Goldwyn, featuring Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky.

Scores of the best horsemen and horsewomen in the West were used in the making of what is claimed by experts to be the best fox-hunt ever screened in California.

Great care was used by Fitzmaurice in the selection of his riders, most of them being English and American army officers and women of equal skill and experience.

An innovation in the fox-hunt was an unpremeditated thrill in which the fox was actually captured and in the melee and excitement of success, some of the best shots were screened. One of the women riders claimed the fox as a reward for her riding.

(*Continued on page* 45

Let No Man Put Asunder

(*Continued from page* 17)

What Has Gone Before

Stephen Downing loves his young and beatiful wife, but is too engrossed in business to tell her so. Things have been strained for some time and they come to a breaking point on the evening of a lawn-fete they are giving. Stephen objects to Jacqueline's costume, but she insists upon wearing it. With the assistance of D'Antonio, an Italian poet, she stages an allegorical play, intended to teach a lesson to Stephen, but he does not take part in the festivities of the evening. D'Antonio tells Jacqueline he loves her, but she dismisses him. Sam Blasco, motion picture producer, and his wife, Peachy, attend the party and see the impending tragedy in the Downing household. Sam suggests that Jacqueline would screen well. When the guests have gone, Jacqueline goes to Stephen's room, to talk over the manner of their living.

Stephen and Jacqueline come to no understanding. Stephen's reticence and Jacqueline's pride stand between them, and finally Jacqueline tells Stephen she wants a divorce and is leaving the house in the morning. Stunned, Stephen cannot answer, and when he realizes the import of her words, she has gone. Stephen sends for Arthur Ready, his lawyer and friend, and shows his heart to him. Ready advises that he leave the case in his hands and he will find a way out. He tells him not to follow Jacqueline. In the meantime, Jacqueline has talked to Peachy, who advises her to go to Laguna, to Ma Goodman, who is in pictures there.

Jacqueline goes and falls in love with Ma and Pa Goodman, one of the most devoted couples in the movies. Jacqueline goes with them to see a drowning scene being taken and Ma falls into the water and is almost drowned. Jacqueline tries to go after her but is pushed aside. The Goodmans invite her to stay with them, and Ma promises to take her around to the studios. While this is taking place, Stephen again goes to Ready and Ready discloses his plan for reuniting husband and wife. They are to fake a divorce and Stephen is to play up to the ladies, particularly a little blonde named Florine. Stephen finds some of his puritanical ideas are beginning to change. Cantwell, a producer, wishes to sign Jacqueline to a contract, but the Goodmans disapprove of him. Cantwell makes an appointment for Jacqueline to see Madame Renan, the company's authority on costumes and gowns. Madame's influence is great and her word seems to be the deciding one in selecting players. Jacqueline goes to meet her, rather timidly.

after. She was undergoing a peculiar experience . . . that of feeling herself and her beauty, which had always given her a sort of advantage over other women, calmly shoved into the background; dominated by a woman far from beautiful. She felt like a little girl who meekly did what she was told, and somehow, with Madame Renan, she enjoyed it!

As Mrs. Stephen Downing, Jacqueline's wardrobe had included always one gown from this shop. Even as a rich man's wife she had always thought herself especially fortunate to possess it. Now the "wonderous fair" creations that this importer brought from across the seas, were brought out by the dozen. Cloaks, costumes for all occasions, fascinating novelty creations that had never been displayed for Jacqueline, were spread lavishly about for Madame Renan. Why, she had never *dreamed* that even this place held such treasures! She gave herself up to the sheer feminine joy of trying them on. Sometimes Madame would but give an outfit a glance, and something in the way she did it, made the anxious clerk get it out of sight immediately. Sometimes Madame would smile brilliantly and nod enthusiastically, and that gown would go over Jacqueline's head. Sometimes a gown was not tried on, just laid aside with those Madame had approved. Jacqueline realized dizzily that thousands of dollars worth of silks and satins and laces and fur trimmings and embroideries and passmenteries, were being piled up on the chairs in the fitting-room. She did not know that Madame was buying a complete wardrobe for a very high-class picture. She wondered why Madame did not see on models all of the things she bought. If she had remarked this, Madame would have said expressly, "Mannikins! Bah! They are for people without imagination! Do you think *I need* a mannikin to show me the possibilities of a gown? *Non . . . Non!*"

A chiffon opera cloak, three or four layers of orchid, apricot, palest green, marvelously and intricately worked together so that no one color obscured the other, but so that all three flashed out in all their contrasting beauty. It was edged with a deep band of some very fine white fur, with a collar of the same. Jacqueline's dark hair and dainty head rose from it in startling beauty. A dream thing, made, it seemed to her, completely of great pale blush taffeta roses . . . a cloak for a fairy princess! A violet and midnight-blue robe of velvet and chiffon, richly wrought in dull-gold and silver . . . a gown for a sorceress! Jacqueline's eyes became drugged with colors; her body became numb from the ever-changing contact of slithering silks, of clinging velvets, of cloying chiffons. She gasped, "Oh . . . this is too much! It is an orgy of silk and lace and fur and color! I tell you I am intoxicated!"

Madame gave her a sharp glance, and indeed she saw that Jacqueline's eyes were shining as though in a fever, and her cheeks were flushed unnaturally . . . she was as one spell-bound by glory.

Madame tucked away the square object that hung on a velvet ribbon about her neck. Jacqueline knew now it was a testing glass, so that Madame could see exactly how material would look through the camera. She picked up her bag and gloves, and said in her quick, decisive tones, "It is enough! We will go!"

On the way back to the studio, Madame promptly went to sleep again, and Jacqueline, also, felt a relief in closing her eyes. But she could not get away from that swimming sea of gowns and fabrics . . . she was fairly drunk on beauty! Also, she was still in mystery about that extravagant lot of dresses. Madame had not told her she would do for the part . . . and yet . . .? Could it possibly be, with so many pretty, talented girls that Cantwell might have chosen?

"Jacqueline! It seems ages! Tell me all the news!" and Peachy flew at her like a small tornado of curiosity.

They went into the garden, as the day was still warm, although late in the afternoon. Peachy watched Jacqueline closely. It seemed that her friend had regained her youth and joyousness, as a butterfly, bursts from the enveloping chrysalis. She was vivacious, merry, with a sparkle in her eyes, and an ever-breaking smile on her lips. What lingering doubt Peachy might have held regarding Jacqueline's divorce, was dispelled by this radiant vision. Anyone who was naturally like that, and was made to be otherwise, had a right to get away from the restraining influence!

After a long and detailed account of her experiences of the past few weeks, Jacqueline asked, "Do you know Madame Renan, at the Superior Pictures lot?"

"*Do* I?" Peachy drew herself up in comical imitation of Madame, and shot out a "mais *non!*"

"Isn't she a *scream!* But I love her. Peachy . . . that woman is one of the nine wonders of the world! I never in my life saw such efficiency!"

"You said it! But it isn't so important for *you* to love *her* . . . the question is, did *she* take to *you?*"

Jacqueline related her experience with Madame, and Peachy commented significantly afterwards:

"Kiddie . . . you're *made!* That woman is a veritable *battleship!* She'll take your part like a rear admiral fighting for the flag!"

Jacqueline sighed in an excess of excitement. She said, "Goodness, Peachy . . . it doesn't seem right for all these marvelous things to happen to me! I can't believe it!"

Peachy sobered on the instant, and leaning forward in her chair, she said earnestly, "Of course, Jacqueline . . . they don't seem marvelous to me. I gave up my career for . . . Sam and the boys. It was a blessed sacrifice for me! There isn't anything in the whole world that seems one-half so precious as my home, and the love in it. I think that down in your heart of hearts, you are like that! I think you, too, would have made the blessed sacrifice, if you had had . . . the understanding and companionship that Sam and I have! *I* don't think it is too much that you get all of this luck, to make up for it!"

There was a wild whoop from the other side of the garden, and upon them rushed an onslaught of dogs, boys, arrows and war-whoops.

"Sam! Jack! What on earth . . ."

"We're Indians! Watch me shoot this!" And Sam, Jr., aimed his bow at the wall of the house back of his mother. It whizzed perilously near his scalp.

"Do you want to *kill* us! Stop that immediately!" Peachy jumped to her feet and went to call Maggie, the nurse girl. When she came back she had a great streak of purple paint on her dainty house frock, and her hands were covered with it, where she had grabbed a young Blasco by his decorated ear.

"Part of the 'blessed sacrifice'," she said ruefully; and then they both laughed heartily.

It was just before Jacqueline rose to go that she told Peachy that Cantwell wanted to sign her up for three years.

"He will make three pictures a year, and my salary will be increased each year. I thought it was marvelous . . . I'm not *known* or *anything!* I am to see him the first thing tomorrow to sign the contracts."

Peachy exclaimed, "Oh, I am so glad you stopped in today! *Don't do it,* Jacqueline! Take my tip . . . don't do it!"

..."*Why,* Peachy; I think it's wonderful that I should get a chance like this! I didn't even *dream* it, until I had my try-out yesterday! It seems too good to be true . . . and now you tell me not to do it!"

"Don't be a silly little fish, and jump at the first bait that's offered! You don't realize, Jacqueline, that you are a million-dollar type . . . beautiful and talented! You don't have to sign the first contract that comes your way!"

Jacueline continued to look doubtful, so Peachy then gave her real reason.

"Did you ever hear of a director called Clavering . . . Dick Clavering?"

"I don't know . . . why, *yes,* I remember seeing a darling picture . . . quite an unusual thing, and you told me afterwards that a Mr. Clavering had produced it!"

"Well, I'm glad I don't have to convince you he's a good director, anyway!" Then Peachy told Jacqueline what she knew about Clavering and his plans.

"He's coming home next month, and the talk is that he's got everything set on the other end, to make the picture. He has to raise capital at home, though, and I'm just praying he didn't find that blue-blooded aristocrat he went over for! I'd like to show him there are some good-looking, well-bred girls in Hollywood! Particularly, I'd like him to see you! The first thing he hits town, I'm going to make Sam have him out here . . . so don't go and get yourself tied up before then! Dick Clavering can teach you more in a minute than Cantwell can in a lifetime . . . anyway, I don't like Cantwell!"

"What's the matter with him? He's always been nice to me!"

"Oh, I guess he's all right . . . I just don't like him," and Jacqueline felt as she did when Ma Goodman had shown but a tepid enthusiasm over the director's interest in her.

"Well, I'll have to run along. I have an early call tomorrow . . ." said Jacqueline. "Come out to the lot and have luncheon with me one day this week? Fine. I love eating in the studio comissary, feeling that I'm one of the family, instead of a looker-on! I have to pinch myself even yet! Really, Peachy. I've fallen with such a swift

plump right into the middle of things, that I feel sort of paralyzed with surprise!"

"No fooling, how *does* it seem? It must be awfully new to you . . . the make-up, and the camera, and the call-downs . . . because no amateur ever got by without at least a dozen a day for spoiling the scene . . . even if they *are* infant prodigies like you!"

"Well, I sometimes get nervous. Cantwell is very considerate though! The thing that nearly wrecked my future was the day I laughed at him in the set! Honestly, Peachy, I thought I would expire unless I did. You see I hadn't gotten into the *feel* of making pictures, yet . . . when you are so interested in putting over the scene that you are blind to everything else. Cantwell—and Peachy, you *know* he's not a beauty . . . his red hair, and his red face, and that funny long nose, and that gangly, boney figure? Well, he was trying to show me how a baby would be crying in its bassinet, and I was to come and pick it up! He wanted me to visualize that baby . . . and he tried doing the baby scene himself. You know how it is in working with babies . . . they use them only when they positively have to, because of the light on their little faces. Well, here was Cantwell, doing a sort of combination act, with the lower part of his body playing the role of bassinet and the upper part the baby! I simply *had* to laugh when he screwed up his eyes and opened his mouth, and began waving those great red hands around in imitation of baby fists!"

Peachy did not laugh very much. She knew pictures too well. When a director got down to acting out a scene, bit by bit, it was a bad breach of studio etiquette to see him as anything else but the thing he tried to portray.

"Did you get the scene over?" she asked anxiously.

"Oh, yes . . . but I ask you seriously, Peachy, wouldn't *anyone* laugh under the circumstances?"

"No . . . not a *good* trouper, and you must learn to be that! The picture's the thing . . . *always*, Jacqueline! Remember that! You can kid and laugh all you want, up to the minute the director takes a part, or he says 'camera!' After that it's OUT! I can tell you the name of a young actor . . . you'd know him . . . who nearly ruined his chances on the screen, simply because he couldn't control a smile when things were funny. You see, he always had his *mind divided*, even *after* the camera started. Directors hate to work with him, and the only reason he's still in pictures is that he is such a genius it pays them to take the time and trouble. Guard yourself, Jacqueline . . . you don't want to get that sort of a reputation!"

"Thanks . . . a lot! I'll remember!" and Jacqueline gave Peachy a grateful little squeeze. "I *must* go! I'll need all the beauty sleep I can get for tomorrow!"

"I'm glad you're not running around to parties nights! It shows in the face next day!"

"Oh . . . even if I did commit the forbidden thing and get amused at Cantwell, I'm taking this thing seriously! It's . . . well, you know, Peachy . . . it's mucilage for a broken heart, as well as a glorious adventure! I'm *grateful* for it!"

"*Atta* girl! Now run along, I'm not going to keep you another minute!"

Midnight! In the great building that housed Arthur Ready's office, a solitary light was burning. Corridor on corridor, the structure slept in darkness, save for a streak that cut across the hallway from beneath Ready's door, marked "Private!" Two voices . . . his and a light, frivolous tone that seemed to hold a hint of laughter always in its notes.

"The time is up, Florine! You've played your part well . . ."

Ready's head was bent over some papers on his desk. The girl in the smart little suit, and the saucy hat, whose dainty bronze shoes were swinging childishly, as she sat perched on the arm of her chair, smiled to herself, but did not answer. As Ready looked up, she gave him a dazzling smile and coquettishly nodded her head.

"You're not here to *vamp me!*" said Ready sharply.

For answer, Florine Darling's smile became a bit more dazzling, her head tipped at a bit more coquettish angle. Ready jumped to his feet and went over to the girl. Then he calmly stooped and placed her in her chair and tilted her head back to its original place. She watched him all the time with a knowing little smile.

"To show you, young lady, that your smile or vamping is not dangerous . . . to me!"

"Don't kid me!" scoffed the girl, opening her great blue eyes wider in an impish, skeptical little stare . . . Don't kid *me*, man! You're just like all the rest."

"If you talked so wisely to him, I wonder he didn't drop you like a hot cake!"

"I didn't! Give me credit for a little sense!"

"Oh, I give you credit for a great deal . . . a *great deal* . . . of a kind!" said Ready, significantly, and added, "Let's get down to business. I want a report covering everything!"

"You wanted him to dance. He does! We did every cafe and roadhouse from Pasadena to the beach. You wanted that news to get to his wife. It did! I've got a girl friend in the movies. You wanted him to play hookey from his office and go swimming afternoons! He does! Oh, boy! He looks like that Hawaiian duke now, he's so brown! You wanted him to think I'm the original little abused baby darling in need of his manly protection! He does! I've got all the other clinging vines backed off the map!"

Florine counted off each item on her little pink-tipped fingers. Ready appreciated the girl's dainty, elf-like beauty. Her golden hair, and the way it curled around her little face, and that sheer femininity, devoid of seeming intelligence, that made her seem like a great doll, to be dressed and played with, and loved. Even her hands had suspicion of dimples across the backs. She was the sort that made a man immediately think of baby-blue ribbon bows, of lacy boudoir caps, of dainty colors, pinks and pale green, and dresses sprigged with tiny flowers; of sweet poke-bonnet hats with fetching bows under her rounded chin. Ready had chosen her well. Her great blue eyes had a way of lifting adoringly in a manner that said, "Oh . . . you big, big man! I'm so little and helpless, and you're so wonderful!" It made men who had never believed themselves to possess a sentimental instinct, all but maudlin!

"I am very much pleased, Florine! And now . . . here's your check, little girl . . . and a ticket to New York. You said that was where you wanted to go . . .?" He held both out to her, but she did not take them.

"I've changed my mind . . . I'm staying here. I've three dates ahead with . . . someone . . . that I want to keep!"

"No tricks!" Ready's voice was suddenly menacingly sharp. "Someone . . . I know to whom you refer! A bargain's a bargain! You were to disappear when I considered he'd seen enough of you!"

Florine leaned forward, and there was a crafty little look in the big eyes, that narrowed them slightly.

"Say, old timer . . . let me tell *you* something! You can't turn on affections and turn them off again like hot-water faucets! You've got a mysterious habit of making people behave the way you want them to . . . like they were in a trance but . . ."

"I *do* seem to have that power sometimes, it is true. But only when I am working for that person's good! Florine, let me warn you in time! You can't trifle with a man like Downing! I know your past reputation . . . get all you can . . . break a man, and then ditch him! I knew it when I engaged you for this little job . . . but I also know the man in the case. He's not the sort you are accustomed to dealing with. I have only to show you up . . . and the game's ended, so far as you are concerned! Take a tip . . . keep to your bargain! I don't want to get heavy with you . . . and you know me well enough to know that I won't let you get away with it . . . understand?"

The girl jumped to her feet, her blue eyes shooting fire.

"You thought you picked someone you could use for what you wanted, and then kick them out! Well, you're wrong! Did you figure on the fact that Downing might fall for me . . . hard?"

"I figured on that possibility, but I also figured to take care of it . . . *and I will!*"

"Yes, but there's one thing you didn't figure on! That *I* might fall for him! I'd like to know where you think you're doing anything for his good, if you break us up . . . when he doesn't want it . . . and I don't want it!"

Ready stood looking at her curiously. The girl's soul was money-mad. He had known that for sometime. A man meant nothing to her unless he could spend a fortune on her. Ready made up his mind the girl was acting. He went over to his desk and picked up his checkbook.

"How much, Florine?"

"Oh, sir, your money cannot buy me!" she lisped, and added daringly, "You'll regret that, when I'm Mrs. Stephen Downing!"

Ready closed his checkbook with a snap. It was evidently going to be war between them, and he must not let her see that he feared the outcome. He went and opened the door for her.

"I'll see you down. My chauffeur will drive you to your hotel . . ." and he stood aside for her to pass. As she did so a little whiff of feminine fragrance . . . perfume and that peculiar odor of new silk and laces, swept up to him.

(*To be continued next week*)

The Editor's Mail Bag

This Week's $5 00 Prize Letter

I greatly enjoyed that article in Movie Weekly about Harry Langdon. I'm glad that he is at last getting some of the publicity he deserves. The public has realized for quite some time that Harry is the very best comedian we have. He steps into the shoes that Charlie Chaplin left vacant when he decided to "elevate" his art. Perhaps he has, but what good does that do us? One picture every two years or so, is enough to irritate the most ardent fan.

It was up to some one else to give us comedies regularly. Harold Lloyd and Buster Keaton were both fine, but as soon as their ability was recognized they, also, hied thmselves off to some "better and finer comedies." What's the matter with the comedians?

Harry Langdon is just plain, downright funny, but don't forget that his comedies come out regularly every month or so. That counts. I want to see Mr. Langdon receive all the praise and adulation that is his due, but I'm rather fearful of the result. If success should make Harry feel that it is his duty to leave the two-reelers he is now doing, and make longer and not half so funny five-reelers, we comedy fans will never forgive him. Stick to the two-reelers, Harry, and you'll soon have more fame than all of the other comedians put together.

W. Clements,
San Francisco, California.

Honorable Mention

Madeline E. Doupe,
Winnipeg, Canada.

The High Cost of Stardom

(*Continued from page* 12)

—and because by some whim of fortune you are a motion picture celebrity they want you there in person to tender your offering.

"It's a good thing Dad is a business man and knows all about interests and dividends and contracts, and that mother is one of those rarely capable persons who can keep a hand on the household helm as well as the social stern," said Pat, as she caused more masculine heart palpitations by nodding to Rod La Rocque, who, in a sheepherder's outfit, had just come in from a hard forenoon's work in his newest picture.

"'Who takes care of the sheepherder's daughter, when the sheepherder's busy herding sheep,' Rod?" she inquired as we trundled out. And then to me:

"Lucky sheep! They don't need to worry about marcels, manicures, pastry bills, grocery bills, gasoline bills, and modistes' bills. Oh, for the life of a Shropshire!"

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The Mystic

(*Continued from page 20*)

getting to? You get how the story begins to unravel and connect up?

Doris maintains that, notwithstanding his conduct to her, James K. Bradshaw had been deeply devoted to her father. He mourned him sincerely, Doris says. The fact that he didn't play fair with her doesn't alter her opinion as to Bradshaw's love for her father. Human nature is like that, Doris says, all ravelled with contradictions. Bradshaw used to go to her father's grave once a month at least and place a monstrous and terrifically expensive wreath thereon. He used to drop hard tears on the grave, too. He really missed her father. Well, it was on such an occasion that Zara and Jim caught on to him. After he had deposited his wreath and had taken his funereal departure, they walked over to the grave and copied the name, dates and eulogistic epitaph that Doris, in a burst of grief and sentiment, had had engraved thereon. James Merrick was a well-known business man and it wasn't very difficult for Jim to get several direct lines on him, as a man and also as a business man. In fact, it wasn't long before Jim Barton knew more about the late James Merrick than would James Merrick's widow, had she survived him, which she didn't.

By the same token, it didn't take Jim long and it didn't give him much trouble to find out that James K. Bradshaw had been the dead man's partner, that he was the guardian of Merrick's only daughter, Doris, and also that Bradshaw had recently sunk about a million dollars in Wall Street and was in somewhat of a serious difficulty, financially.

Doris says that the horridest thing she ever heard Jim Barton say was what he said about James Bradshaw and his "devotion" to his late partner. Doris didn't believe him then and only half believes him now, but she says that he said James Bradshaw went to James Merrick's grave and placed memorial wreaths and wept as a form of compensation for what he was doing to Merrick's daughter. What he was doing to Merrick's daughter, Jim declared, was fleecing her out of more than half of her rightful income. Of course he did it in devious, deceitful ways. And, naturally, Doris, ignorant of such affairs, gently reared and always protected, had no defense against the machinations of a clever man like Bradshaw. A desperate man like Bradshaw, too . . .

Well, by one means and another, by dupes, accomplices and neatly-done newspaper stories, all bearing rather remarkably upon cases similar to that of Bradshaw, Jim succeeded in arousing the interest and curiosity of James Bradshaw as hard-boiled as he was. This, more than any other feat, should show you how clever Jim Barton was. He could pull wires where no wires had ever been before. He could get around coils that would have strangled Houdini himself.

The point is that had Bradshaw been a Catholic he would have gone to confession; had he a confidante he would have poured out his heart and rested his pricking conscience upon the confidante's breast, but not being a Catholic and having no twin soul with whom to confer he began to lend an ear and several thoughts to this Zara, who was doing such marvelous things. If Zara could really effect a meeting between himself and John Merrick; if he could talk to John, confess what he had done, under what pressure and compulsion; if he could tell John that he intended to make amends to Doris and urge John to have celestial patience with him—why, then, he might be able to sleep nights without opiates; he might be able to go about his business with nerves that did not shake like badly strung wires. It was, at any rate, worth trying. One never knew until one had tried. No use pooh-poohing a thing you knew nothing about. You can see by this what a reputation Zara had and how infernally clever Jim Barton was . . . you know something about James Bradshaw, who had pooh-poohed everything from children's kiddie-cars to high explosives, tightly and consistently. The most hard-headed, unreceptive, biased old skinflint that ever drew a miserly breath.

Well, it wasn't long before James Bradshaw betook himself to the house of Zara and paid his fifty dollars in order to have Zara materialize the ghost of the dead John Merrick.

What happened at that seance would raise the hairs of men and ruffle the feathers of angels . . .

(*To be continued next week*)

The Lucky Devil

(*Continued from Page 29*)

robbed him, beaten him up. He demanded of the Law that the Law search this feller and return to him what was rightfully his. The Law searched Randy's torn and bespattered suit, discovered the bitterly earned $200 and presented it to the injured thief, who pocketed it and bicycled blithely away. Randy was raging and impotent. His words, wrenched from him with unaccustomed profanity, earned him nothing but a threat of jail if he didn't get on his way and clear out of town.

He went on his way, but he did not clear out of town. He still set his teeth and his all but dying hope on that road race. But what to do? Mama and Doris were to have taken a room at the hotel. He owed his own board rent. What to do?

Doris bathed his wounds in liniment and tears, which had it all over Ponds' Extract. She also had a brilliant idea . . . she would sell the Ford and with the proceeds Randy could enter the race. Randy could have knelt to her, not because of the Ford, but because of her faith in him. *She believed in him* . . . she said that she did . . . no one had taken the trouble to believe in him since his mother had died, years ago . . . it made his love for Doris a holy thing . . .

The Ford brought an even hundred and Doris handed it to Randy, with her blessing . . . and, in a whisper . . . her love. Mama was not consulted, being beyond consultation. Poor mama . . . adventure had long since ceased to thrill her . . . she called these eventualities troubles and not adventures . . .

Randy set about engaging an old racing driver to drive his car. The old chap was profuse in his admiration of the pippin, all stripped as it was. He told Randy that he hadn't a thing to fear, that there was no doubt at all about winning the race, and that Randy was just as set for that $10,000 as if he already had it in his hand.

It was Doris, fearful for Randy, who said that she didn't quite trust the racing driver. "He looks so *shifty*," she said, "he doesn't look you in the eye, Randy. I don't trust a man who doesn't look you in the eye . . . I think you had better watch him and keep your eyes and your ears open."

Randy did.

He hung around the fair grounds and he was treated to an exhibition of the worst in human nature when he heard the racing driver plan to "throw the race" to some professionals for "a fair sum"... Randy appeared forthwith, fired the driver and announced that he would run the car himself.

"I won the fight," he told Doris, "because I went in and fought for you. I'll win the race for the same reason . . . I'll win the race for you . . . Doris, if I win . . . will you . . .?"

Doris said that she would. She didn't even have to ask Randy to complete his sentence. Thus firmly was understanding cemented between the two.

Doris and mama watched the race from conspicuous seats on the grandstand.

It was a thrilling race.

It seemed to Doris as though the little pippin skimmed the ground, brushing it with wheels that were wings. And almost from the beginning, and steadily, right along, Randy kept well in the fore. Doris held her breath and bit her pretty underlip until little drops of blood stood out on it . . . If Randy should win! It seemed almost too good to be true . . . but it looked as though . . . yes, he was still in the fore . . . the grandstand was cheering . . . they were yelling out his name . . . the air resounded with his name . . . Doris grabbed mama's arm and mama said "Ouch!" and pulled her arm away . . ."

It was on the home stretch that a child darted away from the parental hand and skipped joyfully out onto the race track . . . on came Randy's car, and there stood the nonchalant child, squarely in the wake of the spinning wheels . . . he couldn't avert her . . . what would he do? Doris screamed and ran her fingernails into her palms . . . it was the work of an instant for Randy to swerve the car . . . crash through a wooden fence . . . describe a geometrical circle . . . go through the fence again with sheer momentum and break across the line . . . the *victor*.

The local minister married them that night. Mama and the minister's wife were the sole witnesses. And the minister always spoke highly of Randy Farman because of the fee he found, so unexpectedly, in the envelope Randy handed him after he had pronounced them man and wife.

In the morning, Randy and Doris made arrangements for mama to stay for a fornight at the hotel—and they continued on their tour—together. On the way they stopped here and there to collect the accessories that had belonged to the little pippin.

Randy christened the car. He called it "The Lucky Devil."

THE END.

Alberta Vaughn F. B. O. Star

In the August 1st number of Movie Weekly, Alberta Vaughn was referred to, in the caption which appeared under her picture, as a Universal star. Miss Vaughn is starring, as everyone who has seen any of "The Pacemakers" knows, for F. B. O.

The Colonel

(*Continued from page 35*)

Mae Marsh and Ivor Novello are both in Europe; I don't know where they can be reached. Patsy Ruth Miller lives at 1822 N. Wilton Place, Hollywood. Write Claire Windsor and Marion Davies, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California; Lois Wilson, Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood; Richard Talmadge, F. B. O. Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood.

On the Set and Off

(*Continued from page* 41)

Dolores Costello has supplanted Priscilla Bonner as leading woman with John Barrymore in his current production, "The Sea Beast," now being filmed for Warner Brothers.

Miss Bonner had signed a contract to appear in the role, and had refused another important role in a big production on that account, she says. Therefore she has made known her intention to sue Warner Brothers for the salary she would have drawn as Barrymore's leading woman.

However, Jack Warner, producing manager for Warner Brothers, says that there was a clause in her contract protecting the company, in case just such an emergency arose. The studio sent Miss Bonner one week's salary, and Barrymore added his personal check for $1000 with a note of regret. Mr. Warner says that the "treatment" of the story was changed just before actual production began, and that Miss Costello rather than Miss Bonner, suited the leading woman's role as it was finally conceived.

Kenneth Alexander, the popular photographer of movie stars, is on the Coast at present getting new poses of the famous ones of filmdom. Mr. Alexander is combining business and pleasure in his Hollywood visit. He will return to New York in a few weeks.

Lowell Sherman has been loaned by A. H. Woods to Carl Reed to appear in "The Passionate Youth." Rehearsals will begin as soon as Mr. Sherman returns from the Coast, where he is finishing his second Warner Brothers' production, "The Love Toy."

"Clothes Make the Pirate," with Leon Errol in the leading role, will be directed by Maurice Tourneur for First National release. In the cast are Dorothy Gish, Shirley Mason, Nita Naldi and Tully Marshall.

Constance Bennett has been engaged for two more Associated Exhibitors' pictures following her appearance with Glenn Hunter in "The Pinch Hitter." She will appear next with Glenn in "The Clodhopper," and then have the featured role in "Peggy," which was originally made with Billie Burke as the star by the old Triangle organization.

Barbara La Marr has left Canada and gone to the coast, where she will make "Spanish Sunlight," under the supervision of June Mathis. Barbara has one more picture for First National release under her present contract. Just what will happen later is still a matter of conjecture.

The Society of Restaurateurs has made Douglas Fairbanks an honorary member of that organization. Fairbanks owns a small but exclusive restaurant at the Pickford-Fairbanks studio, which he opened when he went to Hollywood because he was unable to get good food near at hand. The Society of Restaurateurs is arranging for a big banquet at one of the leading hotels in Doug's honor when he comes to New York.

Douglas MacLean's first comedy starring picture under his recent contract with Paramount will be a picturization of George M. Cohan's great stage hit, "Seven Keys to Baldpate," according to recent news from the coast.

Byron Morgan, writer of the automobile racing stories which helped make the late Wallace Reid famous, has been signed to write exclusively for Paramount over a period of years.

Members of the Irish Players, one of the most famous theatrical groups in the world, are to be recruited for the cast of Tommie Meighan's new picture, "The Imperfect Impostor," most of which will be filmed in Ireland. Mr. and Mrs. Meighan are now in Ireland, where Tommie is busy on scenes for the picture.

"The Nervous Wreck," the Owen Davis play that scored on Broadway with Ernest Truex, has been purchased for screen use by the Christie Company.

"Paris After Dark" will be Norma Talmadge's next starring vehicle, according to a wire from the coast. It is an original story by John W. Considine, Jr. It was previously titled "Sun of Montmartre," but with its definite selection as Norma's next film, the switch in the title was decided upon.

Vaudeville or films?

Both are holding out interesting appeals to Anita Stewart. The dark-eyed actress has been so long in the silent drama that many of her greatest admirers do not know that she has a sweet and powerful singing voice. But vaudeville booking-agents do not forget those things. At the moment, they are holding out all sorts of lures to book Anita for a tour of the two-a-day.

The cast for "His People," the story by Isador Bernstein, on which Edward Sloman began production this week at Universal City, is headed by Roudolph Schildkraut, famous stage star, who was brought to Hollywood from New York for his first picture work in America.

Arthur Lubin, star of the Pasadena stage production of "Liliom" and other plays, has signed for the male lead, with Blanche Mehaffey, former "Follies" dancer and film comedy star, as the ingenue.

Rosa Rosanova, of "Humoresque" fame, and Kate Price, noted character actress, have important supporting roles. Albert Bushalano, Jean Johnston, Bobby Gordon and George Lewis are also in the cast.

Priscilla Dean has begun work on "The People vs. Nancy Preston," the first Hunt Stromberg feature she has made since returning from her five months' personal appearance tour.

John Bowers will be her leading man and little Frankie Darro will have a juvenile role. Other members of the cast include Gertrude Short, David Butler, Fred Malatesta and Alonzo Ethier.

"The People vs. Nancy Preston" is a New York crook underworld story by John A. Moroso, author of "The City of Silent Men." It will be directed by Tom Forman.

Pat O'Malley has signed a contract with Universal—the first he has signed in his motion picture career—and will start soon on his first production, "The Midnight Sun."

It was prematurely reported about a month ago that Pat had signed up, but he hadn't, and issued a statement to that effect. However, Pat is now a contract player, and will be for the next two years, under a satisfactory arrangement which provides for salary increases, permission to choose his own parts and stories, and an annual vacation.

Jacqueline Logan has been asked to return to her first big stage job, the leading role in "Floradora," of which there is to be a revival in New York City in the Fall. The title role in this big stage success really put Miss Logan on the road to fame and fortune, for it was her work in the production that later led her into the Follies and then on the screen.

Miss Logan, who is at present making "When the Door Opened," under contract with William Fox, was understudy to Margot Kelly, who first had the title role. When Miss Kelly left Jackie was rushed into the performance and overnight leaped into fame. As she is a good singer and dancer, she had little trouble with the part. Miss Logan would like to play the role again if she could get a temporary release from her picture contract.

It really did seem a foregone conclusion when Lionel Barrymore came West, that sooner or later he would be drawn over to the Lasky Studios. It has all come true now, and Barrymore recently signed for an important role in Raoul Walsh's forthcoming picture, "The Lucky Lady."

While William Collier, Jr., has the male lead, Lionel Barrymore appears in a role of big opportunity for him, according to Jesse Lasky's announcement.

If we must worry, we really ought, I think, to stop troubling ourselves about the Latin sheik

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menace in pictures and begin worrying about the invasion of the beautiful foreign actresses.

Take Vilma Banky, for instance. She isn't to have a minute's vacation for many weeks to come. At present she is appearing in George Fitzmaurice's production of "The Dark Angel." When she is finished with that role, she will play the leading feminine role opposite Rudolph Valentino in "The Lone Eagle."

Now comes Samuel Goldwyn and thinks that, inasmuch as he discovered Miss Banky, going all the way to Budapest to do it, too, he should have a chance at that actress's services. So he puts his foot right down, recently, and announced that, let the chips fall where they may, Miss Banky must play the leading role in "The Garden of Allah," which Henry King will direct for United Artists.

"The Garden of Allah" is to be made in the vicinity of Biskra, supposed to be the original site of the garden described in the Hichens novel.

This story was made several years ago by William Selig, with Helen Ware in the role which Miss Banky will play.

Word from the far-off Antipodes informs us that Louise Lovely, who went to her native land, Australia, a few months ago to work in pictures, has completed her first big film with her own company.

The picture, "Jeweled Nights," is from the novel of Marie Bjelke Peterson. It is in ten reels and in this form will be presented in all the larger Australian picture houses.

The picture sounds most interesting, from a pictorial and travelogue standpoint, as well as from a story angle. The outdoor scenes were taken in the almost inaccessible wilds of the Savage River in Western Tasmania, at the huge Osmiridium camps. The whole company, including Miss Lovely, was compelled to walk through steeply mountainous country six miles each day to reach location—a country through which even horses could not travel. Magnificent myrtle forests are the backgrounds of the scenes.

Countess Felicia Drenova, noted Polish aristocrat, lately seen in Milton Sills' first starring picture, "The Making of O'Malley," has returned to the Earl Hudson studios of First National, in New York, to play a role in Sills' new vehicle, "The Knockout."

Forced by the revolutionists to flee her native Poland after the massacre of her father and mother; the Countess came to the United States, where she joined a stock company in Chicago. After a season in a repertoire company in Springfield, she joined the ranks of screen aspirants to fame and created such a favorable impression in "The Making of O'Malley," that she was engaged for "The Knockout."

The Moorish *Gallease*, 175-foot ship of ancient during Milton Sills, has been sent to "Davy Jones' design, built by Frank Lloyd for his elaborate First National screen version of "The Sea Hawk," fea- Locker." The picturesque *Gallease* had been rotting at its mooring in the channel at Balboa Beach, Cal., for the past year and because of the peril to navigation Mr. Lloyd decided to take it out to sea and dynamite it. Only one of the celebrated "Sea Hawk" fleet now remains. It is the English frigate, which since the making of that enormously popular film, saw service in "Peter Pan." The frigate is being held in reserve for future big screen productions.

Colleen Moore has returned to America from Europe with an enormous St. Bernard dog which she "fell in love with" in Switzerland. He's only four months old, but weighs nearly as much as the little First National star herself. Colleen calls him "Baby," but admits she will be open to suggestions for a new name when he grows up.

Ben Lyon has the luck! One fat part after another. Here Robert Kane buys "Invisible Wounds," the Frederick Palmer book, with a leading juvenile role that every juvenile leading man in the game wanted to do. And learning that the much-in-demand Lyon finished a picture in late July, Producer Kane discovered that his cameras would be ready to grind on the juvenile leading part in "Invisible Wounds" at that very time. True, Ben wanted to take a vacation trip to Europe—but this Kane chap, according to those who know him well, is the "Great Persuader." So it appears that the vacation will wait and the Kane production will start with Lyon.

"Now that we have Mr. Lyon on the dotted line," confided Mr. Kane to the reporter, "we will say that he was entitled to that vacation. He has acquitted himself well in a long list of successes. I will be glad to escort him to the boat on which he will take his rest—as soon as his work in 'Invisible Wounds' is through! But speaking very seriously, I have felt that he was one of the two real 'comers' on the screen today, and that any other juvenile lead in this picture would be an artistic calamity. The other 'comer' is a woman, Dorothy Sebastian, whom I also hope to have in my productions.

Alma Bennett, Mack Sennett bathing beauty, has made up with her husbad, Fred Bennett, and dropped the action for divorce which she started on the grounds of cruelty. She says he is sorry, and she is going on a second honeymoon with him.

Wanda Hawley, motion picture actress, and A. Stuart Wilkinson, general manager of a movie corporation, are named as principals in a marriage license issued recently.

If I Were You

(*Continued from page* 37)

Patty M.: Evidently you have an unusually sensitive skin. No matter what kind of face powder you use, it makes your skin peel. You have not, in the past, been careful of what you have applied to your face in the way of powders and you feel that you are now paying the penalty for your carelessness in not using pure products. You say that the texture of your skin would be all right if you stopped using face powder. Then I think that is just what I would do. It might be well to substitute a talcum powder such as is used on the tender, sensitive skins of babies.

I cannot judge what shade of rouge would be best fitted to your type unless I saw you apply different ones. I am inclined to think that you would do well to eliminate rouge as well as powder until you have succeeded in overcoming the tendency of your skin to peel.

If you cannot correct the trouble by abstaining from these, I think it might be advisable to consult a skin specialist and let him tell you what is wrong and what would be best for you to use on your complexion.

Nettie: A boy whom you have known all winter has gone away to camp. He promised to write to you, but so far you have not heard from him except a post card with a hurried scrawl saying that he was having a fine time. Perhaps that is just why he has not had time to write more than his weekly letter to his mother, which she tells you about when she meets you. You want to know whether you should write to him. I don't think I would if I were you. Answer his post card with another and let your message be friendly but as brief as his. Perhaps after the novelty of his new surroundings has worn off a bit, he will be able to settle down and write to you. He is young, not much more than a boy, and boys are not as good at letter-writing as girls.

Bebe Daniel's Life Story

(*Continued from page* 14)

What Has Gone Before

Bebe Daniels' grandfather was American Consul to the United States of Columbia, her grandmother the daughter of the Columbia Governor. Her mother and father turn to the stage as a means of livelihood after the loss of their fortune. Bebe's birthplace is Dallas, Texas, and when she is ten weeks of age she makes her stage debut in "Jane," a comedy in which her mother and father are playing.

When she is four years of age she plays her first Shakespearean role, and shortly afterward she is taken ill with typhoid. She is sent to California to her grandmother to recuperate. When she is well, Oliver Morosco sends for her to join his company. Bebe and her mother now have a difficult time making ends meet, as they refuse assistance from their relatives. When Bebe is seven she is given a starring part in "The Prince Chap," and shortly afterward, she plays in "The Squaw Man" with Lewis Stone.

Much against their inclinations, but because they are in straightened circumstances, Bebe and her mother enter the movies. Bebe's first part is in "The Common Enemy." Later she plays child parts for Christy-Universal, in the same company with Dorothy Davenport Reid. Then her mother sends her to a convent, but Bebe misses the theater people and after a year she joins her mother and they are given parts by the New York Motion Picture Company. Later, Mrs. Daniels goes with the Kalem Company. And while she is there she plans a Perfect Christmas for Bebe. But the company closes the day before Christmas. Shortly after that, occurs Bebe's darkest moment. A picture manager sends for her and her mother just as they are at their last resources, on her eleventh birthday, and when they go to keep the appointment, he has no work for them. They struggle along for a few weeks and then Mrs. Daniels has a call from Kalem. They buy a little home in Edenville, and Bebe also has bits with Pathe and Ince. When the company closes, Mrs. Daniels is given work with the Norbig studios, but this company soon fails and once again they are "on the rocks." Just as things look very black, Bebe has a call to play opposite Harold Lloyd in one-reel comedies at Pathe. She has to make herself look much older and does not sign a contract for some time, as the request is for a blonde. However, Bebe proves that a brunette can fill the bill and she is signed. She and Harold have some wonderful times together.

with awe and admiration. We simply could not believe that we had won a cup, with Wally as an opponent. It didn't seem reasonable. We thought, modestly, that it must have been a frame-up. But frame-up or not, we couldn't help thinking that we must be pretty good and we started going to all of the contests then, almost religiously. We went twice a week, Wednesdays and Saturdays, and sometimes I could get mother to let me go out with him once or twice other days in the week. Other evenings, I should say.

I never danced in a contest with anyone else. We had made a promise, the one to the other, *never, never* to dance with anyone but one another.

Our first quarrel took place because of an event that seemed a tragedy to me . . . I'll write the sad details next week . . .

(*To be continued next week*)

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Movie Weekly

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AUGUST 29th 1925

Will Radio Keep the Stars Home?
See Page 17

VOL. V

MOVIE WEEKLY

Printed in U. S. A.

No. 30

Do the Troupers Make the Road Hard for a Newcomer?

The real troupers of the stage and screen—the actors and actresses who are established in the motion picture business—are they intolerant of the newcomer? Do they place obstacles in the paths of the little Cinderella who is seeking fame and fortune in the movies, or the society youth or girl who desire stardom?

Helen Starr

has written an enlightening story of the chance the newcomers stand in Hollywood—of whether or not their wealth affects their success—and of the starts the stars themselves had in pictures. Everyone is sure to find this story interesting.

Is it possible for a girl to assume the name, personality and screen experience of her dead sister so that not even her best friend could detect the differenc? To take that sister's place in an unfinished picture, successfully, without any picture experience? To deceive her friends, directors and audience?

Anne Austin

has written one of the most amazing and thrilling serials of motion picture life ever published, of a girl who did all of these things.

The Precious Fraud

begins in next week's issue and if you have read and enjoyed "His Hidden Wife," you will hardly be able to wait for Miss Austin's new story.

Then there is the true story of Colleen Moore's life, which is full of fascinating incidents and old photographs, a particularly interesting story about Florence Vidor and many other features.

Don't Miss

MOVIE WEEKLY

for

SEPTEMBER 5TH

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GALLERY *of* PORTRAITS

NORMA SHEARER

Norma Shearer's **youth is always the outstanding feature of any of her portraits, smiling or sad. This versatile actress, who has often appeared opposite *Lon Chaney,* will again score with him in *"The Tower of Lies."***

Photograph by Ruth Harriett Louise

Photograph by Edwin Williams

EARLE WILLIAMS

When the films were quite young, *Earle Williams* was rescuing and winning fair ladies. Now we have a more mature *Earle* and a more fascinating one, we think. Recently he turned his thoughts to villainous roles as he does in *"Skyrocket,"* in which he plays with *Peggy Hopkins Joyce.*

Photograph by Muray Studios

PEGGY HOPKINS JOYCE

Peggy Hopkins Joyce, **the** ***Countess Morner,*** **whose beauty has captivated continents, now turns to new fields to conquer—the screen. She was chosen by** ***Mickey Nielan*** **to play in** ***"Skyrocket,"*** **a picture well suited to** ***Peggy*** **and which calls for a number of alluring gowns she can easily wear.**

Photograph by Freulich

ALAN FORREST

Alan Forest's **remarkable work in** ***Jackie Coogan's*** **initial starring success,** ***"Long Live the King,"*** **has won for him a contract to play in** ***"Old Clothes," Jackie's*** **forthcoming production for** ***Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.***

Photograph by Woodbury

VIOLA DANA

Free-lancing has no more devoted a devotee than *Viola Dana.* Since she first trod this road she has constantly refused to return to the "contract" way. At present she is throwing things to the winds, as it were, with *Ben Lyon,* in *"The Winds of Chance."*

Photograph by Woodbury

HOBART BOSWORTH

Hobart Bosworth, **who on the screen is usually the father, lovable and understanding, departed from the paths of kindliness and portrayed the role of the unrelenting, stern father in "*Chickie.*" *Mr. Bosworth* is a real actor and he depicts one paternal role as effectively as the other.**

Photograph by Clarence S. Bull

KATHLEEN KEY

Though *Kathleen* gives rise to thoughts of *Madonnas*, in the pose above, she is a very modern, captivating young girl in *"The Midshipman,"* in which she appears with *Ramon Novarro*. *Miss Key* recently returned from *Italy* following the completion of *Ben Hur*—and brought many hearts with her, we wager.

How the Stars Gain Weight

By Catharine Brody

A LONG time ago Irvin Cobb revolutionized the world of stylish stouts by writing a book called "Eat and Grow Thin." He it was who brought to the attention of the general public the large class of people who spend most of their waking hours trying to leave off fat, and the rest of their waking hours in comparing diets with their similarly afflicted friends. He it was who was responsible for the sparse dinners in the homes of Hollywood's stars, though the food shops outside flowed with milk and honey.

The "Eat and Grow Thin" people are so prominent, especially in Hollywood, that they have quite overshadowed the other one-tenth. I mean the just as stylish "thins," whose cheeks are hollowed, whose collarbones show in evening dress, whose sharp elbows cause woe to their partners, whose legs are likened to spindles. And their battle-cry is "Drink and Grow Fat."

Oh, not drink in the vulgar sense (neither, by the way, did Mr. Cobb mean eating in the vulgar sense). But drink, drink milk, drink olive oil, drink buttermilk, drink cream, drink quantities of water—drink and you will no longer have a horror of being photographed in a bathing-suit.

The drinkingest star on record (I repeat, not in the vulgar sense) is Eleanor Boardman, who is familiar with the insides of every milk sanitorium on the Western Coast. She shudders at the very words, "Drink and Grow Fat." She knows too well what they mean.

Miss Boardman is tall, five feet six. When she weighs 120 pounds, which the charts will tell you is by no means what you should weigh if you are five feet six, she smiles with delight. And when the scales register a few pounds less, she shrinks as sweet Alice never did at the frown of Ben Bolt.

"After every picture," she explained, "I lose at least eight pounds. You see, I don't like any of the things that are fattening. As far as I'm concerned, there ain't no such animal as a cow—that is, when I'm not at a milk farm. I don't care about fruits. Vegetables mean less than nothing in my life, until I look in my mirror after a picture and all my friends begin remarking, enviously, I must say, how thin I am.

"The only way I've found of keeping my weight near normal is to spend all my vacations at a milk farm. If you haven't been in one you haven't missed much. You simply lie in bed for from one to four weeks and you drink and hope to grow fat. Your diet is milk, nothing but, different quantities for different people. They start me at seven quarts a day, and increase it to nine and a half quarts. You get a glass every half-hour, and what's more, you have to drink it. You can gain a pound a day, including the first day. Usually a week is all I can stand. Then I have my eight pounds back and begin another picture and get thin again.

"After the course is over, they tell you a few things about yourself, and what you should eat. The diet is different for every person. But some few things are the same. For instance, raw vegetable salads are fattening for thin people. One glass of milk won't do much for you, but a glass regularly at breakfast, lunch and dinner, will make all the difference in the world. And if you can stay in bed one day a week, and drink nothing but milk, the pounds will begin to come."

A milk farm vacation costs from $75 to $90 a week, which for those of us who don't enjoy motion picture salaries, is considerable. Conrad Nagel's recipe for successful fattening is more economical.

"Ever since I was fifteen," mourned Mr. Nagel, "I haven't varied more than five pounds in my weight, about 155 pounds, and I'm six feet tall. The most annoying part of it is that just as fat people have a tendency to get fatter, thin people have a tendency to get thinner. I used to make a nuisance of myself to my cook and my wife and my director, by having bowls of hot soup and later on (my friends say when I could afford it) bottles of cream brought to me on the set at intervals. I'd be in the midst of a love scene and I'd see my soup approaching, and naturally my mind wouldn't stay on love. Finally the directors objected. So now I'm on a diet.

"I must eat eggs lightly boiled or poached, milk and milk puddings, porridge with syrup, potatoes served with butter, and of course plenty of soup. Every day I have a special banana dish. It consists of two bananas sliced and sprinkled over with equal parts of lemon juice and olive oil. I eat it between breakfast and lunch. All I can say about it is that it's not as bad as it sounds, and after you've finished it, you can almost feel yourself getting fatter."

Gladys Hulette is a martyr to olive oil. She is five feet three, and usually weighs one hundred to one hundred and three pounds, when she is in the pink of condition. She has found that the only way to keep a modicum of plumpness is to take the drastic method of olive oil.

"I drink one tablespoonful after every meal," she told me, "and then I feel I've done everything I can and the rest is in the hands of God. I did try drinking milk, but I find a tablespoonful of olive oil less painful on the whole than a glass of milk."

Among the hundreds of people who are daily seeking a means of reducing, who are dieting and foregoing sweets and foods they like so they may lose a few superfluous pounds, may be found a few who wish to gain weight. And particularly to these few comes this message from the stars in Hollywood.

Pauline Starke has known both the horrors of being too fat and too thin. Just now she is keeping her weight at the right level for her—one hundred and eight pounds—and she feels she has found the secret of being just right. It is regular habits of living.

"I tried special diets, I tried exercise, I tried milk and even olive oil," she said, "and nothing was right. Then I discovered the secret of regulating my hours. I'm up every morning at six-thirty, and I take a brisk walk, whether the day is dark or clear, then a cold shower, followed by a breakfast of raw fruit, cereal, toast and soft-boiled eggs. Then I'm ready for work or play. Promptly at twelve o'clock, I eat a light luncheon, preferably a salad, a glass of milk, toast and stewed fruit. A glass of milk again at four o'clock. At seven o'clock, dinner, and at ten-thirty, bed. Keep to this regular mode of living for a month and you will be astounded at the results."

Rod La Rocque, who would get painfully thin if he didn't keep a sharp lookout, swears by exercise.

"Swimming, horseback riding, walking, fencing, boxing, anything that puts the muscles into play," he declared, "will help you to put on weight. The only trouble with exercise is that you must be very careful to find just how much will have the effect you want. Just as, when you are trying to take off fat by exercising strenuously, you become so muscular that you can't take off the pounds sometimes, but put them on instead, so, when you are thin, if you exercise too hard, you'll lose instead of gaining. Just take it easy, as I do. There is one comforting

When Irving Cobb wrote his little book entitled "Eat and Grow Thin," he revolutionized the world of "stylish stouts." But it carried no advice for the not as many but just as stylish "thins." So it remained for Hollywood to discover the means for adding pounds where pounds were desired, aud the stars who are slender have inaugurated the battle cry of "Drink and Grow Fat."

There isn't anyone on earth as stylishly thin as *Peggy Joyce*. She has an enviable figure, which errs on the thin side, fashionably. But this has its disadvantages, for as *Miss Joyce* points out—she is liable to suddenly become bony, instead of slim.

***Anita Stewart*, who can't afford to lose an ounce, as she admits dolefully, has found that the moment she begins to lose sleep she loses weight. She believes in rest, after every meal, and in nine or ten hours' sleep, regularly.**

A milk farm vacation costs from seventy-five to ninety dollars a week, which for those of us who don't enjoy motion picture salaries, is considerable. *Conrad Nagel's* recipe for successful fattening is more economical.

The drinkingest star on record is *Eleanor Boardman*, who is familiar with the inside of every milk sanitorium on the *Western Coast*. She shudders at the very words *"Drink and Grow Fat."* She knows too well what they mean.

***Rod La Rocque*, who would get painfully thin if he didn't keep a sharp lookout, swears by exercise. Swimming, horseback riding, walking, fencing and boxing, he claims, will help you to put on weight.**

thing about muscular weight. Once you have it, it's hard to get rid of."

Hallam Cooley, on the other hand, abjures exercises and pins his faith to buttermilk, though perhaps pins isn't the word.

"I like buttermilk, so it's not hard," he told me, "I drink it whenever I happen to think of it And I make it a rule always to ask for a second helping of butter. I can always tell I've had a waiter before when he puts two plates of butter before me, where only one grows for the ordinary person."

There isn't anyone on earth as stylishly thin as Peggy Joyce. She has an enviable figure, which errs on the thin side fashionably. But this has its disadvantages, for as Miss Joyce pointed out, "If I don't look out, I suddenly get bony, instead of slim. "So she follows her Golden Rule.

"When I want to put on a little weight, I simply stop smoking. I've tested it and found I can gain five pounds a week by simply cutting out cigarettes. I'm doing it now in preparation for my new picture. When I think I'm fat enough, I can smoke again."

Anita Stewart, who can't afford to lose an ounce, as she admitted dolefully, has found that the moment she begins to lose sleep, she loses weight. She believes in rest, after every meal, and nine to ten hours sleep regularly.

"And be sure and put in the regularly," she added. "You can drink and grow fat, or sleep and grow fat, or exercise and grow fat, but you must do everything regularly."

Perhaps the unhappiest thin person in Hollywood just now, however, is Donald Keith, who must get fat for his next picture. He is to be a husky athlete in "The Plastic Age," and personally he not only is not husky but has no particular desire to be. They have hired a coach for him who divides his time between the gymnasium and the swimming pool, and he must drink milk and eat butter, oh, quantities of butter. They are "building him up," a process just as dreadful, if not as popular in Hollywood, as building down. And so among the hundreds who are daily seeking a means of reducing, who are dieting and foregoing sweets and starchy foods, walking and running, using dumb-bells and boxing-gloves, eating lettuce and spinach, and rolling about the floors mornings in an effort to lose a few superfluous pounds, may be found these few who are just as strenuously striving to pick up the adipose tissue their stouter brethren lose. And they have passed on to those of us who are similarly afflicted with too little flesh, their advice and battle-cry of "Drink and Grow Fat."

It may be a milk diet that your particular form of thinness needs, it may be a tablespoonful of olive oil, to be taken after each meal, fortunately not before—or the meal would never be eaten—it may be three bottles of cream a day, for those of us whose pocketbooks can stand growing leaner while we grow plumper, or it may be buttermilk. We have even heard of pure, clear sparkling—water—being recommended for adding pounds where pounds were needed, but evidently none of the stars in Hollywood have as yet tried this remedy.

Pick out the star whose slenderness you wish to emulate and seize upon his or her recipe.

If you would be like unto the fair Eleanor Boardman, retire to a milk farm and drink—drink until the pounds add on—drink milk, or if you are a man and a fan of Conrad Nagel's, turn to soup for your favorite food or drink, as you will. If you, with Gladys Hulette, find olive oil more palatable, enter the importing business, and obtain your reducer direct from Italy. Drink buttermilk with Hallam Cooley, if you can stand it, or eat butter with Donald Keith, if you can stand that, or if your slenderness approaches emaciation, you might find how combining all the remedies would work out.

If, however, you are a total abstainer, if drinking in any form has never appealed to you, if olive oil or milk or buttermilk or cream or water does not accomplish the work it should, there is still the advice of Pauline Starke and Rod La Rocque to follow—regulate your hours and food and exercise. Or if you are a satellite of Peggy Hopkins Joyce, cut out cigarettes. Or spend your hours in sleeping, as does Anita Stewart. And long and weary as any of these paths may seem, if one could resemble one's favorite movie star, could lose one's prominent shoulder-blades and attain the sylph-like slenderness of Peggy Joyce or Gladys Hulette, how eagerly would one adopt their battle-cry, "Drink and Grow Fat."

***Gladys Hulette* is a martyr to olive oil She is five feet three and usually weighs one hundred to one hundred and three pounds, when she is in the pink of condition. She has found she must drink olive oil if she wants to keep plump.**

***Hallam Cooley* abjures exercise and pins his faith to buttermilk. He likes it, which makes it not quite so hard to take, and he drinks it whenever he thinks of it. And he always asks for a second helping of butter.**

The True Story of My Life

By Bebe Daniels

For Synopsis of Preceding Chapters See Page 46

Is it possible for a comradeship to exist between a man and woman without a hint of sentiment? For a girl and boy to be just pals and friends, and not fall in love? Many psychologists answer in the negative, but Bebe tells in this chapter of a lasting and loyal friendship with Harold Lloyd.

MY FIRST quarrel with Harold seemed quite a tragedy to me. I felt, dramatically, that I was disillusioned, that there was no Faith in Any Man . . . that sort of thing. I probably had a marvelous time out of it. It happened like this: As I have said, Harold had promised that he would never, never dance with any girl but me in dancing contests. I had promised Harold that come what might, he and he only should be my partner in these same dancing contests. No matter where we were, together or apart, no matter who we might be with, in dancing contests we would be true-blue to one another.

A Very Young Pact, as you can see!

Well, Harold went out one night without me and—*he danced with another girl.* He not only danced with her, but they won the prize. At this juncture Harold's conscience overcame him. He did the Noble Thing. He Confessed All to the Other Girl. Solemnly, with due drama and dignity, he told the Other Girl of his pact with me, of our promise, the one to the other. He said, in conclusion, that he had broken our, or his sacred word, but that he could not keep the cup—he intimated delicately that he could not allow *her* to keep the cup, either—that it belonged, by divine right, to me.

She must have been a very decent sort, a very understanding girl, for she said that she understood how it was perfectly, and that of course Harold must take the cup in order to give it to me, its rightful owner. Pretty fair, I call it . . .

Harold came to me the next day with an apology—*and* the cup. I was perfectly furious. I rejected the apology with what I considered an imperious gesture and the cup I ordered him to throw away—which was really rather nasty of me.

I draped about me the garments of the Martyr . . . I had, I said, been out the night before myself. I had been dragged, literally DRAGGED on to the floor to dance with the *exhibition dancer*—and I had refused. I had remembered my word of honor. I had held our pact dear. I had been rude enough to go back to my seat and had declined to go on the floor. I had taken this attitude of high honor and resolve and all the while, at the very same time, the very same hour, no doubt, he . . . g'r'r'r . . . my rage wouldn't permit me to go on.

Harold was properly subjugated, properly ashamed of his all but unforgivable fall from grace, and properly impressed, or it was no fault of mine, with my superiority.

We made it up (of course) and continued our career of dancing. All in all, we won thirteen cups. I still have every one of them somewhere at home. Harold, I think, has the medals. The boy used to get the medals, you see, and the girl the cups.

About this time Harold sold the little Ford and bought a Chandler. I thought that Chandler was just about the last word in sportiness and affluence. I was as proud as Punch to be seen in it. Harold thought it was grand, too, but I think he yearned, in his heart of hearts, for the dear, departed Ford. I really believe that if Harold could get that Ford back today, he would do it. Harold is superstitious, and he is sentimental about the things he has had. He keeps all sorts of little trinkets, little good-luck things, souvenirs of parties and contests and things like that.

Our idea of fun, when we were not dancing or handlering, was to get a buss for the whole company to go down to Ocean Park. We would hire one of these busses for the whole evening, go down to the park, take in all the concessions, eat hot-dogs galore and have a generally riotous time. We had our own orchestra in the company and we would take the orchestra along, too. A fat boy played the drums, a skinny boy played the violin. It was the most terrible thing that ever assaulted the air or the ear, but we thought it was pretty darn good. We used it on all occasions. When anyone came on from New York, for instance, we would meet them at the station with the welcoming orchestra. It must have given them a terrible shock and a dire First Impression, but it is to be recorded to the glory and stamina of the human race that not one of them ever turned-turtle and ran back.

Harold and I were marvelous pals. But there is no truth in the one-time rumor that we were engaged. No truth at all. There isn't anything that I wouldn't do for Harold to this very day, and I think that he feels the same way about me. We went through so many things together, in work and in play. We had in common the happy faculty of having good times together. It would be impossible to share all the things we shared and not feel close together and chummy. But we were never engaged. We were just very good pals. When I went into his com-

It was always difficult for me to save money, and my natural lack of the hoarding instinct was probably helped along by mother's effort to make up to me for the lack of a father's care.

pany, by the way, nobody introduced us. We never were introduced. At parties we used to try to get people to give us a formal introduction, but nobody ever would. We had a lot of fun over that.

* * * * *

Right across the street from us Mack Sennett's big comedy company was at work. I imagine that company enjoyed many a laugh at the expense of our crude little one-reelers. During one of our laying-off periods I took it upon myself to call upon Mr. Sennett. "I am not working this week," I announced, portentously, "and probably I won't be working next week. My company is paying me $30 a week when I work, but I'll come over to you for $50." Mr. Sennett smiled and said very politely, "I'm sorry, but I haven't got a thing for you right now." I never had the pleasure of appearing with Mr. Sennett's company at all.

***Harold* and I were marvelous pals. But there is no word of truth in the one-time rumor that we were engaged. No truth at all. Above is *Bebe* and *Harold* with *"Snub" Pollard* in one of their comedies.**

In those days with the Roach Company, I would always look out of my window before rising in the morning. If it was rainy, or even cloudy, I would go back to sleep again. If the sun was shining I'd hurry into my clothes and rush over to the studio for the day's work. My, I thought it was simply wonderful when we first used lights. I squinted and tried to imagine I had Kleig eyes, after the fashion of the dramatic players, and those Higher Up, whom I had heard complain of this interesting malady. I think we used lights only once while I was with the Rolin Company, but I talked about the occasion for days and days.

Mother and I had sold our little cottage by this time and were living in a darling little rose-covered bungalow. And we had made a financial agreement. Mother promised to pay me two dollars for every dollar I saved. It was always difficult for me to save money and my natural lack of the hoarding instinct was probably helped along by mother's effort to make up to me for the lack of a father's care and a brother's or sister's companionship, to the end that she had been over-indulgent to me rather than the reverse. But at about this stage in my career mother realized that I was careless with money and that I should be given some system, some object in the care of it. That was why she made this agreement with me. Somehow or other I did manage to save $50—after many pinching weeks. True to her promise mother added $100 to it and with this I made my first payment on my first automobile. It was a cheap, poor-constructed little car and we had all sorts and kinds of trouble with it, but the troubles couldn't dampen my enthusiasm, my sense of pride and joy in the ownership. I called it my Rolls-Royce and if it had been a Rolls-Royce in fact as well as in fancy, I am sure I wouldn't have got much more of a kick out of it than I did. My pride of possession became quite a joke at the studio and among my friends. The joke spread, and one day when I passed the Sennett Studio, some facetious soul attached a sign to the back of my car. It read, "For Sale by Owner, $25." I didn't see the sign. When I had finished my day's work I saw a number of people gathered on the sidewalk around my car. I said to myself, proudly, "They're admiring my car." They proved to be potential customers who were waiting for me—most of them boys from the studio who were having a good joke at my expense.

I think that one of the happiest moments of my life was when a picture I had played in appeared at Clunes—in Los Angeles. Harold and I saw it together and we were both fairly bubbling over with pride. Think of it . . . our picture on Broadway!

It was shortly after this that I began to feel dissatisfied. At first I didn't quite understand myself, or why the little nag of dissatisfaction persisted to annoy me. I finally thought it out and came to the conclusion that it must be because of my dramatic child-actress experiences, or perhaps merely the natural longings which comedians seem to possess for the drama. At any rate, I felt increasingly that if I continued to be identified solely with comedy there would be no chance for me in the dramatic field—for which I yearned more and more as time went on.

It may have been the sheer force of my desire, for I sometimes think that if one longs for a thing hard enough that thing is attached to one, as though drawn by a magnet—or it may have been the mere happenstance of co-incidence, which is a simpler and more logical explanation. But whatever it was, it happened like this: Mother and I were dining at the Sunset Inn one evening and Mr. Cecil De Mille happened to be dining there, too. I noticed him watching me and, a little later, saw him speak to a man I knew, who promptly rose with him, brought him over to our table and introduced him to mother and me. The mutual acquaintance explained that Mr. De Mille had asked for the introduction and I was flattered to the point of flustration. We talked a bit and Mr. De Mille explained that he thought me the type for a part in a picture he was about to produce and would like to make an appointment for the next day. We left it that mother and I were to call at his studio in the morning and have a talk with him.

I was so elated and excited that I couldn't swallow another mouthful of my dinner. It seemed as if there was nothing left to wish for. I was the happiest person in the world. My longings had been realized far beyond my expectations. And I hadn't even gone to look for it. It had just walked up to me. I had wanted to go into drama . . . and lo, drama had presented itself to me in the consummate person of Cecil De Mille. In my wildest dreams I wouldn't have thought of *that* good fortune. I kept saying to mother, over and over again, "It's too good to be true . . . it's too good to be true . . . it didn't happen . . . it didn't happen . . ."

It was mother who *remembered.* Mother brought me to earth by remembering what had, for the moment, slipped both our minds . . . *my contract with the Rolin Company still had months* to run . . . What should I do? *What could I do?*

(*Continued on page* 46)

I felt increasingly that if I continued to be identified solely with comedy there would be no chance for me in the dramatic field for which I yearned more and more as time went on.

Music Hath Charms

But we think it would take more than mere music to charm so savage a beast as the leopard. So we attribute much of his docility to the charms of the fair *Laura La Plante,* who is posing in the first of a series of famous paintings by *Weisz,* called *"Beauty and the Beast."*

A New "Mimi"

Mimi, **the fragile maker of flowers, heroine of *La Boheme,* is further being immortalized by *Lillian Gish.* Above, *Miss Gish* is pictured in a poke-bonnet fashioned of silk and lace beneath which is tucked her golden curls, all of which are a part of the trappings which will assist her in portraying the pathetically tragic *Mimi.***

Will Radio Keep the Stars at Home?

Johnny Hines Humorously Broadcasts His Ideas on the Question

By
Nanette Kutner

Photograph by National

Johnny Hines **has "made good." And we are glad, for *Johnny* is one of the most likeable boys in the movie game. He is just like the *Johnny Hines* on the screen—only more so.**

JOHNNY HINES has "made good." From those short comedies, which he practically wrote, directed, cut and starred in himself, he has advanced to a First National contract for feature-length pictures. We're glad, for Johnny is one of the most likable boys in the movie game.

The Johnny Hines we know is just like the Johnny Hines on the screen—only more so. If you've seen his picture antics you'll understand what we mean. He is pep personified, and then some! He is always on the go, and he never misses a chance to say something witty, so it's lucky the radio is here to give folks the opportunity of hearing his funny remarks on anything and everything.

Although the motion picture career of Mr. Hines started a few years ago, his radio career began just the other night at a well-known Broadway supper club. As usual, they were broadcasting direct from the club, and in an effort to let Main Street know just what is happening on The Great White Way, the announcer shrieked into the microphone that Mr. Johnny Hines, the movie star, was among those present.

Thereupon, the jovial Johnny made known his desire to broadcast.

"You know," he said to us, "I may be a star of the silent drama, but that doesn't prevent me from talking!"

"We've noticed that," remarked yours truly, and so in order to show us that our sarcasm wouldn't go, Johnny Hines vowed he'd broadcast on the following evening—and he did. For the very next evening, Mr. Hines may have been seen pacing up and down the studio of WHN radio station, and probably wondering what subject he was going to pick on.

Suddenly a light gleamed in his alert brown eyes. "I have it!" he exclaimed, "I've just returned from Hollywood, so I'll tell the fans all about it. If by any chance, California happens to be listening in, and manages to get this—well—I'm too far away from them to be in any danger!" And so that is how Johnny happened to broadcast the following talk:

"Ladies and gentlemen, and those of you who are not ladies and gentlemen, being a movie star, I think it is my duty to tell you folks all about Hollywood, or rather *Holy*-wood, for that is the real name of the town, place, or whatever you want to call it! Did you ever wonder how Hollywood received its name? Probably you haven't wondered about it at all, and no doubt it doesn't mean a thing to you, but I'm going to tell you about it anyway. That's the advantage of the radio, no snappy come-backs from the audience!

"Years ago, when the picture colony first settled down in Hollywood, the name was *Holy-wood.* Holy is an old biblical name, taken from the Hebraic! The syllable *wood* became part of the name, on account of the number of trees that grow out there. When the picture colony moved there they retained the name wood because they needed so much lumber to build sets. There were several other reasons also, many of them had, and still *have wooden* heads, and *all* of them consume *wood* alcohol, whenever they can get it!

"Of course you couldn't expect the movie colony to keep the word Holy, so they changed it to Holly. They are so accustomed to changing titles, that this was no extra bother at all, in fact it came very natural to them!

"I really am very fond of Hollywood, it's a marvelous country—

real estate, oil, oranges and radio!

"Why, when you wake up in the morning, you usually find an orange tree growing right over your bed! In time, this will be rather nice, in fact it will prove very convenient for everyone, as some man is no doubt trying to discover a way of grafting a gin tree with an orange one, and—oh—well—you can imagine the rest!

"Now we come to real estate; it is one of Hollywood's real problems. Why, just the other day, a man walked down Sunset Boulevard, wearing one of those huge sombrero hats with the very wide brims. A real estate man saw the hat, and immediately started subdividing it for building lots.

"Oil in Hollywood is very tricky, to say the least. You will find that the Hollywood oil lies at the bottom of the well, and the Hollywood promoter *lies* at the top!

"Whenever a man is broadcasting I've noticed that he always talks about his first job. On my first job I didn't like what the boss said, so I quit. He just uttered two little word, 'You're fired.' My credit got so bad that I couldn't even borrow trouble!

Sketch by Farrar

***Johnny* is pep personified. He is always on the go, and he never misses a chance to say something witty.**

"Ninety-nine people out of one hundred could get by on the screen. Luck is everything. Of course one must have a certain amount of dramatic training—but all the training in the world won't make one a screen star, unless one has luck. Another very important thing is to be cast in the right roles. Each one is a certain type, and if they are lucky enough to play that type they are bound to win out. If a person is miscast, it can ruin his entire career. Each one has his own particular sphere. You cannot imagine Charlie Chaplin taking Valentino's roles, nor Valentino stepping into Charlie's shoes. Each one fills his own particular niche, and that is as it should be.

"Acting in movies has taught me the ten commandments of a movie star's life. *I want you to understand that I don't mean this in a sacreligious way,* but here are a movie star's ten commandments:

"1. Thou shalt have no other occupation outside of acting.

2. Thou shalt not imitate any actor who is in the heavens above, who is on the earth beneath, or who is on his way to the land below the earth!

3. Thou shalt not bow down to anyone outside of thy director, thy cameraman and thy public.

4. Thou shalt show mercy unto the thousands that love thee, and write thee fan letters.

5. Thou shalt not take the name of thy director, nor thy production, nor thy fellow actors in vain (more than sixty times a day)!

6. Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy in Holy-wood. Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work, except when thou art on location. When thou art not on location, all the business that thou transactest should be monkey-business!

7. Honor thy screen father and thy screen mother, and mayhap thou wilt do so in real life.

8. Thou shalt not kill or try to cure a fellow ham!

9. Thou shalt not steal a fellow ham's scenes.

10. Thou shalt not covet another actor's make-up, nor his towels, nor his cellar, nor his salary, nor his wife, nor anything else that is his'n!

"The only actress I can think of who keeps these commandments is —Baby Peggy.

"And now we come to radio! Last, but not least! Will the radio keep the movie stars home at night? Well, when the stars are making pictures—nothing on earth can keep them home at night, for the main reason that they are obliged to obey the demands of their director, and *work* most of the night. Of course, between pictures their time is their own, and they make the most of it!

"Just picture your favorite movie star, coming home after a long, hard day at the studio. For a change, he has a night off! He throws himself down on the sofa, and starts to read the newspaper. He reads the baseball scores. Then he starts the thrilling story of the rise of an unknown girl to stardom in one day. He becomes intensely interested. He is so absorbed in the unusual tale that he is just beginning to drowse off to sleep. His tired nerves are relaxing when a familiar sound rouses him. The woman next door is practicing on the piano. She only tries to play one piece. 'What'll I do?' The star is sick of that tune, so for relief he tunes in on his radio. Suddenly—he gets Pittsburgh! Wonderful! He hears the announcer say 'This is Station KDKA, the next number on our program is Miss Susie-So-And-So in a piano solo, entitled, "What'll I do?"'

"The question is not 'What'll I do?' it is what will the star do? One thing I can assure you, he does *not* stay at home to hear the rest of that radio program. If the radio wants to keep the movie stars at home, they should get better programs.

"Everyone in Hollywood has a radio, and they all try to get China. I can't see why! It's not such a wonderful stunt to get China. China's not so far away; why, when I have a quarrel with my director I get real distance, in fact I get H—well, let's say Hades.

"But, seriously, don't forget what I said about better programs. It really is an important factor in radio development.

"Now, the first step in getting better programs is to put me off the radio, as no movie star will stay home to hear me talk, they hear me all the time, and that's why I think it's advisable for me to say goodnight!"

Photograph by Apeda

"And now we come to the radio," says *Johnny*. "Last, but not least. Will the radio keep the movie stars at home nights?"

At Home

with Ruth Clifford

All photographs by Fidler

One of the most beautiful homes in *Beverly Hills* belongs to *Ruth Clifford*. It is almost a small castle, with its stone walls and extensive grounds. And it is simply and tastefully decorated and furnished. Much of *Ruth's* time is spent in the open with her husband, who is a *California* business man. On the right, *Ruth* is shown with two tiny mallard ducks, which her husband and a group of his associates train as decoys for duck hunting. Above, *Ruth* calls a greeting from three stories above the ground, and below is a view of her lovely home with its mistress posing on the stone wall.

Later that evening, when all the pretty ladies and the ugly duckling of the *Follies* were industriously cold-creaming their make-up, *Aaron* did speak to *Maggey Keenan.*

Based on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Production from the story by Adele Rogers St. John. Copyright by them, 1925.

Pretty Ladies

By Anne Austin

'SOME goat! He ate a gas tank for dinner, with two Fords for a chaser!"

Laughter. A shattering salvo of applause. Maggey Keenan, star comedienne of the Follies, was doing her stuff. Behind her grotesque figure in comic short jacket and plaid skirt, were tripping two dozen "glorified" American girls, their shapely legs twinkling through the brisk fall of fake snow, their pretty faces beaming beneath white fur caps.

In the wings, Selma Larsen watched the antics of the homely comedienne, listened with a disdainful smile on her pretty, carmined lips, listened with venomous hate in her far-famed blue eyes.

"That damned little comic is always stealing my applause. You'll have to speak to her, Aaron. She'll have to delay her entrance until the crowd has had a chance to applaud *me*. They come to see me, not that comic valentine."

"I'll speak to her," Aaron Savage, producer of the Follies and much-harassed young man, promised wearily.

Later that evening, when all the pretty ladies and the ugly duckling of the Follies were industriously cold-creaming their make-up, Aaron did speak to Maggey Keenan, carrying in his hands a good-will offering of violets.

Don't you think you might hold back your entrance just a bit, Maggey, to—er—give the audience a chance to warm up a bit?"

"That's a great idea, Aaron," Maggey laughed flippantly, the violets at her nose. "Run back and ask Selma if she has another one just as good."

That Selma wrecked her dressing-room upon receipt of this message from the "comic valentine" interested Maggey not in the least. She was, by that time, no longer in a flippant mood. A clown in the grip of despair, in the throes of love-sickness, is always a humorous sight, but unfortunately the clown cannot see the humor in the situation. It was a peculiar kind of love-sickness that lengthened Maggey Keenan's famous ugly face, that widened her big blue eyes into mournful saucers. She was lovesick for love, and she had never even had a sweetheart. All about her were "pretty ladies," scurrying into their street clothes, bending to take hasty sniffs of fragrance from their swains' flowers—votive offerings upon the shrine of beauty.

"Listen to this, girls," a member of the chorus called out, "'Madonna-face—come to supper with me tonight, and bring along a little friend. Paul Drake.' Let's see; yes, here he is on the millionaire's list," she added shrilly, consulting a newspaper clipping which listed millionaires and the income tax they had paid.

"Who you gonna take?" a blonde inquired, tucking her own invitation to supper into her gold mesh bag.

"Why—my little friend here," "Madonna-Face" giggled, and she stooped to lift a fat, gurgling baby from a bassinet beneath her dressing-table. "Muvver's ittle-bitsy friend!" she cooed.

Maggey Keenan's dragging footsteps took her on past that roomful of much-desired, much-beloved pretty ladies; on down the long, twisting iron staircase to the stage door. Packed into the narrow alley were a score of silk-hatted stage-door Johnnies, all bent upon claiming a glorified girl for the evening. But no one sprang forward to take Maggey Keenan's thin arm; no one was waiting for her—except her grinning negro chauffeur, who held open the door of her long black limousine.

"Home, James," she said sadly, and the waiting White-Lighters laughed, for wasn't everything that Maggey Keenan said sure to be funny?

"Home" was a luxurious apartment on the top floor of a great beehive. There Maggey lived in lonely splendor, and there she dreamed of the man who would some day see beauty behind the comic mask which she wore as a shield against the unthinking cruelty of the world.

That dream man had become so real to her that she even provided him with a heaped-up plate of dainty foods, when she ate her own after-theater supper. The cook's policeman ate it finally, when Maggey Keenan's pathetic farce was finished, and Maggey Keenan had gone off to bed, or to her roof-garden, to dream on undisturbed—or maybe to cry a bit because those dreams would never come true.

The next day, after the matinee, Maggey Keenan lingered after the others were gone. There was no lovely adventure to hurry out to;

no impatient suitor to scold her for keeping him waiting. And she had promised Carrie, the scrubwoman, to read an ancient press notice that had marked the peak of a long-forgotten stage career.

"You must have been a great beauty, Carrie," Maggey told the old woman, as she returned the clipping. And Maggey's eyes were sadder even than Carrie's when she turned away to the deserted stage, the scene of so many empty triumphs for her. After all, she wanted so little—just a man to love her, just a baby to hold in her thin arms, that looked so comic when they flailed about in the throes of a coon song.

Below her, in the orchestra pit, a lone drummer was tapping away, making chances every now and then in a much-corrected sheet of hand-written music.

Al Cassidy, the drummer, had ambitions of his own, for all that he seemed so lazy and good-natured. He was so engrossed with the magic of his own piece that he did not see the thin figure on the deserted stage, did not see those famous comic legs and arms begin to gyrate in a fantastic response to his music. Maggey Keenan danced faster and faster; the sadness lifted from her face; the genius for comedy that had made her the star of the Follies had banished her woes. Faster and faster—funnier and funnier—until she lost her sense of direction and plunged headlong into the orchestra pit, smack upon the kettle-drum which the Irish composer had been beating so merrily.

"I—I *think* I've spoiled your drum," she gasped, doubled into the big kettle like a limp rag-doll.

"You *think!*" roared Aloysius Cassidy. "You know darn well you've ruined it!"

But the next day his Irish smile lighted up his pugnacious features when he found a note on a brand-new drum: "I'm sorry I spoiled your drum. How's this one? Maggey Keenan."

That night, after the show, when all the pretty ladies were meeting their "dates" at the stage-door, a man waited at last for Maggey Keenan.

"Thank you for the drum, Miss Keenan. It was sweet of you," Al Cassidy stammered.

Maggey Keenan's face lighted up with pride, with hope fulfilled. At the curb waited her limousine, with "Home-James" holding the door.

"How—how do you get home?" Maggey asked breathlessly, aware of the surprised eyes of the pretty ladies upon her.

"I usually grab a buss," Aloysius Cassidy grinned.

"So do I!" Maggey took his arm. With her other hand she gesticulated frantically to the astounded chauffeur to "beat it."

Atop a Fifth Avenue buss, talk flagged between the two; Maggey was too happy to feel the need of words—and Al Cassidy was bored.

"Isn't it a lovely night?" Maggey asked wistfully, happily.

"Yeah. Makes a guy hungry," Aloysius said negligently.

"Won't you stop at my place for a bite to eat?" Maggey snatched at the opening.

"I ain't hungry," Al said flatly, unaware of the hurt he was inflicting.

Maggey's eyes filled with tears, but she steadied her voice: "We could try out your new song. I think I could get Aaron to put it in the show. I got a great idea for a dance for it."

Of course that "fetched" Aloysius. He loved that song of his like a mother loves her baby.

But before Maggey would let him touch the piano she piloted him into the dining-room; she set him down into the dream man's chair; she watched him eat as no dream man had ever eaten. And she did not care tuppence that the cook's policeman was cheated out of that plate of delicacies. Maggey Keenan was happy. A real man sat in the dream man's chair. The poor dream man was banished to a closet, from which Maggey Keenan completely forgot to release him—that night or ever. Aloysius Cassidy was not so suavely handsome as that dream man had been, but he was real—real flesh and blood.

He watched her with delight that night, as she danced her fantastic dance to his music, and from her grotesque gyrations he hit upon a name for his song—"The House Fly Blues." In a burst of gratitude he wrote beneath the penciled-in name, "Dedicated to Maggey Keenan."

The days that followed brought happiness to Maggey Keenan. Night after night she and Aloysius worked untiringly on "The House Fly Blues" number—night after night, Aloysius sat in the dream man's chair and ate food that had once been wasted before a dream man. And love bloomed in Maggey Keenan's heart! She no longer sang her "I Want a Man" song with comical heart-breaking sadness. She had her man, although he had not yet told her that he loved her. That could wait. It was enough for the moment to be like the pretty ladies—to have a man waiting to take her home.

It was a capacity house which witnessed the introduction of "The Housefly Blues" into the scintillant program of the Follies. Ann Pennington, Will Rogers, Frances White, had done their best, and the audience had shown due appreciation. There was, however, a heightened tension, a flutter of anticipation, a little excited rustling of programs, as the orchestra struck into the first measures of the new number.

The chorus came prancing in, dressed as housemaids, or as housemaids would like to dress, and carrying enormous fly-swatters, which they swung in amazing unison.

Then came an apparition so startling that a gasp went up from that shock-proof audience. An enormous fly, (*Continued on page* 45)

Maggey Keenan's **dragging footsteps took her on past that roomful of much-desired, much-beloved pretty ladies, on down the long, twisting iron staircase to the stage door.**

The chorus came prancing in, dressed as housemaids, or as housemaids would like to dress, and carrying enormous fly-swatters, which they swung in amazing unison.

Camera *of Motion*

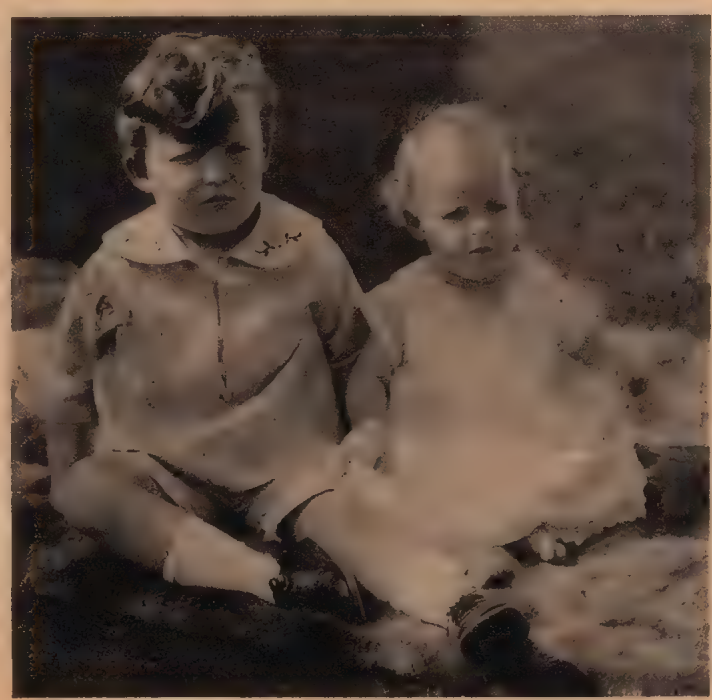
Photograph by P. and A.

A Prospective Star

Undoubtedly bearing the distinction of being the youngest person to appear before a camera in *Hollywood, Vivien Reed,* aged two days and one hour, posed for her picture with her mother, known on the screen as *Eva Novak. Miss Novak* is the wife of *William E. Reed,* a *Hollywood* cinematographer. The picture was taken in the *Hollywood Hospital.*

Pals

Little *Gloria Lloyd,* daughter of the famous comedian, has formed a strong attachment for her three-year-old cousin, *Gaylord Harold Lloyd,* and the two are inseparable companions. *Gloria* probably sees a future funmaker in her father's namesake.



A Weighty Proposition

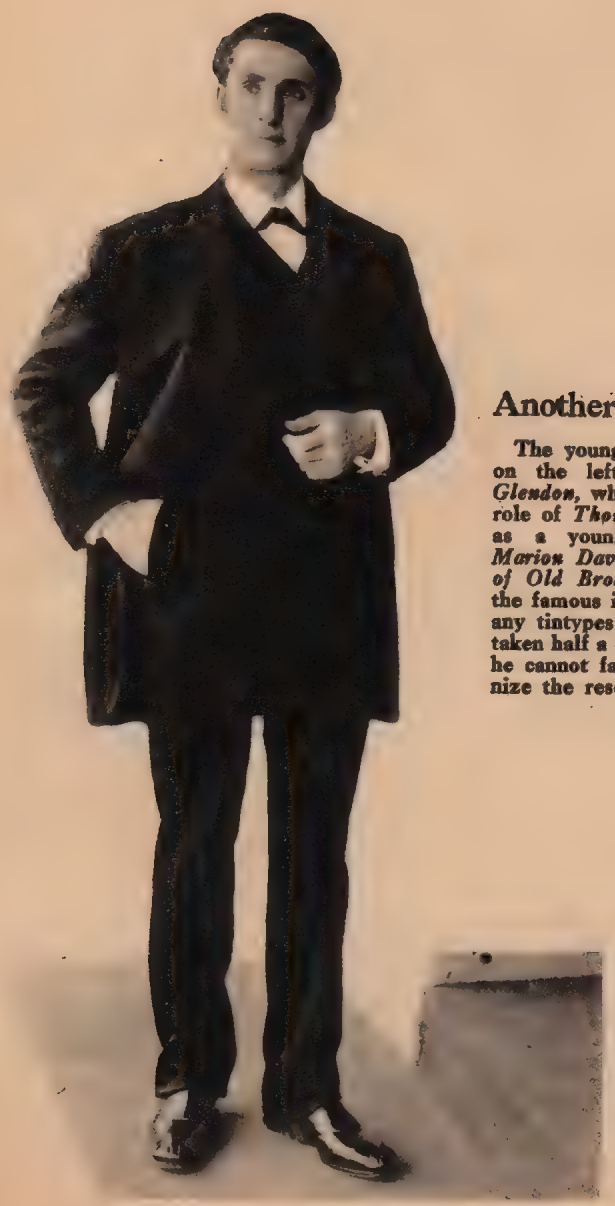
Bill Ross, one of the fattest men on the screen, has signed a contract with *F. B. O.* to appear in a series of *Blue Ribbon Comedies.* If *Bill* proves worth his weight in gold, he should be a millionaire in a few weeks.

Scoops

Picture News

Three Guesses

No, it isn't *Adolphe Menjou,* although he certainly looks enough like the famous star to be his twin brother, if he had one. The gentleman pictured on the right is *George Nardelli,* who has just signed a contract with *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer* to appear in a number of pictures.



Another Double

The young gentleman on the left is *Frank Glendon,* who plays the role of *Thomas Edison,* as a young man, in *Marion Davies' "Lights of Old Broadway."* If the famous inventor has any tintypes of himself, taken half a century ago, he cannot fail to recognize the resemblance.

His Latest

Once again the versatile *Lon Chaney* dons an entirely different make-up for his new role in *"The Phantom of the Opera."* This is one of the first published pictures in his new make-up, as no photographs were permitted to be taken before the "stills" for the picture were released.

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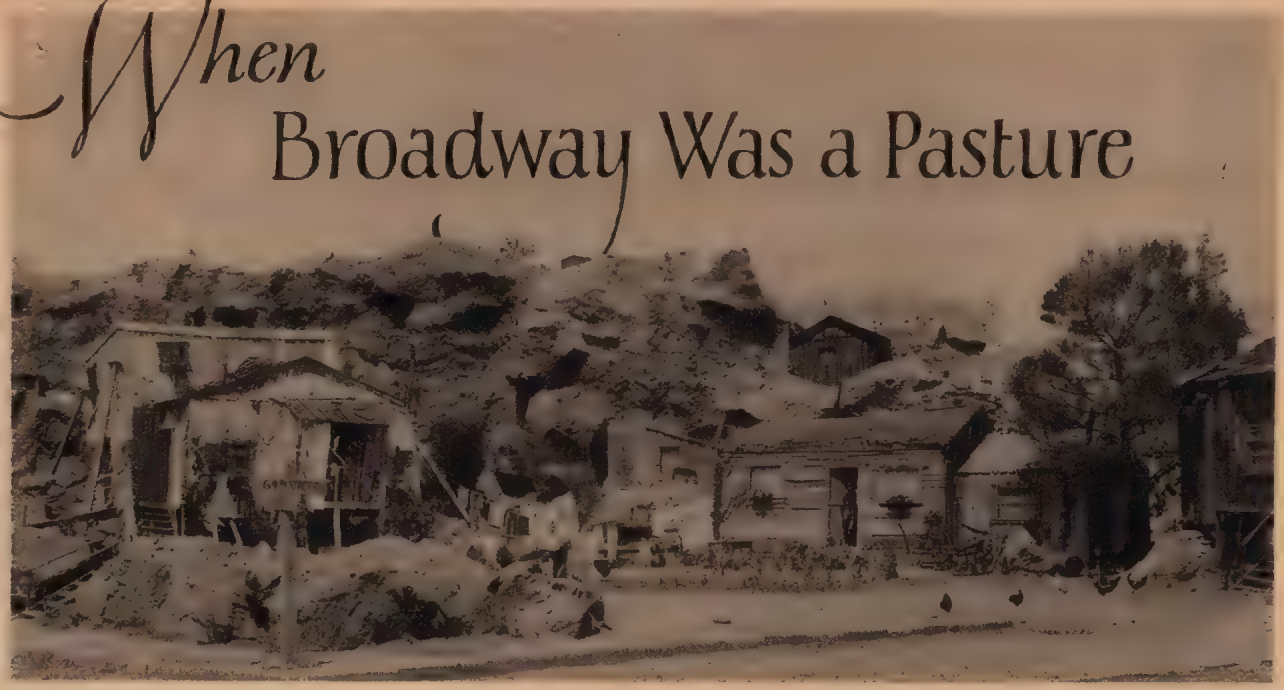
When Broadway Was a Pasture



Grandad might remember these pictures, if he happened to visit the *New York of* 1870, for the scenes, which are from *Marion Davies'* new picture, *"Lights of Old Broadway,"* have been constructed with fidelity to every detail, based on the drawings and old prints of early *New York*. The tale is a sweet old love story, with *Marion* and *Conrad Nagel* as the *Belle* and *Beau* of 1870, and the scenes here show *New York* as it appeared then at *Tenth Street* and *Fifth Avenue*. *Broadway*, the story goes, was just a cowpath and *Fifth Avenue* a pasture.

No high-powered motor car was known in *Grandfather's* day, in which he could take the lady of his choice speeding. His courting was a sweet, lazy affair, conducted in an old-fashioned buggy, drawn by a sympathetic horse. And who can say that the long route home was not sweeter than the short-cuts of today?

Let No Man Put Asunder

The Story of a Great Pride and the Love that Conquered It

By Carmen Ballen Edington

For Synopsis of Preceding Chapters See Page 42

MORNING. At three breakfast tables the front page of the early daily created a near-riot.

In the Downing menage, Biggs, the butler, stood filling his master's glass of spring water, when "the old lady's" horrified cry was carried to him on pulsating waves of shock.

"Biggs! Biggs! My smelling salts!" The tones went off into a dirge . . . "My boy! Oh, my poor, poor boy! How will he stand this!"

If old Mrs. Downing had fallen in a fit upon the floor, Biggs would have stolidly gone on filling his master's glass. He hated her with that peculiar resentment sometimes aroused in servants.

"How will I stand—what?" Downing had entered the breakfast room.

"Oh . . . oh . . ." An incoherent moaning from his mother and speechless indication of the paper that lay before her.

Downing covered the distance between them in two long strides, picked up the paper, and read the article that blazed in black type on its front page. He went through to the end, without comment, but his face was very white, and the muscles about his jaw were working convulsively.

The article read to the last word, Downing banged it down on the table, and turned fiercely upon his mother.

"How will *I* bear it! Oh, you are kind to each other . . . you women! What is driving me mad is: how will *she* bear it?"

Then he called sharply, "Biggs!"

"Yes, sir?" Biggs was at his elbow like the genii in Aladdin's lamp.

"Call the car round, and have Jenks bring down my coat and hat!"

"But, Stephen, dear . . . you can't go off like this? No breakfast! It will give you a headache . . . let me pour you some coffee?" She was fussing with his breakfast dishes.

"Food? Don't bother me about *food!* Biggs, phone Arthur Ready I'm on my way to his office! Have him keep the morning clear for me . . ." And he was gone, rushing out of the house like a tornado.

* * * * *

At the Blasco table, where pandemonium was the daily custom, a new element was injected by the news carried in the morning paper. The Blasco boys adored their father, and his entry into the breakfast-room was the sign for them to fling themselves upon him bodily. He got little peace at home, save when they were asleep in their beds. This morning he had just settled them for the last time in their chairs, and tucked their napkins under their chins, and with a sigh of relief, was about to devote himself to his bacon and eggs, when Peachy came flying down the stairs in a swirl of silk negligee and crackling newspaper.

"The dirty little bum! The rotten little hound! Do you think *I'd* be sitting there like a great jellyfish, if *I* were a man!" she was crying with rage.

Blasco got up ponderously, and grabbed her as she came to the last step. He shook her slightly.

"Say? Have you gone off your bean? Is the house on fire, or is this a new way of coming down to breakfast?"

"Oh, Sam!" and she threw herself headlong into his arms, beating his fat chest furiously with her fists.

"I'm so mad I could choke! Everything was going so fine, and this will *kill* her! A story like this sticks to you like a mustard-plaster . . . damn! damn!" and she smashed the paper up against his nose . . . "Read it!"

"All right . . . *all right!* I'll read it . . . only *give* me a *chance!* Go sit down and cool off. Tell the kids you're not *completely* crazy . . ." He took the paper over to his chair and sat down comfortably. Between bites of egg and crunches of toast, he read the article in question. Like Downing, and man-like, he read it through to the end, without comment. Then he laid it aside, and went on eating his eggs.

"Well! *Say* something!"

"Nothing to say! It's a dirty piece of vengeance work. The only thing to do is to go out and hang the fellow! It isn't our party. He'll get all that's coming to him from Downing and Ready . . . don't forget that!"

"Yes . . . *he* will! But that won't help Jacqueline any! You know how it is in pictures! A hint of anything like a scandal and the first thing you know, you're reputation is rotten, has been rotten, since the day you were born!"

"I know . . . it's tough luck for her, all right!"

* * * * *

Ready's bachelor establishment, and a quiet Japenese servant laying the paper, folded conveniently open, in front of the lawyer.

"A slight start, as Jacqueline's pictured face looked up at him, and the shrieking headlines,

"Well Known Society Woman Leaves Husband for Career and Affinity"

told him in one glance the nature of the article.

It went on to say that Jacqueline Downing had deserted her home, and husband. It told in insidious language of an intimacy between her and one Victorio D'Antonio. It sketched the evening of the fete, and their roles in the extravaganza . . . their subsequent ride on the lake . . . her disappearance. If it did not say so in fact, it intimated that they were seeing a lot of each other, and that Jacqueline was working in pictures, with D'Antonio as a sort of manager.

Like Downing, Ready called for his coat and hat, and his car . . . got almost to the door, and then stopped.

"No, by gravy! This isn't my pie. It's Stephen Downing's affair entirely . . . unless he asks my help. Also, it will show me the way the wind blows!" and he returned to his breakfast.

* * * * *

Two hours later, Stephen Downing stood before the desk of the city editor of the paper that had printed the story.

"What authority have you for this?" he demanded, menacingly.

The editor did not look up, but went on busily blue-penciling the copy on his desk. Downing repeated his question with growing ire, "I say, what authority did you have for publishing a damn lie like this?"

"Are you sure it is a damn lie?"

Downing bent down, and thrust out his jaw pugnaciously, "Are you *asking* me to punch your confounded head off! Do you know who I am, sir?"

"Yes . . . I recognized you when you came in. I asked you a civil question. I expect a civil answer. Do you *know* that it is a damn lie?"

"I am positive!"

"Very well. I will be glad to publish a correction. Will you come with me into my private office?" When they were seated he rang for the reporter who had written the story.

"Where did you get your information for that Downing story?"

"From D'Antonio, himself, chief. You remember you sent me out to cover the Downing garden-fete? . . ." He hesitated, and looked uncomfortably at Downing.

"Don't mind me," said Downing. "Perhaps I can help you. You noticed that Mrs. Downing and this D'Antonio were a great deal together that night?"

"Yes, sir!"

"They were. It was necessary, considering their part together in the extravaganza. Also, D'Antonio was assisting Mrs. Downing in managing the details of the affair. Perhaps, also, you noticed he took her gondola riding . . .?"

"Yes, sir . . . I . . . overheard . . ."

"Him making love to her? Quite probably so! He did! Will you repeat what you heard?"

"I heard him say 'I love you,'" and . . ."

"Did you hear her reply? I thought not . . . she told him *not* to go on making such remarks, and to please be only her good friend, as she was tired, and wanted the brief rest before going back to her guests." Then Downing had a brilliant after-thought, which Ready, in his morning's instructions had not given him. He added, "D'Antonio took her out because I was suffering with a cold myself!"

Inwardly he wished ardently that this had been true. He had learned a lot since then. Given a gondola, a moon, and a beautiful woman, he'd eat his hat if he'd let the opportunity slip by him like that again. Looking back at it, he knew that he had been jealous . . . jealous underneath all his indifference . . . and that, as much as anything else, had kept him in sullen unresponse to the evening.

"I have my lawyer tracing D'Antonio, and we haven't yet succeeded in locating him. I think he is wise enough to keep hidden, until he thinks this has blown over. I hope some day to have the pleasure of horse-whipping him!" said Downing, rising. The young reporter broke in hurriedly, "Just a minute . . . then, the next day I went back for a list of names Mrs. Downing had not had time to give me the night before. The butler said she was leaving town . . . as I came away I saw D'Antonio go in. I didn't write the story, though, until two or three days ago I ran into D'Antonio on the street, and he gave me the O.K. on it!"

When the reporter had left, the editor said to Downing, "It was my fault, I expect. That young chap's usually pretty careful . . . I should have substantiated the story before using it!"

"I'll admit it all looked suspicious. The man was in love with my wife, and then, when he found that he couldn't get anywhere with her, he turned on her like a snake in the grass!"

"I'm sorry, Mr. Downing. Those things sometimes happen, despite all care to the contrary. Anything I can ever do for you, just let me know!"

* * * * *

As Peachy told her husband, Jacqueline had had a terrible time with D'Antonio. Once working with men who not only dreamed beautiful dreams, but made them come true . . . men who could be artists and business men at the same time, Jacqueline had quickly realized that D'Antonio was, after all, but a poseur . . . a charlatan. She had tried to break their friendship gently, to no avail. It came to the place where she had to instruct the gateman not to let him in, and the Goodmans, after hearing the story, threatened, both of them, to shoot him on sight! For several weeks she had heard nothing of him, then, this morning after a long, hard night's work, the first thing that met her eyes at the table was the scandalous story, for which he was, she knew at once, responsible.

She had decided instantly to go to her former guardian for help, and while Stephen Downing was interviewing the editor, Jacqueline and Ready were also discussing the article.

"No, don't cry any more about it, dear! I know how you feel . . . but you must not allow it to get you down! It's a lie . . . you don't need to tell me! Things like this happen to people, but if you let every bump that comes along bowl you over, you're no better than a nine-pin! I've got a line out for the fellow, and what I'll do to him will be done quietly, so that no more talk will be made. I want you to go out and window-shop the rest of the morning, and then come back and we'll go out to luncheon somewhere together!" He gently urged her out to the street, knowing that in having to maintain control of herself in the face of passersby, she would unconsciously help herself over the most trying time . . . those first few hours of shock.

"Think up all the interesting things about motion picture production, and tell me while we eat! I've a special reason . . ."

"Why?"

"Bought some picture stock today! Don't look so surprised . . . the worm's not too old to turn!"

Jacueline's window-shopping did not last long, however. She got back ahead of time.

"Oh, Uncle Arthur! I felt like everyone on the street was looking after me and saying, 'There goes that Jacqueline Downing.' I don't think I'll ever get over the . . . shame of it!" The tears sprang to her eyes again.

"Tut! tut! You aren't as famous as that yet!"

"And that's another thing! It might ruin me in pictures! You've no idea how careful picture people have to be! Everybody in the world is watching them, and everything they do!"

"Hardly anyone knows you are in pictures, yet . . . besides those in the business! The picture you are working in won't be released for several months . . . by that time the story will be forgotten! If it isn't followed up by another like it . . . *and it won't be* . . . the public will just put it down as an erroneous report. Jacqueline!" He gave her shoulder a sharp little shake . . . "Are you going to let something that *isn't so* get you down? For shame!"

She smiled through the tears, "I'm not a very good sport, am I?"

"You'll feel better when you get some food. I'm going to take you to my regular eating place . . . None of your chicken patties the size of a thimble, and ices made for lilliputians for me! I want a man-sized meal!"

"Some day you'll develop indigestion!" Jacqueline teased, half in earnest, "You eat too much!"

"Never! It isn't the *amount* you eat! It's the condition of the stomach, and the way it's eaten! I'll never have a nervous stomach, because I'll never allow myself to have it!"

Did Ready guess, in that mysterious manner (*Continued on page* 42)

"No, don't cry any more about it, dear. I know how you feel . . . but you must not allow it to get you down. It's a lie . . . you don't need to tell me."

Watch 'Em!

Find Their Places in the Cinema Firmament

Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston

Riza Royce, who played the vamp in *Edgar Selwyn's* stage success, *"Dancing Mothers,"* has signed a contract to appear in *Preferred Pictures,* the first of which will be *"Lew Tylor's Wives,"* by *Wallace Irwin. Riza* has had several years of dancing and acting as a background and she has personality and charm in addition to pulchritude. It probably will not be long before she has found her own niche along the starry way.

Photograph by Freulich

Prince Yucca Troubetzkey was born in *Los Angeles,* of *Russian* parents, while they were traveling, and his royal ancestry dates years back in *Russian* history. The *Prince* came to *Hollywood* to try his luck in pictures and was selected as leading man for *Pola Negri* in *"Flower of the Night."* In addition to being a descendant of a royal family, *Prince Troubetzkey* is also the nephew of the famous *New York* sculptor, *Troubetzkey.* He is reported to be one of the recent "finds" in *Hollywood,* and is expected to go far.

Olga Calve, who is known in private life as *Countess Goubaren,* is another recent aristocratic addition to the screen. While on the *Continent* she played in *"Son of Sahara"* and *"Ben Hur,"* and now her husband has brought her over to this country to play in pictures here. The *Countess'* work in the two pictures she made abroad has been remarkable enough to serve as an introduction to *Hollywood,* with a choice of contracts.

ACROSS the SCREEN

"THE HALFWAY GIRL"—90%
Reviewed by Harriette Underhill

"The Halfway Girl" is a good picture from start to finish. Doris Kenyon is the girl, and the picture gets its title from the fact that Poppy La Rue bewails the fact that she is neither very good nor very bad—"just halfway," she says. However, she is what the cinema world knows as a "good girl" and never once did she meet "a fate worse than death," though we must admit that she had some mighty narrow escapes. Miss Kenyon projects a charming personality in this picture. Poppy is a young actress, stranded in Singapore. She is forced to become a hostess in a quite respectable dive because she must live. But because evidence is against her she is exiled to the sin center of the town. This is pictured realistically and horribly on the screen. Hobart Bosworth is a zealous punisher of evil-doers, and Sam Hardy is the unctuous owner of a dive in Singapore. Lloyd Hughes is the handsome hero. Harriet Sterling, Martha Madison and Tully Marshall are good in small parts. John Francis Dillon appears in a small part as well as directing "The Halfway Girl." The fact that the picture is exciting every moment must be due to the direction, at least in part. Don't miss "The Halfway Girl."

The cast includes: Doris Kenyon, Lloyd Hughes, Hobart Bosworth, Tully Marshall and others.
The picture was directed by John L. Dillon.

"NEVER THE TWAIN SHALL MEET"—85%
Reviewed by Tommy Gene Browne

Tahiti is the setting of "Never the Twain Shall Meet," the adaptation of Peter B. Kyne's delightful romance of the South Seas. The picture is as colorful as the novel and possesses much humor that is not present in the original. Some of the scenes are in San Francisco, but most of them are in tropical isles and are very realistic.

Anita Stewart, as the Polynesian queen, the daughter of a Frenchman and a former queen of the isles, has the spontaneity and youthful abandon necessary for the portrayal of Tamea. Dan Prichard, Bert Lytell, finds himself entrusted with Tamea as a ward. Her father, after discovering he is a leper, jumps overboard. Tamea fails to acquire sophistication and she causes innumerable complications with Maisie, Justine Johnstone, who loves Dan. Later, Dan goes to the South Sea isle and marries Tamea in true native fashion. But the clime robs him of every vestige of manhood. Tamea, realizing this, solves everything in a new way.

Huntly Gordon, as the newspaper friend of Dan, is very good. The supporting cast is excellent.

The cast includes: Huntly Gordon, Anita Stewart, Bert Lytell, Justine Johnstone, Lionel Belmore and others.
It was directed by Maurice Tourneur.

"NOT SO LONG AGO"—80%
Reviewed by Alma Talley

For the girl—or boy—who loves quaint things, "Not So Long Ago" is a pleasing sort of picture. But, like most quaint things, it is somewhat languid, and just a little treacly.

The story is a modified version of the Cinderella theme; a poor little dressmaker goes out sewing by the day at the home of one of New York's four hundred. The young man of the house inspires all sorts of romantic fancies which she tells glibly as the truth to her ignoble suitor. Complications ensue, but of course, like the Northwest Mounted, she gets her man, in the end, with methods which couldn't be less subtle if she just hit him over the head with a hammer and dragged him home.

Betty Bronson plays the little dressmaker and is just, oh! so quaint. She can't, of course, be blamed for the sugariness of her manner, as that would seem to be called for by the role. She does her comedy scenes with a deft sparkle, and is, on the whole, rather charming. Ricardo Cortez plays the dashing young eligible.

"Not So Long Ago" is rather refreshing, very much in the spirit of "Little Old New York."

The cast includes: Betty Bronson, Ricardo Cortez, Julia Swayne Gordon, Laurence Wheat, Edwards Davis, Jacqueline Gadson and Dan Crimmins.
The picture was directed by Sidney Olcott.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Our reviews are printed of a uniform size so that they may be kept for future reference. They are written by members of our editorial staff, who are skilled critics and whose viewpoints we know to be sane and unbiased. We believe you will find the ratings of special assistance and invite our readers to send in their personal ratings of pictures they see.*

RATING: Excellent, 95%; Good, 90%; Fair, 75%; Poor, 60%

"THE RANGER OF THE BIG PINES"—80%
Reviewed by Harriette Underhill

"The Ranger of the Big Pines" has Kenneth Harlan in the title role. This forest ranger went to the virile West from the effete East because he preferred the great open spaces and liked to ride horses. He did not need to work at anything if he didn't care to, for his people were rich and aristocratic. But, with the perversity of the younger generation, he falls in love with the daughter of Lize Weatherford, who runs the village hotel.

Now, it seems to us that the most interesting thing about this daughter was her mother, even though she did act as her own bouncer. But in the movies East is East and West is always West when it behaves in such unlady-like fashion—hence the objection by the hero's family to the hero's girl friend. Eulalie Jensen gives a thrilling performance as Lize, and she puts punch into the picture in every sense of the word. Kenneth Harlan is attractive as the forest ranger. Helene Costello, Maurice Costello's daughter, plays the heroine and makes of her a nice, sincere girl. It has a happy ending.

The cast includes: Kenneth Harlan, Helene Costello, Eulalie Jensen, Will Walling and others.
The picture was directed by William Van Dyke.

"A WOMAN'S FAITH"—80%
Reviewed by Tommie Gene Browne

Though the titles are heavily ladened with philosophy and religion, "A Woman's Faith" is an interesting picture, with a notable cast and an excellent director. The plot, the plausibility of which is a matter of personal opinion, is ample and well developed. The setting is in the North Woods, where we get real glimpses of some historical spots.

Donovan Steele, after finding his fiancee in the arms of a friend, becomes an unbeliever in both God and man. While trying to lose himself he encounters Neree Caron, who is accused of murder. He scoffs at her faith when she protests her innocence. Thus we have the conflict of the hunted and the cynic—and of the scoffer and the believer thrown together. Of course, Neree is falsely accused, but the miracle occurs when she restores Donovan's shattered faith. There is a moral, but it is adroitly presented. Alma Rubens seems perfectly cast as the zealous Neree. Percy Marmont makes a splendid Donovan, and he gives us a very fine character study of the man who lost faith and gained it again despite his efforts to remain cynical. The supporting cast did convincing work.

The cast includes: Alma Rubens, Percy Marmont, Jean Hersholt, Zasu Pitts, Andre de Beranger and others.
It was directed by Edward Laemmle.

"EVE'S LOVER"—80%
Reviewed by Alma Talley

Of course "Eve's Lover" is not Adam, this being a modern drama full of love and business and intrigue. In the opening scenes it looked like a most unusual picture, but as it reeled along the plot began to reel a little, too, and everything became so complicated that the film turned out to be mediocre after all. Eve, in the story, is a self-sufficient business woman, who has never bothered with love. The owner of a rival business, unable to induce her to sell out, pays an impecunious count to marry her so he can persuade her to retire. The meeting and courtship are all arranged, and make the most amusing part of the film. But when the count and Eve fall heavily in love, the rival manufacturer's plans go entirely agley; the film is devoted to the untangling of banal complications.

Irene Rich plays Eve; her name speaks for itself as to the quality of her work. In this case, however, it is Bert Lytell, as the no-account count, who walks off with the picture—probably because he has an especially colorful role. Clara Bow does well with the rather small part of the count's abandoned light o' love. The first half of the picture abounds with humor and gives promise of being a delightfully sparkling light comedy. Later developments are heavy-handed and melodramatic—sometimes not logical. "Eve's Lover" emerges finally as an amusing, but commonplace picture.

The cast includes: Irene Rich, Bert Lytell, Clara Bow, Willard Louis, John Steppling, Arthur Hoyt and Lew Harvey.
The picture was directed by Roy Del Ruth.

Photograph by Gene Kornman

A Dog's Luck

Few people, not to mention canine personalities, are privileged to pose with *Harold Lloyd,* the comedian, who lately gave us *"The Freshman,"* an exciting comedy of college life. For that reason we hope that *Ilak,* the largest *Alaskan* wolfhound in the *United States,* well appreciates the honor accorded him. However, it wouldn't surprise us if *Ilak* expects the famous *Harold* to be duly impressed by his own colossal proportions.

Concluding

The Mystic

By Janet Reid

Based on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Production of the Same Name. Copyright by Them, 1925.

I AM assured by Doris, who ought to know, that James Bradshaw left the house of Zara with more gray in his hair than ever he had when he went in. I am also told that his face was whiter than the face of the "materialized" John Merrick, and that his hands shook with a veritable palsy. He had gone to scoff and he remained to pay. In more ways than one. He hadn't, I imagine, really believed that John Merrick would appear before him. And if he had gone thinking that some hokum might be pulled on him in the name of his deceased partner, he certainly hadn't expected John to accuse him in so many words of just exactly what he was doing—that is, dissipate and otherwise abuse the fortune of Doris, John's daughter, left him in sacred trust. He was convinced, and perhaps not unreasonably, that no one but John Merrick himself, dead or alive, could know the details of what he had been doing. The poor, guilty wretch was so shaken and aghast that he admitted to John Merrick's "ghost" that he *was* guilty, was a scoundrel and did deserve eternal damnation which would not be shared by John Merrick himself, it was modestly intimated. Furthermore, the ghost exhorted the guilty Bradshaw not to let Doris know what he had been doing. The ghost humanely said that his little girl trusted Bradshaw and that the thing for Bradshaw to do was to restore to Doris what was rightfully hers and permit her to keep her faith in human nature and in James Bradshaw. Figuratively, if not literally upon his knees, Bradshaw promised the avenging spirit that this was what he would do . . . He made a tremulous exit and spread the glory and fame of Zara to interested parties.

It had been Jim Barton's original idea to force this very confession from Bradshaw and then to blackmail him. But it seems he changed his tactics and decided that the most expeditious and remunerative thing to do would be to get Doris in his clutches and remove from her, oh, as painlessly as possible, her entire fortune. In this plot he was approved by Zara, the Professor and the still surly Anton. Now you see how Doris enters in and how she came to know more than anyone else in New York ever knew, or ever would have known, about Zara, the Mystic.

By the devious routes, known only to spiritualists and their allies, Doris heard the tales of Zara and how she brought those long dead back from all but forgotten graves to converse with their families and friends. She asked James Bradshaw whether he had ever heard anything of Zara and whether he believed in "that sort of thing." James Bradshaw, off-guard, still unnerved, admitted that he never had believed in "that sort of thing"—until he had gone to Zara. Perhaps he felt safe in saying this because of John Merrick's expressed desire to keep the knowledge of his defalcations from the unsuspecting Doris. Poor Bradshaw, he did not know that even "ghosts" can change their minds—and schemes.

Doris, poor darling, consulted Zara, to ask for a word from her lamented father. She missed her Daddy . . . Zara gave her a seance, during which the medium and the "ghost" advised the girl of her guardian's dishonesty and directed her to take the substantial portion that was left of her huge fortune and remove it from Bradshaw's untrustworthy control. The ghost said that he had talked to Bradshaw himself the week before and that Bradshaw had admitted his guilt. At first the ghost had thought it best for Doris to be kept in ignorance, not knowing that Doris would come to him herself, but now that she was here, now that through Zara, the greatest medium in the world, father and daughter could still confer, it was better for Doris to know where she stood and act accordingly. The seance ended with tender speeches of love and watchfulness on the part of the ghost and hysterical tears on the part of poor Doris.

Bradshaw, confronted by Doris, and with the materialization of John Merrick again confirmed, admitted his guilt and turned over her fortune of gems and bonds without further ado. Doris says that he then betook himself to a sanitorium run for the purpose of restoring shattered nerves.

By the devious routes known to only spiritualists and their allies, *Doris* heard the tales of *Zara* and how she brought those long dead back from all but forgotten graves to converse with their families and friends.

The ghost of her father had advised the girl to consult with him again after her conference with Bradshaw, and this she did. She was paternally advised against entrusting the bonds and gems to the dubious wall-safes of a hotel or her own country home where, the ghost said, the family servitors were not all what they had seemed. As her disembodied parent spoke of the family servants by name there could be no doubt that his memory and his brain were still in working order and that he knew, as he had always known, whereof he spoke.

I may say here that Doris had no idea of a visit paid to her Westchester home a few days before . . . a visit paid by a "widow" who told the servants she was an old friend of Mr. Merrick's, had known him in Paris and had not heard of his sad death . . . A very charming lady who had inveigled the servants into reminiscent and familiar conversation . . .

* * * * *

As I understand it, Doris spent the night in the home of Zara, Doris and her fortune. And it was the morning following, when Zara went with her to her hotel to help pack her personal possessions and serve notice, so to speak, that she was not returning, that Jim Barton had his change of heart.

I don't know whether Anton really had anything to do with it or not . . . I do know that Anton threatened Jim's life that morning . . . poor Anton, frenzied with his frustrated love of Zara, watching her slip from him like a bright-plumaged bird, into the arms of Jim Barton.

At any rate, when Zara returned with Doris, and while Doris was in the room, they had placed at her disposal until such time as she had again consulted with her father and decided what she would do with the bonds and gems, Jim had a long talk with Zara and Anton and the Professor. He told them that he had changed his mind about the whole dirty business . . . it was one thing, he said, to dupe a credulous Public into believing they were conversing with the dear, Departed . . . they were only credulous, he said, because they so much *wanted* to be . . . they went away happier, believing that they would meet their loved ones again and that, in the interim of waiting Zara would mitigate the parting . . . but to rob a trusting, innocent girl like Doris Merrick . . . an American girl who looked at you out of steadfast, believing eyes . . . a girl, Jim said, like his sister had been . . . a girl such as the girls he had known before . . . at college . . . oh, well, anyway before he had gone in for "this sort of thing" . . . he simply could not and would not permit it.

His astounding reversal had various effects upon the Mystic, Anton and the Professor. Anton, hot tinder ready for any match, accused Jim of being in love with Doris, of wanting to marry her so that he could get the entire fortune for himself and other nefarious schemes as they came to his mind. The Professor declared in highly colored Hungarian terms that Jim had been using his Zara for a dupe in order to get this "loot" and then cheat her, Zara, out of it. Zara, flaming, swore that Jim was in love with Doris, that Anton was right, that her father was right, that they were all right but her, who had been a tool, a fool, a poor, mistreated creature and that Doris' jewels and bonds were in her, Zara's rooms, and that if Jim Barton wanted them he could get them in one way and only one way —by marrying her, Zara, and not Doris Merrick.

Jim ordered Anton and the foaming Professor from the room. They refused to go, refused to leave Jim alone with their Zara, but Jim told them in no uncertain terms that if they did not go at his word they would go hand-cuffed by the Law, for he would summon the only too anxious Inspector and spill the whole beans . . . Anton and the Professor departed, cursing . . .

Alone with Zara, Jim took the sharply quivering girl into his arms. I don't know just what happened between them, but being in love myself, I can imagine . . . so can you, no doubt. At any rate, Jim Barton told Zara that he loved her and her only. He told her some things of his past life, which had, originally, nothing to do with such hocus-pocus, such thievery and chicanery as this mad adventure upon which he, and they, had been engaged. He said that he loved her and wanted to marry her, but that before they married he wanted to reform and not begin with the police on their trail and guilt on their hands. He sketched for Zara a fairer, squarer life than ever she could have in the cabinet of the medium.

Zara loved him . . . it was her love for him that had driven her into the feverish terror Anton's words had inspired . . . and the love of the two would have fused and flamed and all would have been well if . . . one of those damned "ifs" . . .

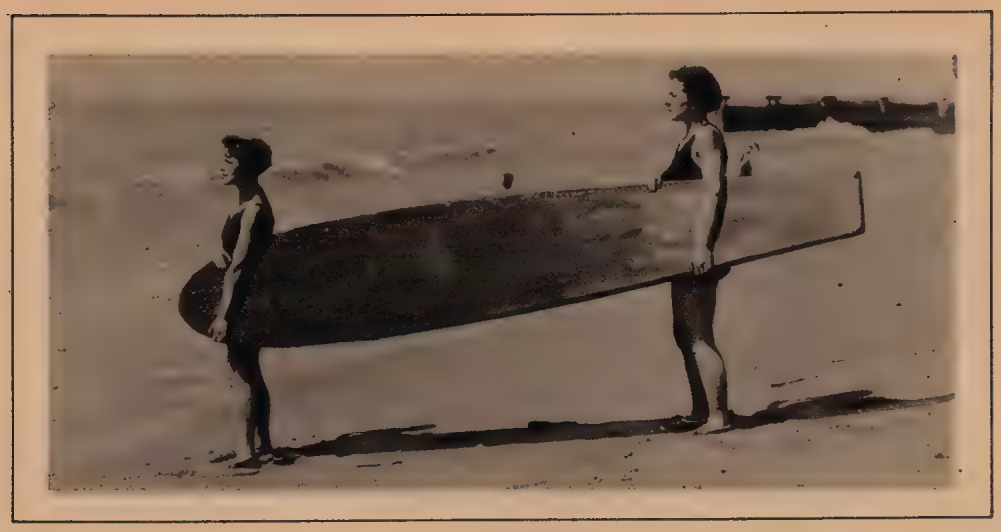
Doris couldn't give me a very clear version of what happened at about this moment . . . She says that she came into the room to say something to Jim Barton whom, by the way, she had instinctively trusted from the very beginning. "He had," she told me, "such clear, front-looking eyes" . . . and it may have been Doris' instinctive trust in him that gave Jim his impulse to go back to the decent chap he had been and cut out the tawdry thievery he was engaged in. Who knows? At any rate, Doris says that she went in to ask Jim a simple question and that the words were hardly out of her mouth before pandemonium broke loose . . . Zara was shrieking accusations at Jim . . . Anton and the Professor had broken into the scene and were shouting other accusations . . . out of the bedlam of which Doris got the facts that they were accusing Jim of being in love with her . . . double-crossing them . . . and attempting to steal their "loot" for himself . . . It was then, Doris told me, then, for the first time that she began to suspect she had fallen into a den of thieves and robbers . . . that there was something horribly wrong . . . And on the top and into the midst of this hullabaloo there entered the police. Doris says that the Professor pointed to Jim as the Law entered and began to plead with him not to "rob the poor, little girl . . ." She says that the wicked old Hungarian did that in order to fool the police, to make the police believe that he was nobly trying to frustrate the crooked designs of Jimmie, while all the time, Jim was trying to get the others to give up their ill-got gains in order to return them to Doris. Well, it was a pretty mess . . . and in the very heart of the chaos, Jim took a flying leap, cleared the room, the house, the scene and all—and disappeared into space.

I think the papers carried the story at this point . . . about Zara and Anton and the Professor in the office of the commissioner of immigration, who told them that they had been crossed by a very clever crook, who had made good his escape. The commissioner of immigration advised them politely but unmistakably to return to Europe and to make it their business to remain there.

Thus, so far as New York was concerned, the nine-day wonder of Zara the Mystic was at an end. I do not doubt but what a trail of mourning mothers and desolated lovers and husbands wept to think of the ghosts they would chat with no more—and perhaps went on to mediums new

Wait a moment, the story is not quite at an end . . . Doris had a letter from (*Continued on page* 46)

Thus, so far as *New York* was concerned, the nine-day wonder of *Zara*, the *Mystic*, was at an end. I do not doubt but what a trail of mourning mothers and desolated husbands and lovers wept to think of the ghosts they would chat with no more.



Neptune's Daughters

There are probably no two people in *Hollywood* who enjoy life more than the petite *Viola Dana* and her just as petite sister, *Shirley Mason*. *Shirley* and *Viola* are inseparable companions and almost every day finds them at the *Santa Monica Swimming Club*, where they are famed for their skill in aquatic sports.

Surf-board riding is one of the favorite sports at the *Santa Monica Club*, and *Viola* and *Shirley* are almost as proficient riders as they are equilibrists. After a swim and a tussle with the surf, they can always be found doing stunts or playing with the medicine ball. And they are ice cream cone addicts, although *Viola*, according to this picture and to the shocked *Shirley*, is far greedier than her sister.

Even film stars and directors must eat, and members of the *"Winds of Chance"* company found that meals in the baggage car were delicious after a hard day's work. Left to right, *Victor McLaglen, Frank Lloyd, Viola Dana, Ben Lyon* and *Dorothy Sebastian.*

John Barrymore brought his pet monkey all the way from *London to Hollywood.* Above, *Dolores Costello,* his leading lady, has on her arm a marmoset monkey, a rare species, only five inches in length. They are both taking part in "The Sea Beast."

Above, *Mickey Neilan* introduces his protegée *Sally O'Neil,* who happened to be a visitor at his studio, to his new leading lady, *Peggy Hopkins Joyce,* who is now making *"The Skyrocket."*

On the Set

THE trial of the three men charged with conspiracy to kidnap Mary Pickford, is now in full swing in the Los Angeles courts. Charles Z. Stevens, Claud A. Holcomb and Adrienne J. Wood are the three men on trial, and the courtroom is packed daily by an eager throng, hoping to catch a glimpse of the "star witnesses," Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford.

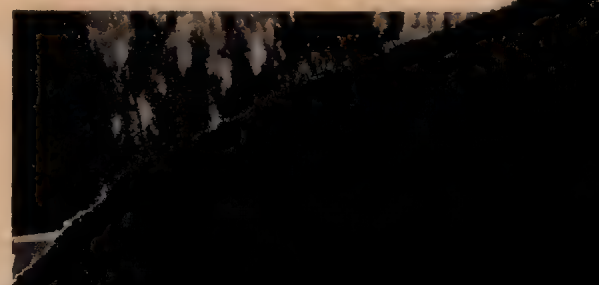
Doug appeared on the witness stand to identify the three men and to name the different occasions on which he had seen them loitering in front of the Pickford-Fairbanks studio on Santa Monica Boulevard.

Stenographic statements taken by the police from a room adjoining that in which the defendants are alleged to have conspired, were introduced by the State. An automatic pistol and four shells, which Wood is said to have admitted were to be used in kidnaping Miss Pickford and holding her for $200,000 ransom, also were introduced.

IN A cable from Laupheim, Germany, Carl Laemmle denies the report that Universal Pictures Corporation, of which he is president, is to be sold to Warner Brothers for eight million dollars or any other sum.

Warner Brothers announced last week that they had made Mr. Laemmle an offer.

Who said actors worked hard? *Wallace MacDonald* is not at home, but resting between scenes of *"Heir-loons,"* his new comedy. Whether *Wally* is reading something about himself in *Movie Weekly* we do not know, but we can almost bet on it.



Above, *Douglas*
where *Ramo*
Douglas

The Colonel

This department is for the serv-
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A Soldier of Fortune

Is Wallace MacDonald

Whenever a studio wants an actor to play a leading soldier role, *Wallace MacDonald* is sent for. Nationality makes no difference; he has played *French, German, English* and *American* army roles. And so attractive has the dark *Wallace* proved in each that it would be hard to tell which one suited him best. Above, he appears as a *Spanish* army officer in *"Thy Name Is Woman."*

When a *French* army bugler was needed for *"Love and Glory," Wallace* was called in and, as usual, he filled the bill to perfection. Above, he appears in a scene from the picture, and on the left as a *United States* army officer in *"New Lives for Old."* In the lower left-hand corner, he is dressed as an *English* naval officer in *"The Sea Hawk,"* and immediately below, with *Ramon Novarro* and *Robert Edeson* in *"Thy Name Is Woman."*

Photograph by Donald Biddle Keyes

What Our Readers Think of Us

This Week's $10.00 Prize Letter

An appreciation of Movie Weekly without seemingly excessive praise is a difficult task, for I know of no other magazine in its class that has such a consistently high standard in every department.

Film magazines can be tested by their critical reviews of new pictures and it was your honest and trustworthy criticism that first attracted me to your magazine and made me an enthusiastic reader. There is nothing more discouraging to our faith in motion pictures as an art form as well as fascinating entertainment than to see poorly-directed and bad examples of them. I cut out your unbiased reviews and keep them for reference as they are valuable time and money-savers.

Since Movie Weekly is a magazine about pictures and their players, it has wisely chosen the beautiful rotogravure to do them full justice. The new gallery feature of full-page portraits is the most artistic I have ever seen.

The delightful Fletcher-Hall joint interviews are unique in that they are intimate and personal revelations of the stars that are written without sentimentality because safeguarded by the detachment of their humor. Their recent interview with Tom Mix was a masterpiece of interviewing and a good model for that difficult form of writing.

"On the Set and Off" always contains news that is weeks ahead of the monthly magazines, proving the advantages of a weekly publication.

Your caption writer deserves special praise for his clever and humorous subtitles that are often delightfully subtle; his ironic praise of Elinor Glyn as an authority on bedroom decoration, is too good to pass unnoticed. This spirit of Puck should alone make your magazine unusual, even if it did not have the distinction of being the only weekly magazine in its field, as well as the most beautiful and interesting.

With best wishes for its continued success,

HENRY L. BELMONT,
Cicero, Illinois.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

This Week's $5.00 Prize Letter

MINNIE G. STOREY,
Vancouver, Washington.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

This Week's $3.00 Prize Letter

MRS. RUBY GLOER,
Columbus, Georgia.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

Honorable Mention

EDA SQUIRE,
Tacoma, Washington.

IF I WERE YOU

By

Norma Talmadge

Photograph by Albin

Miss E. F.: I can really understand how you feel concerning the dilemma in which you have become involved. Through no fault of your own, you find that the friendly interest which you have always shown to the men who are under the management of the man for whom you work, has resulted in unforeseen complications due to the jealousy of a wife. Your attitude towards this man, who only visited the office occasionally, was a wholly impersonal one and you felt no greater interest in him than you did in many others who lingered at your desk to talk to you during the absence of "the boss." Your rule was one of graciousness—nothing more—and you feel that no harm was meant or done when one of the men told you of his past life spent in an environment totally different from his present one of salesman with your firm, and married to a young woman obviously not his social equal. Your information as to her reputation, which was none too savory, was not obtained from him. You felt sorry for him because you realized that he was struggling to make the best of an unhappy situation. He did not misunderstand you but his wife did. She called upon you at your office during the absence of the manager, and berated you severely. Your amazement was unbounded. It seemed that she had found one of your cards and a snapshot of you in her husband's billfolder. Immediately she jumped to the conclusion that you were alienating her husband's affection. She was bitter in her denunciation. It did no good for you to remonstrate or to explain there were other men in the office who had your cards and kodak pictures of you. Her jealousy had made her unreasonable. She has threatened to "expose" you to your employer, who is a man most decided in his ideas of what is right and wrong. Your fear is that he may not be tolerant in his viewpoint of the situation where the "wronged wife" accuses you. Even your own father was perplexed and did not hold you entirely blameless when she told him. His fear is that the wife will make good her threat to drag the affair into court and name you as co-respondent. She may carry it to court but I feel sure any lawyer will tell you, from what you have written me, that there is small evidence on which to hang incriminating blame for you.

As far as your employer is concerned, perhaps the best course to pursue is to tell him the circumstances yourself. You need not go into details but you can at least let him understand that the unfortunate incident has worried you. You have been a quiet, efficient secretary to him always and perhaps, with his own knowledge of you, your fears that he will dismiss you may be unfounded. After you have explained to him, I think I would say nothing more about it and in the future avoid as much as possible association with the husband.

Try, too, to remember that the wife is young and has perhaps been harrassed by the thought of her baby's welfare, as much as her own. Remember, too, that her early training has made her less fortunate than you in knowing how to restrain or govern the emotions that have swept down upon her. And whether she is justified or not in her feeling, her lack of judgment and control remains the same. Probably, in the future, it will be just as well if you do not give your cards or snapshots to any man who is married. It may be, if you were in the wife's place you would not understand your husband carrying a photo of another girl in his pocket.

Silly Flapper: There is a young man in your town who has the reputation of "rushing" girls until they fall for him and then he drops them. Recently, he made overtures to you, being most attentive in every way. You have been indifferent to his advances from the beginning, even after he started to write you a series of affectionate notes. He is an attractive young man and it is easy to understand why the girls lose their hearts to him. You have not lost yours though you are interested in him. You want to know just how you should continue in your attitude toward him. (*Continued on page* 45)

The Love Bug

A Colorful Romance

For Our Gang

Farina **has always proved invulnerable to the "wiles of wimmen" heretofore, but in *Our Gang's* new comedy, *"The Love Bug,"* he falls a victim to the little insect and rolls his eyes in the direction of the light of his heart. And the lady of his choice leads him a merry chase. All of *Our Gang* have their places in this colorful romance, which is one of the most enjoyable and humorous of their comedies.**

Photograph by Lee Graves

What to Wear and How to Wear It

The newest thing in *Fall* sports coats is this brown herringbone tweed box-coat with large patch-pockets and fur-trimmed reveres, which is worn by *Diana Kane*, who is appearing with *Bebe Daniels* in *"Lovers in Quarantine."* A tiny felt cloche in tan adds a swagger note and completes a costume which is the very last word for when my lady goes a-walking.

Grey crepe and fine silk lace in matching shade were used in the straight-line dress with front box pleats worn by *Miss Kane*, on the left. The scarf of grey chiffon is printed in many gay colors. Silver grey is the color of the brocaded coat trimmed with platinum fox, on the right. White felt hat and white patent-leather envelope purse make up the ensemble.

On the left, *Miss Kane* wears a new coat which is much in vogue for the late summer. It is of white kasha with a wide border of a woven pattern. The narrow collar is of summer ermine, and the novel border is repeated on the sleeve. A felt hat of white with fluted ribbon decoration and a new purse of white patent-leather complete the outfit.

The coat on the left is of black satin unrelieved by trimming of any sort. With it goes a tiny black felt hat with onyx and rhinestone decoration that gives it added chic. The costume on the right is of all white. The coat of white kasha is luxuriantly trimmed with a border and cuffs of white fur. The tight-fitting hat is also white.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Mix Desert Tony for Their Yacht

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Mix have one of the most palatial yachts in *Hollywood*. It is long and low and as graceful as a big white bird. Whenever the *Mix* family have a short vacation from pictures, they can be found cruising about the bay in *"Tony's"* only rival.

Week-ends usually find *Tom* and his wife and daughter and a party of guests aboard the yacht. And *"Tony"* must paw the ground impatiently until his beloved master tires of his other "steed" and returns to work. *Tony* has grown to detest holidays. He is the only one of the family who can't go yachting.

Let No Man Put Asunder

(*Continued from page 26*)

What Has Gone Before

Stephen Downing loves his young and beautiful wife, but is too engrossed in business to tell her so. Things have been strained for some time and they come to a breaking point on the evening of a lawn-fete they are giving. Stephen objects to Jacqueline's costume, but she insists upon wearing it. With the assistance of D'Antonio, an Italian poet, she stages an allegorical play, intended to teach a lesson to Stephen, but he does not take part in the festivities of the evening. D'Antonio tells Jacqueline he loves her, but she dismisses him. Sam Blasco, motion picture producer, and his wife, Peachy, attend the party and see the impending tragedy in the Downing household. Sam suggests that Jacqueline would screen well. When the guests have gone, Jacqueline goes to Stephen's room, to talk over the manner of their living.

Stephen and Jacqueline come to no understanding. Stephen's reticence and Jacqueline's pride stand between them, and finally Jacqueline tells Stephen she wants a divorce and is leaving the house in the morning. Stunned, Stephen cannot answer, and when he realizes the import of her words, she has gone. Stephen sends for Arthur Ready, his lawyer and friend, and shows his heart to him. Ready advises that he leave the case in his hands and he will find a way out. He tells him not to follow Jacqueline. In the meantime, Jacqueline has talked to Peachy, who advises her to go to Laguna, to Ma Goodman, who is in pictures there.

Jacqueline goes and falls in love with Ma and Pa Goodman, one of the most devoted couples in the movies. Jacqueline goes with them to see a drowning scene being taken and Ma falls into the water and is almost drowned. Jacqueline tries to go after her but is pushed aside. The Goodmans invite her to stay with them, and Ma promises to take her around to the studios. While this is taking place, Stephen again goes to Ready and Ready discloses his plan for reuniting husband and wife. They are to fake a divorce and Stephen is to play up to the ladies, particularly a little blonde named Florine. Stephen finds some of his puritanical ideas are beginning to change. Cantwell, a producer, wishes to sign Jacqueline to a contract, but the Goodmans disapprove of him. Cantwell makes an appointment for Jacqueline to see Madame Renan, the company's authority on costumes and gowns. Madame's influence is great and her word seems to be the deciding one in selecting players. Jacqueline goes to meet her, rather timidly.

Madame Renan approves of Jacqueline and takes her to the most fashionable shop in the city to be fitted for gowns. Jacqueline is intoxicated with the beautiful fabrics, and thousands of dollars worth of expensive stuffs are purchased. Jacqueline tells Peachy her good fortune and her offer of a contract from Cantwell, but Peachy advises her to wait until she sees Mr. Clavering, a great director, who is in Europe searching for a new type of actress. Peachy is sure Jacqueline will fill the bill. In the meantime, Arthur Ready tells Florine Darling that her vamping work with Stephen is finished. She need no longer go out with him and take him on parties. But Florine determines to marry Stephen and tells Ready so.

he had that Downing was saying to Florine Darling, even in that same moment, "No humming-bird lunches for me, young lady! I'm going to take you to a regular place! Where we'll eat real food!"

Hardly had Jacqueline and Ready seated themselves, when Downing and Florine passed them on their way to a table at the other side. Downing sat with his back to Jacqueline. She had not observed them pass the table, but, in glancing idly about the cafe, had immediately recognized Downing's shoulders . . . there was an unmistakable set to them. She sent a covert glance at Ready . . . had he seen them? She was tingling with curiosity. This was the girl she had heard so much about! The girl Cantwell had described as a gold-digger! The girl who played with men for what she could get out of them, and then left them! The girl who had broken up homes, and broken up men! The girl whose baby-beauty was as fatal as it was enticing!

Jacqueline's face went white as she realized all these things! Stephen Downing . . . the man *she* had left for his reserve, his coldness . . . what could have happened to him? Suddenly it came to her that she was to blame for it all! By leaving him, she had started him on this downward path! Oh, not knowing women as most men did, he would be deceived by that little adventuress over there . . . ruined! A little groan escaped her. Ready looked up *quickly*, "What is it?"

"I . . . well, you see I worked all last night, and I haven't had anything to eat yet. I guess . . . I'm hungry . . ."

Ready motioned to a waiter, "Coffee for the lady, immediately!"

Jacqueline smiled gratefully. As she drank it, she could not keep her eyes from the two across the room. Then Ready's voice cut into her thoughts startlingly, "Surprised to see Stephen with a lady? That's a sweet girl . . . Florine Darling. Stephen says she reminds him of a kitten . . ."

"Yes?" said Jacqueline tensely. Suddenly she hated her dear old guardian.

"Yep . . . been a lot together lately. Oh, nothing in it . . . only you'd be surprised at Stephen! Dances like a sheik and swims like a Hawaiian duke . . . so Florine says!"

Jacqueline bit her lips in silent fury. What had happened to Arthur Ready? How crude . . . how cruel of him to go on casually discussing their problem . . . her's and Stephen's . . . as if they both were utter strangers to him. Yet her flushed cheeks, and evident displeasure did not stop him. He went unemotionally on, recounting Stephen's doings, and bringing in a great deal of comment about Florine. Suddenly Jacqueline could put up with it no longer. She leaned forward, her eyes blazing indignantly into his.

"You never asked me why I wanted a divorce! I suppose you sided with Stephen all along. Men always stick together, no matter what! I'm not going to explain to you . . . either . . . but, I want you to know this . . . I had sufficient reason! The sort of reason you taught me years ago!"

Ready's cool grey eyes did not show that he was inwardly applauding her. They did not show that he had known for some time exactly why she and Stephen had parted. They did not show how he was working, with all his will power, to straighten the tangle . . . not letting any doubt he had of the outcome impede him. He did not show his gratification that this girl he had loved, and helped raise, was practicing the creed he had taught her, when he had instilled in her, bit by bit, the advice:

"No half-love, little girl! You'll make too fine a woman for that! Give all you have to your husband, and demand the same in return! If you have to go smash on the rocks attaining your ideal . . . take the smash!"

He did not show these thoughts. He merely nodded his head at her outburst, and calmly went on plucking artichoke leaves, and dipping them into mayonaise.

Jacqueline decided she would not stand it . . . Ready's inexplainable indifference . . . Downing's absorption in that terrible little creature. She got to her feet, "I don't exactly *enjoy* watching Stephen with that . . . peroxide blonde . . . do you mind if we go?"

The well-bred thing would have been to sit calmly through the meal. Jacqueline knew that. But she was beyond being well-bred. She was roused an emotion that swept aside her control, and Ready, noting this, chuckled inwardly.

It was one of the mornings that Madame had walked to the set with Jacqueline . . . and was giving her a last scrutiny before they parted. Jacqueline stood before her, revolving in the clear, bright sunlight of early morning, like a mannikin in a modiste's shop. They were taking added scenes that day, and her clothes had been sent for hurriedly at the last minute. Madame was not enthusiastic over them, but she said amiably, *"Oui . . . ils vous vont tres-bien!"*

She stooped and plucked a red rose from a vine that grew over one end of the great white stage.

"Flowers I adore! When I am a very old lady, and quite helpless, I shall live in a so little house, with a great many flowers!"

Jacqueline laughed, and said affectionately, "You will never be quite helpless, Madame! You have enough energy for five women!"

Cantwell came along at that moment, and Madame watched the two enter the big building, as yet unoccupied save for themselves. In its gloomy interior, not yet lit by the kleigs, Cantwell put his arm with over-solicitous assistance about Jacqueline. She had an immediate instinct to draw away, and then remembered it was their last day together . . . the picture was practically finished. It was perhaps a natural regret at their parting . . . for their association together had been most pleasant. Yet, somehow, she could not help feeling a menace . . . insidious, lurking.

She went immediately to a chair, and switched on a small light near it.

"I just want to be sure my make-up is all right," she said.

"Your skin texture is marvelous! You are fortunate in that," he said, and coming close to her side, he sat down and watched her. Jacqueline's hands trembled a bit. Somehow she could not help being nervous, alone with Cantwell. Then, too, she was upset this day . . . she had received the first papers of her divorce. At the same time she had heard that Stephen Downing had gone financially to smash. She did not know why that information had shocked her so. Probably because Downing had always seemed as impregnable financially, as Gibraltar. Something terrible must have happened. She blamed Florine Darling.

"Where are your thoughts? . . . a penny for them!" said Cantwell.

"Oh . . . they wouldn't interest you!"

"But they do! Everything about you interests me . . . tremendously!" He got up and came toward her. Jacqueline stiffened a bit, and wished wildly that some one of the company would come in. She did not know that the set was called, deliberately, an hour later than at first planned.

"Jacqueline . . . you and I could do big things together!"

"We are . . . aren't we making this picture?" she answered lightly, hoping to change the significance of his remark.

"You know I don't mean that!"

"How do I know it!" answered Jacqueline, then at once realized her false step.

"Because women know such things! Haven't I given you this lead . . . an amateur, new to the screen? Haven't I wanted you to sign up on a long-term contract . . . and you won't, for some mysterious reason! Don't tell me you haven't known all along, why I have done all this!"

"You have done it because I was the type for the part . . . and you kept me in it, because I made good!" Jacqueline felt her anger mounting uncontrolably.

"You think that? Why, my dear little girl . . . there are dozens of good-looking girls of your type I might have chosen! I am not underestimating you . . . but don't get it into your head that you are so totally different from the rest!"

Jacqueline's mind was darting hither and yon, like a trapped trout in a net, attempting to escape this thing that bore down upon her unswervingly as a railroad engine. It was her last day in the picture . . . if she could just get through it without this unpleasantness! She said, "No . . . I never flattered myself I was very different . . . *any* different, Mr. Cantwell! I came into this work, because . . . of a great unhappiness! I came to forget that unhappiness, and because I seemed to have a peculiar gift for dramatic expression. When you were kind enough to give me a chance . . . I was very grateful . . . that is all!"

"But surely, it must have occurred to you as strange that I should pass up the number of well-known women who could have played the role? Did you ever think that I will have to advertise you . . . take a chance that the public will like you . . . when these others have made their name, and I could take advantage of that?"

"Yes . . . that did occur to me. But I know, too, that sometimes a director takes a certain satisfaction in bringing out new talent. I thought you wanted to see what you could do with an amateur!"

He came and bent over her, taking the powder-puff and mirror out of her hands. He bent over her, and Jacqueline felt a quiver of loathing go through her. She pushed against him with both hands!

"Don't! I'm not that kind of a girl . . . it won't do you any good! I want to leave this picture with pleasant memories of you! Don't spoil them!"

For answer his arms closed around her . . . his lips came close to hers. Jacqueline knew it was useless to pit her fragile strength against his. She gasped scornfully, "This sort of thing is getting stale . . . even in melodrama! I thought you were cleverer than to use force!"

He only laughed, and answered, "This sort of thing will never be stale . . . so long as there are beautiful women in the world . . . like you.

"Prenez garde, monsieur!"

It was Madame's authoritative voice, from the gap in the canvass fence. She stood there, as Peachy had described her, a veritable battleship! On she came, like, as Peachy had also said, a Rear Admiral, fighting for the flag. Scornfully she struck away Cantwell's encircling arms, and drew Jacqueline within her own.

"You do not know the French . . . I will tell you then in English that you make an ass of yourself, Monsieur! *Venez ma cherie!"* and she led Jacqueline from the set.

Sometime later, in Madame's private office, Jacqueline asked unhappily, "Do you think what he said is true . . . that he simply took a chance on me because . . . because I appealed to him personally?"

"Non! non!" exploded Madame. "That Cantwell is too good a director. He is jealous of his reputation. He would not take a chance on the most beautiful woman in the world, unless he felt sure she would turn out to be, at the same time, a good actress. *Non!* Do not you be sad about that, my little Jacqueline. That was just talk . . . talk, to make you feel much gratitude!"

"Oh, how can I go back and finish that scene!" Jacqueline put her face down into her hands.

"I feel so . . . humiliated! I never want to see him again!"

"Comment se fait-il que? How is it that *you* should feel the humiliation! Did you flirt with him? Did you encourage him? Did you lead him to believe you would . . . *comment dit-on?* . . . love him?"

"Oh, no! No! Madame! Never!"

"Voila! Then the humiliation *you* should not have! But that *he* should have that humiliation, *oui! oui!* Now you go back to that set and you go on with the acting like nothing at all has happen! Tomorrow . . . a new day . . . a new picture, eh? I shall be disappoint, oh, very, with my little Jacqueline if you let this so foolish Monsieur Cantwell, who only, after all, lose his head over a beautiful woman . . . *comment dit-on?* Get the goat!"

Jacqueline laughed, and then she saw that Madame did not mean to be humorous. She stood in her attitude of disapproval, arms folded sternly, eyes levelled at Jacqueline in a command stronger than her words had been. Jacqueline went and laid her face against those folded arms, "Oh, Madame!" she exclaimed, half tearfully, half laughingly, "Oh, Madame! I am going to call you *Napoleon* after this!"

"Well, it's come, Ready!"

Downing entered the lawyer's private office, closed the door back of him, and slumped wearily into a chair. His face was drawn and haggard. His hands nervously beat a tattoo on the chair arm.

"Yes . . . I heard it early this morning."

"I suppose everyone has heard it!" said Downing bitterly.

"Oh, no! Only the people directly interested. You are not so famous as that, old man!"

"Not so famous as my wife will soon be, either! Things don't seem to be working out the way we planned, do they?"

"And why do you say that?"

"Why? Good heavens, man! I've gone to smash financially, I've lost my wife irrevocably, it seems . . ."

"But the thing you have gained is worth a dozen fortunes, and Jacqueline . . . we'll discuss her later!"

"What do you mean! The thing I've gained?"

"You've learned to live! You've taken your head out of the noose of Big Business! After all, Downing, put it to yourself, is there anything in the world more valuable than happiness?"

"What makes you think I'm happy?"

"Aren't you?"

"No!"

"Well, you soon will be, and when that time comes, you will understand what to do with it. You didn't before, you know!"

Downing moved restlessly in his chair. Poor old Ready *thought* he was on the right track . . . There was a lot in kidding yourself along . . . but he, Downing, was getting tired of it all . . . a lot of talk about nothing. The direct result of his neglecting his business problems had been the loss of his fortune. Now he would have to start over. There wasn't anything particularly joyful about that . . . and he said as much.

"Downing, how much cash have you?"

"Not much—got some good convertable securities though."

"Don't want to sell your house, do you?"

"Hadn't thought of it . . . why?"

"Can you afford to keep up such an establishment now?"

"No . . . don't suppose I can!"

"I can get you a buyer."

"Go ahead!"

"I'll charge you a pretty stiff commission!"

"Do your worst . . . might as well go the limit now, I'm headed for the rocks anyway!"

"How much will you sell for?"

"Not less than one hundred and fifty thousand dollars . . , that including all furnishings."

"All right. I'll charge you fifty thousand to sell it!"

"But good lord, man . . .!"

"You can't unload a castle like that easily!"

"I know it . . ."

"I've got a buyer . . ."

Downing suddenly threw up his hands. He was tired. He was mentally and physically in a state of collapse. He felt that he could no longer battle wits with Arthur Ready. Had the lawyer been a business enemy, Downing would have fought him to the finish. As it was, some instinctive knowledge told him that Ready was working to an objective . . . Stronger than his reasoning that the lawyer was taking a strange and unprecedented line of attack, was the feeling that he should not hinder him.

"All right . . . go ahead! Fix up the papers, and I'll sign when you give me the word. I can't think, Ready! I'm gone . . . done in! The only pleasure I get these days is taking Florine about. She's a sweet, harmless little thing. There is something about her that is soothing . . . She doesn't ask anything but to be trotted about . . . happy as a kid over anything I get her . . . and she doesn't put any tax on my mental resources!"

"You see a lot of her?"

"Oh . . . quite a bit. Well, I'll let you tend to your own affairs. You say you sent the papers to Jacqueline yesterday?"

"Yes."

Downing said nothing for a moment, but looked thoughtful. Whatever feeling he had in the matter, he covered it from Ready. Then he said carelessly, "She's a beautiful woman! I suppose . . . some day she'll want that divorce made legal, when she finds out! Somehow I can't help thinking it is a lot of foolishness . . . making out false papers! If we were to go on together some day, it would be different. We wouldn't have the memory of an actual divorce in our past. As it is . . . she'll marry again . . . and perhaps I will . . . who knows?"

"Who knows!" agreed Ready cryptically.

He said no more, but bent to the papers on his desk, and after a minute Downing went out.

At last it was over . . . the long day, that had dragged interminably for Jacqueline. She had found Cantwell courteous, considerate. Not by word or action did he show that anything unusual had occurred. Perhaps it was, as Madame had said, that he had only lost his head over a beautiful woman, and, having learned it was no use, had given up the chase!

Jacqueline had wanted to rest . . . to go somewhere for a few days alone. She had plunged so suddenly into this business of picture making, with its busy days, crowded with trying on dresses, giving interviews, posing for fan pictures, flying back and forth from Glendale to Hollywood, working long hours on the set! She felt that she was now allowed to take the first breathing spell after a plunge into new waters. As she removed her make-up, and packed up the remaining articles of her wardrobe, and personal belongings she had brought to her dressing-room, the studio matron came in.

"Did you finish today, dear?" asked the motherly

The Cross Word Contest

Following the first $1000 Cross Word Contest, Movie Weekly first published the major prize winners' personal letters, and followed them with the 100-word letters they submitted with their sets of solutions. This resulted in confusion, many puzzlers taking the personal letters to be the essays on the fascination of cross word puzzles.

Taught by experience, to guard against a repetition of this misunderstanding we are publishing the essays first this time. They follow in the order in which the first three prizes were awarded by the judges.

Mr. Wertgame's letter was:

"I buy Movie Weekly because it is the largest fifteen cents' worth of movie news sold anywhere.

"I attribute the excellence of the news to the guiding hand of Miss Fletcher, whose incomparable interviews, written in collaboration with Miss Hall, are unusually subtle and well worth the price of the magazine alone.

"The witty 'Colonel' and 'On the Set and Off' make us feel almost chummy with the movie satellites; while reading 'Across the Screen' is both money and time-saving.

"I buy Movie Weekly because I get my money's worth."

Mr. Bennett wrote as follows:

"I like Movie Weekly because it is a *weekly* issue and contains all the current and latest news of that most interesting realm—the movies. The articles are charmingly written and the reviews excellent and authoritative. Then, too, there is the news and portraits of the picture-folk themselves, whose screen portrayals seem to bring them into close touch with us and to form really a part of our daily lives. Movie Weekly brings the movie-folk even closer to us and cements the bond of human touch between them and us.

"My staunch good wishes to Movie Weekly."

Mrs. Gray accompanied her solutions with this opinion:

"THE THINGS I LIKE BEST ABOUT MOVIE WEEKLY AND WHY.

"Because it is decidedly different than any other Movie Magazine. The frequency of issue, giving up-to-date Movie News every week, while it is *news*. Interesting stories, and clear and truthful facts brought out by beautiful facts and clear diction. A real 'Question and Answer Department,' and just the right size to read from cover to cover and feel you have received good value for your money."

soul, who had been so long with the studio she did not stand on ceremony with the girls.

"Yes . . . I suppose I shall be wondering what to do with myself tomorrow . . . not having to get up at 6.30 . . ."

"Oh, you'll be back again soon. I've heard the talk on the lot, and a great future is predicted for you!"

"Thank you, Mrs. Jensen . . . but I'm not signed up for anything else yet!"

"Well, that's the way it goes, dearie! Lots of work, and then a long time between. Don't you get discouraged, though . . . you'll be a star yet!" She stopped with a "Oh, thank you, dearie! But I'll remember you without that . . . you're so sweet about everything!" She tucked the bill into the pocket of her white apron, and went toward the door.

"Anything I can do for you, before you go?"

"Yes . . . will you phone over to the wardrobe and find out if Madame Renan has left yet? If she hasn't, ask her if I may ride into town with her tonight."

In a moment the matron returned. "I was just going to call Madame, miss, when a call came for you. It's Mrs. Blasco."

"Oh . . . just a minute . . . have her wait."

Jacqueline, who had been sitting in her silk underwear, having gotten out of her picture costume, hastily slipped into a negligee. As she did so she wondered how long it would be before she got to the place where she would be allowed a phone in her room. It was funny how those little priveleges marked the progress of an actress to stardom! She ran lightly down the white veranda onto which the dressing-rooms opened, until she came to the matron's office. There were several other girls in there, in various states of attire. She smiled at them all, the ones she knew, and the ones she didn't, as she squeezed between them . . . for the little room space was limited . . . and made her way to the phone. It was this democratic attitude of Jacqueline toward everyone that was one day to help build up her fame.

"Hello . . ."

"Jacqueline? Gee, I'm glad I caught you! Remember what I said about Dick Clavering?"

"Yes . . ."

"You haven't anything on for tonight, have you?"

"No . . . Ma Goodman's been home all day, and she said to be sure to come home for dinner. She's been making a chicken pie, or something . . . I wouldn't like to disappoint her . . ."

"Well, I wouldn't want you to do so under most conditions. But when you tell her that Dick Clavering's going to be out to our place tonight, she'll probably refuse to feed you at home, anyway. Put on your swellest clothes, and look your prettiest . . ."

"But Peachy, I haven't got a dinner dress at the studio! I'd have to go home anyway, to dress . . . and that would make me late for dinner . . . Oh . . . I'm sorry!"

"If you can get Madame before she leaves, she'll fix you up, and I'll bet Mrs. Jensen will let you into one of the dressing-rooms with a bath. Bye-bye . . . phone me later!"

Jacqueline hung the phone up in a little tremor of excitement. Then she took it down again, and called for Madame Renan.

"She's just left," was the report.

(*To be concluded next week*)

On the Set and Off

(*Continued from page* 35)

Daniels when she arrived in Hollywod this week. Bebe wouldn't enlighten the reporters, though she is wearing a large diamond ring on the engagement finger.

She has opened up her beautiful home on Los Feliz Blvd., and will soon be back to work in "Martinique," on the old Lasky lot. Bebe plans a trip abroad as soon as this picture is completed.

In Norma Talmadge's next screen story, "Paris After Dark," she will be presented as a lovable, impudent gamin of the Paris streets—a spitfire of the Montmartre.

After the characters she portrayed in "Secrets," "The Lady" and her regal setting in "Graustark," just completed, the new picture will offer a far different scope for her talents.

Ronald Colman will play opposite her and Sidney Franklin, who directed the exquisite "Smilin' Through," will direct this picture as well. What could be more perfect?

Mae Busch just must have an accident every now and then. Last year she was severely battered up when an automobile bowled her over, and now she has been laid low again. This time she caught her heel and fell down a flight of stairs at the Hillview Apartments, where she lives. She will have to stay away from the studio for some time, as she sustained painful injuries.

Wanda Hawley was married to J. Stuart Wilkinson, racing-driver, recently. The wedding took place at the Hollywood Congregational Church, with the Rev. W. G. Johnstone officiating.

Wanda looked very lovely in a pink satin gown, embroidered in pearls. She wore a hat of pink tulle. Lottie Pickford was maid-of-honor, and Cliff Durant acted as best-man.

The ceremony was followed by a wedding breakfact at the Hollywood Athletic Club, after which the pair left on a honeymoon trip to Del Monte.

J. Warren Kerrigan, at one time the most popular star of the screen, will return to motion pictures as star in a series of six western pictures to be made in Hollywood.

Kerrigan has just returned to Hollywood after making a personal appearance tour throughout the country with "Captain Blood," and has again opened up his home on Cahuenga Avenue, which has been closed throughout the summer.

If you're a Strongheart fan you'll be interested in hearing that the famous dog story, "North Star," by Rufus King, has been purchased for him, and that the picture will go into production shortly.

This is the first of a series featuring the dog star, under a contract which his owner, Miss Jane Murfin, has signed with Howard Estabrook, the producer. Larry Trimble, long known as Strongheart's director, is not associated with the new venture.

We are due to see Mildred Davis Lloyd back on the screen before long. I had lunch with Mildred the other day, and she confided that she had signed a contract with Fox to appear in the leading feminine role in "The First Year," the noted John Golden play. She is jubilant over the prospect of returning to work. Harold, you know, wished her to retire from the screen when they were married, but Mildred never could make up her mind to do it, and finally Harold gave in, and has consented to let her work if she wishes.

Mildred is prettier now than ever. She should make a delightful bride in "The First Year."

All the Hollywood film stars are learning the "Charleston." This dance was introduced in Los Angeles recently when Pauline Starke appeared with a group of regular chorus girls in a Fanchon-Marco Revue at a local vaudeville theater. Pauline worked as a chorus girl for an entire week, incognito too, getting ready for her chorus girl role in "A Little Bit of Broadway." She learned how these girls live—and how they dance—and now all Hollywood has taken up the "Charleston."

Among the leading exponents are Bessie Love, Dorothy Sebastian, Viola Dana and Anna Q. Nilsson.

Talk about suffering for one's art. Lois Wilson, Richard Dix and Noah Beery have just returned from Arizona, where they endured for weeks the scorching heat of a desert summer, while filming scenes for "The Vanishing American."

I ran into Lois over at Lasky's. She looked tired out from the wearying location trip, and has easily lost ten pounds. I doubt that any other prominent screen actress would endure the hardships that Lois goes through, without a murmur, on the long location trips necessary to the Western pictures in which she appears.

Noah Beery brought back an Indian boy from the location, and the proud youngster will "ride herd" on Mr. Berry's horses and cattle. Beery has such a large variety of animals, ranging from prize stallions to wildcats, that he is planning to move out to a ranch before long so that they may be more properly cared for. Civilization has closed in around Mr. Beery's home in the hills back of Hollywood.

John Barrymore as "Don Juan." Well, that seems quite all right, doesn't it. Apparently, Warner Brothers think so, for Lord Byron's tale of the world's most celebrated lover has been chosen as Barrymore's next vehicle. Work will start immediately after Barrymore's present film production, "The Sea Beast," is completed.

Barrymore, by the way, is having a perfectly lovely time these days, climbing and sliding down the riggings of an old whaling vessel aboard which he is working. This isn't a publicity story either. Barrymore refuses to permit anyone to double for him in these really dangerous scenes. Distressed studio officials have tried vainly to keep John tamely on deck, but if there's a thrill to be had, John claims it for himself. He'll qualify for the navy before the picture is finished, probably.

None other than our old friend, Erich Von Stroheim, is again to grace the screen. As we announced some time ago, Von Stroheim will direct Constance Talmadge in "East of the Setting Sun," and now he has agreed to play in the picture as well.

Of course Von will be a villain, and will no doubt wear one of those skin-tight uniforms of his—and a monocle as well. The actor-director also is writing the adaptation and continuity of the story.

Patsy Ruth Miller is to essay the role of a little tomboy of the New York slums. Patsy, who always presents a faultless coiffure, will have her hair in pigtails, stubborn, tightly plaited ones that stick out in all directions, at that. But this is what Patsy's role in "Hogan's Alley," for Warner Brothers, calls for.

Chief Goes-in-Lodge, famous Shoshone Indian warrior, who was one of the Indians who surrounded General Custer, the famous Indian fighter, has signed with Hunt Stromberg to lead the Indian forces in the battle scenes in the Western epic, "The Last Frontier," which the late Thomas H. Ince left unfinished and which Stromberg will complete.

"The Midnight Sun" is Laura La Plante's first dramatic role. Miss La Plante has been selected by Dimitri Buchowetzki, the famous Russian director, to play the role of the premiere ballerina of The Imperial Ballet, the starring role of the picture.

The classic poem, "The Ancient Mariner," is to be filmed. The setting will be Richardson Rock, the sinister sea monument off the shores of San Miguel Island in the Pacific. It is being produced by the Henry Otto-Fox company.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is wearing his first moustache. He grew it for the benefit of his role in "Stella Dallas." Young Doug, like the rest of the motion picture men, can put on and take off a moustache almost at a minute's notice.

We wonder what Harold Lloyd is up to now. He has recently signed two "strong" men. Noah Young and Constantine Romanoff who, when he is not wearing grease-paint, is one of America's greatest wrestlers.

The author of "Main Street" so successfully depicted small-town life that he is transferring his efforts to the big city. Sinclair Lewis has signed a contract with Famous Players-Lasky to write a scenario of "New York," a spectacular film which will be produced in connection with the 300th anniversary next spring.

Francis X. Bushman has been assigned to play opposite Mae Murray in "The Masked Bride." Joseph von Sternberg will direct.

We hear that Edna Leedom, the scintillating commedienne of "The Ziegfeld Follies," has been sent for by Warner Brothers. But since Warners operate on the West Coast and Edna has a two-year contract with Ziegfeld, we fear that Warner Brothers will have to wait a while for the star.

Betty Compson, upon the completion of "The Pony Express," which is being directed by her husband, James Cruze, will take the road of the free-lancer.

Julian Eltinge, the famous feminine impersonator, in his first feature for Christie, will only

appear in the garb of a woman in two scenes. The rest of the time he will be a mere man.

Hope Hampton, who recently embarked for Europe, plans to return to the New York stage this Fall, under the management of Schubert. Miss Hampton recently completed "The Unfair Sex" for Associated Exhibitors.

Ben Lyon, as a fitting reward for his splendid work as a featured player, has been given a renewal of his contract by First National. He will be co-starred soon with Blanche Sweet in "Invisible Wounds."

Evelyn Brent just can't go straight on the screen. No sooner than she commits one robbery does she go to another. "Three Wise Crooks" is her next picture; that speaks for itself, being produced by F. B. O.

"Broken Hearts of Hollywood," which has been described as a colorful story of life in Hollywood, is being produced by Warner Brothers. And with the exception of John Barrymore and Lowell Sherman, almost every member of the stock company and stars will appear in this picture. Syd Chaplin, Irene Rich, Marie Prevost and many others will be seen in "Broken Hearts of Hollywood."

Helene Costello will be Lowell Sherman's leading lady in "The Love Toy," for Warner Brothers. The daughters of Maurice Costello, one of the first idols of the screen, are fast coming into prominence. Dolores, playing opposite Barrymore in "The Sea Beasts," places the two girls in two of the most enviable roles of the day.

"The White Chief," by Gregory Rogers, has been selected as Monte Blue's next starring picture.

Rudolph Valentino has turned a part of his talents to other fields while working on "The Lone Eagle." Under the tutelage of Beltran-Masses, who has painted three pictures of Rudy, the "sheik" is learning to wield the brush. However, Rudy announces that he will have no exhibitions soon.

William Faversham is the latest of those prominent in pictures to promise to "love and honor." Recently he was married to Mrs. Edith Campbell Walker, former wife of Harry Walker, manager of the Belasco Theater of New York.

Richard Barthelmess has purchased an original story called "The Black White Sheep" from Mrs. David Powell. Mrs. Powell is the widow of David Powell, the actor, whose sad death a few months ago brought her much sympathy from the film world, and this is her first picture play.

Recently, unaware to their friends, Alene Ray and Larry Wheeler slipped across the Mexican border and were married. For some time Mr. Wheeler has been looking after Miss Ray's—a Pathe star—publicity.

"Just Suppose" is Richard Barthelmess' next picture. It is a story of a prince who falls in love with an American girl, but has to leave her and return to his kingdom. It will be made abroad.

Dorothy Sebastian has certainly reached enviable heights quickly. She has been selected By Robert Kane for a leading role in "Bluebeard's Seven Wives," for First National.

And they say "new brooms sweep clean!" Phyllis Haver is to play the part of Florence Wheeler in William De Mille's next production, "New Brooms."

Louise Fazenda is doubling up these days, and incidentally demonstrating her versatility. She is playing a Follies girl in "Hogan's Alley" and a Swedish servant girl in "Compromise."

Madeline Murdock will be Percy Marmont's leading lady in "Lord Jim," Joseph Conrad's novel.

"Caesar's Wife" will be the next starring vehicle for Corinne Griffith. It is a Somerset Maugham story on which work will soon start.

The famous "Ship's Graveyard" of San Francisco, scene of many of Jack London's tales, will be the setting of Leatrice Joy's next picture, "The Wedding Song," produced by Cecil B. De Mille.

The old type melodrama is coming into its own! It would seem from a casual survey of current picture material that action stories with deep-eyed villainy and perfect heroes and heroines are to replace, for the time being at least, the problem of the flapper and the worries of the eternal triangle.

If I Were You

(Continued from page 38)

You want to have him for a friend but you are afraid if you show much interest in him, that you, too, will become another "victim." You want to know how you can "work" such a thing. You are undecided whether or not you ought to continue to be "cold." Friendship, of course, cannot be built on such a foundation. I am inclined to think that this young man is not particularly interested in friendship or love, for that matter. Your description of him leads me to class him with "scalp hunters." After he has acquired a thing, usually a heart, he loses interest and discards it so that he may gain another.

You admit "feeling sorry for him." I really can't see why, unless perhaps it is pity for his blindness in believing what lies beyond his reach is the most desirable thing of the moment instead of that which lies close at hand.

I almost suspect you of being more fond of him than you realize. Perhaps you are one of his "unconscious victims." I think you would be a wise little flapper to ignore so fickle a young man. There might be less cause for regret later on. I'd advise you transferring your sympathy to someone more worthy of it.

A young woman who is five feet three inches tall should weigh, according to a table of weights which I use, one hundred and twenty-six pounds.

M. A. H.: You will be able to secure a picture of me by writing to my studios. My address is United Studios, 5341 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, California. You can understand, I am sure, how difficult it would be for me to attempt to take care of that work when I have so many personal letters to look after.

Pretty Ladies

(Continued from Page 21)

glittering-black, sinister with its waving antennae, crawled slowly from the wings to the center of the stage. A concerted movement of the chorus with their great fly-swatters was defeated by the sudden rising into the air of that giant fly. It settled upon the cupboard, waving its legs derisively; evaded the new rush of swatters by rising again into the air, its gauzy, glittering wings spreading to their fullest extent. After the housemaids had tired of trying to squash it with their swatters, and had departed with rhythmic taps of anger, the housefly, as played by Maggey Keenan, broke into a wild dance of fantastic glee, and the audience forgot everything in the world but Maggey Keenan. But the chorus of housemaids tiptoed back, bearing between their double ranks a great sheet of flypaper. The wild capering fly danced backward until one thin black leg was stuck in the glue, then another. As the fly slowly settled in death, the audience shouted with joy, called repeatedly the name of Maggey Keenan. When the curtains parted again, she stood before them, magically released from the tyranny of the flypaper, and leading by the hand the blushing, grinning Aloysius Cassidy.

In the wings Selma Larsen looked on with envious hatred, but Aaron Savage beamed with delight.

"God! What a woman! There never was another one like her; they've lost the pattern," he said with what amounted to reverence.

"Then why didn't you marry her instead of me?" Adrienne Savage, whom he had further glorified by making her his wife, demanded acidly.

"It didn't occur to me," Aaron Savage replied, with something like regret.

When Aloysius Cassidy backed from the stage almost into the arms of Selma Larsen, the blonde star of all the pretty ladies laid an imperious hand upon his shoulder. "I want you to write *me* a song, Al," she cooed. "Come to my house tonight and we will discuss it. We'll go to Warren Hadley's party first, then—home!" She breathed the last word into his reddening ear, with a smile of the most coying sweetness.

"All right!" he mumbled, dazzled by that smile, and by the promise of fame and fortune which the night's success had held out to him. If he wrote a big hit for Selma Larsen—

He was still smiling with fatuous self-congratulation when Maggey Keenan, released at last by the clamorous audience, dragged her gauze wings to where he stood.

"I'll be right down, Al," she said, looking into his face with happy eyes.

"Sorry, Maggey! Got a business engagement tonight," he blushed for the pain he was causing her.

The gauze wings drooped as her shoulders sagged under the collapse of her bright dreams. But she grinned bravely: "Good luck, old scout."

On the narrow, twisting iron staircase she passed Selma Larsen, who leaned over the rail to call down to Aloysius: "Be right down, Al."

Selma and Al! Her Al! But—not her Al any longer. Selma's! *(To be continued next week)*

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The Mystic

(*Continued from page* 32)

Jim Barton and one from Zara not very long ago.

It seems that when she and Anton and her father went back to Hungary, little better off than when they had left there, they returned to the only means of livelihood they had—carnival trickery. Zara, as I get it, was in a miserable state of mind. She loved Jim—and he had deceived her and left her. She might have forgiven the deceit, but the leaving her . . . not so good. Anton, of course, poor devil, was exerting all of his powers to make her forget the recalcitrant Jim and marry him. But in Zara's strange heart a flame had been kindled—by Jim Barton. It burned persistently. Anton was beside himself, and it wasn't until some time later that Zara knew Anton had had a letter from Jim Barton and had kept it a secret from her, hoping against a dying hope that he could turn her heart away from Jim before Jim should track them down. Anton kept the caravan moving at a lively pace, I take it . . . But there came a twilight when, sitting solitary by the gypsy fire, Zara looked up to see a horseman tearing down the road. In less time that it takes me to get the words out of my mouth the horseman had flung himself from his mount, gathered the quivering girl to his breast—and the wild, roaming heart of Zara was at home. It wasn't until their kiss had ebbed back to reality that Zara remembered Anton's threats on Jim's life and looked fearfully over her shoulder, expecting to see the hungry tongue of his knife. Instead of that Anton was smiling . . . so sad a smile, she wrote . . . the smile of a last farewell . . . He knew that he was defeated . . . he knew that the happiness of the girl he loved lay in Jim Barton's eyes . . . and the God that is in every man, even a poor gypsy trickster in a carnival, rose triumphant in Anton . . .

And that is the real dope about Zara, the Mystic . . . As to what they are doing now . . . or where they are . . . I really can't say. Doris says she heard somewhere that they are still abroad, where they are apt to remain for some time to come, and that they are still holding seances, or spirit writings, or something of the sort . . . I don't know . . . of course, Doris still believes, part way, in Zara . . . she says that if anyone is a sure enough mystic, Zara is . . .

THE END.

Bebe Daniel's Life Story

(*Continued from page* 14)

What Has Gone Before

Bebe Daniels' grandfather was American Consul to the United States of Columbia, her grandmother the daughter of the Columbia Governor. Her mother and father turn to the stage as a means of livelihood after the loss of their fortune. Bebe's birthplace is Dallas, Texas; and when she is ten weeks of age she makes her stage debut in "Jane," a comedy in which her mother and father are playing.

When she is four years of age she plays her first Shakespearean role, and shortly afterward she is taken ill with typhoid. She is sent to California to her grandmother to recuperate. When she is well, Oliver Morosco sends for her to join his company. Bebe and her mother now have a difficult time making ends meet, as they refuse assistance from their relatives. When Bebe is seven she is given a starring part in "The Prince Chap," and shortly afterward, she plays in "The Squaw Man" with Lewis Stone.

Much against their inclinations, but because they are in straightened circumstances, Bebe and her mother enter the movies. Bebe's first part is in "The Common Enemy." Later she plays child parts for Christy-Universal, in the same company with Dorothy Davenport Reid. Then her mother sends her to a convent, but Bebe misses the theater people and after a year she joins her mother and they are given parts by the New York Motion Picture Company. Later, Mrs. Daniels goes with the Kalem Company. And while she is there she plans a Perfect Christmas for Bebe. But the company closes the day before Christmas. Shortly after that, occurs Bebe's darkest moment. A picture manager sends for her and her mother just as they are at their last resources, on her eleventh birthday, and when they go to keep the appointment, he has no work for them. They struggle along for a few weeks and then Mrs. Daniels has a call from Kalem. They buy a little home in Edenville, and Bebe also has bits with Pathe and Ince. When the company closes, Mrs. Daniels is given work with the Norbig studios, but this company soon fails and once again they are "on the rocks." Just as things look very black, Bebe has a call to play opposite Harold Lloyd in one-reel comedies at Pathe. She has to make herself look much older and does not sign a contract for some time, as the request is for a blonde. However, Bebe proves that a brunette can fill the bill and she is signed. She and Harold have some wonderful times together.

Now that Bebe is leading lady for Harold Lloyd she receives a salary of $30 a week, and on that she furnishes her clothes. She and Harold are very good friends, but no other element enters in. They often go to dancing contests together. The first cup they win is in competition with Wally Reid, whom the both idolize. Bebe can hardly believe her eyes when the cup is handed them. But the placid friendship is to be disturbed by the first quarrel.

The Editor's Mail Bag

This Week's $5.00 Prize Letter

Three excellent films, which apparently did not receive through the press as much praise as they should have, were "The Lady," "If I Marry Again" and "The Dixie Handicap."

In "The Lady," Norma Talmadge was simply wonderful; none but a real artist could have played her role so well. (She has been justly called a second Bernhardt.) As the pretty, gay little actress, she was most alluring and sweet; then later as the devoted mother, whose life seemed filled to overflowing with tragedy, she touches the deepest spot in our hearts. A word of praise, too, is due Marc MacDermott and George Hackathorne for their parts in "The Lady," which though short, were well taken. The story itself (tragic and touching) was relieved by humorous parts which, all in all, makes it a picture too fine to miss.

In "If I Marry Again," the honors go to Doris Kenyon for her sincere portrayal of the young wife; a little over-acting would have made this role ridiculous, but she acted with understanding and great depth of feeling. Hobart Bosworth, as the father; Lloyd Hughes, as the son, and Frank Mayo, as the man who only too late realized his life's mistake, all had a depth and sincerity to their acting, worthy of high praise. The settings were most realistic, and the story, though sad, was so well acted that it is to be classed with the best screen pictures.

In "The Dixie Handicap," which is an exciting race-track story, we again have splendid work from Lloyd Hughes, but it is that veteran actor, Frank Keenan, who walks away with the real honors. As the proud old judge, he will never be forgotten. His work in this was a masterpiece, which alone would have made the picture famous. Claire Windsor, as his daughter, was pretty, but so far I have never been able to find real depth to her acting. The story itself was intensely interesting, as all race stories are; the settings were carefully laid (particularly the race track and the scene where the horse was out in the storm); but above all else, I still see Frank Keenan's Southern hospitality, his pride of his horse, his love for his daughter, his sacrifice for her of everything, till he had reached the depths of despair and want; then in the end where happiness at last returns to him, and that old joy and pride illumine the old man's face again.

This was, without doubt, one of the very finest of the 1925 pictures. Do not miss it.

MADELINE ELIZABETH DOUPE,
Winnipeg, Canada.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Honorable Mention

MINNIE GERTRUDE STOREY,
Vancouver, Washington.

The Colonel

(*Continued from page* 36)

Chaplin, 1416 La Brea Ave., Los Angeles, and Marion Davies, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California. The latest address I have for Harold Miller is 4520 W. 18th St., Los Angeles; I don't know whether he can still be reached there or not. Betty Compson's leading man in "Ramshackle House" was Robert Lowing, of whom I have never heard of before or since. I have no address for Richard Holt or Ann Little.

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In 1923 the Macfadden Publications, Inc., did a gross business of $4,664,100.00.
In 1924 its gross business amounted to $8,866,800.00.
An increase in a single year of $4,202,700.00.

Until December of 1924 Macfadden Publications, Inc., was capitalized at only $1,000,000.00, an amount grossly inadequate for a business of that size.

A recapitalization was imperative.

Today, Macfadden Publications, Inc., is a ten million dollar corporation. You will agree that a $10,000,000 capitalization of a business as large and growing as rapidly as the Macfadden publishing interests is conservative, more conservative, perhaps, than conditions warrant. But I have never capitalized the future and will not begin now. I have always been content to capitalize the present and recapitalize when honest growth made such action necessary.

A Limited Number of Shares Available to Readers of Macfadden Magazines

The present $10,000,000 capitalization consists of 2,000,000 shares of common stock with a par value of $5.00 per share, fully paid and non-assessable. There are no bonds or preferred stock.

In accordance with my regular policy, I have placed on public sale a block of these newly authorized shares. Due to the great demand on the part of the present shareholders for the new stock, the quantity available to the public will probably not last long. While it lasts it will be allotted in the order in which requests are received Naturally I prefer to see it purchased by the readers of Macfadden magazines whose loyal patronage has made the great Macfadden organization possible.

This is not a solicitation for the purchase of shares. Rather it is an invitation to those who desire to become financially interested in the Macfadden publishing activities. Twice in the past I have made similar offers. Each time the amount was oversubscribed. I have every reason to believe that history will repeat itself in the present instance.

If you wish to become a shareholder in Macfadden Publications, Inc., or if you wish to increase the number of shares you already hold you are welcome to do so provided there are any shares available at the time your application reaches us. You will find full directions on coupon No. 2 which is provided for your convenience.

In case your prefer to look more deeply into the affairs of the company before making application, simply sign coupon No. 1 and mail it to us.

Bernarr Macfadden

Important Notice: *All applications for shares in Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, or inquiries regarding the purchase of such shares must be addressed to me at 1926 Broadway, New York City. No shares will be sold by me, nor will payment on same be accepted at any other address—Bernarr Macfadden.*

COUPON No. 1

BERNARR MACFADDEN, Macfadden Bldg., 1926 Broadway, New York City

Please mail me a copy of the prospectus giving full information regarding the purchase of shares in the Macfadden Publications, Inc. It is understood that this obligates me in no manner whatsoever.

Name .....
Address .....
City ..... State.....

COUPON No. 2

BERNARR MACFADDEN, Macfadden Building,
1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y. 1925

I wish to purchase.....Shares of Macfadden Publications, Inc., stock of the par value of $5.00 each, fully paid and non-assessible. Enclosed you will find $..... representing 10% of the purchase price of the Shares. On receiving notice from you that the Shares are ready to be issued, I will send you the remaining 90%.

It is understood that applications will be listed in the order of their coming, and that, if my application is received too late to participate in this issue, you are privileged to return my remittance.

Name .....
Address .....
City ..... State.....

Lionel Barrymore acts a True Story

LIONEL BARRYMORE, most popular of America's best-loved theatrical family—star of such Broadway successes as "The Jest," "Richard the Third," "The Claw"; and in the silent drama "Enemies of Women," "The Copperhead," and "Meddling Women"; who comes under the True Story banner for the greatest role of his career in "The Wrongdoers."

Now--- True Stories in the Movies

Famous Stars Live These Life Dramas Before Your Very Eyes!

DRINK in this marvelous news! Gripping true stories, right out of True Story Magazine, itself—made into motion pictures!

Now you can not only *read* these powerful life stories where all sham and pretense is torn asunder—*you can actually see enacted before your eyes every happening exactly as it occurred!*

Lionel Barrymore, one of the world's greatest screen and stage stars, plays the leading role in the first picture: "The Wrongdoers."

Here is a tremendous story of an innocent girl and a beast old enough to be her father, who turns out to be—but wait—every incident will take place before you *just as if you were really there!*

"The Wrongdoers" is only the first of a series of 8 heart-throbbing stories to be re-enacted before your eyes. If the simple words of the stories fascinate you, the true scenes of the pictures will grip and clutch you!

You will not want to miss a single one of them. You needn't. Read the request at the right. Sign it. Clip it. Drop it in an envelope addressed: "To the Manager." Then pass the envelope into the box office next time you go to the movies.

"The Wrongdoers" is almost ready for release, so be sure and clip the request slip *now!*

Before You SEE This Picture— You Can READ the Story

It's fascinating to read the story—then go and study its picturized version!

"The Wrongdoers" starts in serial form in True Story Magazine, illustrated by actual scenes from the picture!

So that you may not miss a single issue of True Story while the tale of "The Wrongdoers" is running, you are offered an unusual opportunity: A 5 months' subscription (that includes the full story) for only $1.

Here is a distinct saving on your magazine expenditure—the convenience of having your magazine mailed to your home—and the assurance that a sold-out newsstand cannot deprive you of a single installment of this great story.

The coupon below is worth money. Sign it—clip it—pin a dollar bill to it—and mail it—*now!*

THIS COUPON SAVES MONEY

True Story Magazine,
1926 Broadway,
New York, N. Y.

I do not want to miss any installments of "The Wrongdoers." Please enter my subscription for 5 months, starting with the September issue, where "The Wrongdoers" begins. I enclose a dollar bill in full payment in accordance with your special offer.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State.....

"A MACFADDEN ENTERPRISE"
TRUE STORY FILMS, INC.

To the Manager.

Dear Sir:—

I am one of the 2,000,000 purchasers of True Story Magazine. I read it every month because its stories are so realistic, so dramatic, so heart-throbbing with life.

Now these true stories are being presented in motion picture form. They are elaborate productions, as gripping and as satisfying as the stories themselves.

Lionel Barrymore, supported by an all-star cast, plays in the first production: "The Wrongdoers." It is now ready for booking.

As an old patron of your theater and as a regular reader of True Story Magazine, I have every confidence that "The Wrongdoers" will be one of the most popular pictures you have ever shown. You can depend upon every True Story reader in this neighborhood (and there are scores of them) to agree with me.

"The Wrongdoers" is produced by True Story Films, Inc., 1926 Broadway, New York, and is distributed by the Astor Distributing Corporation, 1540 Broadway, New York, through their franchise holders.

I eagerly await the appearance of "The Wrongdoers" posters in your lobby.

Very truly yours,

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State*.....

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HOW THE STARS GAIN WEIGHT

Movie Weekly

ARE STARS JEALOUS OF NEWCOMERS?

Movie Weekly

SEPTEMBER 5th 1925

A MACFADDEN PUBLICATION
15 CENTS

Colleen Moore *tells* **True Story of Her Life**

Beginning:—

The Precious Fraud

A Dramatic Story of a Life Behind the Scenes.

BLANCHE MEHAFFEY

VOL. V

MOVIE WEEKLY

Printed in U. S. A.

No. 31

What's In A Name?

It was a famous poet who originally asked that question, and the answers have been numerous and varied. This time it is

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

who tells how it feels to have a world-famous name accompany him upon his motion picture career. He talks with the high courage of youth but, withal, a boyish and modest charm to

Helen Carlisle

and tells her of his hopes and aspirations and his fears for his success. He tells her also

Why He Wants to Change His Name

One of the most interesting and attractive features Movie Weekly has published appears in next week's issue. It consists of two pages of the original sketches and finished creations which Anna Q. Nilsson wears in her new picture, "The Viennese Medley." And the originals were created by

Alpharetta Hoffman

a very well known designer. There is not a single woman who will want to miss this treat or any of the other good things which

MOVIE WEEKLY
for SEPTEMBER 12TH

contains. If you want to be assured of some enjoyable moments

Reserve your copy now!

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GALLERY *of* PORTRAITS

POLA NEGRI

In *"The Flower of the Night"* *Pola* essays the role of the flower, the girl, who blossoms into unexpected loveliness after the light has faded. The exotic *Pola* is ideally cast in the role and it is said that it gives her opportunity for her most colorful interpretation since *"Passion."*

Photograph by Strauss Peyton

Photograph by Freulich

JACK MULHALL

Jack Mulhall **is one leading man who seems lucky enough without resorting to the proverbial rabbit's foot. Somehow he seems to be given a full quota of interesting parts. And in *"Classified,"* opposite *Corinne Griffith,* is certainly no exception.**

Photograph by Melbourne Spurr

ELEANOR BOARDMAN

At present *Eleanor Boardman* is engaged in filming *"Memory Lane,"* a romantic picture in which *Conrad Nagel* plays the leading masculine role. The *Boardman-Nagel* "team" is becoming quite popular these days.

Photograph by Eugene Robert Richee

ERNEST TORRENCE

Since *Ernest Torrence's* very "bad" role in *"The Covered Wagon,"* he has been much in demand. His next appearance in *"The Wanderer"* is said to eclipse all of his past interpretations. Soon we shall again see him in the *Western* epic now being filmed, *"The Pony Express,"* under the direction of *James Cruze.*

Photograph by Kenneth Alexander

CORINNE GRIFFITH

"Caesar's Wife," Corinne Griffith's next production for *First National,* has nothing to do with the *Caesar* of old. It is a very modern story, in which *Miss Griffith* is the wife of a man who has many of *Caesar's* attributes. *"Classified"* was *Corinne's* most recent release.

Photograph by William Potter

HARRISON FORD

Harrison Ford, **who was one of the lovers in *"Lovers in Quarantine,"* with *Bebe Daniels,* finds his life almost perpetual motion. At least he goes from one role to another. Now he is working on *"That Royle Girl,"* in which *Carol Dempster* is the girl.**

Photograph by Harry Waxman

MAY McAVOY

May McAvoy, **upon whom the adjectives *good* and *sweet* have long been lavished, now forsakes her accustomed role for that of the sophisticated *Lady Windemere* in *"Lady Windemere's Fan,"* which *Ernst Lubitsch* will direct. *Clive Brook* has been given the leading masculine role.**

Beginning

The True Story of My Life

Colleen Moore

Colleen Moore's early days were not lived in poverty. Her childhood and girlhood were similar to that of any other daughter of moderately well-to-do parents. But colorful and interesting incidents led to a motion picture career.

LITTLE EVA'S hinges must have been wonderfully well oiled when I first saw "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The pulleys and guy ropes which carried the beautiful blonde angel up into the flies didn't cause a single deceiving sound. That was when I was four. It was my first theater and my initial introduction to the fascinating realm of illusion. Although I certainly could not have understood all the words of the play, I seemed to sense the meaning of the whole drama for it made a strong impression on me which I have never forgotten. And Little Eva's plaintive death whispers to old Uncle Tom and her ascent to heaven were so real that I cried loud and lustily as the audience were filing out. My mother couldn't quiet me.

The theater manager was a friend of my parents and as my mother led her shrieking offspring out the door he suggested, "Perhaps if the baby could see Little Eva in the flash, you could convince her that she didn't really die, but that it was only make-believe."

My mother thought that was a good idea, so with tear-streaked face, my body shaking with sobs, I was carried around to the stage door. The manager went with us and explained the situation to the pretty young actress who played Eva. Very gladly, she consented to comfort me and tell me she really didn't die at all. She showed me the long ropes which had carried her up into the flies, and I must have grasped something of the idea for I stopped crying.

Going back four years, I was born in Port Huron, Michigan, August 19, 1902, and my real name is Kathleen Morrison. My grandparents on my mother's side were Irish, while my father's were Scotch. My family consisted of my grandmother (mother's mother), my mother, my father, who is an efficiency engineer by profession, and my brother Cleve, who is a year and a half younger than myself. Very shortly now, you will see Cleve in pictures, too, although at present he is only doing "bits." My brother will be known as Cleve Morson. He says the directors don't seem to think he is quite as good as he considers himself to be!

We were something of a nomadic family, for father's work called him to different cities and I soon became accustomed to packing trunks and getting used to hotels and new homes. From Port Huron we moved to Hillsdale, Michigan, where we lived three years and then went to Atlanta, Georgia. My parents started my piano practice at five. I took up this study readily and worked hard toward becoming a concert pianist. At fifteen, I was pronounced

"Some of my friends in filmdom have lived miracle lives and have made a veritable *Cinderella* leap from poverty to prosperity. An unusual amount of romance attaches to these people and much credit, but I cannot say I ever went without a meal or suffered any real hardships as a girl."

***Colleen's* childhood days were full of happy moments. She and her brother, *Cleve*, a year and a half younger, were great pals, attending the same school and going to parties together. Above is a group of children at one of *Colleen's* parties. *Cleve* is in his father's arms.**

On the left is the first picture ever taken of *Colleen* at the age of one, and on the right as she appeared six months later.

It was my wonderful *Uncle Walter* who introduced me to D. W. Griffith, and the great director asked my mother if he might try me out in pictures."

graduated in music from the convent I attended in Florida and that meant I had gone very thoroughly over harmony, a mastery of difficult pieces, and the reading and composition of music. More study at the Detroit Conservatory of Music followed this, but events of the next few years, which brought me into moving pictures, cut the possible concert career short. And now, for the past three years, I have not practiced at all, and have only had time to snatch an occasional few minutes at the piano.

Some of my friends in filmdom have lived miracle lives and have made a veritable Cinderella leap from dire poverty to prosperity. An unusual amount of romance attaches to these people and much credit, but I cannot say I ever went without a meal or suffered any real hardships as a girl. That phase of a picturesque past has to be omitted in telling about myself, for my father always provided a very good income and we always had an exceptionally comfortable home. In Atlanta, Georgia, especially, my parents rented a very spacious old Southern mansion surrounded by extensive grounds. We had plenty of good servants, too; one colored mammy cook we particularly remember because she was discovered smoothing the cake frosting with her bare hands!

Now the big trees on our grounds at Atlanta provided a new outlet for the imagination of childhood. Brother and I had just finished reading "The Swiss Family Robinson," and of course, after that, scorned the necessity of dwelling like civilized human beings in an ordinary house. We determined to have one in a tree like the fascinating Robinson family. Slight as I was at that time, no piece of lumber dampened my ardor and I helped the boys drag the cumbersome boards from a nearby yard and haul them up into the big trees. There we nailed our tree houses together, always lowering and raising ourselves by rope ladders when we had to go below for supplies, and scorning the much

At left is pictured *Colleen* and her little brother, *Cleve*. *Colleen* was just three when the photograph was taken, and *Cleve* one and one-half years of age.

At right, *Colleen* and *Cleve* pose for their photographs a couple of years later. *Colleen* is five and *Cleve* just turned four.

"Some of the fancies of my childhood seem to have grown right up with me. I can't quite believe that I am now a mature young lady, a picture star, married and mistress of my own home."

easier but more plebian method of "shinnying" up and down. Any child in the neighborhood could do that; and we aspired to be individual.

My reading also initiated my playmates into "Cop and Robber" games and at the convent where I went to school, the sisters chose me to read aloud to the girls' afternoon sewing-class. I never liked sewing and to escape doing any fine seams, I determined to be a magnificent reader so that I would always be chosen for that part. Very probably, I put a great deal of drama and realism into our simple stories that would have amazed the author if he could have overheard.

From Atlanta, we moved to Tampa, Florida, where father opened a factory to make some sort of irrigation engines to be used in the orange groves. As in London and Seattle, the rain pours steadily in Florida during certain months, so I guess the need for irrigation engines was overrated and he didn't make any money on this enterprise. However, my family came South for several winters after that and they spent the rest of the year in Detroit, where my father had his central business offices. I was placed in the Convent of the Holy Name, in Tampa, and stayed there at school for four years. My brother also attended this same school for a time, but later went north with my parents and entered St. Michael's College, in Toronto, where he stayed two years.

None of the rest of my family have ever had anything to do with the theater, but to me the life of the players was always alluring. I never missed one of the "Lucille Love" serials, starring Grace Cunard, and I held an enormous childish adoration for the star. And I was very deeply hurt when I wrote asking her for a picture and received no answer. In those days, the moving picture companies didn't realize how much that meant to children, so, because of somebody's carelessness in throwing my childish appeal into a wastebasket, I switched my affections to Marguerite Clark and kept them fastened there for years because my appeal to Marguerite for a picture brought a prompt response. I thereupon determined that if I ever became a great actress and little children wrote me letters and asked for pictures that they would receive a photo by return mail. Much as I enjoy being free from work on Sundays, I always reserve a few hours in order to answer these fan letters.

In Tampa, there was a professional stock company playing new bills each week, so brother Cleve and I organized a competitive company. I wrote all the plays and did both leading man and villain. By wearing two suits of clothes, one over the other, that was simple. In an old baggy suit, I was easily recognized as the villain, and when I took it off in our burlapped dressing-room, and entered the arena resplendent in a dress-suit, it was obvious that I was the hero. Our stage was made from several old piano boxes and we ravaged all the neighborhood clothes closets to make up our wardrobes. I particularly remember a lovely pale-blue evening gown mother had bought for a brilliant function to be given at the Tampa Bay Hotel. When her search for the new gown led her out to the Morrison barns, she saw me sweeping the train up and down the dusty piano-box floor, endeavoring to put over tragedy. Tragedy ensued!

Brother and I seemed to have a pretty good idea of a showman's knowledge of advertising, for we used grass-green paint in billing our "American Stock Company" on barns and fences. However, neighborhood interest in our "drammars" soon waned, and we decided to organize a circus and use some tricky, "come on" advertising bait. This is what I devised for the banners used in our street parade: "Big Circus in Morrison's backyard. NO BOYS ALLOWED. Attendance, one cent."

Human nature seems the same the world over, and to the maker of pictures, this is disappointingly true, but nothing seems to attract crowds like a suggestion of something naughty and mysterious. Even as children, we seemed to recognize the value of such deceitful advertising, so, of course, boys came to our circus from miles around and broke down the gates and the fences in their zest to pay us a cent for admittance. And inside, we had rows of innocent chickens and dogs in coops and athletic brother rubbing his feet in sawdust and turning on a trapeze. Nothing less innocent than that!

Very early, my brother Cleve and I developed a crime complex. There was a certain gorgeous dolly that had been in the family for generations. My aunts had played

(*Cont. on page* 44)

More Than a Lady

By Elisabeth Greer

Florence and *Suzanne*, her six-year-old daughter, are comrades and friends. The above picture was taken recently on *Catalina Island* during the filming of *"The Trouble With Wives."*

An Interesting Sketch of that Gracious, Silken Lady—Florence Vidor

of the high-born is neglected. The instinct of Hollywood is to overdo—the weather starts it off by being too consistently golden. The people are absurdly pleasant and good-tempered, the rich are far too rich, and the ladies have a fastidious refinement which puts queens to shame. Witness Miss Vidor.

She presently appeared in the door of the dressing-room, fastening the last hooks of her grey dress. She shook hands cordially. Her trim figure, her close bobbed head and alert eyes gave an impression of vitality which I had not expected. She spoke with a disconcerting calm, her words carefully chosen, her tones flexible but quiet. Somehow she managed to invest even the bare corridor of the Lasky studio with a certain nicety. "Shall we have lunch at the Athletic Club?" she suggested, "It has such a nice quiet atmosphere." She clung to the words. I assented, hoping I looked well-bred and was behaving properly.

I remembered that H. L. Mencken, writing of aristocrats, once said that the most silken lady is not interesting unless she has a streak of calico. I wondered about Florence Vidor. Her gentle manner, her schooled and deliberate accents, her intelligent conversation and her restrained and well-ordered attitude toward everything—was she always like this, with never an inelegant or tempestuous moment? I looked at her face curiously.

Just then the corners of her mouth went up in a reminiscent smile.

H. L. Mencken, writing of Aristocrats, says that the most silken lady is uninteresting unless she has a streak of calico. Florence Vido to

She is the despair of press agents She dislikes publicity "when it has no relation to anything intelligent and is done just for its own sake"—and she delights in being "bad copy."

"I heard a story the other day," she said, "Rather a naughty story"; she drawled the adjective appreciately—"but very funny, I think." waited apprehensively. If she told something from "La Vie Parisienn it was going to spoil everything. But it was one of those silly sto with a nice Rabelaisian flavor. She chuckled with delight. "Calic I breathed, with the air of one who has discovered gold.

If the motion picture world cherishes Florence Vidor as one of most redeeming features, she does not betray an equal fondness for She speaks affectionately of "our wild Hollywood," but remains alo never quite identifying herself with her profession, never quite absorl by her work. "For the first time, I am simply thrilled about my n picture," she said. "I have always been accused of being indiffer to my work. It seemed to me just a way to earn my living, and haven't gotten much joy out of it. But this is different." She making "The Grand Duchess and the Waiter," with Adolphe Menj playing opposite her and Mal St. Clair directing. "We have such fun she said, her wide eyes sparkling in proof of her sincerity. "It's a ve good story—just the right blend of pathos and subtle comedy, with a charming love-story running through it."

She is the despair of press agents. She dislikes publicity—"when it has no relation to anything intelligent and is done just for its own sake"—and she delights in being "bad copy." She never does anything startling or sensational—her divorce was such a circumspect affair that one hesitates to even touch upon it. And she gleefully puts obstacles in the way of all the press agent's schemes for her glorification. "He came to me very much excited and said, 'I have a great idea. You arrived in Hollywood in a Ford, didn't you, Miss Vidor? And what kind of a car have you now?' He wanted me to say a Rolls-Royce, but"—she twinkled—"I said, 'A Ford.' He groaned and went away."

She insists upon disappointing the poor press agent in that manner each time he thinks he has a good idea for a story. She

Photograph by Strauss Peyton

Another Mildred Lloyd

When the little daughter of *Gene Korsman*, photographer of movie stars, arrived on this planet, a short while ago, there wasn't the usual discussion about the name the important personage was to bear. For *Gene* and his family are ardent admirers of *Harold Lloyd* and his pretty wife. So another *Mildred Lloyd* arrives in the movies, in the person of *Mildred Lloyd Korsman*, shown here with her famous namesake.

Beginning

The Precious Fraud

By Anne Austin

THE slender figure in an exquisite *ensemble* suit of beige poiret twill and eccentrically figured silk crepe, stood on the scrap of a front porch, her white face dappled with the shade of the large-leafed morning glory vine that effectively screened the Landon home from the gaze of passers-by on the lovely road that had brought her from the station of Cold Brook, a small Kentucky village, that has no importance except that it had been the birthplace of Linda Landon.

The overalled driver of the Ford "service car"—in Cold Brook there are no taxis—deposited the last of her fine leather bags and hat boxes on the warped floor of the porch, and raised his hat. His awed eyes were storing away unforgettable impressions of this divinity whom it had been his incredible good fortune to bring from the station.

"Mighty good to see you home again, Miss Linda," he said in a voice made hoarse with deference. "I reckon your sister will pretty nearly have a fit. And when the town hears you're here, why I guess they'll get out a brass band from Louisville—"

"Please!" The coldly contemptuous voice cut in curtly, "I don't want anyone to know that I am here. Nobody! I have traveled incognito across the Continent. I hoped that you would not recognize me, Henry. I believe you're Henry Stone, aren't you?"

"Yes'm, Miss Linda. You and me used to set jest across the aisle from each other in the fifth grade. Reckon I didn't dream you'd ever be the most famous movie star in the world."

"Not quite that, Henry," the cold voice interrupted. "Here's a twenty-dollar bill that says you haven't seen Linda Landon." Her slender hand in its dove-colored glove was stretched toward him.

The man flushed. "Reckon you've sorta forgot Cold Brook, Miss Linda. We don't take tips here, no, ma'am. But if you say so, I won't tell nobody I seen you. But I'm shore glad I did. You're almighty pretty, Miss Linda, but different, somehow—"

"I rather imagine I am," the beautiful face warmed suddenly. "Thank you, Henry, for your promise. And I'm sorry I made a mistake." She held out her hand, without the money. "Good-bye, Henry. I want to see Eve."

When the driver had rattled away in his dusty Ford, Linda Landon stood for a moment longer, looking wistfully about her before she raised her knuckles to rap on the door. Aunt Macy and Eve must be in the kitchen, or they would have heard her arrive. The narrowed, smoke-grey eyes, guarded by their unbelievably thick, long lashes, filled with sudden tears. She had not believed that the sight of the shabby little old white house—white by courtesy, since it sadly needed a new coat of paint—could move her so. Here she had been born; here she had lived in a poverty that had not seemed at all dreadful to her until she had reached eighteen, the age of infinite desires. Here she had played and quarreled with Eve; here she had lost both father and mother. From this dear, familiar, shabby little house she had set out seven years before to seek her fortune. Well, she had found it, and now she was at home again, home on a wild impulse to escape that success and all its entanglements for a blessed breathing space.

She knocked, and it seemed to Linda Landon that the pounding of her heart must be louder than the sound of her knuckles on the dry, warped wood of the door.

Is it possible for a girl to assume the name, personality and screen experience of her dead sister so that not even her best friend can detect the difference? To take that sister's place in an unfinished picture, successfully, without experience? To deceive her friends, directors and audience? Read this new motion picture serial, one of the most amazing ever published, of a girl who did all these things.

A thin, angular, oldish-looking woman opened the door—a woman who might have been successful as a character actress in Hollywood, so much the spinster aunt type she was.

"Aunt Macy!" The girl's voice was rich with tears; her arms were stretched out to the woman who had taken her mother's place in the Landon home.

"So it's you, is it, Linda?" The voice which went inevitably with the acid-mouth and the boring eyes behind the steel-rimmed spectacles, asked grimly.

"It's me, Aunt Macy," Linda dropped into the grammar of her childhood. "I couldn't stay away any longer, Aunt Macy. I've come home for a visit."

The woman did not widen the door. She stood there like a grim guardian of the sanctity of her home. "I didn't think you'd ever have the nerve to come back here, after what the papers have printed about you. You ain't fit for Eve to talk to, Miss Linda Landon, queen of the vampires. I guess you'd better go back the way you come, to that sink of iniquity that you come from."

"You can't shut the door in my face!" Linda Landon raised her voice in that shrill anger which Hollywood knew so well. "This is Eve's home. I have a right to see my own sister!"

"What in the world is the matter, Aunt Macy?" A new voice, lush with the music of the South, interrupted. Linda thrust out an inperious arm, pushed the grim sentinel aside.

"It's Linda, Eve darling. She's trying to send me away, without seeing you. Oh, Eve!"

"Linda! Oh, Linda! I can't believe you've come home at last. Let me look at you, darling. You beautiful thing!"

The girl in blue gingham took the lovely face of the screen star between her hands and searched her eyes with wistful, awed delight. "I've seen every last one of your pictures, darling, sooner or later, usually much later. There's only one movie theater in Cold Brook, you know, but they always manage to get your pictures before the print is entirely worn out. You always pack the house, darling. Oh, Linda! I can't bear being so happy!"

"I'm rather happy myself." Linda Landon held her sister close against her heart. "Is anything changed? I want to see the place, every bit of it. Poor, dear, shabby old place!" Ignoring her tight-lipped aunt, she ran from room to room—there were only six of them—gasping out bits of memories, resenting changes, patting treasures fondly, kissing the photographs of her mother and father.

Eve Landon kept the lovely visitor within easy touching and kissing distance, her own beautiful face aglow with happiness and tenderness.

When they had made the pilgrimage of love, and were seated at the dinner table, from which Linda's arrival had called Eve, Miss Macy Landon came into the room, her bonnet on her head, an old-fashioned valise in her hand.

"I'm going to Louisville, to stay with my brother and his family until this—this hussy is gone," she announced, her voice trembling with anger. "I could never rest easy in my grave if I spent one night under the same roof with her. I owe it to your father, Eve, not to countenance her in this house. One thing I say, I'm glad her poor father and mother never lived to know her shame."

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Photograph by Seely

"I heard an extra on the set the other day whispering something about me," relates *Jacqueline Logan*. She said, 'She has an income and is taking the bread out of the mouths of others.' "

While *Raymond Hatton* thinks it quite as dangerous to give a millionaire's son a spotlight as to present him with an oil company.

Photograph by Richee

In Hollywood?

By Helen Starr

It Hard for Like

and Craig Biddle

Craig Biddle is one of the millionaire's sons who tried the movies as a means of livelihood.

ordered the publicity department of a certain studio to show her all her press notices before they went into the papers.

"We agree," said an adroit press agent. "If our department ever, under any circumstances, writes a word about you, we will bring it 'round."

And an odd impression has also gone out about the moving picture business—that it's a highly specialized crook line of endeavor in which you can make heaps of easy money without breaking any laws. So son, whose railroad president father doesn't think he is capable enough to become a good brakeman, goes West to make father look like a piker when it comes to gathering in dollars. And then the work sets in. The sun, coming up over the purple Sierras and a company still doing their stuff in grease paint under the green lights. Thin clothing on wintry days. Giving up all anticipation of social events because the director hasn't said the company may go home. Doing a scene twenty times and keeping your patience and good humor. Combating desert suns, windy mountains, icy oceans and keeping your health. And learning this difficult new art of acting. The troupers have seen so many who couldn't stand the difficulties, for the Craig Biddles and the Thelma Morgan Converses keep coming and going.

"To give a millionaire's son a spotlight is quite as dangerous as presenting him with a big building or an oil company which he doesn't know how to run," says Raymond Hatton. "If because of his name and money, he could be willed a spotlight, he wouldn't know just what to do with it."

Hatton, who has done stage work since he was a boy, learned stage technique and clever business from watching the performances of seasoned players like the great Booth. And he says it took him years to learn the many different uses of make-up. Now, before the spotlight, his arduous training counts for something.

Norma Talmadge's dignified and sympathetic roles of today were not won in a moment. "I feel no resentment toward the new young people who are trying to make a name on the screen," says Miss Talmadge, "but I am convinced the 'skyrockets' have some extraordinary talent, or they would not be suddenly pushed to the top. The screen is bound to have some startling new discoveries from time to time, but you will almost invariably find that these people were not skyrocketed because of wealth or influence, but because they deserved their places."

Miss Talmadge has no hesitancy in telling of the old days in Brooklyn when, with hundreds of other extras, she stood out in the Vitagraph yard every day waiting for the opportunities which occasionally came. Nor is she ashamed of the training she received in a black-face part, as a crook, a kitchen slavey, a country girl and a fruit peddler. The romantic, gorgeously gowned roles of today have come to her as a reward for gaining just such a groundwork of experience.

"When I first went into pictures," says Jacqueline Logan, who is now playing in the Fox production of James Oliver Curwood's story, "When the Door Opened," "I was confused by all the advice I received. Some of the old troupers would say, 'Do it this way,' and others would tell you to do the scene quite differently. And then the director would have an entirely new conception."

"'If you can't blush or become pale at a moment's notice, you're no actress,' one trouper said. And another said, 'Don't feel the scenes all yourself. Rely wholly on technique.' A third said, 'Imitate the director.' So, in the end, I decided to do my own very best in my own way and I was somehow successful. Of course, now I know that the troupers meant their advice kindly, but they represented different schools of acting and gained their effects in different ways. One kind of advice came from the emotional school, another from the school of repression, and a third school believes in the imitative method. You just have to figure out what's best for yourself and not listen to too much advice."

Between pictures, Jacqueline Logan and Ralph Gillespie, whom she married only a few months ago, are busy buying furnishings for her lovely new Spanish house in Beverly Hills. Miss Logan attended Colorado College and did some newspaper and stage work before she went into pictures.

"I heard an extra on the set the other day whispering something about me," relates Miss Logan. "She said, 'She has an income and is taking bread out of the mouths of others.' However, that isn't true. Mother taught music at Colorado College and although I wanted to do stage and picture work, it was necessary to earn my living, too."

Montague Love, Cambridge graduate, former artist on London newspapers, and a player who has toured the world several times in the finest stage productions, has only lately come out to Hollywood and is under contract to the Lasky Company. "Some years ago," says Mr. Love, "I think people of means felt an antagonism toward stage folk which was largely the fault of the way we dressed. We used to be poorly paid and, like painters and sculptors, took a sort of reckless pride in our love of our art. We used to dress carefully enough for our stage productions, but on the street we were often shabby. Now all that has changed. We are better paid in pictures than ever before and take a pride in keeping immaculately groomed wherever we are. I have been cast in many rough villain roles with half-grown beard and wretched clothes, and I particularly like to appear quite the opposite in everyday life."

Mr. Love, who had many years with English companies, finds the stage and society folk more akin than in this country. The art of acting has always been held in higher repute than in the United States, and the culture of the youngster from the high-class home more in demand by theatrical producers on the other side. He believes the aristocratic youth has fewer obstacles to overcome on the stage in England than in America.

Over on a set at the United Studios, where Valentino is making "The Lone Eagle," I chanced across Louise Dresser, who is doing a Russian Czarino role. Miss Dresser is a real trouper, for her long singing experience covers every kind of musical performance, from nine shows a day in a ten-cent museum, when she was eighteen, to nine years as a star on Broadway, heralded in electrics with Lew Fields, De Wolf Hopper and other light opera favorites. And there were years on the road in addition, and numerous tours over the vaudeville circuits. Even with this wealth of experience, Miss Dresser (*Continued on page* 44)

Photograph by Witzel

"Nothing is so tiresome to an actor as to be suddenly acclaimed a genius," says *Hobart Bosworth*. Stardom is a matter of cumulative successes—of a long siege of overcoming obstacles."

***Theodore Roberts* says, "Success in any line is counted by the blank spots. Many people fail in acting. And any endeavor at which many people fail must be hard to attain.**

Photograph by Clarence Bull

***Louise Dresser* says she has been so busy watching herself since she came into pictures that she hasn't had time to see what any of the young picture players are doing.**

Photograph by Richee

Beginning

The Last Edition

By Jack Bradstreet

Adapted from the Emory Johnson F. B. O. Gold Bond Production, based on the story by Emilie Johnson, with Ralph Lewis in the leading role.

"HELLO, Pop! What's the good word? You look as tickled as a kid on Christmas Eve. Where's Mother? Hie, Sis! Gracing the family board with your beauty tonight? Has Walker given you the go-by?"

Ray MacDonald tossed his hat to a safe resting place in the bowl of imitation fruit on the imitation mahogany sideboard, and took his place at the supper table. The MacDonald's did not call it dinner. They probably never would, no matter how sharply their fortunes might rise in life. There was no imitation culture in the MacDonalds, even if their furniture would not have intrigued an interior decorator. Salt of the earth, the backbone of the country, the finest example of middle-class Americans—such were the MacDonalds, to use the cant expressions of editorial writers from Portland to Portland.

"Mother was called to the phone," Polly MacDonald ignored his last question to answer his first—ignored it, that is, with her pretty pouting lips, but not with her tell-tale cheeks, which blushed rosily under their dusting of rachel-tinted powder. Polly was so pretty, in her dark, brilliant fashion, that such a blush as that should have been passed on to a homely girl, who might have been able to put it to good use. Her short, curly black hair was shingled in the back and banged in front; her thin, gleaming brows were arched in eternal expectation of thrilling events—and Polly was seldom disappointed. Her boyish, straight little body was demurely correct in a black Canton crepe, just short enough to keep up with the fashion and just long enough to let her off from a scolding from her slightly old-fashioned mother. An awfully nice, pert little beauty was Polly.

"Walker dropped in to the press-room to tell me he was on the trail of big news," Tom MacDonald, veteran pressman of *The Chronicle*, remarked, in answer to the good-natured jibe which Polly had ignored. "After these bootleggers. On to something big, he says. Fine boy, Walker. Eh, Polly?"

"Oh, you two want to push me into marriage," Polly twinkled, shoving the big bowl of corned-beef and cabbage toward her brother. "Sure he's nice. But that isn't saying we're engaged, and all the teasing in the world won't make me admit it. Have some pickles, Ray? By the way, old son, what are *you* looking so slick about? Landed a big case? Mr. Ray MacDonald, attorney-at-law," she quoted, her ripe lips making a little *moue* at him.

"Wait till Mother comes in," Ray grinned at her. "Do you want *all* the biscuits?" he asked cuttingly. "I should think a famous young attorney could get some consideration in his home! Thanks! So's your old man!" he added, in reply to her flippant interjection of nonsense.

"Got some news myself." Tom MacDonald ran a thick-fingered, broken-nailed hand through his grisled hair. His blue eyes were surprisingly young in their setting of fine wrinkles—laugh lines, Polly called them, refusin' obstinately to admit that her dad was growing old.

"Spill it!" Young Ray split a baked potato and buttered it generously. His eyes were blue, like his father's, but his hair was as black and sleek and thick as a seal's. A coat of vacation tan added to the strength and distinction of his lean, good-looking face. He looked as if he intended to do great things, and the firmness of his lips and the set of his jaw warned the world that he was not a youngster to be trifled with. Tom MacDonald's eyes, when they rested on Ray, betrayed an effection that was almost pathetic in its intensity.

"Wait till Mother comes," Tom MacDonald answered, in his son's words.

"Mother!" Ray and Polly bawled it out together, and, as if fearing to disobey these two idols of her heart, a bustling, apologetic little woman hurried in from the living-room.

"It was Mrs. Morgan." She took her seat breathlessly at the supper table. "She wants me to take her Sunday School class of high school boys while she takes her husband to the country. He ain't feeling right well, and she thought—"

"News, Mom," Ray interrupted her, without rudeness. "Me and Pop both! You spill yours first, Dad. Mine'll keep for a few minutes."

Tom MacDonald wiped his mouth with maddening deliberation, and beamed upon them all. It was significant that his blue eyes rested longest on the mild grey eyes of his wife.

"Well, it ain't news, exactly—yet. But Parks, the business manager, dropped a hint today that I'de be made foreman. Didn't say so in so many words, you understand—hey, that's *my* back, you young prize-fighter! You're strangling me, Polly! Have a heart!"

"Well, Tom, I must say you deserve it," Mrs. MacDonald reached across the corner of the table to pat his hand. "You've been assistant foreman of *The Chronicle's* pressroom for thirteen years. Why they ain't had sense

(*Continued on page* 42)

"And now," summed up *Tom*, his arm tightening about his wife's shoulders, "It looks as if the *MacDonald* clan had struck oil. The only fly in the ointment is that *Poll-Parrot* will be flying away soon.

The True Story of My Life

By Bebe Daniels

For Synopsis of Preceding Chapters See Page 43

THERE was nothing for me to do but keep my appointment with Mr. De Mille and simply tell him that my contract with the Rolin company had some months to run. If this lost me my "dramatic" opportunity . . . well, I was enough of a fatalist to feel that that would be that.

I did just that; kept my appointment, had a nice talk with Mr. De Mille and was told to come back again at the expiration of my contract. "See me again before signing a new contract elsewhere," were his words.

I am not a believer in fortune-telling, but rather a strange thing happened shortly after the events recorded above. Mr. and Mrs. Hal Roach gave a theater party and I was among those present. Alexander the Great was doing a mind-reading act. Slips of paper were passed among the audience with the request that each person put a question on his or her slip. These questions were then placed in sealed envelopes. Alexander the Great read the questions from the stage, and mine was among those read. It was, "Shall I remain where I am or shall I negotiate elsewhere? Bebe Daniels." There was Mr. Roach sitting right beside me and you may well imagine my embarrassment when the fortune-teller referred to my question and said, "By all means, make a change . . . you'll never get very far in the company you are now with."

Of course we joked about it a lot, but I did make the change, though I can't lay quite *all* of the credit to Alexander the Great!

At the expiration of my contract, with my heart still set on drama, Mr. Roach asked me to remain with his company. He had always been so kind to me and I was so attached and so at home in our little group that I was in a quandry. Whether to go at the call of ambition or whether to stay at the call of kindliness and pleasant past associations? I wanted to go into drama, but I did not want to hurt Mr. Roach's feelings by telling him point-blank that I preferred to make a change. After thinking the matter over I decided upon what I thought a strategic move. I put my salary at such a staggering figure that I was sure not only that I was not deserving of it nor entitled to it, but also that he was in no position to pay it, even had he wanted to. I figured that as the easiest way out for both of us. Needless to record, Mr. Roach said that it was simply out of the question—and I was free to look for the coveted engagement in the dramatic field.

My heart was set, as it had been for some time, on going with Mr. De Mille's company, but I hardly dared to hope that there was still an opening there for me. I hoped so little that I couldn't even muster up the courage to go to him again. Instead, I had several interviews with several other companies but the fact that I had done no dramatic work proved against me. Oh, I forgot to say that I had also told them at the Rolin Studios that I *had* signed elsewhere. Having said this, pride prevented me from saying anything else, even when I began to feel nervous and anxious about the future. Now and then I would, of course, see some of the old crowd . . . Harold, mostly. They would naturally ask me who I had signed with and what it was all about, and I would answer mysteriously, "Oh, it's a secret . . . ." And so it was. A secret that even I didn't know!

My heart was set, as it had been for some time, on going with *Mr. De Mille's* company, but I hardly dared to hope that there was still an opening there for me. I hoped so little that I couldn't even muster up the courage to go to him again.

Photograph by P. and A.

This is one of *Bebe's* most recent pictures, taken upon her arrival on the *Coast* for her new picture. She is shown with her beloved little grandmother and her mother. Rumors are heard that the large diamond on the fourth finger of *Bebe's* left hand is an engagement ring, but *Bebe* just smiles.

Photograph by Nishiyama

It was during the filming of *"Sick Abed"* that an office boy came into the set and said that *Mr. Lasky* had just arrived from *New York* and wanted to see me in his office.

Bebe's success as a comedian was exceptional, but she longed for a "dramatic opportunity." And when Cecil De Mille sent for her she thought it had arrived.

Meantime Pathe was doing considerable telegraphing back and forth—Mr. Roach kept insisting that I remain with the organization—I persisted in my tale of having signed another contract and the upshot of the matter was that Mr. Roach engaged another girl to replace me as leading woman for Harold directly he believed that my leave-taking was really definite. I think he had doubts all along, my tales to the contrary—but if so, his doubts were as nothing to mine! I may not have thought of the old maxim, "Nothing ventured, nothing gained," concretely, but certainly it was my subconscious philosophy in those venturesome days.

Finally, and of necessity, I mustered up my feeble courage, sent Mr. De Mille some new photographs of myself and a little note saying, "Are you still interested?" I prepared myself for days, weeks, perhaps months of titillated waiting, but almost immediately a note came back. The note said, simply, *"Very much.* Please come over to the studio as soon as possible." Oh, *was* I thrilled! Thrill. Relief. Salved pride. One emotion after another shook my trembling frame. My ambition, my Great Ambition, was about to be realized. Drama! And, more childishly, came the happy thought that my "face would be saved" with Mr. Roach and Harold and the others at Rolin. They would believe me now . . . I often thought that their belief was wearing a little thin and that the mystery I put on was correspondingly thick. *Now* I could talk!

Well, I dressed all up in my Sunday best (and then some), went over to the studio *and signed a four-year contract with Famous Players for Cecil De Mille* productions. The salary was small—much less, as a matter of fact, than I had been getting with the Rolin Company, my salary there having been well up in the three figures—but mother had a good job as head of Pathe publicity on the Coast, and so the money meant little to me in comparison with the furthering of my ambition. The very day after I signed with Mr. De Mille, Mr. Roach went to him and asked for my release. He said that he would give me a thousand dollars a week and a bonus on all of my pictures and furthermore, that he would place me at the head of my own unit. Mr. De Mille replied that he felt sure he was in a position to do bigger things for me—and I remained with Mr. De Mille. I may add that the conference over me made me feel terribly important and, at the same time, humble. I wanted to justify the belief that was beginning to come to me. I wanted to make good for others, now, as well as for mother and myself.

My first part with Mr. De Mille was that of the King's Favorite, in "Male and Female." I was simply blue with nervousness—so much, so very much of my future depended on the outcome of that part. And I was so new to that sort of thing. It was like walking before the public in a new and unaccustomed garment . . . a garment of whose fit and size I was far from being sure.

And oh, I was lonely, too. Lonelier than I had ever imagined I would be . . .in fact I had not imagined it at all. I had left loneliness out of my calculations. But I was homesick for the dear old friends at our little home studio on the comedy lot. Famous Players seemed to me then, like a great, big factory—cold, indifferent—so many people walking about—so many strange faces—no one paying the slightest bit of attention to me. At the Rolin studio we had been just one happy family, chummy, interested in one another, *home folks* . . . I kept recalling the parting words of my companions, "You won't be happy at Lasky's"—and I must confess that there were many, many moments when those words rang all too true—when I wished with all my heart that I were back with Harold and the others on the old comedy lot.

After "Male and Female," Mr. De Mille cast me in "Why Change Your Wife?" Thomas Meighan was the husband and Gloria Swanson and I were the wives. My part was a very difficult one for a person just out of comedy, and I felt heartsick, frightened and discouraged all through the filming of the picture. I must say, however, that Mr. De Mille was perfectly marvelous to me and Tommie Meighan, sweet and thoughtful, too. But I just couldn't help thinking about the friends I had left and the fun and ease I had had and how I might have been all wrong in thinking I could get along in drama or in anything else but comedies. I was self-conscious and shy and I used to sit solitarily in my dressing-room when I was not (*Continued on page* 43)

When "The Wanderer" Returns Home

According to members of the film colony, *William Collier, Jr.*, who plays the title role in *"The Wanderer,"* possesses in real life one of the most unusual and interesting homes in *Hollywood.* The building is an exact replica of a *Mexican* home and the interior is decorated throughout with furnishings in keeping with the exterior. When *"The Wanderer"* returns home, after a weary day, he finds beauty and rest.

The inside as well as the outside of *Buster Collier's* home is said to be as attractive as anything in *Hollywood.* And not only are the rooms beautifully fitted and decorated, but they are as comfortable as a man could wish. On the left is a corner of the library, which is very much a man's room, with a fine collection of books.

Wide, open hearthsides contribute a "homey" air to *Buster's* rooms, and comfortable but plain, man-size divans and easy-chairs add to the effect. On the right is a corner of the living-room, a casual, tastefully decorated room, the furnishings of which harmonize beautifully with the architecture. *Buster's* home is in every sense of the word a "home."

Concluding

Pretty Ladies

By Anne Austin

Based on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Production of the Same Name. Copyright by Them, 1925.

IT WAS a sad little "housefly" that let her colored maid remove the intricate, realistic costume that had helped to make "The Housefly Blues, by Aloysius Cassidy, Dedicated to Maggey Keenan," such a riotous success in the new Follies.

Bobby Aldridge found Maggey staring hopelessly into her mirror, as she slowly rubbed cold cream into her cheeks.

"Coming to Warren's party, Maggey? Oh, do! Come and make us laugh! We can't get along without you, Maggey!"

Maggey's grin was twisted with pain, but there was a defiant lift to her thin shoulders. Why not? Why not? If she couldn't hold a man's interest, she could at least make people laugh. "I'll be there!" she promised.

Warren Hadley knew how to *start* a party, as the guests agreed, for a beaming black butler stood near the doorway, through which arriving guests came, with a loaded tray of cocktails in his white-gloved hands. But it took Maggey Keenan to keep the party going, as they also agreed, all that is, except Selma Larsen, the blonde prima donna of all the "pretty ladies" of the Follies. Selma, with a disdainful smile on her fluted lips, quickly removed Aloysius from the circle of Maggey's admirers. Maggey, her face covered with lamp black, was delighting Warren's tipsy guests with her coon songs and dances, and Selma Larsen again felt the poisonous darts of envy in her proud breast.

When Maggey saw Al disappear, with his arm about Selma's shoulders, all the joy of creating fun faded from her tired eyes. She was just a clown! Of course, Al could not love her. Tears trickled down the blackened cheeks, and Warren Hadley, now the drunkest man in the whole mad party, saw them and waxed instantly sentimental.

"Plenty pretty ladies," he hiccoughed, putting his arm about Maggey and pressing his cheek against hers, so that the black was transferred in a great circle upon his pink face, "but nobody like Maggey. You're —you're the salt of the earth, Maggey. I'll tell the world." And he did, but no one of the love-making couples paid the slightest attention to him.

Maggey stood uncertainly in the middle of the big drawing-room of Warren Hadley's luxurious apartment. She had done her suff; she had made them laugh; now they needed her no longer, for they had all paired off—every pretty lady with an amorous swain. Her sad eyes, which looked as if they had never laughed, wandered from couple to couple, until they rested at last on a tableau in a far corner—Selma Larsen clasped tightly in the arms of Aloysius Cassidy, her fluted red lips quirked for his kiss, her blue eyes narrowed with languorous invitation.

Maggey turned and fled—straight to the dressing-room, where she snatched up hat and evening wrap, completely forgetful of her blackened face. "Home-James" did not dare remind her of her absurd appearance; his own black face lengthened sympathetically at the sight of the misery in hers.

Only Warren Hadley missed her—lamented her unceremonious departure. From couple to couple he passed, with his dolorous lament, "Maggey's all black. She's gone, and she's all black. They'll laugh at her."

The love-making couples shooed him away with impatient laughter; Maggey's plight was of no interest to anyone but Selma Larsen and Aloysius Cassidy.

"Black or white, they'll laugh at Maggey anyway. That's all she is—just a clown to be laughed at," Selma laughed delightedly, in the crook of Al's arm.

When Al did not answer, she lifted her dizzy head and demanded tipsily, "Won't they laugh at her anyway, Al darling? Answer Mama!"

But Al's befuddled brain cleared suddenly. He realized at last what his defection had done to Maggey—dear old Maggey, who had given him his chance, who had turned the splotlight upon him.

Without a word he flung Selma's arms from about his neck and staggered to his feet. As he ran from the room, hatless and overcoatless, he heard Warren Hadley's drunken wail, "Maggey's all black! They'll laugh at Maggey—salt of the earth."

Al found her, a disconsolate, huddled, weeping figure, on the roof of her apartment house, in the garden of fairy-like beauty which she had created as a place in which to dream of love.

"I'm sorry, Maggey!" he stopped just short of taking her into his arms. "Selma wanted me to write a song for her, she *said!*. Lord, Maggey, won't you forgive me? I can't tell you how sorry I am!"

The little wan face, in which the blue eyes were like enormous violets, was raised slowly from the crook of her arm. As the moonlight fell upon it, it was transformed with an unearthly radiance, compounded of moon magic, joy, returning hope, love.

"My God, Maggey, you're beautiful! Oh, Maggey, I love you!" Al whispered, his voice weighted with boyish awe. "Oh, you're so beautiful!"

"I know you're lying," Maggey's voice quivered happily, "but go on. Say some more!"

"Will—will you marry me?" Al stammered, his arms reaching hungrily for the swaying little figure before him.

"When?" demanded Maggey Keenan.

Their marriage was a nine days' wonder in the dressing-rooms of the Follies. Maggey Keenan, who had never had a beau in her life before! That clown, marrying that popular young genius, Aloysius Cassidy! But the only two who took it really hard were Selma Larsen, who wanted Al Cassidy more than ever, now that

"Black or white, they'll laugh at *Maggey* anyway. That's all she is—just a clown to be laughed at," *Selma* laughed delightedly, in the crook of Al's arm.

another had captured him, and Aaron Savage, who lived up to his name in the way he took the news that Maggey Keenan Cassidy was retiring from the stage.

"The best comedienne in New York, wasted on one fool Irishman," he stormed.

But Maggey didn't think she was wasted. Nor did Aloysius Cassidy, and Aloysius Cassidy, Jr., when he came along. For Maggey was the brains behind the genius which gave to the Follies those tantalizing, sure-fire jazz hits that had Aloysius Cassidy's name on them as author.

It was Christmas day, and Al, Jr., was gurgling over his first Christmas tree, when the telegram came from Aaron Savage:

"Come to Atlantic City immediately. Must have new number for Larsen to jazz up show. Things looking bad. Savage."

If the name of Larsen had any power to make Maggey wince she gave no sign as she helped her big Irish husband to pack a hasty bag in answer to Savage's peremptory demand. Why should she fear Selma Larsen? Wasn't Al's good-bye kiss every bit as loverly as that first kiss under the moon, nearly two years ago? And didn't he simply adore every atom that went to make up the delicious body of Al, Jr? Well, then! So it was a very happy, carefree, trusting wife that kissed her husband good-bye that Christmas day.

Al found Aaron Savage ramping up and down the deserted stage of the theater in Atlantic City, where the new edition of the Follies had just demonstrated, in rehearsal, that it was not at all what it should be.

"We need pep. Al, something that will make the damn show the talk of the town. We've got everything but the big punch, but without that —well, we might as well not open."

"Al can do it," Selma Larsen cooed, rising from a gilt prop-chair in the wings and coming toward the song-writer, hands outstretched, a honeyed, welcoming smile upon her carmined lips. "You *will* write me a hit, won't you, Al dear?"

"I—I'll try," Al backed away, blushing violently. Once already this alluring pretty lady had wrought havoc in his life; he wasn't going to get close enough to her to let it happen again.

"You two get to work on the new number," Savage growled, and left them.

"You remember that funny 'Housefly' number you wrote for Maggey?" Selma smiled up into his eyes bewitchingly. "I'd like something like that, only not funny. Enchanting and beautiful. What do you think of a "Butterfly Blues" number for me? I'd be dressed as a butterfly, and the chorus would, too. A garden set. It would be lovely, Al."

And it *was* lovely, when they tried it out on Atlantic City. The only thing wrong with it, as Aaron Savage said, was that it wasn't a Maggey Keenan number. It was beautiful, exquisite, and the chorus had never looked so devastatingly glorified as in their iridescent wings. And Selma Larsen sang the new number with a vivacity that had been lacking for the last season or two; danced it with a grace and *verve* that completely captivated the audience.

Savage gave a party to celebrate the successful *Atlantic City* opening after the show. The principals of the *Follies* had a whole floor to themselves, and the guests spilled from room to room.

Savage gave a party to celebrate the successful Atlantic City opening after the show. The principals of the Follies had a whole floor of a great hotel to themselves, and the guests spilled from room to room in search of petting nooks and quiet oases in the thundering hilarity, where educated dice could gallop unmolested.

Aloysius, because his song and dance number had saved the show, was the lion of the evening. Savage shook hands with him before them all:

"You're a great success, Al, and—you owe it all to Maggey! Here's to Maggey Keenan!"

They all drank the toast, except Selma Larsen. She poured her drink into a jardiniere, and grasping Aloysius firmly by the arm, led him away, with a backward, laughing comment to the toast-drinkers.

"Wasn't it funny, Al—his saying you owe it all to Maggey? Why, you've outgrown Maggey! You're a genius, the biggest song writer in the country. This for you!" And she cupped his face in her hands and kissed him hard upon the mouth.

"Come to my room; it's just across the hall," she laughed at his red face, "I want you to show me some new dance steps."

And Al went.

The next morning Adrienne Savage, coming out of her suite across the hall, ran into a shame-faced, sagging-shouldered young Irishman, who had just stepped out of Selma Larsen's room.

"Good morning!" Adrienne said crisply.

Al mumbled a greeting, his eyes averted from the scorn in hers.

On the special train that took the Follies company back to to New York, Aloysius Cassidy had nothing to say to anyone. Selma Larsen sat beside him, but the sight of her blonde, pretty face seemed to disgust him. His moody eyes watched the rain-drenched landscape hurtle past. Of all the pretty ladies in that crowded car, not one appealed to him; not one had the power to lift the pall of gloom from his heart. He wanted only one woman in all the world—one wistful, plain little clown face; and he was not fit——

Adrienne Savage had queer ideas of duty. She honestly felt that it was her duty to taxi straight from the station to the Cassidy apartment in West Seventy-sixth Street. The startled question in those enormous, wistful blue eyes of Maggey Keenan didn't make her stop and think of what her words would do. She saw her duty and she was determined to do it.

"I think you ought to know, Maggey. It's my duty to tell you that Al and Selma——"

"I don't want to hear what you are going to say. I don't believe it,"

(*Continued on page* 39)

Camera Scoops

of Motion Picture News

Photograph by P. and A.

Rudy's New Leading Lady

Vilma Banky **has been in** ***America*** **only three months, but she has already been chosen by** ***Rudolph Valentino*** **as his leading lady.** ***Miss Banky*** **attained success in** ***European*** **pictures before coming to this country and she is expected to please** ***American*** **audiences as well as she did those on the** ***Continent.*** **Above she is shown with** ***"Rudy,"*** **who is in the** ***Russian*** **costume which he will wear in his new picture.**

Another Fairbanks in Pictures

On the right is pictured ***Doug Fairbanks, Jr.,*** **with his cousin,** ***Miss Flobelle Fairbanks,*** **who appears with him in his forthcoming picture,** ***"Stella Dallas."*** **This makes the third member of the illustrious family to attain screen fame. Incidentally, it may be noticed that** ***Doug, Jr.,*** **with the aid of a mustache, appears very much like his father.**

national Newsreel

Charlie Changes Headquarters

Charlie Chaplin **has established headquarters in** ***New York City*** **to attend to some business. The comedian of the silent drama says he is going to start producing pictures in the** ***East*** **—one or two at any rate. Whether he will or not remains to be seen. Here he is shown with his secretary, photographed soon after his arrival.**

Photograph by P. and A.

Even a Court Can't Stop Doug

Despite the fact that a court subpoena forces ***Douglas Fairbanks*** **to remain in the** ***Los Angeles*** **court, where the case of the three alleged plotters to kidnap** ***Mary*** **is being tried, the athletic movie star is managing to get a little work done. There are many half-hours when** ***Doug*** **is not needed at the trial and the judge has loaned him his private office for such occasions. Here he is with** ***Albert Parker,*** **working on a scenario.**

Photograph by P. and A.

Concluding

Let No Man

By Carmen

A few minutes later she was looking into the kindest eyes she thought she had ever seen, and listening to a deep, gentle voice saying: "So! You are that little *Jacqueline Madame* has been telling me of."

"OH, DEAR! What shall I do?" exclaimed Jacqueline, when she heard that Madame Renan had left the studio.

"Call the gate, dearie . . . they can stop her as she goes out!"

"Thanks a million times . . . please give me the gate man . . ." she said into the phone.

"Has Madame Renan gone out yet? Will you stop her when she does? This is Jacqueline de Valera speaking," she added, as the man hesitated.

"Oh, all right, Miss de Valera!"

It was common knowledge on the lot that Jacqueline (although she hadn't found a name that suited Madame better) was a favorite of the wardrobe modiste. Jacqueline did not know it, but there were very few persons on the lot, other than the executive heads, whose request to "stop Madame as she goes out" would have received the slightest attention. Knowing Madame's penchant for haste Jacqueline flew back to her room and scrambled headlong into her clothes. Had she been able to go down to the gate in a neglige, she would have done so. Some of the girls did, on occasion . . . but Jacqueline had not yet reached that professional stage when she felt such little conventionalities could be disregarded. She got to the gate just as Madame's big car came sliding to a halt, when the gateman stepped out in front of it. Madame's face was far from pleased at the stop, until she saw it was Jacqueline. She moved over on the seat, and opened the door of the car. Then she beckoned Jacqueline in with a commanding, *"Venez avec moi!"*

"Oh, Madame . . . I do not want to ride home with you . . . I . . . well, I . . ." Suddenly Jacqueline felt hesitant at asking this favor. Madame's days were long, even to add a half hour to them seemed presumptious.

"Well! Well! *Qu' avez-vous?"*

Then Jacqueline told her in a little rush of excitement, ending with, "It means a lot . . . to me! When we go back to your office, I will explain!" They had been holding up the nightly, homeward-bound traffic as it attempted to pass through the big gates. Jacqueline felt that she was the center of annoyed glances.

When they went into Madame's room, Madame cut short her breathless explanations.

"Oui! oui! I know all about that! Did I not myself tell Monsieur Clavering about that story? Did I not tell myself, that first day you came into this office, 'Here is the one we have watched so long for?' Did I not help to translate that story for Monsieur Clavering? Did I not promise to show him all those little French customs that he shall want to show so correctly in that picture?"

"Oh . . . how *marvelous!"* Jacqueline clasped her hands delightedly. "Oh, Madame! Make me look pretty! Make me look interesting! Make me look *anyway* so that Mr. Clavering will like me!" Jacqueline was as eager, as prettily flushed in her enthusiasm as a child, and as utterly natural in her delight.

"De tout mon coeur! Venez!" and she led the way to the great wardrobes where the most expensive and beautiful of the evening gowns were hung. A choice dozen of these she took down, and laid over her arm, and then they went into the fitting-room. Jacqueline was quickly sliding out of her clothing, when Madame halted her.

"Mais non!" she said suddenly. "We have but little time. Go to that Mrs. Jensen, and tell her to open one of the bathrooms for you. Get yourself all ready but for the gown. That I shall bring when I have decided.

Jacqueline knew better than to doubt Madame's wisdom . . . she who needed no mannikins to show her the possibilities of a costume. Before she left the building, she saw that Madame had carried every one of those gowns back to where they belonged.

"I wonder what she will bring me, then?" thought Jacqueline.

When she returned to the dressing-rooms, she found that Mrs. Jensen had already drawn a bath in one of the suites held in reserve for the stars.

"Oh, that *was* nice of you!" Jacqueline suddenly felt that she should be very humble in face of all the help and consideration that seemed to meet her at every turn. Cantwell's unpleasant action was receding into the background, and only the rosey future, and the kindness of Madame, and the motherly old matron, were uppermost. She was arranging her hair, when Madame came into the dressing-room.

"Non! non! I, myself will do the hair!"

Madame's quick fingers began taking out pins and putting them in again, and the first thing Jacqueline knew Madame had slipped a stiff, heavily brocaded golden satin something over her head. When she had hooked it, she gave Jacqueline a little push toward the cheval glass that stood at the other side of the room.

"Oh! I hardly know myself!" breathed Jacqueline, looking in half-bewilderment at the dainty creature reflected there. What she saw was a living replica of the Empress Josephine . . . quaint Empire gown . . . quaint, intricately arranged dark locks.

"Madame! You are like a magician! You wave a wand, and behold! See what happens! Oh . . . I am so happy, so happy to have you take this interest in me! You don't think, do you, that Mr. Clavering will think it odd that I come dressed like this . . . as though saying, 'Here I am . . . all ready to play the role,'" Jacqueline's tone was suddenly wistful.

"While you were in the bath, I have already telephone to Mr. Clavering. I have told him that we have found our little aristocrat!"

Jacqueline's heart began to beat in a sudden flutter against the golden satin of her gown. Her eyes widened, and she put out both hands to Madame, "Oh . . . all this . . . isn't real . . . is it? Do things happen like this in real life . . . Perhaps I shall wake up and find it is a dream, or that I have been reading a fairy tale!"

"Pouf!" said Madame. *"Someone* the part has to play! This role

Put Asunder

Ballen Edington

. . . it will not be, what you call all roses! *C'est difficile!* Very, very hard! You will have much work . . . long hours . . . But go now!" Then she stopped, "As yet no car you have? *Voila!* In mine we shall go! *Venez!"*

Jacqueline allowed herself one glance at the great Downing place, before the car turned into the Blasco drive. It was dark . . . she wondered why? Then she thought, with sudden realization that perhaps Downing had gone away somewhere . . . to recover from the financial smash. As she got out of the auto, she asked Madame if she would come in. But Madame was soundly sleeping in the back seat, and Jacqueline knew that tonight it was no idle rest-taking. Madame had had a long day, and then these extra little troubles for her . . . She wanted to lean over and kiss her lightly, but she was afraid of wakening her.

"She is asleep. Take her right home!" she whispered to the chauffeur, who touched his cap in reply, and silently backed the car out of the drive again.

A sudden shyness seized her, so that she did not want to meet Clavering. She felt sensitive . . . self-conscious about being dressed, as she had said, for the part. Then she remembered that Madame had prepared him. If Madame had managed the matter, it must be right! After all, it was business. If she did not impress him as the right type . . . all he had to do was to say so! Yet she could not shake the feeling that she was doing something similar to making a Leap Year proposal!

Peachy's eyes were dancing with excitement, as Jacqueline unwrapped herself from the silken folds of the evening cloak Madame had lent her.

"I'm wise! Clavering told us the low-down! Isn't Madame a great old scout! Oh, *baby!* Wait till Dick sets eyes on *you!"*

"I feel as shy about going down as though I were just out of finishing school!" said Jacqueline. "You don't think he'll get the idea I planned this myself . . . or something?"

"He won't get any idea but that the leading lady for his picture has come to life! Wait until you meet him! The only thing that worries me is that you'll probably fall in love with him! All his leading women do . . . but it doesn't do them any good! He's woman-proof!"

"Yes . . . I heard that some time ago . . . his wife died . . . and he never got over it . . . He must have known a great many pretty women since then, too! There's something wonderful about a man like that!"

"Hey, there! *Watch your step!* When you *start* by thinking a man's wonderful, there's no telling where you'll end!"

Jacqueline laughed lightly, "Oh . . . men don't interest me in that way . . ."

"Men don't! But a *man* might!"

"Now, Peachy, you'll have me so embarrassed I'll act like an idiot! Let's go down?"

"Want to take a peek at the kiddies, first? I always do . . . I feel better if I know they are lying comfortably . . . and having pleasant little dreams!"

"How can you tell they are having pleasant dreams, or bad dreams?" asked Jacqueline as they tip-toed into the nursery.

"Children are like puppies! Didn't you ever watch a puppy lying on a rug, sleeping? Know, how sometimes they twitch their noses like they were smelling something good . . . or make their feet go like they were running? Kiddies usually frown or smile, according to their dreams . . ."

She was bending over the little twin cribs. Perhaps there is nothing lovelier under heaven than the flushed, delicately tinted face of a healthy baby . . . its skin as fine as a rose petal . . . its silken hair in damp, sweet curls about its innocent brow. Peachy's eyes glowed with adoration over her children's beauty, as they slept. Jacequeline, watching her, felt a great emptiness in her heart. After all, what did it matter . . . getting ahead in pictures? How could fame . . . success . . . compare with the glory of a possession like that which had but now transformed Peachy's face into sudden radiance?

And *Jacqueline* looked up into the kindly face of the director. Immediately all sense of embarrassment left her. She smiled with poised cordiality and gave him her hand.

Then Peachy pulled the night lamp chain and guided Jacqueline out of the nursery. A few moments later she was looking up into the kindest eyes she thought she had ever seen, and listening to a deep, gentle voice saying, "So! You are that little Jacqueline Madame has been telling me of?"

And Jacqueline looked up into the kindly face of the director. Immediately all sense of embarrassment left her. She smiled with poised cordiality, and gave him her hand.

"I think I've been wanting to meet you for the last six months!" she said.

"Only six months? I've been wanting to meet you for the last three years! And I've just come back from a wild goose chase to Europe to find you!"

Peachy clapped her hands delightedly, and said to her husband, "Now, you see, Sam, why I took it so to heart that you hadn't told me about Dick's picture before?" She turned back to the director, "I could have saved you that trip, mister!"

"How's that?"

"I've known ever since I first knew Jacqueline, that she'd be a knock-out in pictures! And anyway, while she's a beauty, and all that, I'm not with you on the idea that you couldn't have found someone else right at home here, who could have played that part!"

"Truthful, as always, about what you think, eh, Peachy? Well, maybe I've had a complex about this picture. I wanted it to be a perfect thing. I didn't want to cast anyone in it that wasn't exactly my ideal of the character for the role! I guess I'm a little cracked about it . . . do you think you want to take (*Continued on page* 37)

ACROSS the SCREEN

"KISS ME AGAIN"—95%
Reviewed by Alma Talley

"A husband had better not grow too fond of his newspaper, especially if his wife is fond of music, and the musician fond of his wife." This is the first subtitle, and the theme, of Ernst Lubitsch's new picture, as sparkling and sophisticated a comedy as has been seen in some months. The locale is Paris, and like most French farces, the story constantly skates on thin ice; but a deftly subtle director like Ernst Lubitsch is a very clever skater! When the husband finds that his wife and the musician love each other, he agrees to get a divorce. But, with the decree pending, he pays marked attention to another woman, and he is so graceful and debonair about it that his wife is intrigued and falls in love with him all over again. There couldn't have been a happier choice for the wife than Marie Prevost. Monte Blue is the husband; you might not suspect Monte of being a clever faceur, but it now appears that Mr. Blue can do almost anything. Clara Bow has a more obvious role, that of the little stenographer whom the husband takes out merely to make his wife jealous, and she is ideally suited to the part. John Roche, as the musician, is also excellent. "Kiss Me Again" is the sort of film that only one director in a hundred could possibly have made successfully.

The cast includes: Marie Prevost, Monte Blue, Clara Bow, John Roche and Willard Louis.
The picture was directed by Ernst Lubitsch.

"THE GOOSE WOMAN"—90%
Reviewed by Tommie Gene Browne

Clarence Brown, in directing "The Goose Woman," has created a perfectly balanced picture. All but a few scenes are sordid, but one forgets that when the rendition is an artistic one, as that of "The Goose Woman." The story is a murder mystery, in which the plot is submerged and rightly so, by character development. Even the murder itself is only mentioned. It is brought out for the purpose of showing the goose woman's reactions. The theme is mother-love with a new turn. The goose woman, the central character, is a slovenly, uncouth woman whose character is brought out more by revealing touches than by subtitles or even by action.

A famous operatic star, at the zenith of her career, gives birth to a son which causes her to lose her voice. She deteriorates into a slattern hag, who imbibes gin when she is not tending geese. Her hatred for her son, who has now reached manhood, urged by her love for publicity, causes her to implicate her son in a murder. But she cannot complete her retaliation, for mother-love overcomes her hatred. Louise Dresser gives us an interpretation seldom seen. Her portrayal of the tender of geese is perfect. The rest of the cast is very good.

The cast includes: Jack Pickford, Louise Dresser, Constance Bennett and others.
It was directed by Clarence Brown.

"WILD, WILD SUSAN"—85%
Reviewed by Aline O'Brien

We liked "Wild, Wild Susan," in the person of Bebe Daniels, better than we have liked her in any of her recent productions, in spite of the fact—or maybe because of it—that she assumes an entirely new personality and role. Bebe turns to slapstick, as hilariously funny as anything she did in her old comedy days. She dons men's clothes, creeps into a haunted house, and aided and abetted by Rod La Rocque, proceeds to enjoy herself hugely and entertain her audience.

Rod and Bebe are a pair of wealthy youngsters who cannot get enough thrills out of their well-ordered lives. So Bebe leaves home and becomes a detective and Rod gains his thrills in taxi-driving. They meet and join forces and thrills, and finally, of course, fall in love.

The latter part of the story is extremely silly, nothing but pure farce, but somehow Bebe and Rod get one into the spirit of the thing and you find yourself enjoying it with them. Bebe certainly makes an entertaining little comedian, and Rod is as likeable in this picture as he has been in any of his others.

The cast includes: Bebe Daniels, Rod Lo Rocque, Henry Stephenson, Jack Kane, Helen Holcomb, Osgood Perkins and others.
The picture was directed by Edward Sutherland.

Editor's Note: *Our reviews are printed of a uniform size so that they may be kept for future reference. They are written by members of our editorial staff, who are skilled critics and whose viewpoints we know to be sane and unbiased. We believe you will find the ratings of special assistance and invite our readers to send in their personal ratings of pictures they see.*

RATING: Excellent, 95%; Good, 90%; Fair, 75%; Poor, 60%

"THE TROUBLE WITH WIVES"—90%
Reviewed by Alma Talley

Malcolm St. Clair, who directed "Are Parents People," has turned out another domestic light comedy that sparkles and scintillates throughout its six reels. What little plot there is has to do with jealousy, both on the part of the husband and wife—neither with any real reason for it. There are the usual complications, most of them a little absurd, but all quite hilariously funny. The most amusing part of the proceedings is Ford Sterling, as the husband's best friend, who is always hanging around and is a terrible bore. His chief conversation consists of adages. The only one he forgets to quote is "Two's company; three's a crowd," and his irritating presence is largely to blame for all the difficulty, because the wife takes her mother's advice to vamp him until her husband gets so jealous he'll throw him out. Florence Vidor plays the wife, and if you've never seen her a la vamp, you'll be surprised. Tom Moore is his own ingratiating self as the husband, and Esther Ralston is exquisite as the other woman. It is Ford Sterling, however, as the husband's friend, to whom the laurels of the picture go; his performance reaches the high point of comedy. It might be added, however, that the laughs are allotted to him largely by reason of his role.

The cast includes: Florence Vidor, Tom Moore, Esther Ralston, Ford Sterling, Lucy Beaumont, Edward Kennedy, Etta Lee and others.
The picture was directed by Malcolm St. Clair.

"SALLY OF THE SAWDUST"—85%
Reviewed by Aline O'Brien

There is absolutely no doubt about "Sally of the Sawdust" being a box-office attraction, and a big one at that. It is equal, if it does not surpass, anything in that line of comedy touched with pathos which we have seen. Every trick for wrenching tears from the audience is employed, there is no opportunity for using a gag or a bit of deftly-handled comedy that is missed. If one grows a bit weary in the beginning of the picture and it seems too drawn out, there is plenty of "punch" in the final scenes. W. C. Fields, a recruit from stage comedy, proves himself a screen comedian of the first order. Carol Dempster is excellent in her role of little circus entertainer. Her performance is sincere and touching, and under Griffith's guiding hand, she gives an excellent performance. The story tells the adventures of McGargle, circus entertainer, and his self-appointed ward, who are run out of town by a stern judge, who wishes to save his best friend's son from marriage with Sally, unaware that the girl is his granddaughter. It is an attractive picture and an amusing one, and if one cannot wax more enthusiastic about it, it is because we know and love Griffith's masterpieces.

The cast includes: W. C. Fields, Carol Dempster, Alfred Lunt, Erville Sanderson, Effie Shannon and others.
The picture was directed by D. W. Griffith.

"THAT MAN JACK"—80%
Reviewed by Ruth Mabrey

For what it sets out to be—just an ordinary little Western melodram "That Man Jack" is a very good picture. It has lots of action, so spectacular riding, and several narrow escapes on the part of the hero.

The plot starts out as if it were going to be quite original. The her falls in love with his friend's fiancee, and we have the unusual situatior in movies—of both rivals being sympathetic characters. After that, ho ever, the plot settles down into the usual groove, when the hero's frien murdered and the hero accused of the crime. So the last three reels devoted to proving his innocence.

Bob Custer is starred in the picture. He is fairly new to the sc and is a welcome addition to the ranks of Western players, as he has sonality and is good in the action scenes.

Mary Beth Milford, who is his leading lady in the current series films, is a delightful little heroine, sweet and appealing, though of cou she is not called upon to do much in the way of acting. Buck Moult is a good villain of the sly, slinky type.

You will find "That Man Jack" an amusing little picture.

The cast includes: Bob Custer, Mary Beth Milford, Monte Collins, Hay-ford Hobbs and Buck Moulton.
The picture was directed by William J. Craft.

Richard Dix, who plays the role of the *Indian* hero in *"The Vanishing American,"* looked enough like an *Indian* to deceive even many of themselves. He is shown here with six of the best cigarette "moochers" on the *Navajo* reservation in *Arizona,* where scenes were taken.

Madeline Hurlock has as good sea legs as any sailor who sails the bounding main. She is not afraid of the water no matter how the winds blow. Above, she is snapped as she appeared on a recent yachting trip.

Above is *Dorothy Phillips* with what is believed to be the original vanity case of the kind in use today. It is a silver ball used by a girl on the *Island of Java,* 300 years ago. The cases were originally used by men [illegible] a grass-like tobacco, but the women appropriated [illegible] The case was sent to *Miss Phillips* [illegible]

On the Set

With the Motion

A STORY that rivals all fiction was that revealed by Belle Bennett, film actress who is portraying the title role in "Stella Dallas" for Samuel Goldwyn, when she confessed that young Billy Bennett, who was known as her younger brother, was in reality her son.

The boy died a short time ago, as the result of an operation. His mother went to work in the leading role in "Stella Dallas," on the day of his operation.

Miss Bennett said that her fear of being considered too old for the coveted rank of a film star led her to conceal her real age, which is 34. She posed as 24, and because of her skill in make-up, convinced producers that she was in her early twenties. A prominent part in "East Lynne" was given her on this assumption, as was that of "Stella Dallas."

Her son's death has brought about Miss Bennett's confession. She says that he frequently pleaded with her to acknowledge their true relationship and let him be known by his rightful name, William Macy. But she refused, until Billie was on his deathbed. Then, with a change of heart, she vowed that if his life was saved she would let the world know he was her son, and would, if necessary, abandon her film career and devote herself to him. But Billie died, and his mother, broken-hearted, is trying to make an eleventh-hour restitution.

Miss Bennett's role in Stella Dallas is quite opposite that which she has played in real life, for she appears as a mother who sacrifices all her own ambitions so that her child may find happiness.

GREATER MOVIE SEASON opened in Los Angeles with a huge parade, in which many of filmdom's most famous stars appeared. Thousands of people jammed the downtown streets and cheered the celebrities as they rode by in elaborate floats or costly motor cars. Viewing the spectacle as it progressed down Broad-

This clever young actor is *Louis Natheaux,* who has just been signed for the *Cecil B. De Mille Stock Company.* He is shown practicing fencing with *Fred Cavens,* former world champion fencer. *Natheaux* is now appearing in *"The Road to Yesterday."*

Photograph by Fidler

Helen Ferguson **having recently rescued** ***William Russell*** **from the ranks of bachelordom, again proceeds to play the part of rescuer from the briny deep. We think she is treating him rather roughly at that.**

Rex Ingram, **in addition to being** ***Tony Moreno's*** **director, is one of his best friends, and their off-moments while filming** ***"Mare Nostrum"*** **are usually spent together. Here** ***Rex*** **is snapped, snapping** ***Tony.***

and Off

Picture People

way, and hearing the enthusiastic cheers of the film fans as they greeted the various stars, one would have difficulty in believing that interest in the movies is dying down. Many of the watchers chose their observation posts by 9 o'clock in the morning, though the parade did not start until 11.45.

Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, with Will Hays, were greeted uproariously. Mabel Normand, who was the first star in line, was also enthusiastically received. Mildred Davis Lloyd, Dorothy Mackaill and Helen Ferguson, who rode together, proved exceptionally popular with the fans, while Bert Lytell and Claire Windsor, the newlyweds, were greeted with shouted congratulations.

Paramount stars in line included Noah Beery, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Raymond Hatton with Mrs. Hatton, Lois Wilson, Bebe Daniels and Theodore Roberts, who, with Mrs. Roberts, received an ovation.

Tom Mix and Bill Hart, on horseback, were greeted with wild yells of enthusiasm.

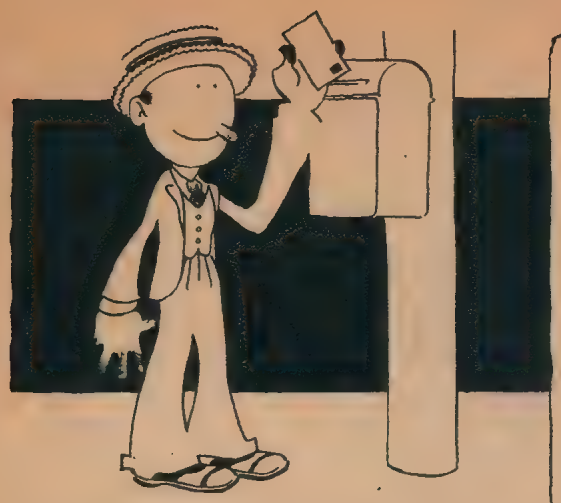
Following the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer float came the stars of that organization, including Lew Cody, Charles Ray, Carmel Myers, Kathleen Key, Renee Adoree, May McAvoy, Jack Gilbert and innumerable others.

LARRY GRAY, one of the screen's newcomers, has been chosen to play opposite Gloria Swanson, in "Stage struck," and left for New York this week.

Larry's rise is the talk of the film colony. He was unknown until Paul Bern gave him a small role in "The Dressmaker From Paris." Following this came a lead opposite Betty Bronson, in "Are Parents People?" and now Larry is well on the road to fame. Larry is the clean-cut, thoroughly American, college athlete type, member of a wealthy San Francisco family. (*Continued on page* 45)

Above, ***Mr.*** **and** ***Mrs. Rudolph Schildkraut*** **learn a thing or two about making movies from their son Joseph, who entertains his parents between shots of** ***"The Road to Yesterday,"*** **in which he plays the male lead.**

Peggy Hopkins Joyce **recently finished making** ***"The Skyrocket,"*** **her initial motion picture production. Here she is shown with** ***Gladys Hulette,*** **in a scene from the picture.**



The Colonel

This department is for the service of our readers. No charge whatever is made for the answering of questions, whatever their number. However, if a personal reply is requested, we ask that you send a stamped, addressed envelope. All letters should contain the name and address of the writer and, if it is desired that a fictitious name be used in the publication, this name should also be written at the bottom of the letter.

Are you curious to know if your favorite screen star is married . . . where he was born . . . or the name of his new picture? If so, write to the COLONEL at Movie Weekly, 1926 Broadway, New York City.

THE KID—I suppose all the cowboys kid you? I'd like to oblige you and do something to stop Ricardo Cortez from marrying Alma Rubens. Do you suggest that I swear out an injunction? Anthony Jowett is so new to the screen that I haven't yet got the statistics about him. I do know, however, that he is not married and is about six feet tall. Where did you find all these new people to ask me about? For instance, Ernest Gillen and Richard Arlen—I've never heard a word of either of them before. Laura La Plante was born in St. Louis, Nov. 1, 1904. I'm glad the cowboys get a laugh out of this page; all I get out of it is hard work—oh, yes, and a salary.

PATSEY—It's nice of you to be patient and give me all of 1925 to answer your letter in, but I can't make one letter last all that time. Gloria Swanson is in her late twenties and is 5 feet 3. Her address is 522 Fifth Ave., New York. Patsy Ruth Miller is 5 feet 2 and lives at 1822 N. Wilton Place, Hollywood. Alice Lake is twenty-eight, 5 feet 2, and lives at the Hillview Apts., Hollywood. Beverly Bayne, Betty Compson and Alberta Vaughn are all about that same height. Alberta is about nineteen; she can be reached at the F. B. O. Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood. Betty Compson, Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood. Neither she nor Beverly Bayne give their ages. The latest address I have for Miss Bayne is 2217 Canyon Drive, Hollywood; I don't know whether she can still be reached there or not.

M. A. D.—I hope that's only your initials and not your state of mind. Yes, I am used to questions; questions are to me what the buzz is to a mosquito—necessary in my work. Florence Vidor is a brunette, 5 feet 4. She lives at 7919 Selma Ave., Hollywood. Carmelita Geraghty is also a brunette, and is 5 feet 3½. She lives at 7027 Lanewood Ave., Los Angeles. Alice Calhoun lives at 1551 Edgemont St., Hollywood; John Roche at 1602 Gower St., Hollywood. He is 6 feet 1, and has brown hair and hazel eyes. See PATSEY.

SONIA ALLA—So you're rather "green" in writing to men? The appropriate answer to that one is why not use green ink? Thanks for all the kind words; I think I'll make a scrap book of kind words for consolation in my old age. I'm sorry if I gave Nazimova the wrong color eyes, but it's the color she describes them. I don't, you see, go around remembering all the screen stars' weights, heights, etc.—I'm not *that* good—and I can't call them up and ask them every time anyone writes. Their descriptions are obtained from a players' "Who's Who," with the information compiled as the players themselves give it. Count Mainhard von Bauer in "The Crimson Runner" was played by Ward Crane. The leading lady in "The Man from Brodney's" was Alice Calhoun. Lois Wilson played opposite Richard Dix in "To the Last Man."

THE HUMMING BIRD—Even humming is an effort these hot days. Perhaps you looked too soon for the answers to your prevoius questions. You are right, "The Coast of Folly" was Gloria's next picture to be made after "Madame Sans-Gene," and that was followed by "Stage-Struck," just being completed now. Rod La Rocque did not play in "The Coast of Folly" at all, though it was originally announced that he would.

CONSTANTINOPLE'S TURKISH GIRL—Which one? I always understood there were at least three of them—two anyhow. Most of the children who play in pictures have private tutors, as their work keeps them from conforming to regular school hours. Anna Q. Nilsson is Mrs. John Gunnerson; I have never heard that she had a little boy. Priscilla Dean is Mrs. Wheeler Oakman; I don't think she has any children. Irene Rich's two daughters are Jane and Frances. No, they do not play in pictures. Baby Peggy has a sister, Louise; her father's name is Jack Montgomery. I don't know her mother's name except "Mrs." No, Anna May Wong is not a star; she has played in pictures about four years. She isn't married.

HOT WEATHER—So your being married doesn't keep you from having a crush on Ricardo Cortez? Well, of course being married these days doesn't seem to keep anyone from having crushes! Ricardo says he was born in Alsace-Lorraine, so I can't be expected to come out in print and deny it, now can I? He really ought to know more about it than I do. Ricardo is 6 feet 1, weighs 175 pounds and has black hair and brown eyes. He is in his late twenties. He is said, just now, to be engaged to Alma Rubens. Barbara Bedford was born in Prairie du Chien; she is Mrs. Albert Roscoe and was formerly Mrs. Irvin B. Willat. I don't know whether she has any children or not.

MARY THE BUNNY—If it's an Easter bunny, I'd say you were rushing the season. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., is the son of the older Doug and his former wife, Beth Sully, now Mrs. Evans. Mary has no children. I imagine Doug, Jr., is taught by a tutor, since, while playing in pictures he could not very well go to a public school. Buddy Messinger is sixteen; he lives at 1131 N. Bronson Ave., Hollywood. He has a sister named Gertie, who has also played in pictures, although I don't think she has made any recently. Patsy Ruth Miller is about twenty; she has a brother, Winston, who plays in pictures occasionally; I don't know what her parents' names are. "Peter Pan" took several months to make. I've no idea what salary Betty Bronson received for her work in the picture. Players' salaries are, after all, more or less a personal affair between themselves and the companies they work for.

A. D.—I believe Pierre Gendron is American, of French parentage, although I have been unable to secure more definite information about him. I don't know what the name of the church was in "The Ten Commandments."

DIMPLED DUDE—So you're a sixteen-year-old school girl, wild about the movies? I've heard a lot about these wild sixteen-year-olds. The reason some film players change their names when they begin their motion picture careers is that their own names are often not very attractive. For instance, don't you prefer Claire Windsor to Ola Cronk? It's true that many players appear in pictures for years before attaining stardom, and others, like Betty Bronson, become famous in almost no time. It is largely a question of luck; a little extra girl attracts a director's attention as a great screen possibility—or on the other hand, a girl plays "bits" and extra roles for years without ever having a chance to show what she can do. Betty Bronson got into movies via the extra route; she had previously studied dancing under Fokine. She played "bits" in "His Children's Children" and "Anna Ascends"; she is only seventeen now so she must have been about fifteen when she began. Since "Peter Pan," she has played in "Are (*Continued on page* 43)

What Our Readers Think of Us

This Week's $10.00 Prize Letter

After leisurely perusing the issue of Movie Weekly for July 25th, I realized that here was something that was worth while reading, and buying often.

I was taking a short trip on the train, and as it sped along I became a trifle weary of just gazing out of the window. I had read all the other magazines that I had bought at the depot, so I had nothing to read. Then I espied the face of Claire Windsor gazing at me rather reproachfully from out of the pages of a magazine which was resting idly on the lap of one of my fellow passengers, a big, burly gentleman. I was just mustering up enough courage to blandly persuade him to allow me to see it, when he turned around in his seat and handed it to me with the words, "Care to read this?" Luck!

I had read numerous interviews by Adele Whitely Fletcher and Gladys Hall before, so of course the one with Lloyd Hughes was just as good as I anticipated. I admire Lloyd Hughes greatly. Shall never forget him in "Tess of the Storm Country," with Mary Pickford. Those two interviewers are certainly the most human pair I ever read of. For instance, can you imagine A. W. F. fixing G. H. with a scathing, baleful look, attempting to wither her. And then probably remarking under her breath, "Gladys, use your thinking cap! That's what it's for."

I shall follow up till the finish the Life Story of Bebe Daniels. Was so sorry that I had missed the first part of Anna Q. Nilsson's story, for she is a Scandinavian like myself. However, I did enjoy the concluding installment, for I saw her in "Ponjola" and thought her acting superb. Those Life Stories are exceedingly novel. Please continue them.

On the Set and Off, Across the Screen, and Camera Scoops are undeniably interesting. I like On the Set and Off best, though, I think. It does one good to know what one's favorite star is wearing, doing and contemplating. Also, the little personal snapshots were amusing, especially the one of Lew Cody and his world-famous friend, Tito Schipa. The Colonel is very friendly and enlightening.

The If I Were You department, conducted by Norma Talmadge, I liked very much. Norma is lovely. I once saw her in Los Angeles on the street. She is very capable to answer the questions asked her, for she has wisdom and good judgment.

May I make a criticism—and also a suggestion? Serials aren't for your magaizne. You should have snappy, joyous little short stories of human life. Please think this over seriously.

I think your magazine is almost perfect—and perfection is ideal; in other words—the Best.

FLORENCE C. OLSEN,
Butte, Montana.

This Week's $5.00 Prize Letter

ERNEST R. WILD,
Los Angeles, California.

This Week's $3.00 Prize Letter

J. DEERING,
Vanceburg, Kentucky.

Honorable Mention

FRANK G. DAVIS, ...
Harrisonburg, Virginia.

IF I WERE YOU

By

Norma Talmadge

Photograph by Albin

Miss W. W.: You are indeed an early bird in wanting to put in a supply of necessities in the way of make-up and costumes before the motion picture studio, which has been promised Florida, is built. I sincerely trust that you get the desired "worm"—a part to play.

There is not much to tell you concerning the art of make-up. You need not worry in advance about this matter for you will receive the desired information of what you should have and how to use it, when you are taken "into the fold." There is nothing mysterious or complicated about any of it and you will find it a simple matter for you to learn how to put on your paint correctly.

As to your wardrobe, I cannot make any suggestions, for if you were successful in obtaining a part in a picture, it might be one which called for a costume instead of a modern dress, and costumes are furnished by the film company. Since you are accustomed to having afternoon and evening frocks for social affairs, you can make use of whatever you have in your wardrobe. It is also advisable, as you suggest, to have a few attractive sport clothes and a becoming bathing suit.

I would not, however, invest much money in clothes with the idea of using them in the movies. It is rather a hazardous speculation until you are perfectly sure of your being accepted to assume a role in one of the pictures.

I do not think the fact that you are a little near-sighted would interfere with your filming well, provided, of course, your eyes do not appear strained or unnatural, or you do not wear glasses. Klieg lights are bad for the eyes, and you should try to avoid looking directly into them.

Your taste in regard to the kind of movies that are being made, is excellent, and I am always glad to know that the good ones are appreciated more every day. Whatever the demand is in the way of artistic productions or trash, so will the supply be. And I agree with you when you say you hope the pictures will continue to improve. I think that we are at last moving in the right direction in the film industry.

Elsie J.: You are most kind to write me of your appreciation of my work. It makes me happier than I can tell you to know that my efforts either in my pictures or this department, are admired by those for whom they were made. Let me thank you for your generosity in expressing what you think of my work.

I should be very glad indeed to send you a photograph of myself, but it is quite impossible for me to take care of the many similar requests that come into this department. You may, however, secure one by writing to the United Studio, 5341 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

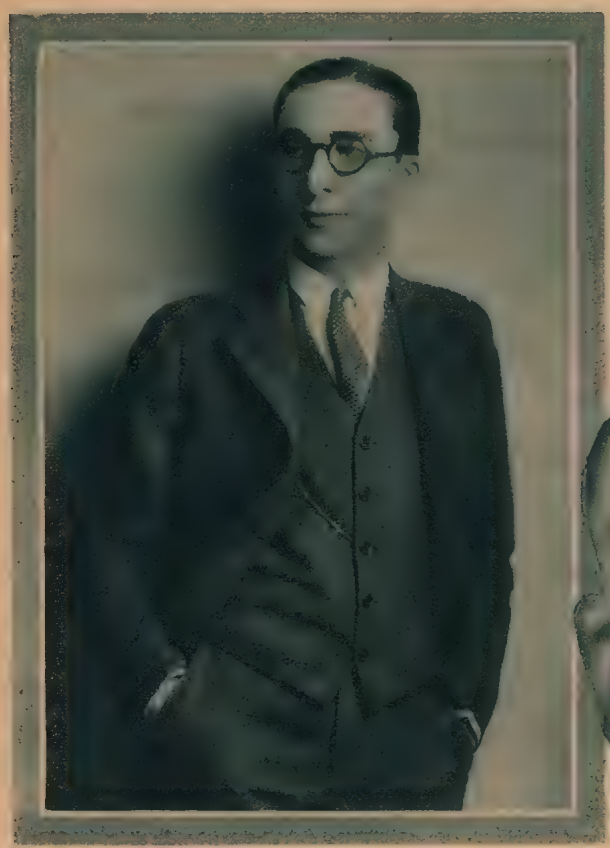
Wanna Know: I remember you quite well and it is a pleasure to know that you have written to me a number of times since I have been conducting this department in Movie Weekly. I always am glad to help you, just as often as you want to write to me about the things that perplex you. As I understand it, it is permissible in the majority of beauty contests, for the contestants to send in more than one photograph of themselves. If you wish to send in one showing full-face, and another profile, I am sure it would be all right. I do not, however, think in a contest similar to the one you describe, that snapshots would add any more to your chance if they were sent along with the large photograph.

You were much disappointed when you were not allowed to enter a motion picture studio while on a visit to California. You want to know whether certain days are set aside when outsiders are permitted to enter the sanctuary of the "lot." Rules, of course, differ with the various companies. But when one considers the amount of work to be done in the making of a movie, it doesn't seem inconsistent on the part of the management to try to avoid as much as possible, any confusion that would interrupt the progress of the work. If the studios were open to the public, there would be a constant stream of sight-seeing people that would retard the completion of a picture and increase the cost of production.

I. V.: You are unhappy because, although you have reached the age of nineteen, your family treats you as if you were a child, and reprimand you in the way they would a naughty little girl. You are weary of it all, and even though you are supplied with much of this world's goods, you long for the freedom and independence which are denied you. If you could be allowed to take up some work that interested you I feel sure that (*Continued on page* 44)

The Second $1000 Contest Winners

Name Their Favorite Stars and Pictures, and Give You Their Own Photos



Leo C. Wertgame

Ralph C. Bennett

OF COURSE every Movie Weekly crossworder is eager to know something of the three members of the puzzle fellowship who won the major prizes in the second $1,000 contest. This week we are glad to publish their photographs, together with the letters with which each was accompanied.

To begin with, let us present Mr. Leo C. Wertgame of Kansas City, Kansas, first prize winner, whose portrait appears above. We will let Mr. Wertgame tell you about himself in his own words. Particular attention is directed to the fact that although unsuccessful in the first contest he found a second attempt well worthwhile. His letter follows:

"I am twenty-two years old, married, and a local salesman for a paper company.

"Lois Wilson, Mary Philbin and Betty Bronson appeal to me most of all the girl stars Lewis Stone, Thomas Meighan and Milton Sills are my favorite male stars. I favor these artists because they always play in splendid harmony with the players with whom they are cast.

"I enjoyed 'The Hunchback of Notre Dame,' 'Captain Blood' and 'Peter Pan.' I saw 'The Covered Wagon' three times.

"I was a contestant in your first $1,000 contest and all my solutions were correct. I did not win a prize, most likely because my letter was not of prize-winning caliber. My wife insisted that I enter this second contest, too, and now she is saying 'I told you so.'"

The portrait of Mr. Ralph C. Bennett of Chicago, who will shortly receive a check for $100, respresenting the second prize, appears in the center of the page. From his letter which follows, you will have no difficulty in forming a very good opinion of what sort of gentleman he is who shares so handsomely in the big money. He writes:

"I am sorry to disappoint you with the statement that I am merely a prosaic lawyer, who, to relieve himself from the dullness of juristic problems, is a constant reader of Movie Weekly.

"My favorite feminine stars are Norma Talmadge, Lois Wilson, Elaine Hammerstein, Eleanor Boardman and Florence Vidor. Selecting from the men solely on the basis of artistic ability, I would mention John Barrymore, Rudolph Valentino, Lon Chaney, William Collier, Jr., and Emil Jannings.

The most enjoyable evening I spent was seeing 'The Hunchback of Notre Dame,' though I do not consider it the best picture. The ones I would pick as the best are the following: 'The Covered Wagon,' 'A Woman of Paris,' 'The Last Laugh,' 'Hail the Woman' and 'Broken Blossoms.'

"My greetings to all the fellow-puzzlers of the contest. I wish I could share my good fortune with them and, needless to say, I tender mighty big thanks to Movie Weekly."

Mrs. Hilda D. Gray's portrait, lower right, mirrors for you the lady who represents the feminine puzzle solvers of the Coast. Los Angeles claims her among the many readers of Movie Weekly who competed from within its borders. She tells her fellow contestants:

"I am married and my occupation is naturally that of housewife. I love the outdoors and the beautiful country and I also enjoy dancing very much.

"A recent picture I enjoyed greatly was "Paths to Paradise,' with Betty Compson and Raymond Griffith. My favorite stars are Norma and Constance Talmadge, Bebe Daniels, Mae Murray, Betty (*Continued on page* 43)

Mrs. Hilda D. Gray

Let No Man Put Asunder

(*Continued from page 29*)

a chance with a crazy director?" Clavering smiled questioningly at Jacqueline.

"I'm not in any condition to say what I want to do just now! I'm still breathless over the fact that you may consider me for the part! Really, things don't happen like this . . . even in pictures? Aren't you people just . . . kidding . . . me?"

"Huh! Did Madame Renan ever strike you as a person who spent her time kidding folks?"

Then Jacqueline remembered that Madame had put her stamp of approval on the matter. Well, in that case, it certainly must be so. But yet . . .

"You don't know what I do when the camera starts!" said Jacqueline to Clavering.

"I might faint, or scream, or generally act like an idiot! Why you don't know *anything* about me! Don't you want to reserve your opinion?"

"I know a great deal about you! I was at the studio this afternoon and Raynolds was good enough to run off three reels of the picture you have just finished for them!"

"Wonderful and more wonderful!" breathed Jacqueline. "I tell you being in pictures is like being in fairyland. I wouldn't be surprised if we all turned into fairies this minute!"

"Not before we eat, please!" boomed Sam, and straightway headed for the dining-room.

It was a merry dinner . . . a happy memory that Jacqueline looked back to in after years. If, once in a while, the knowledge of the great still house across the way saddened her, the friendliness and laughter about her dispelled the shadows almost the same moment they were born. The thing that brought her greatest happiness was that she felt this man who was to direct her during the next year . . . they said the picture would be that long in the making . . . was not only going to be pleasant to work with, but a friend. He was the sort of man that made her feel she could go to him anywhere, with any trouble, in confidence of understanding and help. She remembered Peachy having said that all his leading women fell in love with him. She didn't blame them!

Before they left Peachy took her to one side, "Now listen, Jacqueline! If you fall in love with Clavering you'll ruin the picture! Business and love don't go hand in hand . . . until after marriage! This is your chance . . . if you fail, you can never start over. The mark of the flivver will be on you . . . because, remember, it's only your second picture! You won't have much else to show what you can do, and there won't be anyone who'll take a chance on you again!"

"Why Peachy," protested Jacqueline, half angrily, half laughingly, "What on earth makes you feel that I'm going to fall in love with Mr. Clavering? He's lovely! I'll readily admit that. Also, I can see how many women *would* fall in love with him . . . at first sight! But, please remember Peachy, I've more serious business in my life just now!"

"Huh! Little girl, there's no more serious business in the world than falling in love! I just want to warn you. Don't do it!"

"Oh, Peachy. You . . . bless your old heart . . . you make me tired!" and Jacqueline gave her a little push. "Go along . . . I'm dead, and I've simply got to leave, even though this has been one of the happiest nights of my life!"

"I'm glad you came in. I want you to sign these papers, old man. What is it Sam Blasco calls your place . . . 'the white elephant'? Trite, but descriptive! Always felt that way myself . . . anyway, it's sold. You may take your time about moving your personal things out. I suppose you've got a pile of junk? Hate moving myself! Feel about it like Sherman did about war!"

"I've not been living in the house for several days. You can tell the purchaser everything is ready for his occupancy . . . are these the papers here? All right, tell me where you want my name, etc."

If Ready felt any surprise and curiosity about where Downing was staying, he made no comment, but motioned him to take his chair at the desk. There had been an attitude about Downing for some time that other men would say indicated that the once rich and dominant power in the city's Big Business arteries, was losing his grip. Yet Arthur Ready would not acknowledge this, even to himself. He continued to treat Downing in the same cool, many times impersonal manner, even through some trying scenes with his friend. If Ready was an enigma to Downing, the erstwhile business man was beginning to assume those proportions to the lawyer. Yet he held on to the line he had set out to follow in dealing with the two nearest and dearest to him in the world, and acknowledged no faltering by the way.

"You know, of course, that the final papers go to Jacqueline very soon?"

"Yes," said Downing in a dull, uninterested voice, and that was all.

He was about to leave when Ready's secretary came in.

"Mr. Clavering sir . . ."

"I'm going anyway, Ready," said Downing, and turned to the door.

"See you soon?"

"Oh, I'll be round in a day or two," answered Downing carelessly.

The two men, Downing and Clavering, collided in the doorway.

"I'm sorry, sir," said Clavering in apology, but Stephen Downing went on without comment. Arthur Ready stepped forward on the instant, and greeted Clavering warmly, "Well, old timer! How does it seem to be home?"

"Great! Great! Had a mighty interesting time across the pond but . . . no place like your own country, eh?"

"That's the way I feel! Don't even *want* to go over . . . Some day I'm going to get a law passed temporarily against divorces, then while its in force, I'm going to sneak away and take a look at Yosemite and the Grand Canyon and a few places like that! I figure they'll be foreign parts enough for me, after twenty years in a business office!"

"I've told you for years you ought to quit this. Get into something interesting . . . something that will give you freedom! You can be my business manager any time, you know, and see the world with me, old man!"

"My dear chap. I'm an *institution* in this city! If I leave this office, that institution falls! And *interesting . . . man alive!* There isn't any country on earth so interesting as human nature! It's full of surprises! Even types don't run true to form, aside from their physical similarities!"

"*Atta* boy! Well, how do you feel about taking another flyer with me? I've got a pippin this time! Oh, boy! Swell picture, swell girl . . . everything set!" Then he dropped his jovial manner, and said seriously, "Kidding aside, Ready, this will be the picture of my lifetime. I've been living it, dreaming it, for the last three years . . . that's why I went aboard last year . . ."

"Yes . . . I know all about that. But you didn't find the girl you went after, over there . . . did you?"

Clavering looked up with a quizzical little smile.

"Same old six pence, aren't you? Is there *anything* you don't know . . . when you're interested enough to take time?"

"Not much! Will five thousand from me, and . . . let me see . . . about fifty from a client of mine, help put the picture on the screen?"

"What d'you mean. Fifty thousand, or fifty dollars?"

"Fifty thousand!"

"You bet your eye it will! But it's not going to be a cheap picture, Ready! I've got to have money . . . a great deal of it, to float it. I'm not having much trouble, though. The men who came in with me before, are willing to come in again. I've figured my budget down as close as I can shave her. Save myself about fifteen thousand by getting a little girl new to pictures, and consequently low in salary."

"*New* to pictures? Aren't you taking a chance?"

"Not with this little lady! She's the most beautiful thing I ever laid eyes on . . . and breeding . . . a true little aristocrat. However, I've got Madame Renan's backing in the choice . . . oh, you don't know Madame Renan . . . forgot. Well, when she puts her O.K. on a girl, nuff sed!"

"She may be all you say, but can she act?"

"Never directed her myself, but looked at her work the other day. Amateurish in places, yes . . . natural . . . first picture. There's a gold mine there though, and just leave it to me to bring it out . . ."

"What sort of a girl is she by nature?"

"*Wonderful!* The kind you want to see be the mother of your children! Sweet, sensible, vivacious . . . charming . . ."

"Hold on!" broke in Ready laughingly, "Isn't that going pretty strong for you?"

"Well, you *asked* me!" answered the other with some embarrassment. "I was only trying to oblige you! Seems to me you're taking a great deal of interest in the feminine end of this production yourself!"

"I am," said Ready, and then before the other could express any curiosity as to the reason, he suggested they have luncheon together.

"Nothing would suit me better! I'm still getting a kick out of eating American food! Used to like spaghetti . . . but you can get fed up on that stuff awfully quick . . . and French cooking sort of loses its fascination, when you take it months running!"

In the cafe frequented by the more successful downtown men, they settled themselves to enjoy their food and cigars, much as the way a couple of women will sit down to cozy enjoyment of the tea table. Clavering's eyes wandered about, pleasantly recalling familiar faces. Suddenly he exclaimed, "I don't know the man, but God help him!"

Ready followed his indication to where Florine Darling sat dimpling and smiling in new spring finery, across the table from Stephen Downing.

"*I know* him . . . and I say 'Amen' to that!" replied the lawyer.

The telephone in Ma Goodman's living-room jingled sharply. The expressions of strained waiting that both Jacqueline and Ma had been wearing for the last four hours, relaxed.

"Thank goodness . . . it must be over!" breathed Jacqueline as she went to answer it.

"Oh . . . I'm so glad! Thank you! I'll call again this evening, and please let me know when I can see her!"

She hung up the receiver, and turned to find Ma standing at her elbow, eager curiosity in her face.

"Little girl! Peachys' fine, and the baby weighs eight pounds!"

"That's a good sized baby . . . just right! Now as soon as the third day is passed and the little one gets to nursing, everything will be fine!"

"Why, Ma! You talk like a trained nurse! Where on earth did you get so much knowledge about babies?" Jacqueline put an arm about the old lady's waist as they went back to their seats.

"If you spend all your time at home talking, when Mr. Clavering expects you to be studying I'll have to move out myself!" said Ma, in mock scolding. "Did you ever meet a woman without children in your life, who didn't know more about them than the mother of seven?" Ma laughed with a little chuckle. "One thing, though . . . I never went about preaching to mothers how to raise their offspring!" Then her old face saddened a bit as she said, "I traveled the road for thirty years! From the day I stepped out of dramatic school, to the day I signed a contract in pictures, I never knew what it was to have a home! We were married on the road . . . we stayed on the road! We never had the money, nor the time to stay anywhere for a year . . . so that we could have a child! I didn't feel it was right to traipse a little baby all over the country . . . before it was born, or afterwards! I always loved children, though . . . and I'd have had a family of twelve, if I felt it had been right!"

Jacqueline did not know what to say, so she merely tightened her arm about the little old lady's waist. She felt the heartache back of those words . . . a heartache that never could be appeased.

"That's the difference between things as they used to be, when I was young, and things now! Well, well, my dear . . . don't let a gossipy old lady keep you from your work."

She smiled at Jacqueline, and picking up her knitting left the room. Jacqueline dutifully turned

to the book in her hand . . . a French history, and started to read. Her thoughts would not stay with the book. Something Ma Goodman had said . . . or the numbers of things she had said . . . and the knowledge of Peachy, with at last the little girl she had wanted so much . . . kept preventing. She wondered if, had she been happily married, she, too, would now be a mother?

Then she mentally shook herself. What a pig she was getting to be! No sooner did she achieve one desired object, than she began thinking about another! Anyway, it could't be that she was beginning to want babies! She had never had any strong desire for babies! It must be all because Peachy had talked so much about the coming little one, and because she had been making some little things for it . . . cute little caps and bibs. self into the atmosphere of the production. This Clavering and Madame had insisted on that. She was to make no more pictures until the one that Clavering believed would be his masterpiece. She had only to study French with Madame twice a week, read French histories, and generally get herself in the atmosphere of the production. This was unusual preparation, but Clavering was an unusual director. He was more artist than business man, and yet his productions were money-makers, and he had no trouble in raising money to finance them.

Since that night at Peachy's, when she had first looked into his kindly face, Jacqueline's thoughts had been a great deal with the man who was soon to direct her. She now asked herself if she, too, like all his other leading women, was beginning to fall in love with him? She got up and closed her book impatiently. What was the matter with her today! She probably needed exercise of some sort. She went and got her coat and started for a walk. She was but a block from the house when the honk of a car halted her, and a big blue limousine slid up to the curb.

"Is that the way you study French history!" Clavering leaned out and shook an admonishing finger at her. Jacqueline blushed, "I've got a complex of some sort today! I can't concentrate! I was out taking a walk to clear the mental cobwebs!"

"How about a swim?"

"I'd love it . . . Take me back to the house and I'll get my suit."

As they sped along that great wide boulevard that extends from the heart of Hollywood to the sea, Jacqueline looked thoughtfully at the man beside her. Once, back in the days when she had been so unhappy, she had said something about mixing work and play together to the perfect leven of happiness! Of a certainty she and Clavering had played a great deal together lately . . . and she felt that they would work a great deal together! Could it have any portent other than that, as director and star, they would make a successful team?

Just then the man turned to smile at her . . . she felt a sudden warmth of feeling for him.

These were hard days for Downing. Not poverty-stricken days, for the sale of his house had given him enough to live upon in comfort for some time . . . but wavering, undecided days, in which he seemed to have lost his grip on all the things that had made his life before, and had not yet set his feet on the new paths he was destined to tread. In all this time there was but one person who could make him forget . . . bring him any sense of happiness. She asked nothing from him but that he take her places. They were expensive places, but you couldn't ask a woman to go about with you unless you gave her something in return . . . either an interesting personality and enthusiasm at her presence, or the things money could buy. Downing felt he had nothing to give as far as himself was concerned. He simply sat and looked at her pretty face, and listened to her gay chatter, and found a sort of contentment in it. He developed a gratitude for her interest in him.

And the only difference between Arthur Ready, Jacqueline and Stephen Downing, was that the lawyer knew that they were all just marking time . . . approaching irrevocably the crisis that would definitely decide their individual Fates. With Downing and Jacqueline it was an unconscious traveling, and so they went on through the next two months . . . not knowing they were the pawns on the cheesboard, and that Ready was one of the Bishops!

"Tell me, Madame . . . what do you think of marriage?"

"That I cannot answer. Tell me . . . *que voulez-vous dire?* For many people, or but two? As you say, in the abstract . . . or for the individual?"

"For the individual . . . in pictures!"

"For the beautiful woman in pictures, who has not . . . as most of the beautiful women have not . . . so much of the business comprehension a good husband is a good thing!"

"That is what Dick says."

"Ah! *Quelle joie!* I myself think it would be the thing . . . for you to marry this Dick Clavering! So fine a man! *Oui! Oui!* Little Jacqueline. . . . that is a good match!"

"I wish I knew! You see, Madame . . . I do not know what my feeling toward him is! I admire him! Respect him! I am . . . fond of him . . ."

"But you have not the grande passion? *N'importe!* That will come!"

"So I once thought before . . . but it proved a mistake. I hesitate to take another chance . . ."

"Well . . . no hurry! *Cela marche bien* . . . everything goes well the way it is! I grieve only that so soon I lose my little Jacqueline when she go to my own country to make this picture? Passports you have already?"

"Yes . . . I think Dick plans to leave soon, now!"

"Ah, *oui! oui!*" said Madame, and there was a little sadness in her voice.

Jacqueline threw her arms around her, "You darling! I shall write you long, long letters about how your France seems to me! I shall make you so homesick you will take the next boat across, and then we shall be working together again!"

"Ah, *non! non!* It is better I wait here until you come back! Now I must send you out . . . *Mon Dieu!* The work I have yet to do, and that little Marie, she is slow this morning!"

Jacqueline repressed a smile, for she had just caught a glimpse of Marie, racing across the sewing-room as though pursued by a thousand devils. She went out to wait for Clavering, who was in the habit of calling for her after her lessons with Madame.

"I am going to ask if you will take me over to Peachy's? It's two weeks since I've seen that baby . . . and since she's my namesake, I ought to show some interest!"

"Certainly . . . like to see the little monkey myself!"

They did not talk much as they shot in and out of the crowded traffic on Hollywood Boulevard, to finally slid to a stop in Peachy's drive. Where before Jacqueline had found a more or less carelessly ordered household, the Blasco establishment was now running on strict schedule. It happened to be bath time for the baby, and Peachy, who always bathed her own infants, could not be seen. She sent down word for them to wait twenty minutes . . .

"I used to watch Peachy and Sam in front of their fireplace at night . . . when I lived across the street . . . and envy their happiness!" said Jacqueline musingly, as they made themselves comfortable.

"Is that a threat, or a promise?" asked Clavering with a laugh.

"I'll admit that sounded . . . er . . . leading!" replied Jacqueline. "But I'm not that kind . . . Dick! I said it because I was thinking it . . . not for any effect it might have on you!"

"I know that. But I've wanted to have this talk with you for several days. We know nobody will come in here for a quarter of an hour, anyway . . . so here goes!" He came over to the davenport on which she sat, and stood looking down at her.

"You may sit down . . ." She moved over a trifle.

"Thanks. You know, dear . . . it's been so long since I have taken any interest in women, other than professionally, I feel a bit awkward! I don't know if anyone has told you . . . but . . . my wife died when we had been married but two years. She was such a little, delicate thing, and we had to keep going! Out on the road . . . I . . . have never quite gotten over it . . ."

"I know!" Jacqueline put her hand over his. 'I know . . . and it is one of the things that made me admire you, Dick! Your wonderful loyalty!"

"It never occurred to me to be any other way . . . until I met you. But now . . . Jacqueline, something died in me when Muriel went. I am going to be honest with you, I can't give you that kind of love! I can give you the best I am capable of . . . based on the deepest respect and admiration! I wouldn't offer you that, if I did not think you needed it! It's different with us . . . you've had your heartache . . . your disappointment . . . I've had mine. If we can find any sort of happiness together on what we have left to give, do you want to try it?"

She did not answer, but sat looking at some far thing . . . just space, in which the things her heart said, and the things her head said seemed struggling for victory.

"You are too beautiful to go on alone. Some day you will grow tired of it, and then you may go the wrong thing . . . make the wrong choice again! Putting it on a purely business basis, I can be your business manager, and your director . . . and your friend . . . as well as your husband!"

Jacqueline sighed, and reached her hand out to him, "You and I . . . we seem rather drawn together in our aloneness! I think the friendship . . . fondness I have for you will never change. There are too many people who say fine things about you, Dick, besides the things my own intuition tell me. Will you let me think this over for a few days?"

"As long as you like! And then . . . forget it, if you wish!" He bent to kiss her hand, and then he smiled down at her with those compassionate, kindly eyes . . . kind with always the memory that great hurt . . . the loss of his little wife . . . had left there. Suddenly Jacqueline had a desire to cover up that hurt! Make those eyes smile so that it could not be seen.

"Well, hello, children! I suppose you've come to see my precious baby?" Peachy had come in, and the precious baby was bobbing its downy head against its mother's neck, as she took her hand from its little back a moment, to welcome Jacqueline.

"Don't do that! You'll hurt it's back!" Jacqueline, wide-eyed, motioned Peachy's hand back again.

Peachy laughed delightedly.

"Well, Ma Goodman certainly has been giving you lessons! Isn't she funny? Has she taught you how to hold a baby, yet . . .?" and Peachy gently laid her infant in Jacqueline's arms.

Soft, and so little! Fragrant with talcum powder, and its own sweet babyiness! Jacqueline wanted to put her face down on its little tummy, where the pale blue, infinitesmal jackette was tied by little bows. Suddenly the tears came into her eyes, and she had to turn away to hide them . . . but Peachy and Clavering were chatting merrily, not noticing.

Florine and Stephen passed it as they made their way to their own seats . . . a table set for twenty, with gay decorations, and gorgeous flowers. Waiters were fussing about it anxiously, giving last touches to the detail. Florine expressed lively curiosity, but Downing's interest in it was like his interest in everything else but the girl herself . . . indifferent.

"My goodness! Looks like an engagement party, or a birthday . . or something! Look at those flowers! They're mostly orchids! And the *china* . . . that isn't the house plate . . . it must be their own service!" She chattered on, recounting every little thing to him. Downing thought suddenly that she was a sweet thing, but he wished she'd stop talking about it . . . he wasn't interested in somebody's else banquet table!

He sat with his back to it, anyway . . . and he couldn't see what she was talking about.

Then the party for the table commenced to come in, and Florine's eyes brightened, but she ceased talking about it. Downing was relieved. A great deal of laughter came to them. Evidently, someone in the world was happy, he thought wearily.

When their waiter came, Florine asked him about the affair.

"Oh, it's a sort of farewell party, Miss. Mr. Clavering and his company. I believe they are going to France tomorrow . . . that is, to New York to sail, you understand," said the man, respectfully.

"Oh!" Florine's eyes rounded and a baby-blue stare of interest, and she said, "Who is that with Mr. Clavering . . . the lady on the right?"

"The star of the picture, miss, and I have heard some talk about an engagement between the two," he set down the dishes and said to Downing, "Shall I serve you now, sir?"

"Yes . . . no . . . yes . . . certainly!" Downing's face had suddenly grown very white, and his fingers, as he raised his water glass to his lips, were trembling violently. When the waiter had gone, he lifted his napkin from his knees and put it on the table, starting to rise, "Where are you going?"

It was Ready's cool voice behind him, as the lawyer joined them at the table.

"My God, Ready! Something has to be done quick! Jacqueline's over there, and I've just heard she's going to marry Clavering! They are going to Paris, or somewhere on that picture, and they're leaving tomorrow!"

He sat down again, and added distraughtly, "My God, but I'm glad you happened in! We've got to straighten this up, right away! When did you send those final papers to her?"

"A few days ago. Now listen!" There was a note of command in Ready's voice . . . sharp, hard . . . the sort of note that generals use in times of war.

"Sit still and keep your shirt on! She *can't* marry *anybody* until they get a license . . . no license has been got. Eat your dinner . . . your shaking like a leaf! Pull yourself together, man!"

Downing controlled himself with difficulty. Plainly Ready was crazy. He'd thought so for some time. Now he was sure of it! Oh, what a blithering idiot he had been to allow him to go on with that fool plan of his! He saw it all now . . . what a fool he was . . . spending his time running around with this little baby doll . . . why hadn't he been trying to win Jacqueline back! He groaned suddenly, and clenched his fists on the table edge.

"I don't know what your idea is, Ready! But I tell you this, I'm going to go over there and tell her the truth! It's a dirty, low-down trick we've played! *A dirty, low-down trick,* do you hear?"

"I hear . . . and so will everyone else unless you lower your voice!"

"I've got just one more thing to say . . . then I'll quit! You've made a pretty mess of it! And you've finished *me* with *Jacqueline!* I suppose you can see that?"

He sat glowering at the lawyer, who somehow managed to keep a calm confidence in his face, but this for the first time had no effect upon Downing, except to further infuriate him.

There was a great deal of laughter from the Clavering party . . . the habitual kidding and good-natured personal joking that had been the first thing to impress Jacqueline about the picture people, was in full swing tonight. For the first time in months, Jacqueline felt out of sympathy with it. She was filled with the seriousness of the thing uppermost in her mind . . . to marry Clavering, or not marry him. As she looked at his honest, kindly face, she knew that he was a man among men . . . she felt that, did she chose him as a husband, she would not regret it.

She lifted her eyes and met those of Florine Darling.

Lightning! Primitive fire! Instinct of combat, that rose in a blinding flood . . . submerged her reason . . . tightened her muscles. There was nothing in the world but herself and that other woman, with the baby blue eyes, and the wise little smile . . . the triumphant little smile on her rosebud lips! Involuntarily Jacqueline rose to her feet . . . drawn up by something terrific inside her that was taking her swiftly to that other table . . . to that simpering, silly little face . . . and then, "I . . . I'm sick!" gasped Florine Darling, and Downing found himself holding her helpless form in his arms.

He looked wildly at Ready.

"My God! What'll I do with her . . . call a waiter . . . call somebody . . ."

"She's under your protection. You brought her here! Take her home . . . She's sick . . .!"

"Damn you!" gritted Downing! "Damn you! If you let Jacqueline out of your sight until I get back . . . I'll kill you!"

He meant it. Ready knew he meant it, and his heart rejoiced exceedingly. Immovably he sat, the Bishop of the chessboard, watching the pawns at work, Downing, tearing out of the cafe, carrying his burden none too gently, Jacqueline, not stopping to excuse herself from her amazement-stricken fellow guests . . . speeding after him with the suddenly developed speed and strength of an Amazon.

In a moment Ready rose and followed them. On his way out he stopped at Clavering's chair, bent down and said something, very low in his ear . . . and went on. Clavering straightened, threw back his head like a fighter not yet vanquished, and said, "Folks . . . it's all right! You'll know all about it tomorrow . . . and . . . we'll leave for New York, according to our schedule, just the same!" He raised a glass of grape juice, "Come on! To the picture!" and they drank wonderingly with him.

Downing's speeding taxi was followed closely, and without his knowledge by Jacqueline's. His disappearance into Florine's hotel was only a moment before hers. In the lobby she saw the elevator shooting up. She went straight to the clerk, "Tell me . . . what apartment is Miss Darling's . . .?"

"Third floor . . . 325 . . . Elevator'll be down in a minute, miss!"

"Thanks," and she was flying up the stairs as though born on wings. The clerk looked after her curiously, and also at the man who came down with the elevator's next trip. He had evidently taken Miss Darling to her room, dumped her, and left her!

"Send someone up to Miss Darling . . . get the nearest physician . . ." and he slipped a bill into the young man's hand, and was gone.

"Nut!" said the boy to himself.

"To the Mont Mart . . . break the speed limit, and I'll give you fifty dollars!" Downing slammed the door of the taxicab.

Jacqueline looked again to make sure at the number over the door . . . yes, that was it! She pushed on the door Downing had left unclosed, and went in.

"You can sit up now! My husband has gone!" she said to the girl who lay on the chaise-longue. Florine sat up with a start, and Jacqueline laughed.

"You're pretty good . . . but I can do it better than that, and I've only been in pictures a year! If my husband wasn't so ignorant of your sort of women, he would have known that faint was a fake . . ."

"Your husband . . . ignorant of my sort of women!" Florine had regained her momentarily shaken composure. "That's good! In the first place, he's not your husband anymore. In the second place, if he's ignorant of anything about me . . . well, I'll eat my hat and yours, too!"

"That's a lie! You can't make me believe it! It's true we are divorced, but there's one thing I'm going to do before I go to Paris . . . I'm going to see that Stephen Downing isn't led to ruin along the way you've started him . . . do you hear?" Her eyes were flaming, but her face was calm . . . calm and cold. There was a strength in her that frightened Florine Darling. As Jacqueline came steadily toward her, she backed away with a startling idea . . . the woman was crazy! Her suspicion was crystallized when Jacqueline picked up a nail file from her dressing-table, and menaced her with it.

"You go into that closet, and you go quickly, or I'll . . . I'll run this straight through you!" Florine went, not daring to turn her back on this mad thing that came at her with the fury of unlimited power in her eyes.

Jacqueline slammed the door and locked it, then she stood a moment, her body shaken by the force of her heart throbs, her quivering muscles. A moment like this, and then . . . suddenly she swayed against the doorway . . . sobbing . . . slid down to a little heap on the floor.

Arthur Ready stood waiting for Downing in the entrance of the cafe. Before he could get out of the taxi, the lawyer came up to him, pushed him back, and tried to close the door.

"Let me out! Let me out! I'm in no mood for theories! Let me out of here, or I'll punch your face off!" Downing's fists doubled, and he started a swing toward Ready's jaw. The lawyer ducked . . . stepped back, and put up his hand. Downing hesitated, but there was no mistaking his attitude.

"She followed you to the hotel. You'll find her in Florine's rooms now . . . if you hurry!"

When he had gone, the taxi careening down the street like a crazed thing, Ready did an odd thing. He took out a check book, and, standing there on the curb, under the street light, he wrote a check for $150,000.00 to one Richard Clavering, filling in the blank, signed check that Downing had made over to him to use in making out the amount of his commission on the house sale. He went inside and handed the check to the director.

"Buys him a controlling interest . . . take him over as my proxy for that business managership you're always badgering me about!"

And kneeling on the floor outside Florine's clothes closet, Stephen Downing raised the limp form of his wife into his arms. No extravagant phrases of Victorio D'Antonio could match the things he said, over and over again, into her ears, or the kisses he pressed promiscuously, on her brow, her eyelids, her hair . . . her throat.

"For . . . well-bred, self-controlled people . . . we've been acting rather wild . . ." she faltered, and a flush of shame swept over her face. But Stephen Downing only held her more fiercely, as he said fervently:

"Yes . . . thank God . . . and good old Arthur Ready!"

THE END.

Pretty Ladies

(*Continued from Page 26*)

Maggey Keenan said slowly, steadily. "God is good. He couldn't let anything like that happen to me and my baby."

"But I saw—"

The door opened and a rain-soaked, utterly wretched young Irishman walked slowly into the room. His shamed eyes fluttered from Adrienne to Maggey, then dropped.

"Good-bye, Maggey. Good-bye, Al," Adrienne backed hastily to the door.

"She—she told you?" Al's nerveless fingers dropped his hat and bag.

Maggey Keenan ran straight into his arms, her face as radiant with love and trust as it was that moonlit night nearly two years before.

"She tried to tell me some fool story, but I wouldn't listen to her. My, you're wet, Aloysius Cassidy! Come along with me, and get into dry clothes this minute. You'll take your death o' cold! The baby's been crying for you. Nothing would do him but his Daddy!"

A look of awe, of wonder, of almost unbearable happiness, spread slowly over the broad Irish face of Aloysius Cassidy.

"The little devil! Where is he?" he demanded huskily.

That night, the moon peeped into the bedroom of the Aloysius Cassidys, and discovered big Al sound asleep, his big Irish mouth open in a grin that had something to do with a happy dream. Huddled into the crook of his big arm, Al, Jr., his baby lips still tugging fitfully upon a nearly empty nursing bottle. It discovered Maggey Keenan Cassidy upon her knees beside the bed, her thin arms reaching out protectingly toward the two beloved males upon the bed, her wistful face, strangely beautiful under the magic of moonlight, raised toward heaven:

"But, oh, please, God, don't ever let it happen again!"

THE END.

The Editor's Mail Bag

This Week's $5.00 Prize Letter

Hats off to a silk topper. Ray Griffith has certainly stepped into the shoes vacated by several of the eminent comedians, but the hat is his own innovation. His comedy is as carefree and natural as a ski-er's course on a smooth ice field. Also, any one wearing dress clothes in the manner of Griffith is deserving of immediate attention.

To me, R. G. in a picture means action. "Paths to Paradise," while very improbable, was one of the liveliest, sure-fire pictures I've witnessed in months. "The Night Club" was even better, the story being more logical. Louise Fazenda, coupled with our hero, could sway the world to laughter. For those who enjoy real comedy, I say, "Put these two at the top of your list."

Paramount has certainly made a wise choice in backing Mr. Griffith and I, for one, certainly appreciate it.

HAZEL BOARDMAN,
St. Louis, Missouri.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

Honorable Mention

DOROTHY D. LEWIS,
San Antonia, Texas.

The Precious Fraud

(*Continued from page 17*)

own hair is ruined. I have to keep it cut short, and it's long since lost its brightness and life."

Eve Landon laughed softly. "It seems absurd now to remember how much alike we used to be! People were always taking us for twins, you remember? I don't look a bit like you now, Linda!"

"It's just the wig and tricks of expression," Linda touched the gleaming bands of her hair with disdainful fingers. "Your eyes are exactly like mine, except that I have learned to narrow mine, to let the lids droop heavily over them. They call me Russian because of that. And your eyebrows are almost identical with mine, your lips have almost exactly the same trick of quirking up at one corner and down at the other. Your skin is fresher, finer, less like thick cream than mine. And you have a wild-rose color in your cheeks—just as I had once. I've made this heavy pallor popular in Hollywood, though. And you haven't a dimple in your left cheek, as I have. I'll wager you'd look almost exactly like me, if you put my wig on. Want to try?"

"Think of trying on hair, as one would try on hats!" Eve laughed. No, darling, not now. Let's talk. There are a million things I want to know. I can't realize you are here, you know. You'll have to tell me volumes before I connect you all up again, all three of you—the girl who went away, the lovely thing I've watched on the screen for four years, and the sister who's sitting here, over cold beans and potatoes with me. I say, it's a shame you can't have a real dinner, such as you are accustomed to."

"I'm not hungry, Eve. Except for you. I wonder why I haven't written to you these last few years? Just seasonal greetings and Christmas and birthday presents. It seems incredible now, when I know how much I have been wanting to see you, and the old house."

"How did you happen to come, Linda? Please, I want to know everything."

Linda's lovely crooked smile flashed out. "You'll hear everything, and it's a good thing Aunt Macy isn't here to curb me. I came on an impulse, dear. It was a ghastly day, that last day in Hollywood. A day of disasters. Everything went wrong. A magazine writer started it. She had breakfast with me, because that was the only time I had free for an interview. She asked me when I was going to get tired of being just a beautiful clothes-horse and become a real actress. That set me off!"

"The impudence of her!" Eve's smoke-gray eyes, so like Linda's, except in their wide ingenuousness, snapped fire. "You *are* an actress, Linda! You're wonderful!"

"No, I'm not," Linda crushed a bit of cornbread to crumbs upon the thin tablecloth. "That is what set me crazy. I'm not a real actress, Eve. The girl was saying to my face what the whole country is saying behind my back. Or rather, that part of the world that sees pictures. But I wouldn't admit it to anyone but you. We had a row about it and she left in a huff. I've cultivated the nastiest temper in Hollywood, you know!" She smiled with sudden impishness, a smile which few in the motion picture colony had ever seen on her well-schooled face. "I was so afraid of the world for so long that I determined to make it afraid of me," she confessed. "Those years were so dreadful, before Brynne discovered me, Eve. But I'll tell you about them later. We're talking of the day of the great rebellion, the historic flight, the unexplained disappearance of Linda Landon." Her voice was edged with sarcasm and contempt. "I chuckled to myself as I read Lampson's effort to cover up. They don't dare confess they don't know where I am. Lampson—he's president of Acme, you know—sent a statement to the papers that I'd been taken suddenly ill and would not be able to work for a few days. Good Lord! How frantic they must be." Her narrowed, smoke-blue eyes brooded with amusement upon them. "But to get back to the big day. Hell began popping right after the magazine writer left. A pair of beaten gold sandals I'd had made to order for the costume part of 'A Queen of Babylon,' came late and were so small I had to limp on to the set in them. A wig came from the hairdressers, dressed all wrong. Mrs. Parsons, my housekeeper, stopped me as I started to leave the house, with the news that all my servants had struck because I give too many parties. Damn them!" Her voice, from which she had wiped its habitual hint of a Russian accent, rose on a shrill note of anger.

"Oh, Linda!" The distress in Eve's eyes and voice shamed her.

"Sorry, Eve. I've grown to be rather a beast, you know. I'm trying to tell you everything. Constance Arthur, my secretary, douched what spirits I had left with the cold fact that I was badly overdrawn at the bank, and that they wouldn't honor another check. And I had a dinner party for twenty-four on for that night, with no servants, no money for a caterer."

"But Linda," Eve was shocked, "you are making seven thousand five hundred dollars a week, the papers say."

"For once they are right," Linda conceded, pushing her plate far from her and propping her chin upon her exquisite hands. "I suppose that seems a fortune here, but believe me, Eve dear, it melts like snowflakes in July, in my hands. That house of mine in Beverly Hills that they write up in the magazines is a perfect white elephant. God only knows how many rooms it has, how many thousands of dollars I've spent furnishing it, what an army of servants it takes to keep going. And clothes! I don't dare wear the same dress twice. It would make a scandal item for the nasty little chit-chat papers if I did. And the rumor would get about that Acme was not going to renew my contract, and that I was economizing."

"Poor Linda!" Eve's adorable mouth, so like Linda's, quirked with delicious laughter. "Poor little rich movie star! It must have been a terrible day for you, dear, to make you run away!" her voice changed to sweet seriousness. "Tell me the rest, and I promise not to laugh."

"We're making 'A Queen of Babylon,' the most ambitious picture that Acme has ever starred me in. On my way to the set I stopped in at Jeremy Lampson's office—he's president of Acme, you know—and told him I had to have ten thousand advance on my salary. He refused, said I was already overdrawn about twenty thousand. I told him he'd be sorry, and I suppose he is!" The sharp little teeth clicked. "Then I went on the set, and had to limp around on those damned beaten-gold sandals that were two sizes too small for me. And to cap the climax, they had a girl playing a bit as a slave girl who tried to act all over the place! And Brynne, the fool, encouraged her! I could just imagine how the critics would pounce on that bit, and point out that I'm only a beautiful clothes-horse. I told Brynne he'd have to take her out of the picture, or I'd walk off the set. He refused, said she was too damn good to waste, and was just a little girl, trying to get along—all that sort of damn tommy-rot. I walked off, or rather ran off. Flew straight home and packed to come here. Hadn't the least idea of doing it till I found I was on the train, with a ticket to Louisville in my hand. Then I knew I'd been crazy for a sight of you, darling, oh, for months. It wasn't just a fit of rage that blew me home; it was more than that; need of you, Eva, need of someone who really loves me, knows me as I am—or used to be." Such tears as the camera had never recorded overflowed those mysterious eyes of hers.

"Oh, Linda, don't cry, darling. You are going to be so happy at home here!" Eve rose to clear the table. "No, darling, you mustn't think of helping! In those clothes? And with those hands? The camera would know instantly that you'd been washing dishes!"

"To hell with the camera!" Linda was stripping off the long coat of her ensemble suit. "Give me an apron, one of those ruffled pink and white ginghams we used to wear. Really, Eve, I *want* to do homely things with my hands. I want to forget that I'm Linda Landon, the movie star. I want to be, for as long as I can, just your big sister, Linda, who's been away for a long, long time, but who's come home again."

"So you shall, honey," Eve's blue-grey eyes shone with love, like storm clouds that are pierced with sunlight. "And tell me, as you dry the dishes, how it all happened. I've read every scrap the papers and magazines have printed about you, but they've made you a Russian near-princess, and a fairy-tale Cinderella, and all sorts of improbable things. I want to know the true story; the dreadful parts and the good parts, the hidden things that have changed you from being and looking so much like me to—what you are."

They were in the kitchen then, the little yellow-floored room, with its old-fashioned coal range, its rows of shining pots and its black iron kettles, its quaint old "safe" stocked with thick, pink-rose patterned dishes and blue glassware. Eve poured scalding water from the great iron tea kettle upon the dishes in the big granite pan, that had been used for dishwashing before Eve and Linda had been born.

"That is what you must realize and accept, Eve," Linda said, a little tragically, her eyes narrowing to mere slits as she studied a thick porcelain plate without seeing it. "I'm—different, Eve. Not good any more. No, I'm not being theatrical. I'm really not—good—any more. Aunt Macy was quite right. I've done dreadful things in these seven years, Eve; first, because of the bitter struggle to get on, then because of the terrifying effect success has had upon me. It's hard to tell you, Eve—do I put the plates on the lower shelf, as we always did? I see you still scallop newspapers for the shelves. I'd love to scallop some myself. I'll do it tomorrow. We'll clean the safe, like we used to do. Yes, I'm going on. But it's hard to tell you, Eve, sweet, because you look so terribly young and innocent and good. Like I was once! How Lampson and Brynne would stare if they could see me now! They think I'm the most vicious-tempered person in Hollywood, and they have a right to think so! But I know what did it, Eve—those terrible first three years, when I was starving to death, and just keeping alive by the most shameful means. Extra work, waiting on table when the studios were in their periodic slumps; playing nursemaid to the howling babies of the rich."

Tears were slipping down Eve's wild-rose cheeks, so different from Linda's dead-white magnolia-petal cheeks. "I wish you had come home, Linda. Oh, why didn't you come back? Surely poverty isn't so terrible, in a little town where everyone knows you and loves you. You could have taught music, while I taught school, as I've been doing for three years now. It's not so terrible."

"It would have been for me," Linda's voice sharpened. "I should have blown up. Well, it was sheer loneliness and despair that drove me into my first marriage. I was never in love with the man. He was too old for me, but he wanted me, and I married him. He seemed successful to me then; I'd seen his name—Chet Toler—on many a movie theater program. He was—still is, for that matter—a character actor, you know, but he was much more in the limelight then than he is now. Well, we were married, because I wanted to eat regularly. And I was sick to death of having to wash out my only suit of underwear—silk, it was of course—every night before going to bed. He promised me so much, and he gave me so little. For I soon found out that he drank up most that he made. It was nearly as bad as before, and I was additionally handicapped at the studios by being married." She hooked a cup on each of her two little fingers and took them to their allotted space in the "safe." "But I did manage to get a few clothes out of him—he was proud of me, in a way, and wanted me to dress well. And those helped to get me small bits and parts. A year of that, and then came the freakish chance that made me."

"There have been so many versions of how Carl Brynne discovered you," Eve looked up from spreading the dish rag on its nickel bar to dry.

"And all of them untrue, for we decided to keep the wig a secret. You see, I'd never been mentioned in a single cast, all the time I was in pictures. When the name, Linda Landon, was sprung on the public, it was exactly as if I had never acted in a picture before. It's very simple, really, the true story. I had a tiny bit in a Greta Gordon picture. I was watching Brynne direct a scene that I was not to be used in, when Greta tore a wig off her head and flung it from the set. It fell near my feet, and its long shining bands of hair came unfastened somehow. I picked it up

and set it upon my head, just for fun. I took all the pins out, let the glorious stuff fall about my shoulders, and then I tried stunts with it. Greta had left the set in a rage—I've often done the same thing myself, since then. I brought one long, shining, straight strand low across my forehead; wound bands around and around my head, tight, tucking the ends in so they didn't show at all. The effect of the gleaming black against my dead-white make-up was startling. I reminded myself of a Russian princess, whose picture I had seen in a rotogravure section of a Sunday paper. I narrowed my eyes to get the effect more accurately, drooped my mouth disdainfully, raised my chin a trifle and regarded my reflection in the mirror of my make-up box under heavy, languorous eye-lids."

"I've seen you do that trick a thousand times, on the screen," Eve interrupted. "And I've wondered where you learned it. I've even practised it myself, but the hair makes all the difference."

"Yes, the hair does it," Linda conceded. "Anyway, Brynne didn't recognize me. 'Where the devil did you come from?' he asked me, and I only shrugged my shoulders haughtily and narrowed my eyes at him. They've never let me take the wig, or one like it, off since then. They put me into the picture—had the devil of a time with Greta Gordon, who sued them for breach of contract, but she was *passe* and they knew it, and didn't care how much she sued. You remember the hit I made as Olga, in 'The Siren of Moscow'?" She was slipping the ruffled pink and white apron over her head, careful of the gleaming cap of black hair.

"It's historical," Eve retorted. "Then came the contract for a year?"

"Yes. They were afraid to take a bigger chance on me, though Acme was nearly crazy with fright for fear I'd sign up with someone else before the year was up. I wouldn't sign till the last minute, either, holding out for the biggest contract I could land. Acme got me again, as you know, and I haven't been sorry. They've never fallen down on exploitation for a minute. Salary started, on the new contract, at three thousand, and has climbed to seven thousand five hundred; will be ten thousand the last year of the five-year run. Seems a lot of money, but it really isn't, in Hollywood."

"And Chet Toler?" Eve called over her shoulder as she led the way into the stiff little parlor.

"Making company of me?" Linda laughed. "I'd feel as if I were at a funeral or a wedding, if we talked in here. Remember the last time we sat here together? Poor Mama! Let's go into the living-room. I suppose no one has to sleep on the couch any more."

"No," Eve shook her head. "The family's too small. Just Aunt Macy and I. I'm going to darn stockings while we talk, if you don't mind. Now tell me about Chet Toler. I didn't believe half I read in the papers, though Aunt Macy did. These puritanical people always believe the worst of other people, though Aunt Macy is awfully good to me—on the whole."

"I know—so good you could wring her neck, if you weren't such a saint. I *hate* goody-good people. Well, about Chet. The papers were partly right. He *did* name a co-respondent, and then withdrew suit. Acme paid him ten thousand dollars to sue for desertion, instead. And the co-respondent, as it happened, was just trumped up to cause me embarrassment. I could have won the suit, because he had just a few harmless, luke-warm love letters that I'd written to my leading man, Tommy Archer; nothing incriminating, and he knew it. But the papers made a great deal of it, published the letters, as I suppose you saw."

"Yes, but I thought they were innocent enough," Eve protested stoutly. "I've never really doubted you, Linda."

"Then you are the only living human being that hasn't," the beautiful, scornful lips said bitterly. "And I don't deserve your faith. There's a great deal more to tell. I was branded as bad by all the fuss that was made over Chet's threatened suit. It's true enough that I had left him, for he sat down on me and wouldn't try to find work, as soon as I was making big money. And his habits had become worse than ever. He's been down-and-out ever since the divorce, but the papers never let me forget him. Every time there's a possible chance they refer to him as 'the first husband of the fascinating Linda Landon.' They've made me responsible for his downfall. They insist that I be bad, because I'm a screen vampire. How I hate that name!"

"Then you married Paul Devon?" Eve prompted, her tear-filled eyes trying to focus on the silk stocking she was darning.

"Yes," Linda whispered. "Paul Devon! I wish you could know him, Eve. He's such a dear! Too good for me, with my tempers and my bitterness toward life—"

"Then you aren't separated, as the papers say?" Eve looked up, a glad light breaking over her beautiful face, that was so like and so unlike her sister's.

"Yes," Linda drew her breath sharply across her parted lips. "We are separated, estranged is the romantic word, I believe. I told you he is too good for me. The devil has gotten into me, Eva. Maybe it's the type of picture I've been playing in for so long. But I can't bear monotony. Paul is good; he's a darling, I tell you, but he has so little understanding of the creature he married. He's such an earnest young director, so seriously concerned with the 'art' of motion pictures. And he can't realize that I must live a hundred miles a minute, to make up for the terrible sterility of those first awful four years. He sees wickedness where there's only capriciousness. And I don't blame him, really. He can't be expected to understand, when he is the soul of faithfulness himself. I could have held him if it hadn't been for Ben—Ben Speare."

"The Chicago millionaire that wants to be a big producer?" Eve asked naively. "Oh, Linda, surely—"

"What do you want of Speare, Linda?" Eve's voice was almost cold with disapproval, her head bent lower over her work.

"I want my own company, with Ben's millions behind me. I want to be able to choose my own stories, and supporting cast, have the biggest motion picture theater on Broadway named for me—"

"And Ben Speare can give you those things?" Eve asked, awed and incredulous.

"He says he will. I've got to have more proof than that, however," Linda raised her beautifully sculptured arms above her head and yawned frankly. "I'm going to take this wig off, Eve, and not put it back on until I leave for Hollywood. God, but it will be good to shed it and all it stands for."

She lifted the cap of gleaming black hair from her head and set it on the little table at her elbow. Her fingers fluffed up the short reddish gold curls that clustered thickly over her small head.

"You look like a child, Linda," Eve smiled. "But, oh, your lovely hair! I suppose you just have to wear it short like that?"

"Yes, for comfort. The wig would be unbearably hot otherwise. No one, except my maid, ever sees me without the wig. I have a dozen of them, I suppose, made by a perfect wizard of a wig-maker. He keeps them shampooed and dressed for me. It will be heavenly to go without one while I'm here. I have two more with me, in a hatbox. Heavens, I feel positively nude!"

"You look charming, even if your hair does look as if it is surprised to see the light of day." Eve laughed. "Wait, let me get a comb and fluff it up for you. You tempt me to bob my own hair!"

She returned with a comb from Linda's dressing-case and seated herself on the arm of her sister's chair. "I wonder if you're going to be bored here, honey. There's so little to do. And you say you don't want anyone to know you're here. How *are* we going to keep you secret? It's lucky we are more than a mile from the town. But what will you *do?*"

"Rest," Linda yawned again, luxuriously. "And forget my beauty. I suppose it will be safe for me to ride horseback, won't it? Have you still got Nelly?"

"No, but I ride her colt to school and back every day. School closed last week. Of course you could ride him! Dressed in my clothes, and with a hat pulled down to keep your short hair from showing that it's cut, you could easily be taken for me."

Linda was electrified her dawning boredom was utterly vanquished. "I'll have a ride this afternoon!" she cried, her eyes widening with pleasure. She was about to narrow them again, from force of long habit, when Eve leaned over her and held the lids wide,

"If you're going to be me, honey, you'll have to make your eyes behave!" she laughed. "I *never* look like a Russian princess!"

"Have you any riding breeches?" Linda demanded, her fingers already busy with the fastenings of her dress.

"Riding breeches?" Eve laughed. "I have a divided skirt; that's the nearest I've ever come to being fashionable. I ride side-saddle to school, to keep from having to change my clothes. But I have the other saddle, too. You can wear the divided skirt. And a white blouse of mine, and my old black velvet tam-o'-shanter, which is just the thing for riding against the wind."

Half an hour later, Linda Landon had completely disappeared. In her place was a girl who looked not a day over eighteen, her short reddish-gold curls mashed down under a jaunty velvet tam, her slim shoulders decorously covered with the crisp starched lawn of Eve's white blouse, the blue serge "divided skirt" sheathing the limbs, for which a famous French modiste had been chartered to design creations to exhibit their perfection. Eve's snubbed brown Oxfords were on her delicate feet, Eve's service-worn old riding whip in her gloved hand.

"Be careful, Linda darling. I can't bear to think of anything happening to you," Eva said, as Linda swung herself into the saddle.

"Me!" Linda sang out boastfully, as she curbed the prancing colt. "I've had the best riding master in Hollywood. Good-bye, Eve. Make waffles for supper, like a darling. Come, Dan, shake a hoof!" She flecked the whip lightly upon the twitching flank of her horse and was gone, while Eve stood staring after her, wondering if she would wake up and find that she had dreamed this visit from her world-famous sister.

Two hours later Linda came back. She came back in the arms of a motorist, stranger in that part of the country, who was so badly frightened that he could not make himself understood by the hysterical, weeping girl who beat him on the breast and shoulders, demanding facts.

"It was done so quick I can't say how it happened," the man panted, as he rose from straightening the broken body on the living-room couch.

"Oh, my darling sister!" Eve sank to the floor, and cradled the unconscious head in her arms. The blood flowing from the wound soaked through the gingham of her sleeves. "Oh, for God's sake, get a doctor! How did you know where to bring her?" Reason, breaking through hysteria, demanded something to wrestle with.

"She come to for a bit, after I'd picked her up, and told me to take her here. Gave me directions, she did, and I followed them," the man was sobbing unrestrainedly. "God, I'd a-died before I'd a-had this happen, Miss I ain't to blame, either, strictly speaking. The horse bolted, got scared of something, I don't know what, and throwed her right in front of my car."

"Don't stand there excusing yourself!" Eva cried out in her agony. Oh, go for a doctor, quick! Old Doctor Munson, third house down the road to the village. If he's not in, you'll have to look for one in Cold Brook. There's a new doctor; I don't know him. Oh, for God's sake, hurry! She's bleeding to death!"

When the dazed motorist had left, Eva placed the dear head back on its pillow and rose to get water and cloths to try to stop the flow of blood.

"Eve!" It was scarcely a whisper that stop her.

"Yes, darling! Oh, Linda, do you know me?" Eve laid her wet cheek against the hand that had fluttered feebly to meet hers.

"I—I haven't much time, Eve. Listen—and promise—me. I'm dying, Eve. Promise me—something—before I die?"

"Anything, Linda," Eve sobbed, her trembling lips roving with frantic love over the beautiful face that was now more deadly white than ever.

"Then promise me—to—to take—my place—in pictures. Put on the wig now, Eve. Be—me, Eve. Don't let anyone—*anyone*—see you without it again. Put on—my dress—and the wig—before anyone comes." Her voice was coming in agonized gasps.

"Oh, I can't, Linda," Eve sobbed. "Why do you ask it, Linda?"

"It was so hard to make—that—success," the dying girl panted. "I can't let it slip now. There are—too many—in Hollywood—who would be glad it—happened to me. Jealous cats!" Bitterness sharpened the gasp of pain. "And I would be glad—wherever I am—to know that you—my little sister—to know you were in my place, enjoying—the success—without the struggle. You promised, Eve! Put on the wig! Before—I die!"

(To be continued next week)

The Last Edition

(Continued from page 21)

enough to make you foreman long before this, beats me."

"Well, old Appleby was a darn good foreman," Tom MacDonald shook his head. "If he hadn't died, I wouldn't have had a chance at it. Buried yesterday, poor old boy. I suppose they'll give me official notification tomorrow. Parks said they all appreciated my work—and all that," he ended lamely, afraid of boasting, even in the bosom of his adoring family.

"It's great, Dad," Ray resumed his seat and his meal. "My news looks like thirty cents beside yours——"

"Just what *is* your news, son?" Mrs. MacDonald demanded, in her mild, motherly fashion.

"Oh, I've just been appointed a deputy in the District Attorney's office. Going up!" he grinned in embarrassment.

"Gee, I feel like a failure in life," Polly protested mournfully when the excitement had subsided. "I ought at least be able to report that I've been put in charge of the exchange. But—I haven't. I guess I'll be getting numbers for you now, Ray. If you dare to bawl me out for giving you a wrong number, I'll tell the D. A. about that little affair of the crap game, when you were ten years old!"

"It will be odd, having two limbs o' Satan in the district attorney's office," Tom grinned slowly. "I'll have to watch my step. Don't you worry, Polly. You don't have to figure out a career. Young Walker will take care of that."

That night Tom and Mary MacDonald talked for hours. The twenty-five years of their married life had not been easy ones, but they had been happy in the main. Fate had not marked Tom for big success, but it seemed to set him apart for more than an ordinary amount of simple happiness. His wife had been a real helpmate; his children had been utterly satisfactory; they had been educated far beyond the skimpy schooling of their parents; their home had always been decent, and free of the stigma of debt.

"And now," summed up Tom, his arm tightening about his wife's shoulders, "it looks as if the MacDonald clan had struck oil. The only fly in the ointment is the fact that Poll-Parrot will be flying away soon. But I couldn't pick a finer son-in-law than young Walker."

"They could get a flat right here in this building," Mary MacDonald agreed hopefully.

But the next day Tom MacDonald found that he had counted his own particular chick of fortune before it had been hatched.

"I'm mighty sorry, Tom, old man," Parks, the business manager told him, in a lull between editions. "Mr. Hamilton, the publisher, has gone over my head and brought a chap in from another plant—the assistant foreman of the *Times* pressroom. I'm all-fired sorry about this, and I'll see if I can't get five dollars a week more into your pay envelope anyway."

Tom MacDonald wiped his trembling, grease-coated hands upon a bit of waste and turned his misted blue eyes upon the great multiple-presses to which he had given the devotion of a lover. The song they sang, as they turned out countless wet sheets of sensational news pictures and advertising was sweeter in his ears than an angels' chorus. The faintest sour note in that song of songs had his instant attention, his loving care. He had earned the job of foreman. No man could know these leviathans of his better than he; no one could nurse them more competently, wring from them more efficiency. His shoulders sagged for a moment in utter weariness of soul. It would be hard to tell Mary and the children. Young folks are critical, shrewd. They might suspect that it was his fault in some way. Their father, who had been almost a god to them, might become a middle-aged failure in their eyes.

"To tell you the truth, Tom," Parks went on uneasily, seeing the desolation which his news had brought. "Old Hamilton is on a tear—economy, young blood, and all that. He's cutting expenses in every department, and this new foreman came for ten dollars a week less than he would have offered you. Hamilton thinks he's great because he's young and a hustler—one of those go-getter chaps the success magazines rave about. He may be all right, but personally I'd feel safer if you were in charge down here. By the way, Hamilton's fired the editorial writer and is going to try to take his place. No experience. I'd hate to see our editorial page become the laughing stock of Park Row—but he'll have to have his fling, I guess. Don't feel too cut up, old man. This young buster may not pan out so well as the old man hopes."

"Thanks, Parks," MacDonald thrust out his hand, but his eyes still clung to his beloved mistress—the giant press.

"Pug" Welch, one of the pressroom apprentices, sidled up to the big, sagging-shouldered pressman when Parks had gone.

"Give you the gate?" "Pug" asked sympathetically.

"No," Tom shook his head, as if to shake away the red mists of anger and disappointment that for a few evil minutes had clouded his brain. "I had hoped to be foreman, and Parks tells me they've taken on a younger man. I'm getting old, 'Pug.'"

"That's the way with these guys," "Pug" shook a bony fist toward the ceiling, above which the business offices were housed. "That's a fine way to treat a white guy like you. It sure makes me think," he added, his funny, little old-man face wrinkling comically. "Say, Tom, I got a brother-in-law what's a bootlegger. He ain't got no more education than me—ain't much better looking, too, if you ask me. But say, boy, he's pulling down three or four thousand a year, and his boss—the big bootlegger he works for—drives a Rolls-Ruff, and his wife wears diamonds and pearls. It's the life, believe *me*. Makes me think," he nodded.

"Don't think—that way," Tom laid a kindly hand on the undersized little apprentice's shoulder, and looked earnestly into his black, shrewd eyes. "You won't get rich here, 'Pug,' but it's a good trade. You'll always be able to hold your head up with the best of them if you learn a good trade, and save your money and lead a decent life. Your bootlegging brother-in-law may be in clover right now, 'Pug,' but your sister may wake up in the morning to read of his death or capture in the papers. You stick, 'Pug.'"

"Aw, what's it get you?" the boy demanded rebelliously. "I been watchin' you. You're the whitest man I ever knew, and what's this honest stuff ever gotcha? You slave here, year in and year out, the best little old pressman in New York, and then a young squirt comes along and grabs off your job, just 'cause you got a few gray hairs on your dome. It ain't right. I tell you, it don't pay to be a slave. Bill's a bootlegger, all right, but nobody looks down on a bootlegger no more. I know plenty that's glad to know him; think it's something great to shake hands with him. Swell folks, too. He takes 'em their booze and they shake hands with him and invite him to meet the wife and take a drink on them. Brag about him to their friends. Say, 'This is my bootlegger,' like you'd say, 'This is my lawyer.' Sure he takes a chance—who don't? Old Maria here—" He indicated the great presses—"may bite my arm off some day when I'm giving her a dose o' oil."

"I know it's hard to make you understand why it's better to be an oiler in a pressroom at a few dollars a week than to be a bootlegger with greenbacks pouring into his pocket," Tom said, a little sadly. "I used to wonder myself, if it paid. That was when I was young, like you. But I stuck to the honest life, and believe me, 'Pug,' I'm glad I did. I haven't got a Rolls-Royce, or even a fliver, but I've got a home that any man could be proud of. It's carpeted with kindness, for old feet to walk on. Its walls are hung with the finest pictures an artist ever painted—snapshots of my kids—my boy and girl—showing every step in their growth, from babyhood to manhood and womanhood. It's furnished with love, and guarded with respect. I don't suppose there's a happier family in the United States than the MacDonald clan, as we call ourselves. I don't believe there's a mean thought let loose in our little flat from one year's end to another. We love each other and we respect each other. Do you suppose I could have said all this if I had been—a bootlegger or a confidence man or a card sharp?"

"I—I reckon not." "Pug" wiped the sweat from his face with a dirty hand, to hide his embarrassment. "I—aw—you're right, o' course. But, gee, it makes me sore to see that big stiff my kid sister married—sportin' around in his car and giving booze parties, and wearin' a new suit every Sunday. I bet he'll get his," "Pug" ended in a burst of righteous indignation and newly-confirmed virtue.

"You're quite a philosopher, Tom," a voice broke in with a chuckle. "I've been guilty of listening." A stocky, middle-aged man stepped from the concealment of a roll of print paper.

"Just talking a bit in between editions, Mr. Hamilton," Tom admitted. "Old Maria is singing a pretty tune, isn't she?" He pointed to the sweetly humming presses.

"You make me feel pretty much of a dog for giving the foremanship to young Craddock, Tom," Hamilton flushed under the steady blue gaze of the assistant foreman. "We'll give him a try-out, Tom, and if he doesn't pan out—"

"All right, sir," Tom was about to turn away, to his work.

"Wait a minute, Tom. I'm taking on the editorial page, you know. Got to cut down on expenses. What you've just been saying sounded mighty convincing to me. You've given me an idea for an editorial. I'd like to have a chat with you, if the presses are all right for a minute."

"Certainly, Mr. Hamilton," Tom was puzzled but not abashed. "I'll keep my ears open. I can hear trouble a mile off. I know old Maria better than I know my own children."

For half an hour the two men talked—their gray heads close together, the smartly cut trousers of the one rubbing against the grease-blackened overall of the other.

"You're a great philosopher and a happy man, Tom," Hamilton said, when he rose at last. "I envy you!"

The next day the new foreman, John Craddock, took up his duties. He came in with a chip on his shoulder, as "Pug" pointed out in an aside to Tom MacDonald; he had evidently been informed by Parks that MacDonald has been tacitly promised the job which Hamilton had seen fit to give to Craddock.

"Your time card shows you were late two days last week, MacDonald," Craddock began almost immediately, after he had snooped about the pressroom for a while.

"Yes, sir," Tom answered respectfully, though his tanned face was flushing darkly. "I went to the hospital to see Appleby, my foreman. He died last Saturday, you know. We'd been pals for thirteen years."

"You should have gone on your own time," Craddock snapped. "Your card shows you were fifteen minutes over your lunch hour twice. It musn't happen again. Mr. Hamilton has put me in here to get a maximum of efficiency out of the pressroom, and I intend to do it."

Tom turned suddenly to the presses, jerking at the lever which controlled them. Craddock had not heard the "sour note" in the song of songs, but Tom had; he had again, for the thousandth time, saved *The Chronicle* a big bill for repairs and delays. The incident, reflecting as it did on Craddock's much-vaunted efficiency, did not increase his love for his assistant.

In the first edition of the great paper on the day of Craddock's arrival, Tom found his simple, homely words of the philosopher of happiness set forth under George Hamilton's name on the editorial page. His heart leaped in his breast; here at last was recognition; Hamilton had told him he was a philosopher; he had proved that he believed it by printing bits of that sturdy philosophy in one of the greatest of New York's newspapers. His eyes raced down the column, in search of his name, as the mouthpiece of those homely words of wisdom.

"This philosophy I have from the mouth of what the world would call a failure," the editorial concluded, "for he is a man of no pretensions. He lives in a modest five-room apartment in Brooklyn. He was recently passed by in the great game of business for a younger, more forceful man. Yes, the world would call him a failure, but I am proud to call him my friend."

Tom's hands trembled so that they could not hold the paper. The cup of his bitterness—the first real bitterness he had ever known—ran over.

He was not even given a name in the editorial. He had provided inspiration for an inexperienced writer, whose own thoughts yielded no inspiration, and that other had taken, and refused credit. How proud he would have been to take the paper home to show Mary and the children! How they would have glowed with pride—that their father should be quoted as a philosopher in one of the greatest papers in the world! But he could not show this! "The world calls him a failure—"

"Hey, you big stiff, lay off! I ain't no galley slave!" The shrill voice of "Pug," with a sob in it, broke in upon Tom's bitter reflections.

"Get your time and get out of here!" the foreman's voice cut like a whip, and the cuff of his palm against the cheek of the little gamin oiler resounded above the hum of the presses.

Tom forgot his own troubles in less time than it took to reach the sobbing boy, who was cowering out of reach of the foreman's arm.

"What's the matter, 'Pug'?" Tom demanded sharply.

"The little devil was soldiering on the job, and I led him back to his work by the ear," Craddock said viciously. "And you'd better get back to your own work."

"I'm not a boy, to be talked to in that way, sir," Tom answered with dignity. "I've worked 'Pug' for a year or more, and he's been a pretty good boy. I'd hate to see him fired out of the shop, Craddock. And we need him—he's experienced; knows the presses. Boys are not so easy to get for apprentice work these days."

"He can stay if he apologizes to me, and if he'll stick closer to his work than he's been doing since *I've* been on the job. This is no playground *now*."

Ignoring the implied insults in the emphasized words, Tom put his hand on the oiler boy's shoulder and urged him, in a low, fatherly voice, to humble himself to the foreman.

The hard day was nearly over, the last edition was on the press, when Clarence Walker, the young reporter who was trying very hard to get himself engaged to pretty Polly MacDonald, came in for a paper wet from the presses, and for a word with his old friend.

"Say, Mr. MacDonald, that kid Ray is going to be a great help to me," he greeted Tom with a slap on the back.

Tom looked up at the tall young reporter with almost paternal fondness. He thought Clarence Walker was the finest chap in New York, and undoubtedly the best reporter. Polly would have added that he was the best-looking man in the world, and she would not have been so terribly wrong at that, for his closely-cropped, curling black hair, his lean, olive-skinned cheeks, his flashing white teeth, his brilliant black eyes, his slim, soldierly body, gave him a right for far more conceit than any one had ever been able to detect in his breezy, nonchalant good nature.

"How's that?" Tom asked, opening a paper from the stack which the press' automatic folding device was placing at his feet.

"See that story?" Walker demanded, pointing to the seven-column headline on the first page.

"Bootleg and graft," Tom shook his head. "How did Ray help you?"

"He's been put on prohibition enforcement, you know. He tipped me off some private dope he had on Sam Blatz. I followed it up on my own account, and the paper's willing to take a chance on a libel suit in printing the yarn I ran down."

"Sam Blatz?" A scared voice at Tom's elbow asked quaveringly. "Pug" was shaking with fright. "Gee! That's my brother-in-law's boss! Did they get Bill?"

(*To be continued next week*)

The Second $1,000 Contest Winners

(*Continued from page* 36)

Compson, Colleen Moore, Buster Keaton, Raymond Griffith, Dick Barthelmess, John Gilbert, Harold Lloyd and Charles Chaplin."

After the first contest, when Movie Weekly published the pictures of the winners of the three major prizes together with the letters of personal information, many readers mistook these letters for the 100-word essay letters which accompanied the solution sets. To avoid this misunderstanding, the 100-word essays were printed separately last week. The above letters are simply printed for your information. They had nothing to do with selection of winners, and in fact, were not requested until after the prize entries had been selected.

Bebe Daniel's Life Story

(*Continued from page* 23)

What Has Gone Before

Bebe Daniels' grandfather was American Consul to the United States of Columbia, her grandmother the daughter of the Columbia Governor. Her mother and father turn to the stage as a means of livelihood after the loss of their fortune. Bebe's birthplace is Dallas, Texas, and when she is ten weeks of age she makes her stage debut in "Jane," a comedy in which her mother and father are playing.

When she is four years of age she plays her first Shakespearean role, and shortly afterward she is taken ill with typhoid. She is sent to California to her grandmother to recuperate. When she is well, Oliver Morosco sends for her to join his company. Bebe and her mother now have a difficult time making ends meet, as they refuse assistance from their relatives. When Bebe is seven she is given a starring part in "The Prince Chap," and shortly afterward, she plays in "The Squaw Man" with Lewis Stone.

Much against their inclinations, but because they are in straightened circumstances, Bebe and her mother enter the movies. Bebe's first part is in "The Common Enemy." Later she plays child parts for Christy-Universal, in the same company with Dorothy Davenport Reid. Then her mother sends her to a convent, but Bebe misses the theater people and after a year she joins her mother and they are given parts by the New York Motion Picture Company. Later, Mrs. Daniels goes with the Kalem Company. And while she is there she plans a Perfect Christmas for Bebe. But the company closes the day before Christmas. Shortly after that, occurs Bebe's darkest moment. A picture manager sends for her and her mother just as they are at their last resources, on her eleventh birthday, and when they go to keep the appointment, he has no work for them. They struggle along for a few weeks and then Mrs. Daniels has a call from Kalem. They buy a little home in Edenville, and Bebe also has bits with Pathe and Ince. When the company closes, Mrs. Daniels is given work with the Norbig studios, but this company soon fails and once again they are "on the rocks." Just as things look very black, Bebe has a call to play opposite Harold Lloyd in one-reel comedies at Pathe. She has to make herself look much older and does not sign a contract for some time, as the request is for a blonde. However, Bebe proves that a brunette can fill the bill and she is signed. She and Harold have some wonderful times together.

Now that Bebe is leading lady for Harold Lloyd she receives a salary of $30 a week, and on that she furnishes her clothes. She and Harold are very good friends, but no other element enters in. They often go to dancing contests together. The first cup they win is in competition with Wally Reid, whom the both idolize. Bebe can hardly believe her eyes when the cup is handed them. But the placid friendship is to be disturbed by the first quarrel.

Harold broke his promise not to dance with another girl—not only that, but he and the girl win a cup. Bebe becomes infuriated. But finally she and Harold make up and continue entering dancing contests, winning thirteen cups together. Another amusement they enjoy are trips to Ocean Park in the buss, with the entire company. Mrs. Daniels promises Bebe two dollars for every dollar she saves and by doing this Bebe buys her first automobile.

One evening Bebe and her mother are dining at Sunset Inn and a mutual friend tells Bebe that Cecil B. De Mille wants to meet her. Bebe is so excited, but becomes calm again when her mother reminds her that her contract with the Rollin company still has months to run. Bebe doesn't know what she will do.

needed in a scene and wait until the call-boy came for me. My, but I was lonely!

One day, just when I was feeling loneliest and sorest, Mr. De Mille, unintentionally, I am sure, hurt my feelings. They were, I must say, very easy to hurt just then, sensitized and overwrought. But he did hurt them, and I could barely keep the tears back until I got to my dressing-room. I never could stand the thought of having anyone see me cry—had a perfect horror of it—and I sent my maid on some wild goose errand so that I could have my dressing-room and my tears all to myself. I heard the maid returning, hastily dried my eyes as best I could, powdered my nose, with my back still stiffly held to her and then, with my head in the air, walked over to Mr. De Mille's office. "May I speak with you a moment?" I asked, in my most dignified tones. "Certainly," he replied, kindly, "come in." "I'm very sorry," I said, "but I have never had anyone speak as crossly to me as you did today. I am quite sure that I deserved it; evidently I am not suited to dramatic work—but I am to comedy—and—and I had better go back. Will you just tear up my contract and forget all about it?"

Well, he put his head back and laughed and laughed and *laughed*—said it was the funniest thing he had ever heard—that he did not intentionally hurt my feelings and was awfully sorry that he had. He talked to me for quite a while—very, very kindly—said that he had absolute confidence in my ability—that his fault-finding was only another proof of that, because if he hadn't thought me worth while he wouldn't take so many pains with me nor would he have kept me with the company, let alone give me as big a part in his picture as he had.

When I left that office I felt better, more enthusiastic, more friendly and at home than I had felt since I entered the organization. And with Mr. De Mille's encouragement ringing in my ears I worked harder—and happier—than ever.

I was seventeen when I played in the George Melford special. I was Vice in "Every Woman." Then came two pictures with dear Wally Reid—"The Dancin' Fool" and "Sick Abed."

It was during the filming of "Sick Abed" that an office boy came onto the set and said that Mr. Lasky had just arrived from New York and wanted to see me in his office.

The thrill that first came over me at the thought of a conversation with the head of the big organization soon gave way to little shivers running up and down my spinal column. "Surely," I thought, in my usual cheerful (?) manner, "surely there can be but one thing he wants to see me about. I have not proved satisfactory—and he is going to tell me so!"

(*To be continued next week*)

The Colonel

(*Continued from page* 34)

Parents People?" "Ben Hur," "Not So Long Ago," "The Golden Princess" and "A Kiss for Cinderella." If you saw a sign reading, "Richard Dix in 'The Lucky Devil'," that would indicate that Richard was starred in the picture. If the sign read, "'The Lucky Devil,' with Richard Dix," then he would be considered only a featured player. It depends, you see, on whether the name of the picture or of the player is given first. Mary Pickford was married to Owen Moore before she married Doug. Doug's previous wife was Beth Sully. The Fairbanks have been married about six years. There are plenty of actors and actresses who have been married only once, and still are—Norma Talmadge, for one, who has been Mrs. Joseph Schenck for seven or eight years; Theda Bara and Charles Brabin, Conrad Nagel and Ruth Helms, Milton Sills and Gladys Wynne, Reginald Denny and Irene Haisman—you see the list would be quite long if I had space to mention everyone.

R. G. P.—Gloria Swanson starred in "Her Gilded Cage."

VERMONT—Yes, the French bicycle rider in "Open All Night" was played by Lefty Flynn.

BIMBO—No, I don't think Pauline Starke will be a second Gloria Swanson, though she seems to have acquired some of La Marquise's mannerisms of late. Pauline was born in Joplin, Missouri—she doesn't say when—and is not married. She is 5 feet 3 and weighs 110.

Life Story of Colleen Moore

(*Continued from page* 12)

with it and my father had even included this dolly in his boyhood games and had infinite respect for her traditions. Although I loved my own dollies dearly, this particular china-headed individual held no sentiment for me.

One day my father was reading aloud from an English paper. The recent execution of a criminal was described in detail. Our oatmeal and cream seemed to be occupying our whole attention, but, as a matter of fact, my brother and I were taking in every detail regarding executions. And directly after breakfast, we took the beloved family doll out to the orchard, placed her pink and white face downward on a block of wood, and chopped off her head.

My childhood crime complex also included an elaborate system of fibbing which was all my own. I imagined I was two persons, one good and one bad. My bad self I called "Mary" and my good "Kathleen." When my mother caught me doing wrong, I stoutly maintained that "Mary" was to blame and not myself! We lived in Florida for several Winters and our house was only two blocks from Tampa Bay. My brother and I were forbidden to go into the water because it was dirty and reported to be unhealthy. So, down on the pier, I pushed brother in and then he climbed up on the bank and pushed me in. Then we could swim and splash about as long as we liked, and go home to report we had quarreled and pushed each other in the water when we were angry. Of course my "Mary" self had been the quarrelsome person. Fortunately, our crime complex seemed to have died a natural death before we reached our teens.

When I fell in love, I seemed no longer to care about holding the batting record for the neighborhood. Brother and I always went to early morning mass on Sundays and to services during the week as well, so quite naturally, I became romantic over a choir boy, so angelically beautiful in his neat black robes and starchy white collar and vestee.

"She's such a good little soul," said grandmother, when I went hurriedly off to church, fearful of being late.

"I wonder why she has taken such an unusual interest in religion," puzzled my mother, with perhaps a shrewder understanding of the natural tendencies of the oncoming generation.

For months, I gazed at my romantic ideal as he parted his lips in song. The boy lived in another part of the city so our set didn't know him, but he must have sensed my rapt adoration for one day, in passing out of the church, he ventured to say "Hello." His family must have moved away after that for I didn't see him again, but that shy "Hello," reciprocating the affection I felt, provided all my romantic thrills for the next two years.

Of course being in love always leads to other complications, so during one summer I became extremely domestic instead of being a tomboy. A good-sized miniature stove had been given to me for Christmas so I lugged this around the neighborhood backyards wherever the boys were playing, and made pancakes for the crowd. A generous dose of baking powder made the cakes rise high and wide and nothing short of an act of Providence saved us from death by the indigestion route.

I saw some pictures of Pavlowa dancing about that time, and this, in addition to my newly-found object of love, influenced me to become ethereal instead of tomboyish and unfeminine. My dancing was self-taught with barefoot glides on the dewy lawn during moonlit evenings, and sore throats and colds to follow. I was sure there was something tangible about this love business to be found in books. I had always been a great reader but mother had skillfully confined my library to the Pollyanna "Elsie Dinsmore" type of stories.

"'When Knighthood Was in Flower' is a charming love story," I once overheard my father telling grandmother, so I bided my time until I could make away with the book. This was my first love story but it roused my imagination and all the piano-box plays later produced had very deep and profoundly serious love scenes.

Some of the fancies of my childhood seem to have grown right up with me. I can't quite believe that I am now a mature young lady, a picture star, married, and mistress of my own home, for my little girl fancy for dolls and toys still persists. It's still my pet hobby to find new and unusual dolls and toys and on the sun porch at home, I have a wonderful dollhouse which I wish I might show to every youngster in America. I've had lots of fun collecting all the furnishings for this doll house and on my recent trip to Paris with my husband, I searched out many quaint shops in order to replace the old furniture with pieces still more original.

I was delighted with the tiny carved ivory pieces I found in Paris shops. For instance, I picked up a beautifully carved statue for the entrance of my doll house and a carved ivory bench, not two inches long, to place beneath the curving stairway. For my library, I found a small table, about one inch square, also of ivory, and holding the tinest red and white chessmen you ever saw. And in a pawnshop abroad, I discovered two very tiny books. One of these, "The Lives of the Saints," was even illustrated. The other was a dictionary. It takes a powerful magnifying glass to read these little books and I don't see how any human typesetter could have set the letters, but you'd be surprised to find that the dictionary contains all the words found in a big volume.

In San Francisco, some months ago, I found a tiny Chinese cabinet carved from gold. A Mexican official sent me a little set of chairs and a table made of their beautiful silver filigree work. In a London shop, hidden on a what-not in a dark corner, I found a luxurious parlor set made of gold with porcelain seats and chair backs. This set—the chairs and table, are only three inches high—I use it in my doll house drawing-room. And you can see a tiny Buddha there, too, and a diminutive Swiss clock and a floor lamp. In the kitchen everything is there, including hot-water faucets.

My, it has been hard to find some of those things!

I bought a diminutive monkey who hangs from a little palm tree out in the patio adjoining my doll house. And out there, too, is a miniature sunken garden, a goldfish pond, tea sets and parasols and a radio, not an inch long. The boys in the property room at the First National Studio have vied with one another in carving or constructing some tiny piece of furniture for my doll house, and just now they are helping me provide tiny plants for the roof garden and tennis court. Of course, they haven't forgotten to present me with some little Irish shamrocks, which I have put in two blue Persian vases at the entrance gate to the doll residence.

I have digressed from my straight story long enough to show you that odd though it may seem, my "dolly complex" has persisted even up to the present time. Now to go back. My education in convents continued up to the time I was fifteen and after that, I had a tutor who came to our house to give me advanced studies. In 1916 our family moved to Chicago. An uncle of mine, Walter Howey, had lived in Chicago for some years and was managing editor of the Chicago American. It was this wonderful Uncle Walter who introduced me to D. W. Griffith, and the great director asked my mother if he might try me out for pictures.

(*To be continued next week*)

Are the Stars Jealous in Hollywood?

(*Continued from page* 20)

could teach embryo film stars something about the quality of modesty.

"Never have I spent such a difficult period as my last two years in pictures," she says. "That black camera box made me self-conscious at first and I've had to learn all about distances from it. And the camera axis gives a much smaller place to work in than the stage, and learning my distances from the black box were all new. Then there are the titles. It's not easy when you are speaking a title to realize somebody later is going to snip it with the scissors at a certain point and you must 'carry on' from there."

Miss Dresser says she has been so busy watching herself since she came into pictures that she hasn't had time to see what any of the young picture players were doing. "'Yes, sir,' has become my pet phrase," she says, admitting that she's had to learn a great deal in pictures.

"One very young assistant director asked me what I considered the difference between acting before the camera and on the stage. I replied, 'You mean the difference in *action*, I suppose, not acting.' For the art of acting, if one has had training in good companies, stays with one always. It's the tricks of picture making that have bothered me."

"Nothing is so tiresome to an actor as to be suddenly acclaimed a genius," says Hobart Bosworth. "The actor's long, arduous training in the skill of his art is greatly under-rated. He might not be starred until 1925, but perhaps he attained potential stardom in 1912, when he mastered his most difficult role. Stardom is a matter of cumulative successes—of a long siege of overcoming obstacles."

By no means are all the socially accepted scions of wealth making failures in Hollywood. Conrad Nagel, Norman Kerry, Malcolm McGregor, Aileen Pringle, Colleen Moore and others come from families of means and social standing. Two others, not so well known in pictures, are proclaimed to be on the road to eventual success. One of these, Manuel Acosta, is the son of Bernardino Acosta, known as the richest man in the Argentine. His grandfather was Julio Roca, twice president of Argentine. His uncle is Jose Luis Cantilo, governor of the state of Buenos Aires, and his brother, Carlos Noel, is Lord Mayor of Buenos Aires. Acosta's own income has shrunk to a great degree in the past few years and he is anxious to recoup his lost fortunes by becoming successful in pictures.

Christine Montt's grandfather, Manuel Montt Torres, was president of Chile for ten years. Her uncle, Julio Montt, killed in a war between Chile and Peru, is one of the country's heroes. Another uncle, Pedro Montt, was Chilean ambassador to the United States during Roosevelt's administration. Miss Montt is much in earnest over her career in pictures and is winning her way slowly toward coveted Spanish roles. And there are others, who have temporarily forgotten big homes and aristocratic connections and are being "just folks" in order to make a modest success on their own merit in Hollywood.

Theodore Roberts, veteran player of the stage and screen, says, "Succes in any line is counted by the blank spots. Many people fail at acting. And any endeavor at which many people fail must be hard to attain."

If I Were You

(*Continued from page* 35)

you would be happier. The fact that you have no close friends or anything to do, perhaps causes you to become too introspective and prone to put more emphasis on disagreeable things and conditions than you would ordinarily if you were busily engaged in some pleasant pastime or engrossed in interesting work.

There are many things you might do that would prove to your overly-frank family that you were not a fool or a "stupid." You're living in a city where the opportunities are manifold and if you feel that you could not compete with those who were taking up the arts, you at least have many things to choose from that can be carried on by the work of the hands. Just what particular thing you might decide upon, I cannot just say, as I am not familiar with your inclinations. This is something you will have to work out for yourself. It seems a pity that one who lives within the shadows of a university, where so many things are taught, should not take advantage of the opportunity to learn something that will be a medium of self-expression, instead of allowing oneself to stagnate.

M. M. S.: Your husband has, for the last few years, been in the habit of leaving home for days at a time, without telling you where he is going or where you might be able to find him, should either you or any of your children become ill. You have endured it in order to keep peace in the family. Since you discovered that your asking him to give an account of himself made him irritable and, at times, abusive to you, even in the presence of the children. He tells you that he wants to play golf and does not wish to be bothered with a family "tagging" around with him. He has many friends living in different towns with whom he supposedly stays during his absence from home. Several times you have tried to telephone him and found he was not where he had led you to believe he was. Since being confronted with the fact, he has refused to tell you where he will be while away, and says it is none of your busi-

(*Continued on page* 46)

On the Set and Off

(*Continued from page* 33)

Priscilla Bonner has decided to sue Warner Brothers, following the substitution of Dolores Costello as John Barrymore's leading woman, after Priscilla had already signed a contract to play the role. She asks the sum of $4,800, which would have been her salary for 12 weeks' work, at $400 a week.

Rudy Valentino's wife will continue to make her own productions, independent of her famous husband. Her first picture, "What Price Beauty?" is now ready for release. Those who have seen it are not inclined to take the picture very seriously, but that doesn't worry Natacha. She's going ahead on another. Natacha is really a very brilliant woman. Some day she may do something which will make us all sit up and take notice.

Though little has been said about it, Colleen Moore is still suffering from the results of an accident which occurred on location several months ago. Miss Moore's neck was nearly broken, during the taking of scenes aboard a hand-car, for "The Desert Flower." She was encased in a plaster cast for several weeks, and following this left on an extended trip abroad. It was hoped that Colleen would be completely recovered, upon her return to Hollywood, and preparations were made for her to star work immediately in Isreal Zangwill's "We Moderns." But production on the picture has been halted twice because of the star's illness and she is not yet at work.

Mabel Normand has left Hollywood for the Great White Way. Under her contract with A. H. Woods, New York producer, Mabel is to appear on the legitimate stage at a salary of $5,500 per week, it is said. Mabel will also appear in film versions of her stage plays. Her contract covers a period of five years.

A jinx seems to follow the Fox company filming "A Man Four-Square," starring Buck Jones.

Early in the picture, Eva Novak's husband was almost fatally injured while doubling for the star. He is still in the hospital.

This week, three cowboys, riding at a furious pace on a narrow trail, for scenes in the picture, were hurled to the ground when the lead horse stumbled and fell. Twenty other cowboys, following closely behind, barely escaped trampling the fallen men, through superb horsemanship. One of the victims, Harry Woods, was hurt internally and it is thought he may die, another has a fractured arm, while it is believed that the third will die of a broken neck.

Bill Hart's infant son is now on the road to recovery. Baby Bill has been seriously ill with intestinal trouble. For a few days his life was despaired of, but the crisis is now past. His father was kept appraised of the child's condition at all hours while the youngster was hovering between life and death.

Oh, hum. Now that Mary Pickford is figuring conspicuously in an honest-to-goodness kidnaping plot, several obscuer players are rushing into print, declaring that they are being shadowed by strange and mysterious characters.

This week it is Ruth Mix, 13-year-old daughter of Tom Mix and Mrs. Olive Mix, Tom's first wife. Some strange man invited little Ruth to go for a ride in his motor car, and as a result the Los Angeles police department was called out in force.

The publicity men in the motion picture studios show little originality. It's a case of "follow the leader." There is little wonder that the public believes nothing it reads of the film people, any more.

Mary Miles Minter's suit against her mother, Mrs. Charlotte Shelby, is in the courts again.

Mary says that her mother received $960,000 from the Famous Players-Lasky Company and $250,000 from the American Film Company for her daughter's services, while Miss Minter was still a minor.

Profits from this fortune were made from Mrs. Shelby's investments, it is said, and the court is asked to determine just what these profits are. Mrs. Shelby, her daughter says, has refused to make an accounting and her financial affairs have become so complicated that only a suit in equity can determine the facts in the case.

Having completed his first independent production, "The Skyrocket," starring Peggy Hopkins Joyce, Marshall Neilan is back on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot to complete his contract with this company, which calls for one more picture.

Neilan has signed a contract for four pictures to be made for the Producers' Distributing Corporation. These will go into production when he has completed his present picture for M.-G.-M.

Erich Von Stroheim has gone into seclusion over at Catalina. For Erich is at work on the continuity for Constance Talmadge's next vehicle, "East of the Setting Sun," and when Erich works on a story he withdraws from communication with a dull world.

As has been heretofore announced, the temperamental Austrian will not only write the screen adaptation of George Barr McCutcheon's tale, but direct and play a leading role in it as well.

We hear that Joseph M. Schenck has inserted certain clauses in Von Stroheim's contract which provide that the picture is to be completed within a stated time and without "waste." Evidently, Connie is not to run the risk of being the face on the cutting-room floor.

Both Connie Talmadge and Joseph Schildkraut crave to be American citizens.

Connie lost her citizenship when she married John Pialoglou, a Greek, in 1921. She has discovered that, even though divorced from him, she is still a subject of Greece, so she is going to take out her citizenship papers in due form.

Schildkraut's final citizenship papers are now being prepared. He is a Rumanian by birth.

With the State and defense attorneys battling it out among themselves, amidst a veritable avalanche of legal technicalities, the Mary Pickford kidnaping case proceeds in the Los Angeles courts.

The defense has intimated that they consider the entire case a gigantic plot by Louis Geck, a police informer, and the police, with their clients, the asserted would-be kidnapers, as victims. It is thought charges will be made by the defense against Geck, declaring that he plied Charles Z. Stevens, Claude Holcomb and Adrian Wood with liquor, and encouraged them to discuss plans to kidnap Miss Pickford, while the police, in an adjoining room at the Hayward Hotel, where the plot was hatched, kept closely informed of the proceedings.

The high note of the trial was reached this week when Mary Pickford appeared in court to tell what she knew of the plot to kidnap and hold her for $200,000 ransom. Miss Pickford, plainly dressed in a brown silk two-piece dress and brown velour hat, was escorted to court by her mother. Mrs. Charlotte Pickford, her husband, Douglas Fairbanks, and Robert Fairbanks, brother of Doug. Hallways and corridors of the court were jammed with those eager to catch a glimpse of the star, and jurors in an adjoining courtroom climbed through windows during recess to meet Mary and shake hands with her.

Miss Pickford was called both as a prosecution and defense witness. She stated that she was at the studio all day, May 30th. This was the day on which the asserted kidnapers were arrested in front of the studio. She also stated that one night late in May, while driving home from the studio, she saw a Ford coupe with men in it following her car. Later in the evening she stated that detectives informed her they were shadowing the Ford car. She stated that she at no time saw the kidnappers at close range, but was kept informed of their movements by detectives and her husband.

John Barrymore and the Warner Brothers' company, filming "The Sea Beast," will probably sail for northern waters soon in quest of a whale. There simply aren't any off the coast of Southern

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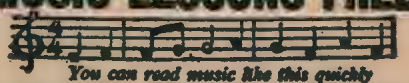

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California, and where would the Melville plot be without one?

Barrymore's wife may come to Hollywood before long. She has been spending much time in Paris, where her two sons are at school, but if Barrymore carries out his avowed intention of building a home in Beverly Hills, it is probable that the family will spend some time here between John's stage and screen engagements.

Pola Negri is having a good time filming "Flower of the Night." She says it is the best picture she has had to work on since she first came to Hollywood. Pola is looking exceedingly well these days. She spends a great deal of time out of doors. On Sunday she keeps open house, and her gardens and swimming pool prove very popular as a gathering place for the cinema elite.

Paul Bern, who has been directing Pola in "Flower of the Night," has abandoned his plan to go abroad when this picture is finished. He has just signed a contract for three pictures with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Bern, who was one of Hollywood's leading scenarists before he took up the megaphone a year ago, says that he feels he could learn a great deal about directing, in the European studios. As it is, Mr. Bern knows more about directing than a great many of Hollywood's megaphone wielders, who have been telling the stars how to act for years.

If there is anyone in Hollywood who deserves a nice little trip to Europe just now, it is Lois Wilson. Lois has gone through more hard location trips this last year than any other star in the movie business—feminine star at least. So Hollywood is very glad that Lois has been awarded a trip to Ireland, and the pleasant role of leading woman for Thomas Meighan, who is to film a picture there. Lois left with her mother, who will accompany her abroad, a few weeks ago.

Many a successful play, such as "Abie's Irish Rose," "The Nervous Wreck," "The Fool" and innumerable others, have had an initial presentation in Los Angeles, and now Frederic and Fanny Hatton, who are equally famous as writers for stage and screen, will try out their newest play here. It is to be called "Playthings," and its premiere is being looked forward to with interest by the local stage and screen people.

Tony Moreno has purchased a yacht and, with other members of the Rex Ingram company who have been abroad filming "Mare Nostrum," he will sail for home early in September, navigating the southern route, with stops at the Azores and Bermuda, following which the vessel will pass through the Panama Canal and into Los Angeles harbor.

It's quite an imposing yacht—is this of Tony's, for it is 125 feet long, has a displacement of 200 tons, is equipped with sails and auxiliary Diesel engines and will provide accomodations for fifteen persons besides the crew. Moreno has named it, quite properly, "Mare Nostrum."

Rex Ingram and his wife, Alice Terry, will not be numbered among Moreno's guests on the return voyage. They will remain abroad for the filming of Ingram's next picture.

We ran into Kenneth Harlan the other day over at the Warner Brothers studio. Kenneth has been out of the hospital only a short time, following his operation for appendicitis. He has lost several pounds and really looks handsomer than ever. The studio is giving him a short vacation before he returns to work.

Jack Mulhall has been chosen to be Colleen Moore's leading man in "We Moderns," as was announced recently by John McCormick, her manager and husband.

Marie Prevost is to try her hand at drama. In "Jazz Bride," her next starring picture for Warner Brothers, Marie's part calls for a straight dramatic performance. This is Miss Prevost's first "heavy" role.

"The Shadow of the Wall," taken from a novel by J. Breckenridge Ellis, will be produced, with Eileen Percy and Creighton Hale in the starring roles. Renaud Hoffman will direct.

"Womanhandled," which is reputed to be an answer to "Manhandled," will soon be produced with the lovely Esther Ralston in the leading role.

Peggy Hopkins Joyce recently rejoined her husband, the Count, in New York, after a separation of two months. They plan to leave shortly for a visit to the Count Morner's ancestral castle in Dormerlander, Sweden, where Peggy will meet, for the first time, her in-laws, the senior Count and Countess Morner.

Marshall Neilan has one more picture to make for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and he has chosen Bobby Agnew for one of the starring roles. After seeing Agnes in "Lost—A Wife," he was convinced that Bobby was capable of the role entrusted him in "Up and Down," Neilan's next picture.

For the first time, Dorothy Gish and her husband, James Rennie, are to appear together in Leon Errol's starring picture, "Clothes Make the Pirate." Mr. Rennie is playing in "Spring Fever" on Broadway.

Alla Nazimova recently returned from a three months' tour of Europe. And among other things, she brought back with her a Paris divorce from Charles Bryant, a former film actor and director.

It is rumored that as soon as Eric Von Stroheim finishes his contract with Joseph Schenck, which calls for directing Connie Talmadge in "East of the Setting Sun," he will become an independent producer. Mr. Von Stroheim has made no announcement concerning the rumor.

Lincoln Stedman, son of Myrtle Stedman, is playing a leading role in "Sealed Lips," a Waldorf Production.

Paul Panzer has been chosen by William Fox to play the title role of "The Ancient Mariner," an adaptation of Coleridge's allegorical poem. Panzer will be remembered as a villain of many years back. He is by no means a newcomer to the screen.

Though the actual location is to be kept a secret, the setting for Douglas Fairbanks' forthcoming picture, "The Black Pirate," has been chosen. After a trip of several hundred miles down the Pacific Coast, the committee located an ideal spot.

Bill Hart has chosen the cast for his first picture for United Artists, "Tumbleweeds." Barbara Bedford will play the leading feminine role, and King Baggott will direct.

Ben Lyon will take the part of Bluebeard in "Bluebeard's Seven Wives," a First National Production, which Al Santell will direct.

If I Were You

(*Continued from page 44*)

ness. You feel that he has an outside interest, of which he wishes to keep you in ignorance. You have been hurt by his indifference and lack of consideration from the beginning but now, since his actions have become a topic of conversation among your friends, you feel that the humiliation is too great for you to remain with him and at the same time keep your self-respect.

I think the only thing for you to do is to tell him just what you have told me and give him a chance to talk coolly calmly about just what he wants to do. Try not to reproach him but be pleasant and forebearing. You say that you are financially independent of your husband's income, besides having the promise of your father to educate your children if you give up your husband.

You say that your entire thought is for your children's welfare and that they are often depressed by the bickering and quarreling between their father and mother. This, I think, is one of the most unhappy influences that a child can have. Either you should try to make your husband see this and co-operate with you in an effort to make a harmonious home for your young children, or else you should give them that peace which permeates every real home.

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Following these productions will be many other outstanding Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer photoplays, including "The Merry Widow" (directed by Von Stroheim), "Mare Nostrum" (Rex Ingram's successor to "The Four Horsemen"), "The Big Parade" (The "What Price Glory" of the screen), "Lights of Old New York" (A Cosmopolitan production, starring Marion Davies). Fifty-two productions in all will be presented under the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer banner.

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Movie Weekly

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A FRANK STORY OF
Gilda Gray

HELENE BEST

VOL. V

MOVIE WEEKLY

Printed in U. S. A.

No. 34

What About Valentino's Side of His Marriage Problems?

"Hear both sides, then decide." That old proverb is very apt in the instance of the Valentino's separation.

And Rudy talks frankly of his side in the October MOVIE MAGAZINE, now on the news-stands.

This is the last issue of Movie Weekly. In the future you will find all the features which endeared this magazine to you combined with others in

Movie Magazine

Read more details about it on Page 25 and look for Gloria Swanson and her husband on the beautiful cover.

Make Movie Magazine your magazine from this day forth. It is more than a motion picture magazine. It is the magazine for which you have been waiting.

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GALLERY *of* PORTRAITS

PHYLLIS HAVER

Phyllis Haver **recently appeared as the disturbing element and the reason for the question in** ***Reginald Denny's*** **comedy,** ***"Where Was It?"*** ***Miss Haver*** **is another who chose the bathing beauty route to fame.**

RAMON NOVARRO

Ramon **is spending hour after hour reading scripts these days in search of his next vehicle, and we are anxious for the announcement of his decision. But even more, we are anticipating the release of *"Ben Hur"* and *"The Midshipman,"* his recent pictures.**

MILDRED DAVIS

This time—for sure—we are told, *Mildred Davis* is returning to the screen. In the past, *Harold Lloyd*, her husband, has preferred her in the role of the wife and mother. But now he seems quite satisfied since *Mildred* announced her intention of making *"The Spoils of War"* for *Famous Players.*

Photograph by Freulich

LAURA LA PLANTE

"The Teaser," Miss La Plante's recent contribution to the silver sheet, is one of the dimpled *Laura's* best roles, we are told. *Miss La Plante* claims the *Universal* lot as her cinema home.

Photograph by G. L. Manuel Freres

BETTY BLYTHE

Betty Blythe, **instead of calling the old world her playground, has made it the center of her cinema activities for many months.** ***"Jacob's Well,"*** **which was filmed in** ***Palestine*** **and** ***Paris,*** **is** ***Miss Blythe's*** **latest screen offering.**

The True Story of Her Long Absence from the Screen

Is Revealed for the First Time

By Virginia Pearson

SO MANY of my motion picture friends have written to me repeatedly and requested that I explain to them why I left the screen suddenly several years ago, while I was at the height of my career. There seemed no necessity for my having abandoned my work, especially at a time when plans were in progress to produce pictures for me on a larger and better scale.

For the first time, I shall give you the true story of my absence. I have suppressed the unhappy recital for almost seven years, believing the fans would prefer to hear of the rose-tinted, happy side of our lives, and until recently I have had so little professional happiness—I mean happiness to relate.

Almost seven years ago, I left the Wm. Fox Corporation, with which I had starred for three seasons. I formed my own company with reputable New York firms backing my venture. While I was in the midst of production of my first picture, "The Bishop's Emeralds," I met with an automobile accident which very nearly ended my entire career.

My chauffeur was speeding to the studio on a rainy morning. While going down a steep incline, our car hit the slippery car tracks, and by the driver turning suddenly to the right he missed colliding with a street car. A policeman was helping some little children across the street and to avoid running into their midst, he turned our car still further to the right, it crashed into a telegraph pole, tore down a fence and barely missed killing two old persons who had come out of their house to see what all the excitement was about. They were unharmed, thank heavens! The car overturned, the glass shattered and when they finally hauled me out from the debris, it was generally conceded that I would never again be able to appear before the public.

The horror of the situation, the ghastly stupifying reality of what had happened to me can never be clothed in words. If one has faced such a situation they can understand to some extent exactly the significance of the disaster. If our car had turned over ever so slightly I should, no doubt, have been hurled into eternity, for we were on the very edge of a five-foot embankment. I believe that only the hand of Divine Providence snatched me from that abyss—invisible guardian angels must have laid their tender, protecting hands between me and that chasm, which spans the distance between the worlds. I believe that Leadbeater's "Invisible Helpers" is no mere fiction.

From the time I was hauled from the wreck, I kept constantly inquiring if my maid and the chauffeur were injured. They were not, excepting for a slight abrasion on the girl's hand. Then it occurred to me that one side of my own face was cut to ribbons and that my left eyebrow lay half way down my cheek—my temples were deeply cut, and the chin was jagged. I try not to allow this mental image to linger in my memory, but just this once I want you to try and get some idea of what one can go through and still live to laugh and be happy.

I was sustained during those dark hours by my understanding of the reality of those gems of truth I have picked up along the Pathway of Life, and although at times conditions were almost unbearable and it seemed that God had hidden His face from me, I understood that deep down in my soul that this was but illusory and had no reality—just as I knew the sun is alway shining and it is only the mists and the clouds that sometimes hide it from our vision.

I was spiritually guided beyond the mere physical aspects of the case. I was able to see far into the future with that inner vision which oftimes becomes intensified after great suffering.

"In *Mrs. Valentino's* picture, *'What Price, Beauty?'* I have one of the most interesting, unique characters ever portrayed on the screen. I feel highly honored that *Mrs. Valentino* should have chosen me."

Above is *Miss Pearson*, posing in one of the gowns she wears in *Mrs. Valentino's* picture. The author of the play is seated.

During that long year, in which I could not be seen in public and had to go about heavily veiled, I developed artistically beyond my dreams. A glorious strength seemed to be unfolded within my inmost being, and I plunged into the development of talents which my stage and screen work had prevented full expression of, prior to this tragedy. I contributed a series of articles to "The Progressive Thinker," a famous periodical whose chief contributors are Sir Conan Doyle and Sir Oliver Lodge. I have always written, but not with such force and authority, and received the highest commendation from psychologists and students of the occult.

At the request of Sir Arthur Pearson's secretary, I painted a portrait, which was sent to England, exhibited and sold for the benefit of the wounded soldiers at St. Dunstan's.

I plunged headlong into the study of music, which I had neglected, and eventually used my voice in vaudeville. Since I have been here in Hollywood, I have sung solos in the church choir, and expect to keep up the good work. I have also carried on the service for the wounded soldiers, which I started during the war.

So you see that what appeared to be the greatest tragedy of my life, turned out to be the greatest blessing—for with suffering comes development of soul power, and with that comes a larger and truer understanding of life.

After all, isn't that all that really matters? For if we can become more tolerant and closer in thought to our fellow-travelers along this journey upward —isn't that in itself a satisfaction of which nothing can deprive us— not even heartaches and disappointments, for it *is* something that is our very own— our heritage!

In my war poem, "The Unknown Soldier," published in the American Legion Magazine, one phrase: "For suffering buys the way where useless gold doth fail," expresses my sentiment. There are so many things that money or worldly position can neither develop nor buy.

At the expiration of that wretched, yet interesting, year in seclusion, I found myself at the cross-roads. I was not yet ready to return to the screen, even though innumerable operations had been performed upon my face by noted surgeons. It would have taken a millionaire's purse to have weathered the storm of those bills, which poured in from every side.

On account of my stage reputation, I was able to return to my first love, the footlights, via vaudeville. I signed to headline with B. F. Keith, and remained in vaudeville three years. During this period I was constantly under the surgeon's knife.

In the morning I would undergo a facial operation, have myself sliced and sewn up—and play my daily matinee and evening performances as if nothing unusual had occurred. As our play was a strong dramatic sketch, I had the misfortune upon several occasions to have my stitches rudely ripped. My sense of humor is inborn, I believe—at any rate, it was certainly a good friend to me in those days. When my friends lamented the fact that knives, scissors and thread interwoven into my face seemed to be my chief diversion, I would laughingly say: "Well, remember this always—'A stitch in time saves nine.'" An old trite saying, but one that has served its purpose in my life, in a most unusual way.

I have been in Hollywood for two years and a quarter, and have made four pictures. I am sending, for your close inspection, my latest photos, taken several days ago. You will understand, knowing what you do about my delay, just why I am happy and am looking forward to a greater career than I could possibly have had if something powerful like a mental earthquake, had not taken place in my life.

In "The Phantom of the Opera," I play a dual role, that of a famous worldly prima donna, and Marguerite, in "Faust," who you know is a very young girl.

In Mrs. Rudolph Valentino's picture, "What Price Beauty?" I have one of the most interesting, unique characters ever portrayed on the screen. I feel highly honored that Mrs. Valentino should have chosen me from such a bevy of beautiful girls as one finds in Hollywood. I must not, however, forget to give due praise to modern scientific surgery. Providence guided their hands when they gave me back my career and enhanced my personality.

Very soon I hope I shall have the

(*Continued on page* 42)

"Almost seven years ago, I left the *William Fox Corporation*, with which I had starred for three seasons." Above, as *Miss Pearson* appeared at the time she starred for *Fox*.

"I have been in *Hollywood* for two years and a quarter, and have made four pictures. I am sending for your inspection my very latest photos, taken several days ago."

Above is *Miss Pearson* as she appears today.

On the left, *Miss Pearson* poses with her husband, *Sheldon Lewis*, of whom she writes:

"His kindness and consideration were a great source of comfort to me during *My Darkest Hour*."

Publicity for Anne

By A. M. Williamson

For Synopsis of Preceding Chapters See Page 43

LOLA MAYGREE and her manager, who had been also her husband band for the last few months, came back to the Savoy Hotel from shopping in Bond Street, just in time to keep the appointment with Brown of the "D. I."

Of course they would not have been on time, if Lola had been left to decide. She never was on time, unless she was coerced, and she hated to be coerced, especially by a husband. Everyone else gave her her own way.

She and Levisoff were both slightly cross when they came into the close, warm sitting-room filled with lilies and red roses—Lola's favorite flowers—and not a window open. This was their first day in London, they having landed from the "Leviathan" the night before, and Lola hadn't been quite as madly mobbed in the streets as they had expected she would be.

Joe had jokingly advised her to wear chain armor under her dress when she went out, for she would need it. But—she hadn't needed it. People had stared and whispered, of course, but only here and there, and most of them passed on about their business. Lola would have suffered tortures—anyhow a few light tortures—rather than confess to Joe how disappointed, how humiliated she was after what one had heard about Charles Chaplin, Mary Pickford, "Doug," and little Jackie Coogan, in London. As she didn't say anything to him, Levisoff didn't say anything to her.

When Lola snapped at him for "dragging her home to wait for a cub reporter," he snapped back.

"You don't have to wait. The boy's sure to be downstairs cooling his heels. You think that newspaper men and everyone else ought to be honored to see you at all, no matter if you're an hour late. That's your style at home. I won't have you begin that way over here, and get yourself in wrong."

"There's no thrill about being bullied by a *husband*, my dear man. You ought to know that, after all the pictures of married life you've directed," Lola said, throwing herself on a sofa and picking up a silver hand-mirror which her maid always placed on a convenient table.

"What I do know is, that I'm going to direct the picture of our married life, in my own way, while we are married," Joe warned her. "Poof! The air in this room is like a hothouse." As he spoke, he threw open a window; and at the same instant the telephone, under the taffeta skirt of a French doll, rang insistently.

Levisoff was rather glad that it did ring just then, for if he hadn't been interrupted, heaven knew with what row the discussion might have ended. He really loved Lola, and she really loved him in her way, but what she never could understand was that a man had as much right to be temperamental as a woman.

Lola was glad of the telephone, too, for she had thought of somethnig perfectly hateful to say to Joe, and would have said it if the conversation had gone on. Not that she wanted to say it, or anything nasty to him. The next time a decision about anything had to be made, *she* would make it.

"The chap from 'Illustrations' has been waiting fifteen minutes," Levisoff announced, the phone receiver in hand. "They didn't see us come in. Shall I tell them to send him up, or do you want to change?"

"If I'm not attractive in this get-up I might as well die and have done with it," said Lola.

"This get-up" was a marvelous Paris frock of the newest red and the newest material and newest fashion, suitable for walking in Bond Street or the Rue de la Paix or Fifth Avenue, and nowhere else on earth. It, and the queer, smart little crushed-on hat of the same color suited Lola Maygree perfectly, for she had ink-black hair and lashes, magnolia skin and lips of a slightly darker red than her dress. She was no longer a young girl in years, but you couldn't imagine her ever having been younger, or that she could ever grow older. She was ageless and, somehow, classic. Beside her, greater beauties left men cold. And she could act. There were few women who could approach her as a screen actress.

From the moment that Anne Allen won first place in a beauty contest, to the time she signed a motion picture contract with a famous star, Fortune smiled on the little English girl, but a wireless which greeted her upon her arrival in New York threatened to dim all her glorious prospects — deprive her of her chance of stardom.

Lola hadn't meant to trouble herself particularly for a newspaper man, but she liked Brown's looks, and his accent, which was that of a gentleman. She told Joe to order tea, and soon they were all three talking and smoking cigarettes like old acquaintances. Joe, by the way—he mentioned it to the journalist—had met Lord Waterlane (the owner of the "D. I." and many more newspapers) in New York, and he and Lola were going to lunch with him next day.

"I knew you knew him," said Brown. "He was quite keen to get a nice picture of Miss Maygree in the 'D. I.' today and chose it himself. He hopes you have one just as good and newer, to go with this interview. By the by, I suppose you saw the 'D. I.' this morning?"

"Oh, yes, we saw several papers," replied Levisoff. "Fine of your editor to star my wife's photo on your front page."

"She's front-page stuff," flattered Brown. "I wonder," he went on, "if you happened to notice our page of prize beauties, with the portraits of the four winners?"

"No," said Joe, while Lola sat still, and looked soulful; "I guess we didn't." What kind of prize beauties were they? Pigs?"

Brown grinned. "Some of them may be pigs in their own home circle, but one of them isn't, I know. She's a jolly nice little girl, as well as the winner of our first prize for the beauties of London and its suburbs. The thought struck me, she might be of use to you; that is, if there's any truth in the report of your wanting an English type for your next picture. This girl's certainly perfection as to type, and the publicity she's in for from us, and the good old B. P., as the "D. I.'s" prize beauty might be a boost from your point of view, to begin with."

"Sure, it would," Levisoff took him up, with interest. "For once, a report is true! I started this one about looking for a type, myself. Say, Lola, what's become of this morning's papers, d'you know?"

"I'm afraid Parsons will have thrown them away after she cut out my interviews and photos," said Lola. "But we can send down—"

"You don't need to," cut in Brown. "I have a clipping on me. Here it is, and a typed copy of my tomorrow's interview with the girl, too. If you're interested in the picture, you might just glance through my stuff, Mr. Levisoff, so as to get a 'line' on what she's like. It's short, and tries to be snappy!"

As he spoke, Brown jumped up with characteristic nimbleness, and handed the cut-out photograph of Anne Allen of Ealing, to Lola Maygree of Hollywood and the World in general.

Instantly Joe Levisoff was on his feet, too, and bending over his wife's shoulder in the hope of controlling any temperamental impulse which might be regretted later.

"Why, the picture's perfectly lovely!" Lola exclaimed, and Brown's heart warmed to her for being that phenomenon, a "movie" star apparently without mean jealousy.

"She's really prettier than that," said Brown. "I was what you'd call

Anne tried her best to act like a *Grand Duchess* moving with dignity toward her *Bolshevik* judges. She held her head high. But, of course, she stuck up her chin at the wrong angle, and didn't know what a *Grand Duchess*, in a crisis, would do with her hands.

'struck all of a heap' by her this morning. I don't think I ever saw so beautiful a girl as this Anne Allen. And if you care to look at my interview, you'll see she has quite a nice little background for an American public as well as English: Mother a New England girl who married an Englishman in California, and still considers California her great romance."

"Why, Joe, I think the girl seems simply made for us, don't you?" asked Lola, all enthusiasm.

Levisoff didn't answer on the instant. He was staring at the picture over his wife's shoulder, a slight frown drawing his clever, sensitive eyebrows together above his long nose.

"I'm not sure," he said at last. And perhaps that wasn't a wise reply. If, after the scene they had passed through before Brown came, he had agreed with Lola and praised the girl wildly—the more wildly the better—Lola would have turned against Miss Anne Allen. She would suddenly have seen some objection to the type, and have felt sure that a girl who looked like a Christmas-card angel could never learn to act. But Joe's tone told her that he didn't want to go any further with Mr. Brown on the subject of his protegee; and here was the very chance she had been wishing for, to assert her power! It had come soon enough after what had gone before to have special value as a lesson.

"Well, *I'm* sure then!" she decided. "And I'm the one most concerned. Mr. Brown, what's your beauty's phone number? I'd like her to call on us and be looked over."

"Maybe she wouldn't care to leave home for America," said Joe.

"All girls care to leave home," said Lola, defying him.

"Well, unfortunately her home hasn't got a telephone," said Brown. Levisoff looked at him with whimsical gratitude. He thought the journalist was lying, to please him, and was grateful, but only for a moment.

"What fun to run out to her house and see her!" said Miss Maygree. "Wouldn't she be surprised? Let's go now."

"My dear, Mr. Brown came here to interview you. And tea's ordered," Levisoff suggested.

"Let it go!" cried Lola. "Don't you say so, Mr. Brown?"

"I do if you do," replied the reporter. "But I must get an interview."

"It can wait. Or you can make it up," said Lola.

She and that wretched young man laughed together like two naughty children!

Joe Levisoff ceased to be grateful. "If anyone calls on anyone," he urged, "let this Miss Allen call on you."

Lola paid no attention. She sprang up. "Glad I kept on these things!" she exclaimed. "Where's Ealing? . . . Oh, no distance at all! Joe, order a car, a taxi—anything. No use saying the girl may be out. She won't be out. We'll start at once."

Joe Levisoff had often been told that he was "psychic," that he was "weird"; and certainly he had a curious, prophetic sense of the future—at times, almost amounting to second sight. Apart from his real genius as a director and even as a writer of scenarios when he cared to write them, this "weirdness" was one secret of his immense success in the moving picture world.

It was true, they were vaguely in search of a certain type which would be the right foil for Lola in a new and particularly daring picture whose scenario Joe had planned for her himself, after an idea of her own, without any play or book behind it. Not that it mattered much, really, whether they found the type in England or not. The principal thing was that the newspaper talk of their quest would interest English people during their visit, and give a special "publicity stunt." Therefore, when Brown of the popular "D. I." had spoken of a prize-winning beauty, Joe had caught at the idea. Instantly he had seen just how it could be worked up, and how the huge free advertisement such a girl was bound to get would make a splendid advance "write-up" for the picture when it was released in England. Even on the Continent, too, for "Daily Illustrations" was sold everywhere.

One glance at the prize-winning picture, however, had seemed to send a cold wind blowing over his heart. He had one of his "weird" presentiments. He *knew* that trouble would come from that innocent-looking girl, and to that girl if they engaged her to go back with them. The thing ought not to happen. And he could easily have stopped it from happening, if he could have blurted out frankly the thought which flashed into his head as he studied the portrait of Anne Allen. But—there was a terrible "but"! He could not say such things to Lola, and he was too sure of her own *(Continued on page 43)*

Photograph by Kenneth Alexander

Lillian---Mimi

The two names are interchangeable these days, while *Miss Gish* is bringing the story of *"La Boheme"* to the screen. The picture above was taken between scenes, so to speak, since the role of *Mimi* now is claiming most of *Lillian's* time.

The Youngest of the Barrymores

By Catharine Brody

THE scene is laid in the telephone booth of a New York newspaper office five years ago, more or less, and within stands a girl reporter, very new and very tremulous. Tremulous is hardly the word for it. She is shaking in every limb, for not only does she actually have to call up (in person) the youngest of the non-interviewable Barrymore family, who has hitherto been a glorified being far removed by the footlights, but she has to ask him the most personal of questions, whether he is engaged to be married.

Finally a remote but mellow "Hello" comes over the telephone in the voice of John Barrymore. The question is conscientiously stammered out. The mellow voice comes cool and clear:

"Tell your city editor I shall not answer any such silly questions."

Bang! The remote but mellow voice is sharply cut off, leaving a girl reporter wiping the sweat of agony from her forehead.

Some weeks ago (five years, more or less, later), I sat in Mr. Barrymore's dressing-room at the Warner Brothers' studio in Hollywood. He was no ogre—just a tall young man with distinguished streaks of grey in his hair, his shoulders hunched up in his chair, smoking a pipe with the intensity of the abandoned smoker. I told him the story of our first, what you might call encounter, and he was so little of an ogre that he laughed at it.

"In those days I didn't like to be interviewed," he explained. "I don't know why. I just didn't like it."

The interviewers of those days missed a lot. For instance, they missed hearing the story of how John Barrymore won his spurs as a newspaper man by being fired off the Evening Journal. He was fired because he got down to the office late, like a true newspaperman, and had to draw a cartoon to illustrate one of Mr. Arthur Brisbane's editorials on such short notice that it fell amusingly short of illustrating the editorial.

"So they fired me, which I richly deserved," concluded Mr. Barrymore, "and I was sorry, because I had a good time in those days, drawing my forty dollars a week, and hanging around the newspaper shop. I suppose a gang of newspaper fellows are the wisest men in the world. At least, they were in those days."

And the interviewers also missed the priceless story of John Barrymore caught in the San Francisco earthquake. He had cabled his sister, Ethel, who was in London, calling urgently for funds and describing his plight, having been cruelly jerked out of bed by the quake, at dawn, and later forced to work on the streets with the other men by the ruthless soldiery. In those days news was slower traveling across the ocean, and Ethel showed the cable skeptically to her uncle, John Drew.

"Do you believe it?" she inquired.

"And my uncle," related Mr. Barrymore, "said, 'Why, of course I believe it. It would take an act of God to get Jack up at dawn and it would take the United States army to put him to work!"

That was a long time ago, however. This particular morning, quite without acts of God or the United States, John Barrymore had been stumping strenuously on the studio back lot, practising how to be the man with the wooden leg in his new picture, "The Sea Beast," which is adapted from Melville's "Moby Dick." He chose the story himself, true to his determination to portray nothing but character roles on the screen. He seems also to have a passionate interest in roles where it will be necessary to make himself ugly and deformed. He spoke longingly of some of Lon Chaney's parts of the same type.

"Chaney is a fine actor," he said, "but how I envy that chap. He gets all the things I want to do."

He spoke of Conrad's "Lord Jim," too, the rights of which are unfortunately not owned by Warner Brothers, but which is a perfect role if ever there was one for John Barrymore, and of Lord Byron, whom it had often been suggested that he portray on the screen.

"The trouble with doing Lord Byron," he said, "is that he is looked upon as a romantic character, a handsome young man unfortunately deformed, who was beseiged by worshipful ladies. I have always been interested in him and have read everything I could find about him, and in reality he wasn't romantic, he was funny. He was a great poet, but as a man he was ridiculous. If you could play him as he really was, it would be a great part, but you couldn't do it. You couldn't shatter the romantic conception of him."

He was happy at the thought of doing a sea story, of really doing a sea story, for just at that moment the Warners were negotiating for the purchase of an actual sailing vessel of the kind used years ago in "Moby Dick," and in this Mr. Barrymore was (*Continued on page 38*)

John Barrymore **chose the story of** ***"The Sea Beast,"*** **adapted from** ***Melville's "Moby Dick,"*** **himself, true to his determination to portray nothing but character roles on the screen. He seems also to have a passionate interest in roles where it will be necessary to make himself ugly and deformed.**

Concluding

The Precious Fraud

By Anne Austin

THAT night of her strange homecoming to "Lindwood," the white-stone mansion in Beverly Hills, which would never seem like home to her, Eve Landon went with Carl Brynne, Jeremy Lampson and Bobby Atwood to the Acme studios, which were fortunately free of night-working companies.

Her work would begin the next day. The interrupted "Queen of Babylon" would be rushed to completion, and it was virtually necessary that Eve should betray no lack of familiarity with the studio, which Linda had known far more intimately than "Lindwood."

The new Acme "home of greater motion pictures," as the publicity men loved to call it, was on wide, pepper-tree-lined Sunset Boulevard. To Eve, leaning forward to see as Lampson's car, driven by himself, drew up to the curb, it looked like a fine, newly painted, Southern mansion, with its vast porch, upheld by a long row of great, dignified white pillars. Only the tall white wall, stretching for a block and then turning the corner to complete the square, hinted at mysterious and fascinating activities, from which the public was barred by a neat but emphatic sign—"No Visitors Allowed."

"This is the administration building," Lampson told her as he led her up the broad white steps. "Inside it is a maze of offices—executive, publicity, scenario and what-not. The laboratories, cutting-rooms, artists' and sculptors' workrooms, wardrobe department and dressing-rooms are in the long shed-like building at the rear. Bobby knows the layout of the whole plant. She'll be able to tell you anything you want to know, take you anywhere."

His thumb on a pushbutton on the outside door brought a uniformed nightwatchman, who beamed and bowed at sight of Eve.

"Glad to see you back, Miss Linda. Place ain't been the same without you."

"That's awfully nice of you," Eve smiled, trying to limit her warmth to what Linda would have shown.

"Anyone working tonight, Joe?" Lampson asked hastily, to break that slow look of amazement which Eve's charming friendliness had brought to the watchman's face.

"No, sir. Nobody but a continuity writer."

"We won't disturb him," Lampson assured him, guiding Eve down the imposing entrance hall, past the receptionist's desk, the switchboard room, and half a dozen offices marked with such names as "Director General," "General Manager," "Department of Publicity."

"Better see my offices first. Linda had a way of dashing in unannounced, to fight for new prerogatives or defend her old, or to ask for advances on salary. You must get the habit."

"You're sumptuous," Eve smiled, when the three, safe from the curiosity of the watchman, were within Jeremy Lampson's private office.

Eve was right; the room might have been used as a "set" as the private office of a Wall Street financier. A Persian rug of amazing beauty and richness almost covered the floor. Massive pieces of furniture in dark, carved walnut suggested a luxurious home, rather than a business office. Busts and statuettes in gleaming white marble and bronze, window drapes of wine-red velvet, panels of Venetian lace, great comfortable armchairs done in the silky, wine-red velvet. And upon the wall which Lampson's immense desk, with its appointments of carved jade and hand-tooled Venetian leather, faced, as for inspiration, hung a large portrait in oils of Linda Landon.

The artist had done Linda in a favorite pose, one with which every screen fan was familiar. Her slim, rounded body, which seemed to be made of living ivory, rather than of ordinary flesh and bones, was stretched in indolent ease upon a chaise longue, whose fan-shaped back had been cunningly decorated to look exactly like a peacock's proudly-spread tail. The star had raised herself upon one elbow, her head resting upon her hand, so that the amazing whiteness of her fingers shone against the midnight gleam of her banded, black hair. Her eyes were narrowed in somber brooding upon some vision she saw in the curling wisp of smoke that drifted up from the cigarette, which drooped, in its holder of clear green jade, from the fingers of her left hand. The dress she wore was extremely low cut, of sheenless, melting black, following the curves of her perfect body so closely that a sculptor might have modeled it almost as well as if it had been nude. One tiny, silver-slippered foot escaped the swathing train of her dress, crushing into a purple silk cushion.

Eve drew a deep breath of pain at the thought that so much loveliness lay hidden away in a falsely-marked grave.

"The best portrait we ever made of Linda," Jeremy interrupted her sorrowful musings. "Done by Goret, of Paris. He said she was the most beautiful woman he had ever painted. We will get him over here again to do you."

"Oh, no!" Eve protested sharply. "Let's go. I want to see where I am to work."

She found the studio bewildering in its vastness and modernity, after the mussy, barnlike, makeshift place in which she had learned to imitate her dead sister's acting.

Brynne and Lampson seemed to take a boyish pleasure in her astonishment at the vastness of the plant. When she had made the rounds from administration building to laboratories she felt stuffed with information, overwhelmed with the high importance of the task she had undertaken.

"You are really the keystone of the arch," Lampson told her, as Brynne and Bobby strolled away together to settle a friendly dispute about a set they had all previously looked at. "I don't mind telling you that Linda Landon was—is—our greatest single asset. Of course we have other stars, just as Famous Players-Lasky has other stars than Gloria Swanson and Pola Negri; but you are the only one that makes all this possible—" and he waved a hand to the vast, sky-lighted studio that stretched endlessly about them. "I'm telling you because I want you to go into your work tomorrow determined not only to keep your promise to Linda, but to save Acme from disaster. Will you?"

They were standing in a little three-walled room "dressed" as a kitchen, a humble farm kitchen. It might almost have been patterned on the little kitchen in Eve's own home in Kentucky. The girl's eyes widened with dismay.

"Please don't make me believe that!" she begged, groping for one of the homely cane-bottomed chairs drawn up to the little scrubbed pine table. She sank into the chair and laid her head on her arms.

"Why, Eve!" Jeremy Lampson whispered, laying his hand on her shoulder. What has happened? Have we frightened you with all this? Have we shown you too much in one evening? It will be easy. Carl has shown me the tests you made in New York. They are wonderful, flawless, those last ones. Buck up, dear girl!"

"It's not that!" she raised her tear-drenched eyes and stared at him like a frightened, unhappy child. "It's something quite different. Paul Devon came to see me this afternoon!"

"The devil!" Lampson exclaimed under his breath. "I'll see Devon! I'll tell him you don't want him bothering you, that you're through with him. I'll make him agree to a divorce—"

"No! Oh, no!" Eve flung back her head and almost glared at him. "We're not going to hurt Paul Devon! He's been hurt enough already. He's dying of hurts now. Without a murmur, except that his eyes are just bottomless wells of pain."

"Why, Eve, my dear girl!" Jeremy Lampson whirled a chair about and seated himself in it, close to the girl who had begun to sob. "What has happened to you? You can't mean—"

"Oh, I do, Jerry! I've fallen in love with my dead sister's husband! And he loves me—loves Linda—loves me because he thinks I'm Linda. Oh, it's so mixed up and so dreadful I can't talk about it. But I want

to run away and hide. He'll be coming to see me again and again, and I couldn't bear it. I'd give myself away, let him see that I loved him, and —"

"You *must* be cruel to him, if that is the only way to get him out of your life. You *must* go on with your work, Eve. It is unthinkable that you should throw us down now—"

"Oh, not now!" Eve laid her hand on his, then as his love flared to flame in his eyes, she took it hastily away. "I'll finish 'A Queen of Babylon,' which is all you had hoped I could do at first. Then we can give out to the press that Linda Landon has retired, on account of ill health."

"Eve, I love you too much to let you go away. It's preposterous to think you've fallen in love with Devon in one interview. Let me have a talk with him, tell him you bear him no ill will, but just don't want to see him for a time. Then, Eve, after a while, he will sue for a divorce, and you and I—"

"What are you two mooning about?" Carl Brynne's voice cut in banteringly, but with a touch of sarcasm beneath the banter.

"Eve's trying to reneg on her unwritten contract," Lampson said drily. "But I think I've persuaded her to give us a trial. We offer short hours and good pay, with a kind boss, eh, Brynne?"

Eve rose and dabbed at her eyes. "I'm not making any promises about what I'll do after this picture is finished," she said, looking at Lampson meaningly.

"I'm going to take you to your dressing-room, now," Bobby Atwood told her gently, for she had been aware of deep trouble lurking in Eve's smoke-grey eyes all evening.

Across what seemed to Eve to be acres of stages, with their confusion of arc lamps, camp stools, cameras and paraphernalia which she did not even know the names of, Bobby Atwood led the way swiftly, as if she had been a studio *habitue* all her life. The men, conversing in undertones, followed at some distance.

"Just a little way farther," Bobby reassured her. "It seems like quite a walk, but it isn't, really. Now, just this flight of stairs, and we'll be there." To Eve it seemed as if she were talking brightly and inconsequentially to keep up the courage of the girl who was to take the dead star's place. And she was grateful.

"Here we are, a little suite all your own." Taking a key from her handbag, Bobby opened the door, and Eve gasped with pleasure.

The room they entered was a miniature boudoir, decorated, according to Linda's last whim, in daffodil yellow and palest, new-leaf green. Crisp taffeta in the two shades hung at the small double windows looking out upon the "lot," where exterior sets were built, and was used lavishly in upholstering the light-painted cane furniture. A doll with wide-spreading green taffeta skirts, and a face modeled upon Linda's own, concealed the telephone. A rug of thick Japanese straw, hand-painted to represent a field of daffodils, and wallpaper of pale green, with daffodils straying over it at wide intervals, carried the color and flower scheme to an almost ridiculous nicety. The luxurious dressing-table, with its triple mirrors, was skirted at sides and back with the crisp green silk, and upon its glass-topped surface was an array of toilet and make-up preparations so complete that Eve was fascinated.

"Here's the bath," Bobby opened a door, "with sunken tub, shower, linen cabinet with about a million of Linda's own monogramed towels, and everything. And here's the clothes closet," she shut the bathroom door, and ran to open another door across the boudoir. "See, lights automatically when you open the door. Linda kept a pretty complete wardrobe of street and evening clothes here, for frequently she dressed here for shopping or parties. Look at the shoes and negligee and hats! Can you imagine having all these things, and half a dozen closets of them at home, too?" The girl's eager, shining black eyes darted from the closet to Eve's face, and then back to the closet again, as if fascinated by luxury which she had only dreamed of before.

But Eve scarcely saw the clothes; she was thinking sadly of the girl

When *Eve*, attended by her secretary and her companion-maid, reached her dressing-room, she found that her telephone was ringing persistently. *Bobby* answered it.
"Yes, *Miss Horton*, *Miss Landon* has just arrived. She will be glad to see you and *Mrs. Bowen*."

who had worn them, who had sat so often at that mirror. Linda's spirit seemed to fill the room. The poor little ghost, clinging so desperately to life as to will her personality and career upon her sister, seemed so much more at home here than in "Lindwood."

Eve seated herself slowly, as if apologizing to that unhappy ghost which she had conjured, before the triple mirrors of the dressing-table. Her strange eyes studied her face as if hypnotized, and as her gaze clung to her reflection, a strange thing happened, or so she believed. The face changed insensibly, but surely, so that Eve was sure she was looking, not upon her own metamorphosed face, but upon the features, the very flesh and blood, of the real Linda Landon. And as clearly as if they had been spoken by an actual voice, she heard the words:

"Don't go back on me, Eve. Remember your promise."

Her eyes grew so large with awe that Bobby Atwood, shutting the door of the closet that excited her envy, cried in amazement.

"Why, Miss Eve, darling, you look as if you had seen a ghost!"

"I—I believe I have, Bobby," Eve answered in a low voice. "Let's go now. I must get some sleep if I am to begin work tomorrow."

But she did not sleep so well that night after all, for when she reached Lindwood and her bedroom, she found Olga Samanoff waiting for her with a square, ribbon-tied flower box in her hands.

She knew, even before she opened it, who had sent it. She had seemed to know all evening that he would send her flowers. There were three exquisite orchids, one pure white, one faintly lavender, the other shading from palest pink to a deep purple. The card was inscribed in a neat, boyish, open handwriting that was somehow just like him: "For the most beautiful orchid in the world. Paul."

His eyes and his lips in that first clinging kiss had warned her that he was going to start a campaign to win his wife back. The orchids were the first gun fired in that campaign, and Eve did not sleep. She lay until almost dawn, fearing, wondering, hating herself, yearning toward him.

Eve took both Bobby Atwood and Olga Samanoff to the studio with her the next morning. After a few days Bobby's help in finding her way about the studio would not be needed, and the clever little secretary could go about her duties in attending to Linda's fan mail, personal correspondence and household accounts. Acme had allowed Linda's secretary two stenographers to do the routine work of sending out "autographed" photos and stereotyped answers to fan letters, and Bobby was always efficient at keeping them busy.

The Linda Landon unit had a costume designer and wardrobe mistress all its own. Very few of the star's clothes were bought in Los Angeles or New York or even from Paris, for the public had been taught to expect from Linda Landon startling departures from the conventional mode of the day. Margaret Horton, educated in the greatest schools of design in Paris, and expert, after years of creating clothes for motion picture stars, in choosing fabrics, colors and lines that would be most effective on the screen, had done far more than the public would ever realize to make Linda Landon. For after all, Linda had been, as the critics accused her, little more than a beautiful clotheshorse, a lovely animated mannequin for displaying the clothes which Margaret Horton's genius had created.

When Eve, attended by her secretary and her companion-maid, reached her dressing-room, she found that the telephone was ringing persistently. Bobby answered it.

"Yes, Miss Horton, Miss Landon has just arrived. She will be glad to see you and Mrs. Bowen."

When she had hung up the receiver, she beckoned Eve to follow her into the bathroom, whose door she closed and bolted. "That was Miss Horton, costume designer for Linda, and she will bring Mrs. Bowen, Linda's wardrobe mistress with her. Mrs. Bowen is going to bring over the clothes you will wear today, and Miss Horton wants to show you some sketches," she said in a low voice. "I've met them both. Miss Horton is the tall, dark girl, and Mrs. Bowen is dumpy and middle-aged. Linda called Miss Horton Margaret and Mrs. Bowen 'Aunt Hattie.' Linda and Miss Horton didn't get along together very well, but Linda knew better than to high-hat her too much, for any company in the business would be tickled to death to get Margaret Horton."

"Shall I kiss either one of them, or both?" Eve asked anxiously.

"Oh, Lord, no! Linda didn't kiss anybody but men!" Bobby exclaimed in frank amusement.

"You're a treasure, Bobby. But how in the world do you find out so much?"

"Oh," the girl laughed airily. "I pretended to be awfully curious about my new boss and everybody seemed to be dying to gossip about her, so it was easy."

Eve realized, as soon as she met Margaret Horton, that her question had been rather absurd. No one would dream of gushing over the tall, distinguished, rather stern-looking young artist. But she did rather wish that friendly, motherly "Aunt Hattie" had wanted to kiss her. Poor Linda! How friendless, how really alone, she must have been. Eve thought sadly, as the two women, who had been in such close daily contact with her, greeted her with evident restraint, "Aunt Hattie" evidently fearful of finding the star in a different mood.

"I'm sure I would like to mother you," Mrs. Bowen smiled broadly. "If I was allowed to take liberties, I'd put my foot right down and say, 'Too many cigarettes are not good for you, Miss Linda.' You're looking sorta run down, and I know leaving off a dozen cigarettes a day would help."

"Just to prove that I like being mothered," Eve smiled straight into the woman's eyes, "I'll promise to smoke just half as many as—as I used to."

"We're awfully sorry about your trouble, Linda," Margaret Horton said, with more warmth than she had shown on entering. "But I suppose you would rather not be reminded of that. Mrs. Bowen wants you to get into costume now, and after you're dressed I'll show you some sketches I've made for the presentation gown. Brynne has ordered retakes, you know, and he wants a new gown made. The other one was too elaborate, just as I told you it would be," she added with a hint of sharpness in her voice. Eve gathered that the gown which Linda had worn in the court presentation scene in the modern part of the picture had been a bone of contention between the designer and the star, and that Margaret Horton was quietly rejoicing over her victory.

"You were right, Margaret," she said lightly.

Bobby Atwood, leaning against the telephone table, tapped sharply three times upon the table with a warning forefinger, and Eve realized that she was blundering. Bobby's signal—agreed upon between them—meant that she was to watch her step; she was being far too gracious, too humble. But Eve could not bring herself to add a sharp word to her amiable concession. Another time she would remember—

"I had some new sandals made while you were away," Mrs. Bowen began to bustle with the armful of things she had brought in with her. "I hope they won't be too tight. I didn't blame you for flying off the handle that day. I could commit murder myself when my shoes pinch my feet. And here's the robe. I had a new piece set in where you tore it."

Eve gave only a glance at the costume she was to wear on the set that day, but she seated herself at her dressing-table and began to make up her face, shoulders and arms.

"There's no use your waiting here all the time I'm making up; it takes so long," she spoke suddenly, in Linda's insolent, rather hard voice. "I'll have Miss Atwood telephone, Margaret, when I'm ready to look at the sketches. Aunt Hattie, you may come back in half an hour and look me over to see if everything is all right."

"I feel too amateurish about this business to let them see me at it," Eve whispered to Bobby when the designer and wardrobe mistress had gone away. "Besides, my hair under this wig looks so much healthier than Linda's did." Aloud, she called to Olga: "Did the wig come from the hairdresser's, Olga?"

"Yes, Mees Landon," the Russian answered, in her cooing, caressing voice.

"Will you look over these stills and see if it is dressed exactly as I —I wore it in the last scene that was taken before I went away?"

Brynne had provided Bobby with a sheaf of "stills" of both scenes and close-ups from work already done on "A Queen of Babylon." Fortunately, Linda had made two scenes in the costume which Eve was to wear that day, and stills from them served as a very necessary model for her make-up and hairdress now.

When Mrs. Bowen returned at the end of the specified half hour, she could find only one fault with Eve's efforts to copy Linda's costume and make-up.

"Where's the mole on your left ankle?" she asked, looking curiously at the bare, milky white feet in their sandals of meshed, beaten gold.

It took all of Eve's self-control to enable her to laugh and shrug nonchalantly. "Oh, I forgot! It wasn't a mole, really, but a cleverly put on beauty spot. Where's the black courtplaster, Olga?" She was taking considerable chance on such a thing being among Linda's very complete equipment.

The Russian searched with deft quickness and triumphantly brought out the tiny roll of black sticking plaster. Taking a hasty glance at the "still" which lay face up on her dressing-table, Eve cut a tiny circle of the plaster and applied it dexterously. All the while her heart was beating furiously, for no one in the world could know better than she that the mole photographed in the "still" (*Continued on page* 35)

Introducing Bill Fields

"Famous Ziegfeld Follies" Comedian Who Has Just Made His Motion Picture Debut

By Nanette Kutner

"My mother calls me Willie,
My father calls me Will,
But ev'ry single actor
Will always call me *Bill!*"

AND they do. Somehow, one can't imagine W. C. Fields as—William. He is just plain Bill to his associates and friends. After seeing "Sally of the Sawdust," we take the liberty of predicting that he'll be Bill to all the movie fans, for who didn't fall in love with his portrayal of that smooth, happy-go-lucky, good-natured circus man. As soon as Bill Fields ambled through the aforesaid picture, folks put up a clamor, namely: why wasn't he discovered before? Every noted comedian, who specializes in talking, has been given a chance on the screen. Will Rogers started that vogue, but it took them until this year to give Bill Fields his opportunity, and the funny part is that on the stage Mr. Fields hardly opens his mouth, for he has always been an expert pantomimist. Such is life, where the movies are concerned.

He is essentially a pantomimist, but he is also an artist, for besides writing and planning most of his own material, he has that rare ability which very few *Thespians* possess, namely, the power of making folks laugh and cry at the same time.

The trouble with the majority of comedians is that they never stop acting. When he is not rushing across the stage, or prancing before a moving picture camera, the average comedian feels it his bounden duty to act funny at all times, and that's why most comedians are a minus quantity in real life. They usually try their darndest to keep up a continual patter of so-called witty quibs, and the result is positively painful. Of course there is an exception to every rule, and this time it is Bill Fields. It is true that his mirth-provoking antics in "The Ziegfeld Follies" are said to have increased the weekly receipts from eighteen thousand to forty thousand good American dollars, but once off the stage Bill Fields does not spend his time trying to make folks laugh. He immediately ceases to act and becomes — just himself. Maybe that is one reason why he is so popular among his fellow-actors. Why, when "Sally of the Sawdust" had its initial showing in New York, the various members of that select actors' organization, "The Lambs' Club," banded themselves together in order to do honor to Bill Fields, and paraded down Broadway to the Strand Theater, which housed Bill's picture.

***Bill Fields* is the sort of a person any man would like for a brother, and we are sure all small boys and girls would think he'd make an ideal uncle.**

He is the sort of person any man would like for a brother, and we are sure all small boys and girls would think he'd make an ideal uncle. There is something very wholesome about Bill Fields. As he offers you candy, he will tell you in glowing terms full details concerning his favorite sport and hobby—handball. He is the soul of good nature, and does not know the meaning of the word temperament.

Everyone knows that "Sally of the Sawdust" proved to be quite a personal triumph for Fields, but if you ask the popular Bill anything about the picture, he will immediately start sounding the praises of D. W. Griffith.

"I think Griffith is the greatest director that ever lived," he told us. "The public does not realize what an exceptionally far-seeing man Griffith happens to be. They think it was only recently that he discovered my ability for motion picture work. They are mistaken, for Griffith is very cautious, and often has people in mind for years before he thinks it advisable to give them an opportunity. That is why he has really never turned out an unsuccessful picture.

"I was performing on 'The Ziegfeld Roof' over six years ago." Mr. Fields continued. "Mary Hay was in the same cast. At that time Mary was also working in Griffith's memorable picture, 'Way Down East.' Mary was anxious to learn all she could about the picture business, so she asked Griffith to tell her how she could improve her work. He told her to watch my work nightly on 'The Roof,' for he said I had perfect timing. When Mary told me the aforesaid incident, I was immediately filled with hope, and of course imagined that Griffith would offer me a part, but no movie offers came my way. It was all of six years later when Griffith saw fit to give me my chance, so you see, he keeps his characters in mind for quite a while.

"Being funny in the movies is child's play next to getting a 'Follies' audience to laugh," Mr. Fields went on to say. "Our average audience is composed of business men, and everyone (*Continued on page* 46)

Their Most

What Do the Film Stars Value ful Homes---Their Costly Jewels--- on Gifts or Mementoes of

By Helen

Little *Mary Brian* prizes most the acorn which *Betty Bronson*, as *Peter Pan*, gave her during the making of that picture.

Photograph by William Davis Pearsall

(At Left)
Joseph Schildkraut's greatest treasure is an original leaf of a book printed on the first movable type ever made—a leaf of the *Gutenberg Bible*

(Below):
Julanne Johnston's most treasured memento of her *European* trip is an autographed copy of *"The Reckless Lady,"* by *Sir Philip Gibbs.*

Photograph by Sasha

WHAT do the film stars value most?

The casual visitor to Hollywood, driving through palm-lined boulevards flanked by the imposing mansions of the cinema elite, would no doubt answer that these outward indications of great wealth were the most prized possessions of the motion picture celebrities. Seeing one famous star or another glide by in a haughty foreign-built motor car, with liveried chauffeur at the wheel, the staring tourist sighs, "Well, if I had a car like that, I'd certainly consider it my most prized possession," and ruefully jounces along again in his battered coupe. The flapper, catching a glimpse of her favorite movie actress, ablaze with diamonds, dancing at the Ambassador, murmurs wistfully, "If I had jewels like hers, I'd surely value them above everything else."

But that is because the casual onlooker has no opportunity to know the film stars as they really are, has no insight into the celebrities' lives and cannot know, that, even as you or I, they attach great sentimental value to gifts or mementoes which may be worth little or nothing in actual money.

Photograph by Evans

***Wallace Beery*, the screen's most villainous villain, is ultra sentimental over a pair of roller skates.**

I canvassed the studios recently, asking the stars, personally, which of all their possessions they treasured the most. Their answers surprised and enlightened me. I think they will you, as well.

Wallace Beery, the screen's most villainous villain, is ultra sentimental over a pair of roller skates and he would rather part with anything other than his wife, than these same roller skates. It is a positive fact that when Beery's home caught on fire on one occasion, he carried his wife to safety and then went back and emerged with the treasured skates, leaving the rest of his valuables to the mercy of the flames.

Fans of a decade ago will remember that Beery starred in a series of comedies for Essanay. The most laughable of these two-reelers was one in which Beery, as a Swedish servant girl, was learning to roller-skate. This picture was such a hit that Beery was given a raise, and his good luck continued from that time. He has treasured the roller-skates worn in that picture, ever since.

A fifty-pfennig piece, thrown to him by D. W. Griffith, in Berlin, is Neil Hamilton's most treasured possession. While in Germany filming "Isn't Life Wonderful," for Griffith, Hamilton was given an old

Prized Possessions

Most? Their Cars---Their Beauti- Or Are Their Affections Centered Little Intrinsic Value?

Carlisle

(Below):
A fifty-pfennig piece, thrown to him by *D. W. Griffith*, in *Berlin*, is *Neil Hamilton's* most treasured possession.

(At Right):
***Betty Bronson* prizes most a tattered letter, written to her more than three years ago, by *Ned Hay*, a casting director.**

Photograph by Eugene Richee

***George O'Brien* treasures most an old, heavy, rough-neck sweater which his mother gave him on his tenth birthday.**

German uniform to wear. So ill-appearing and unlike an American's conception of a German army uniform was the garment that Hamilton, to test it out, put it on and started down one of the main thoroughfares of Berlin. If the uniform was actually too tattered, people would stop and stare at him, he thought.

As he passed the Adlon Hotel, a coin was tossed to him. Looking up, he discovered that Griffith, in a spirit of fun, had tossed the money to him. Hamilton retrieved the piece and has carried it ever since.

Betty Bronson prizes most a tattered letter, written to her more than three years ago by Ned Hay, a casting director. She says that this letter is solely responsible for the position she now holds in the movies.

Betty had been trying to secure work in the studios for several months, but without luck. She was on the verge of giving up. Mr. Hay, one of the few casting directors who had encouraged her at all, had left for Europe. On the day her spirits were at lowest ebb, a letter arrived from London. It was from Mr. Hay—a very cheerful letter, filled with encouragement. One phrase in particular struck home with Betty.

"There are ten thousand other girls trying to break into pictures, it said, "but remember this: There is only one Betty Bronson."

Betty went right out then and proved it.

Little Mary Brian prizes most the acorn which Betty Bronson, as Peter Pan, gave her, during the making of that picture. Mary has had the acorn mounted and wears it as a good-luck charm about her neck. For "Peter Pan" brought her fame, just as it did Betty.

Constance Talmadge values most her first movie contract. This "scrap of paper," of less intrinsic value than a match, nevertheless is locked away securely in a jewelry store vault. Written in long-hand and not even witnessed by a notary public, this contract for four days' work launched Connie on a career that carried her to the heights.

Back in Brooklyn, Connie used to drop over to the Vitagraph studio to watch Norma work. One day, with a corpulent youth named Billy Beggs, the vivacious Connie staged an impromptu dance in the studio. Quite unknown to her the director, Ralph Ince, was noticing her, and

(*Continued on page* 46)

The most valued possession *Lillian Rich* has is an autographed program of *Harry Lauder's*, which he signed for her for a keepsake.

Gilda--Without Any Gilding

The Story of a Star Who Can See Herself As Others Cannot See Her

By Alma Talley

"MY HUSBAND just bought me a new Rolls-Royce," said Gilda, "and I'm going to feel so silly in it. I think I'll just ride out in front with the chauffeur and pretend I'm the maid."

For the famous Gilda Gray, who has danced her triumphant way across the country, can see herself as others cannot see her. She can see herself, in memory, the little eight-year-old Polish immigrant, Marayna Michalski, coming over steerage to this country. She can see the incongruous picture of the poor little immigrant riding in a Rolls-Royce, pinching herself to be sure she isn't dreaming, asking herself, like the old lady in the nursery rhyme, "Lawsy, mercy, surely this can't be me?"

And because she can see herself just that way, Gilda can't get used to being famous. Here she sat, in an elaborate suite at New York's fashionable Hotel Ambassador, surrounded by all sorts of luxury, planning to sail the next day on the Paris—what a contrast to her early steerage days!—and wondering if it could really be true that she had achieved all this—or, if she rubbed her eyes, would she wake up?

She and her wealthy husband, Gil Boag, were sailing for France for their second honeymoon. Gilda was so busy getting ready that I found her just finishing her lunch—at four-thirty in the afternoon. She hadn't even stopped to comb her corn-colored, bobbed hair, or to powder her nose. She wasn't dressed—that is to say, she wore a yellow chiffon evening dress that had probably seen its last night out, and bedroom slippers.

"I broke all records in every theatre in the country," said Gilda. She wasn't bragging exactly; that was just her way of pinching herself. She reminded you of a little kid, saying, "Look, mamma, don't I look nice?"

"Every time I appeared on the bill with a different picture. There was Gilda Gray—'Night Life of New York'; Gilda Gray—'Paths to Paradise'; Gilda Gray—'The Last Laugh.' And the crowds just poured out to see me. One city I was in, we asked the newspaper editor to put my picture in the paper; he said he'd have to see me first, they didn't usually publish performers' pictures. Well, he came to see me—and do you know, he ran my picture every day after that as long as I was in town." And Gilda's funny little hoarse voice trailed off—hoarse, probably, from shouting her "Blues" numbers from the stage. Gilda says she introduced the "blues" to Broadway, and we gotta admit she started something!

"I remember the night you first made your hit on Broadway," I said, "at the opening of the 'Shubert Gaieties,' about six years ago, when you stepped out of the chorus to do your shimmy number and brought down the house—"

"Oh, but I was never in the chorus, dearie," she corrected me firmly. "I was always a star. First I danced in cabarets in Chicago, and then I came to New York, and went on the stage. I was never in the chorus."

Faux pas on my part. Business of blushing.

And now, of course, Gilda is going into the movies, making her first picture in September. It's to be "Aloma of the South Seas," a stage play of this past season on Broadway, and an ideal vehicle for Gilda. Of course she'll have to wear a wig because she's a blonde by nature, but otherwise she suits the role perfectly.

(*Continued on page* 42)

For the famous *Gilda Gray*, who has danced her triumphant way across the country, can see herself as others cannot see her. She can see herself, in memory, the little eight-year-old *Polish* immigrant, *Marayna Michalski*, coming over steerage to this country.

Photograph by Harry S. Hood

Concluding

The True Story of My Life

By Colleen Moore

IN LONDON it was the same way. Crowds, crowds, crowds. We attended several openings in London and one in Zurich, too. London held several disappointments for me, just because the things I wanted to see most were not on exhibition. First, I didn't see a single monocle anywhere. Our American vaudeville impersonators must have frightened the English out of wearing them for all time to come. As I told you earlier in this story, I am very proud of my gorgeous doll house at home, so in London, I rushed up to the Wembly Exhibition to see the Queen's Doll House. When I arrived there, they told me it had been moved to Windsor Castle and was not on exhibition. I honestly wept, I was so disappointed, for I had read many books about it and that was one of the things I had counted on seeing in my travels.

My luck at the famous Madame Tussaud's Waxworks was no better, for it burned down two weeks before we arrived. From there, I ordered a taxi, and started over Waterloo Bridge, but a sign stated that the bridge had caved in and they were building a new one.

We were invited to tea with Israel Zangwill, author of the successful play, "We Moderns," which I am now doing for the screen. Isn't it wonderful that an old gentleman like Mr. Zangwill can so thoroughly understand the young people of today? We also met Gilbert Frankau, the author. John and I both thought he had a most interesting personality. At a banquet, he made the most wonderful after-dinner speech I have ever heard.

In London, we made all the exterior scenes for "We Moderns," and were fortunate to have sunshine for two whole weeks. The English officials were wonderful and gave us permission to shoot scenes at Westminster Abbey, Trafalgar Square, Buckingham Palace, and the Houses of Parliament. We bought a tiny English car and took scenes of me driving through busy London traffic. For this action, I had to get a special London driver's license.

"The garden of my new home is a special delight to me. At the very back, we have a fifty-foot enclosure surrounded by a high *Spanish* wall. Between this enclosure and our house is a lively sweep of velvety green lawn with a sunken garden."

Below is a view of *Colleen's* house and garden, and on the right, as she appears in a scene from her new picture, *"We Moderns,"* with *Jack Mulhall.*

While in London, First National Pictures arranged an ambition contest. The idea was to have all the English girls write an essay on their life ambition. Prizes totaling $5,000 were given the winners. The first prize went to a blind girl named Katherine Reeves. Her ambition in life was to be a church organist, so she could earn a living for herself and family. This was indeed a prize-winning thought, and I was so pleased to be able to present Miss Reeves with the capital prize for her sincere desire in life.

While in Switzerland, we learned of some valuable St. Bernard dogs. My little Irish terrier had been given to Mother because her pet dog had been stolen. I simply had to have a dog, so John and I journeyed to the little Swiss farm, where I found Max. Max is a St. Bernard puppy, weighs about 75 pounds and is only six months old. He is now in Los Angeles with me.

I will never forget poor Max. Both of us were terribly seasick on the way back. It was so rough, both going and coming, that I could not help but think how Columbus must have felt all those months of sea traveling he did. How justly he deserves the credit given him.

"When my busy picture life is over, I want to turn to writing, for I feel that the rich full life I have lived during my early years will afford me a great deal of material that will be interesting to you."

Photograph by Evans Studio

"On our return from *Europe, First National Pictures* offered me a new three-year contract, which calls for four pictures a year. *Mr. McCormick* was made *General Manager* of all *Western* production for *First National.*"

A German lady began to talk German to Max and he looked lovingly toward her and followed her about the decks. So, not to be outdone, I bought a German dictionary and learned to say, "Gut hund," etc., etc. We made an interesting exit from the liner Berengaria. Of course Max had always lived in the Swiss Mountains and never been up and down a pair of stairs or over a gangplank, so John, with a cane and a brief case in one hand, had to lift my 75-pound dog in his arms and carry him off the boat. By the time we reached Chicago, Max became terribly affected by the heat, so I put him in a dog hospital there, where he stayed a month after we returned home. When he was finally delivered at our door, in Los Angeles, he looked hopeless and dejected, as if he were asking, "How much further must I go?"

We were greatly honored when we returned to America by having the opportunity to visit the White House and call upon President and Mrs. Coolidge. First, we went to the President's yacht, the U. S. S. Mayflower, for luncheon with the ship's officers and then to see Mr. Coolidge and the First Lady of the Land. I was wonderfully impressed with both the President and Mrs. Coolidge. They are "just folks," but such unusually nice ones. One thing that made me know they are like ordinary human beings is the fact that they are movie fans. Both President Coolidge and Mrs. Coolidge told me they had seen "Sally" and enjoyed it. This gave me quite a thrill notwithstanding the fact I still thought of them as "plain folks," like you and me.

When we left for Europe I had twelve goldfish in the garden pool of my new home, but when John and I returned we found the goldfish had had 113 children during our absence. The garden of my new home is a special delight to me. At the very back, we have a fifty-foot enclosure surrounded by a high Spanish wall where the new dog, Max, will romp to suit himself. Between this enclosure and our house, is a lovely sweep of velvety green lawn with a sunken garden and the rectangular goldfish pool at the very center. My pet pansy beds were blooming luxuriantly when we returned and it seemed as if a hedge of Italian cypress and the banana trees had gone up several inches. At any rate, it all looked wonderful to me again for it was good to be home and have that home situated in Southern California. I know I should never want to live in Europe.

On our return from Europe, First National Pictures offered me a new three-year contract which calls for four pictures a year. Mr. McCormick was made General Manager of all Western production for First National.

For the director of "We Moderns," I again have John Francis Dillon, who directed three of my most successful pictures, and Thamer McCord at the camera, the young man who has photographed me for the past two years. This story is considered one of the best yet selected for me. It is a story of an English flapper and many of the scenes were made while I was in London. In fact, the majority of the exteriors were made abroad and the true atmosphere, with the real buildings and scenery of England, will, we feel, make a decidedly attractive asset to the completed production.

A very excellent cast is in this picture. Jack Mulhall is playing opposite me, and dear old Claude Gillingwater, who has been seen in so many pictures since he appeared with Mary Pickford in "Little Lord Fauntleroy," is also in the picture. Others who have important parts include Clarissa Selwyn, Dorothy Seastrom, Tom McGuire, Cleve Morrison, Carl Miller, Louise Payne, Blanche Payson, Marcella Corday and others.

I have felt that my time is owned by those for whom I am constantly working—for you, who go to see me on the screen. You are the ones I must strive to satisfy. In the final consensus, those who attend the theaters and who laugh, sometimes cry, are the judges. All of our worries, our troubles, our heartaches—everything we encounter and stumble over in the process of making pictures is secondary to our efforts to please you.

You know, I often wish I could sit down and answer all of the letters I receive. So many of my friends write me and each letter is very dear to me. I appreciate them all. I am so glad when people write me and tell me things about my work.

I feel that there is a bond existing between us. You, the great public, the pulse of the industry, and we, the artists of the screen. It is a bond of understanding. The man who operates the big theaters and the little theaters is one of us, too. He is another strong link in our chain of understanding. You should make a confidant of the exhibitor, the man who buys and shows our pictures. He wants to know you just as we do. His aim is to please you, to have you leave his theater satisfied. When he can gauge your ideas of pictures, your likes and your dislikes, he is happy. We try and serve him with our best efforts and in pleasing him, we hope in turn, to please you.

In the final analysis, you are the judge. The theater owner acts as the counsel and we are here to perform according to your word. I would like to write each and every one of you and tell you more. There is so much to say on this very subject, this vital subject. There are so many ways of bringing a closer equation between us all, and the first thing to do toward this ultimate goal is to confide in your theater manager. He knows. He is versed with our work and our ideas and our ideals. Help us by telling him your real, not "reel" thoughts. Will you?

I have said a lot in this story of my life. I wish space would permit me saying more. However, when my (*Continued on page* 38)

Concluding

The Last Edition

By Jack Bradstreet

WHEN Tom MacDonald recovered consciousness, the first sound that penetrated his sluggish brain was the drone of the smoothly-working presses—a song that had always been sweetest music in his ears. For a moment a blissful smile twitched at the corners of his slack, blood-stained mouth; it had been a horrible nightmare, but, Thank God, he was awake now. There were the presses, singing their lovely, familiar song. He must have fallen asleep at his work. How strange! Then a slow look of wonder crossed his mild old face. What was he doing here on the floor? Why did his head ache so cruelly? Why was his shirt stained with blood? Why, it seemed to be trickling from his mouth! He raised an uncertain hand and touched his lips wonderingly. The fingers came away, dripping with blood. He staggered to his feet, and, as his brain cleared, into the song of the presses came a discordant note, a distance-dimmed shriek from the street outside:

"Extry! Read all about the big graft scandal! Deputy MacDonald arrested for bribe-taking!"

Wonder, uncertainty, mildness were wiped from his face in an instant. Red rage snarled his lips, strutted the veins in his neck, filled his blue eyes with a murderous fire. His boy! His Ray, who had always been so good, such a model son!

Those murder-gleaming eyes roved in desperate need for action, fell upon the rhythmically humming presses. That traitorous press, which he had loved so well, tended so faithfully! Grinding out his son's disgrace, in tens of thousands of extras, for the eager, curious, condemning, gloating street crowds to read!

"God damn you!" he shouted to the great inanimate machine which had always seemed like a person to him. "You'll disgrace my boy, will you?"

Maybe it was because he was crazed by the blow upon his poor old head; maybe it is true that the mild-tempered, when aroused, are far more devastating in their fury than the always irritable and quarrelsome. However, that may be, Tom MacDonald went berserk with rage. His red eyes, gleaming with hatred, fell upon a monkey-wrench left by some mechanic, upon the floor. He seized it in his blood-stained hands, hurled it with all his furious strength, into the very vitals of the press he had loved.

The foreman heard the impact, saw Tom standing in the strained attitude of a discus thrower, realized in a flash what had happened. As he ran forward to seize the crazed man, a terrific explosion shook the building. Kirby's time bomb had done its work.

Craddock could not know that a bootlegger's revengeful hand had placed the bomb there. He had seen only a grief-crazed old man, his arm still upraised after the throwing of the wrench.

The force of the explosion tore at the vitals of the great press, sent bits of iron and steel hurtling through the air; flung both Craddock and MacDonald far across the room. A bit of flying, jagged metal, torn from the greviously wounded presses, struck the foreman full in the forehead.

When the horde of amazed, incredulous employes rushed from stereotyping room, business offices and editorial rooms, drawn by the terrific noise of the explosion, they found Craddock crying out monotonously:

"MacDonald did it. I saw him. MacDonald did it. I saw him throw it—"

A dozen heard the accusation before the wounded man lapsed into unconsciousness. A score of hands pulled and dragged at the prostrate assistant foreman, who lay where he had fallen, his blue eyes filled with terror and bewilderment. Surely a monkey-wrench could not have done all that! He tried to explain, his eyes roving fearfully from one unfriendly face to another, but his tongue was thick, his words almost unintelligible. At last he covered his twitching face with his blood-stained hands and allowed them to lead him away. An ambulance shrieked its arrival outside.

George Hamilton, editor and publisher of *The Chronicle*, appeared on the scene as Tom MacDonald was being led up the stairs to the business offices. His heavy, usually kind face, was a battleground of conflicting emotions. Old Tom MacDonald, the mildest of men, the kindliest of self-made philosophers, to have perpetrated this outrage! Surely his mind had given away under the sudden burden of his son's disgrace. If only he, Hamilton, had supressed the story, as old Tom had begged him to do! But the mischief was done now, and after all, he had been in the right; he had only printed the news, authentic news from the District Attorney's office.

Hamilton laid his hand on his pressman's shoulder, and his voice was more sad than angry. "I wouldn't have believed it, Tom. How could you do it, Tom? The plant that has given you a living for fifteen years! What is the world coming to if men like you turn Red?"

"I—I didn't do it, Mr. Hamilton," Tom muttered dazedly.

"Craddock saw you," a dozen voices broke out. "And if he dies, it'll be murder!"

"I—I—think I can manage it, *Mr. Hamilton,*" *Mary* flushed adorably, and to the delight of the newspaper "gang," raised her face quite simply and unaffectedly for her sweetheart's kiss.

"Murder? Me—murder? Tom MacDonald almost collapsed in the unfriendly arms which supported him on the stairs.

"I'm afraid I'll have to take you to the police station, Tom, and have a warrant sworn out. I'm damned sorry. God, I wouldn't have had this happen for a million dollars! Do you think the boy will die?" the publisher turned to the group clustered on the stairs.

"Fractured skull, the ambulance surgeon said, when he made an examination," a voice answered. "They've taken him to the hospital. But he accused MacDonald before he left."

"Police patrol's waiting, Mr. Hamilton," a girl from the business office cried out, tears brimming over her lashes. She, like everyone connected with the paper, had been fond of Tom MacDonald.

"Come along, Tom. I'll do all I can for you, but I'm afraid that won't be much, if Craddock dies," Hamilton said, his voice heavy with sorrow, for he was a kindly man who loved his employes only less than the paper which he owned and edited.

And so they took Tom MacDonald away, through the dense crowd that had collected on the sidewalk before *The Chronicle's* building, through streets which still rang with newsboys' hoarse cries: "Extry! Deputy MacDonald arrested for bribe-taking!"

In a few minutes, Tom thought dully, his face strutted with the blood of shame, these newsboys would be calling other extras, though not from *The Chronicle's* presses—the poor, disabled presses that he loved so well—"Extry! All about MacDonald wrecking *The Chronicle* plant! Extry!" Surely God had deserted him and his, the veteran pressman groaned, as the police patrol clanged its imperious, hurrying way through congested traffic, like a lordly demon which knew no laws, acknowledged no right of way but its own.

In an amazingly short time a police magistrate had listened to Hamilton's damning story, had signed poor old Tom's commitment papers to the Tombs, where he was to await indictment and trial.

Hamilton bade him good-bye almost shamefacedly, reluctantly. "I—I think I understand, Tom, and I want you to know I hate like the devil to send you here. But we must all pay for our mistakes, Tom. I'll see that you have the best lawyers in New York, though I'll have to appear against you."

"My wife, my girl, Mary," Tom clung to his employer's hand, tears running down his cheeks.

"I'll see that they are taken care of, Tom," Hamilton's own voice was husky. "Don't you worry about them."

Then the two police officers who had taken him in charge led him across the "bridge of sighs," over which so many lawbreakers had gone before him, over which so many innocent men had been led—his own son, that very day!—and into the clammy, cold corridors lined with cells. Unshaven occupants of those cells grinned at him, some cursed the policemen from the depths of their own hate-filled hearts, others called out cheery greetings, comradely welcomes, but old Tom ploughed on weakly, really needing the supporting arms of the two policemen, his dazed blue eyes fixed on the stone floor, his ears deaf to the greetings.

But suddenly his ears received a message which they signalled frantically to his numbed brain.

"Father! Father! Oh, God, what are you doing here, Pop?"

Tom MacDonald halted, and stood stock still, in spite of the tugging of the policemen's hands upon his arms. Joy lit up his gray face, filled his blue eyes with life.

"Ray! Ray, where are you?" Even as he asked, he saw the boy, his son, gripping two bars of his cell, his eyes peering out of the dimness of his cell, his mouth quivering with emotion.

"Have you come to see me, Dad? I knew you would. It was all a mistake, Pop. I never took the money. I never saw it before in my life."

Tom MacDonald shuffled toward the boy's cell, dragging the policemen with him as if they had been annoying children clinging to his arms.

"They've got me, too, son. Something happened to the presses. I don't know what happened. I was crazy when I saw your name in the headlines of the final edition. But I didn't throw any bomb, as they say I did. I threw a monkey-wrench to stop the presses, but I wouldn't wreck them, before God I wouldn't. Oh, my boy!"

The broken old man seized his boy's outstretched hands and kissed them, his tears wetting them. The boy strained his face against the bars, sobbing, terror-stricken, bewildered almost to the point of madness.

"Hey, come on, old son. We ain't got all day. Quite a family reunion, eh, Kelley?" one policeman grinned at the other.

They dragged him away, at last, though his hands clung frantically to the bars of his son's cell. They hustled him on down the corridor, preceded by the warden with his keys. When his cell door clanged shut, the old pressman sank upon his knees and cried out to his God for Mercy. But the only answer to his broken prayer was a high cackle of laughter from the cot in the dim corner.

"Guess you ain't been here before, brother, or you wouldn't take on so. And you'll find God ain't got a telephone connection with the Tombs," the shadowy form on the cot cackled out.

Clarence Walker's troubled prowling about the streets of New York was brought to an abrupt conclusion by the sight of a headline on a rival newspaper's pink front page. "CHRONICLE'S PRESSES WRECKED BY BRIBE-TAKER'S FATHER," he read in stupefaction. Flinging down three pennies he snatched up a paper and read it on the run, his eyes almost popping from his head.

The paper told the astounding story briefly, then recapitulated the news which *The Chronicle's* final edition—its last until its presses could be repaired or until arrangements could be made for printing in a friendly rival's plant—had carried about Ray MacDonald's arrest for bribe-taking in connection with the graft scandal.

Still running, his breath coming in deep, sobbing gasps, Clarence Walker charged into *The Chronicle* building like an avenging fury.

"What's all this, Ditmer?" he demanded of the city editor, shaking the extra in his chief's face.

"Bad business, Walker. We'll have to print (*Continued on page* 39)

Adapted from the Emory Johnson F. B. O. Gold Bond Production, based on the story by Emilie Johnson, with Ralph Lewis in the leading role.

"I've been doing a lot of thinking, *Tom*, old man, and I've come to the conclusion that I'm a damned poor editor. The only editorial I've written that has drawn any response from the readers was the one I got out of my talk with you."

Everybody's Talking About It!

The MOVIE MAGAZINE made its first appearance on the newsstands on August 23rd, with the September issue. It immediately found favor because *it is a new kind of motion picture magazine.*

The articles in it might be feature articles in any national magazine, but they are made more attractive because of their motion picture tie-up.

The October issue, which makes its appearance on the newsstands on September 23rd, is an example of this. Here are some of the features:

Colleen Moore and John McCormick Tell of Their First Years of Married Life

They both give their version of the first quarrel, when Colleen actually went home to her mother. Every married couple and every couple who hope to marry may read these confessions with both amusement and profit.

Publicity for Anne . . .

By A. M. Williamson

. . . Is a delightful story of a contest winner who goes to Hollywood, looking for stardom. This is a real behind-the-scenes tale. It relates many secrets of the studio world.

An Opportunity for You to Go in the Movies

Without any experience . . . and without serving an apprenticeship as an extra girl. Read the details in THE MOVIE CINDERELLA CONTEST.

Why the Valentinos Separated

Mrs. Valentino has talked freely about her marital troubles, but Rudy has been discreet—until now. He talks at length about his side of the story and declares he will not marry again. You'll be surprised at some of the things he admits.

If You're Decorating Your House for the Winter

You'll be interested in the article which tells you what to do about the windows. Charles D. Chapman, who furnishes the beautiful sets in Famous Players-Lasky pictures, conducts a department on interior decoration which is excellent. This month he tells of original and artistic ways of curtaining the windows.

Space forbids a further recital of the contents of the

October MOVIE MAGAZINE
On the Newsstands September 23RD

or we might go on listing them indefinitely. There are scores of other feature articles, not to mention the latest pictures, news and reviews. It is the biggest 25 cents' worth in the world.

Follow the Crowd!

Make MOVIE MAGAZINE Your Magazine

Photograph by Witzel

There are stars to whom you can confess that you really aren't dressed for the *Montmartre* and would prefer some quiet and unimpressive tearoom, and *Louise Fazenda* is one of them.

A Star With Can Be

Is Louise Fazenda—Who Buy Her Own Vegetables a Newspaper Man and Live

By Catharine

ALTHOUGH the editor has ordered me to say one thousand words about Louise Fazenda, honesty compels me to admit that, if I were driven to it, I could get the essential Louise Fazenda into one line of newsprint.

Louise Fazenda is the kind of a person you can be poor with.

There are motion picture stars into whose palatial presences you have only to step to feel very conscious of the imperfections of a costume bought at summer sales. There are motion picture stars with whom you feel it incumbent to adopt that born-and-bred-at-the-Ritz manner. And there are, on the other hand, stars to whom you can confess that you really aren't dressed for the Montmartre, and would prefer some quiet and unimpressive tearoom, and Louise Fazenda is one of them.

So we went to a tearoom. We went hatless. We went in Louise Fazenda's new car, the back seat of which was frankly grubby.

"Don't mind it, please," she said cheerfully, "it's good, earthly dirt. It came from my garden; I mean from what will be my garden some day when I can get all the rocks cleared out and find someone who can teach me how to plant shrubs. I've been carting rocks around in this car. I spent the morning digging them out of what will be my garden and then I had to cart them away and dump them. And my neighbors are so funny about it. You see, I've just moved into this place, and I don't know anyone. They come around to their back yards and stand there by the hour, watching me lug the rocks, watching me very solemnly. They don't say anything, just stand around and gape. I feel I ought to say 'Hello.' Would you say 'Hello?'"

I said I made it a practice not to say "Hello" to strangers unless the men were exceptionally nice. But by the time I had thought up this wise crack, we were eating Southern food in the back of the quaint little tearoom, we were being adopted into the family by two dogs, who made a rush for Miss Fazenda, and I was learning why she was a person one could be poor with.

"It unfortunately happens," she explained, "that I grew up and went to school right here, and not only that, but it seems to me that nearly every girl and boy I went to school with, later began to write for fan magazines and newspapers. I go around with the newspaper crowd: I went to school with many of them, and I can't put a thing over on them. I have to be myself, because they know too much about me.

"They know me so well, in fact, that when they have to do a story about me sometimes, it's painful. We're all talked out. We sit around and sit around and don't know what to say to each other; for publication, I mean. Going about with newspaper people has its disadvantages, hasn't it? But I like that gang so much.

"You know," and here Miss Fazenda leaned earnestly above her lamb chops and made this startling announcement, "I'd like to marry a newspaper man, a writer."

"Oh, don't!" I cried, as anyone would cry involuntarily at such an announcement, "You don't know what you say. Why, they're—"

"Yes, I know. I know all about them, and I'd like to marry one just the same. You know, it's awfully hard for a girl of my type to

"You know," and here *Miss Fazenda* leaned earnestly above her lamb chops and made this startling announcement, "I'd like to marry a newspaper man, a writer."

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Whom You Poor

Loves to Hunt Bargains—and Is Willing to Marry on Sixty Dollars a Week

Brody

Photograph by Seely

***Louise Fazenda* is a good business woman as well as a good manager. She has a capable chin and that far-away look of absorption that in *Hollywood* means only one thing—an interest in real estate.**

choose a husband. You've no idea. I wouldn't marry an actor. Anyway, an actor wouldn't be attracted by my type. I'm not spectacular enough. And where do motion picture actresses meet any other kind of men, business and professional men? We don't go about much with people not connected in some way with the studio. Oh, occasionally people invite you to a non-motion picture affair, but then you're looked upon as a curiosity. An actress! The men all seem to feel that they must have a special sort of conversation and treatment for you. Either they want to know you because you are an actress and they'd like to be seen with an actress, or they let you severely alone, feeling probably that you make so much more money than they do, usually, that you would scorn them. But it isn't so. Money wouldn't count so far as I was concerned."

"Do you know that the average newspaper man makes from sixty to seventy-five dollars a week?" I gasped.

"I'm a good manager," *Louise Fazenda* confides, "and I love a bargain."
Above is *Louise* making up for one of her roles, while *Huntly Gordon* looks on.

"Well, why not?" said Miss Fazenda, without batting an eyelash. "If he were proud and wanted me to live on his salary, I could do it. I—I could live on sixty dollars a week. Really! I haven't any extravagant tastes. Oh, I'd buy my own clothes, of course, but that would be a business investment."

"But I suppose it's no good to talk about it, is it?" she added disconsolately, "I suppose no decent man who makes what would be a comfortable salary outside of the movies, would dream that an actress could be human, and even economical?"

Miss Fazenda had on a salmon-colored satin dress, cut very simply. She now looked down at it with pride.

"I'm a good manager," she confided with the light that comes into the eyes of all good managers, "I went shopping for this. It was a bargain. I love a bargain; I can't resist a bargain. If I can get a thing cheaper, its value is enhanced in my eyes. I don't get stung as much as you would expect, either. I have some really nice things at home that I picked up in this way.

"And I love to go marketing, all alone, with my basket on my arm. I often go out to the markets at night, just to choose my own fruits and vegetables. I don't know why but I get a real thrill out of choosing my own vegetables, particularly; you know, picking out the best ones, and feeling them to see they're all right, and getting the right price, and dropping them into my basket. It's fun."

A good business woman is Louise Fazenda, too, as well as a good manager. She has a capable chin, and as we sat and talked she occasionally had that far-away look of absorption that in Hollywood means only one thing, and lest you should misunderstand, it isn't love, but real estate. She confided that she was building two houses.

"I take too much upon myself," she sighed, "what, with working at the studio, and superintending the buildings. But I have to do everything myself. You see, I haven't any family, no men folks, to relieve me of some of the responsibility, like planting shrubs, for instance. The man from the greenhouse delivered them this morning, but he doesn't know any more about planting them than (*Continued on page* 45)

ACROSS the SCREEN

"THE WANDERER"—90%
Reviewed by Adele Whitely Fletcher

Everyone has come to dread spectacular costume dramas, in spite of the millions which the movie producers seem willing to spend on acres of sets and thousands of extras. The people in these stories have a way of seeming unreal, strange and stilted. This preamble brings us to "The Wanderer," which is a spectacular story of biblical times, but which possesses none of the above faults. It is a story of the first "black sheep," who stakes his inheritance and follows a beautiful lady into the city of wanton pleasure. He doesn't heed the words of a prophet who comes out of the wilderness. It is only the impressive fall of the city when God vents his wrath upon it that turns his disillusioned face homeward. You anticipate the story. But that doesn't detract from the interest. On the contrary. Raoul Walsh has done a splendid piece of work in his direction of this story which moves from spectacular effects reminiscent of "The Ten Commandments" to a simple and appealing story of human hearts. When William Collier, Junior, succumbs to the sensuous lure of the beautiful Tisha, he is as understandable as a college boy with his first "crush." That it will place Greta Nissen's star in the ascendancy we have no doubt.

The cast includes: William Collier, Greta Nissen, Wallace Beery, Ernest Torrence, Kathlyn Williams, Tyronne Powers, Kathryn Hill and George Reggas. The picture was directed by Raoul Walsh.

HER SISTER FROM PARIS"—90%
Reviewed by Tommie Gene Browne

"Her Sister from Paris" is a light comedy with a decided French flair, even though the setting is in Vienna. The amusing situations, many of which are a trifle *risque*, are deftly handled by the director. Connie Talmadge plays the dual role and her usual charm and vivaciousness add much to the picture. The plot skates on thin ice much of the time, but with a personality so captivating as Connie's, plus an excellent supporting cast, one is content to sit down and enjoy the performance without becoming analytical. In the opening sequences we have Helen, Connie, and her husband, Ronald Colman, staging a domestic storm which terminates in Helen's departure. On her way to the station she meets La Perry, her twin sister, a famous dancer from Paris. La Perry gives a performance that evening and Helen's husband and his friend are in a box. When she realizes she has captivated each of them, she persuades Helen to masquerade as the famous La Perry. Of course, in the end he finds that he has been making love to his own wife. The denouement is rather adoitly handled. Ronald Colman, as the writer-husband, is excellent. And George K. Arthur is about the most bubbling individual we have viewed for some time.

The cast includes: Constance Talmadge, Ronald Colman, George K. Arthur and others. It was directed by Sydney Franklin.

"IN THE NAME OF LOVE"—85%
Reviewed by Harriette Underhill

"In the Name of Love" is a charmingly satirical love story, adapted for the screen by Sada Cowan, from Bulwer Lytton's "The Lady of Lyons," and put on by Howard Higgin, who directs his actors and actresses so that even the most improbable, not to say impossible characters assume human proportions and guise.

Greta Nissen plays a shrew in this new picture, but she is tamed, as shrews of the drama always are since Shakespeare's time. It is love which tames her, however, love of a plain—in a manner of speaking—garage keeper. And after she had always dreamed of marrying nothing less than a prince!

Miss Nissen is most convincing! Ricardo Cortez is the handsome hero who owns no title save the title to his garage; Wallace Beery is a brewer who buys a title so that he may marry the shrewish young beauty; and Raymond Hatton is an insipid young man, whose only charm is that he has inherited a title. Marie just must have a title, you see. "In the Name of Love" is a most amusing picture. Do not miss it.

The cast includes: Ricardo Cortez, Greta Nissen, Wallace Beery, Raymond Hatton, Lillian Leighton, Edythe Chapman and Richard Arlen.

The picture was directed by Howard Higgin.

Editor's Note: *Our reviews are printed of a uniform size so that they may be kept for future reference. They are written by members of our editorial staff, who are skilled critics and whose viewpoints we know to be sane and unbiased. We believe you will find the ratings of special assistance and invite our readers to send in their personal ratings of pictures they see.*

RATING: Excellent, 95%; Good, 90%; Fair, 75%; Poor, 60%

"THE MERRY WIDOW"—90%
Reviewed by Tommie Gene Browne

One had to view only the opening sequences to recognize the unmistakable touch of Von Stroheim's guiding hand. The militaristic tone, the glittering uniforms, the typical Von Stroheim villain, all remind us of his past productions.

Mae Murray was delectable as the little dancer who was left waiting by a prince, married to an aged baron on the same day, widowed on her wedding eve—thus gaining enormous wealth and social prestige and the title of the "Merry Widow." Miss Murray's acting was more tempered than in the past, but certainly she did not lack vivacity. John Gilbert, as the philandering prince who finally becomes Mae's sincere lover, does some superb acting. He displays much dramatic ability.

"The Merry Widow" possesses some marvelous photographic effects. And there are many subtle touches. One sequence showing line after line of soldiers marching down the palace steps is especially good. Von Stroheim rather artfully lets us observe only their rhythmical feet; thus leaving the rest for our imagination. The picture is rather long and at times disjointed. But the story requires many feet and the director uses many more for "effects." "The Merry Widow" should be seen, by all means.

The cast includes: Mae Murray, John Gilbert, Roy D'Arcy and others. The picture was directed by Eric Von Stroheim.

"THE MAN WHO FOUND HIMSELF"—80%
Reviewed by Harriette Underhill

We couldn't help wondering what somebody had done to Booth Tarkington to make him write a story so lacking in humor as "The Man Who Found Himself." It isn't in the least like a Tarkington tale. Thomas Meighan is the star of "The Man Who Found Himself," but we can't quite see the application. However, who ever worries about reading the title clear in the movies?

We like Tommy better in crook roles than in silent, noble roles, and so we were delighted when he threatened to "get square" as soon as his prison term had expired. Of course it was shortened by good behavior. It never can be said of a hero that he doesn't know how to behave in jail. Mr. Meighan is not guilty of anything, you see, but was framed by the cowardly villain. He is assisted by Virginia Valli, who plays the girl nicely; Frank Morgan, who, of course, is the villain of the piece; Ralph Morgan, as the weak brother; Lynn Fontaine, as his wife; also Julia Hoyt. Norman Trevor and Charles Stevenson. You may write "The Man Who Found Himself" down on your list of things to see, but don't worry too much if you inadvertently miss it. Tommy will make better pictures.

The cast includes: Thomas Meighan, Virginia Valli, Frank Morgan, Ralph Morgan, Julia Hoyt, Lynn Fontaine, Charles Stevenson and others. The picture was directed by Alfred Green.

"THE ISLE O'HOPE"—75%
Reviewed by Anne Austin

James Bell Smith is the 399th scenario writer to use Stevenson's "Treasure Island" as a model. The only change in the well-worn plot is that little Jim Hawkins becomes a grown-up cut-up, played by Richard Talmadge, in a very athletic manner, and that Helen Ferguson is taken along to supply the love interest and to wring her hands during the countless fights in which the Fairbanks-ian young hero always wins.

The athletic Richard is made into a very humorous young hero by Rupert Hughes' sub-titles. Mr. Hughes must have dashed them off one evening after a heavy dinner, for they are not up to his usual insouciant style. Helen Ferguson, as usual, just misses being very pretty, as niece of the treasure-hunting old captain who makes life hard for our hero and the crew and who gets thrown overboard in a playful little mutiny. When the ship catches fire—of course it does!—little Love Interest manages to save the treasure map, her marcel wave, her life, a clean middie and a cunning little pleated skirt. There is a grand reunion of mutineers—all of whom have a pash on little Helen—hero and heroine, and comedy characters, in the persons of a negro cook and pig-tailed Chink.

The cast includes: Richard Talmadge, Helen Ferguson, James Marcus, Bert Strong, Howard Bell, Eddie Gordon, George Reed. The picture was directed by Jack Nelson.

When *Ben Lyon* feels blue, he gets plenty of blue-note sympathy from *Arthur Tanza, Oscar Young* and *Mario Mazzone,* who compose the orchestra at *First National* studios.

Above, *Irene Rich* discusses the role in her next production, *"Compromise,"* with the author of the book, *Mrs. Jay Gelzer,* and the scenarist, *E. J. Lowe, Jr.*

"Get on your mark, get set, go!" are the words *Ramon Novarro* is waiting for as he gets ready for a sprint in *"The Midshipman."*

On the Set

CHARGING that her husband deserted her in August, 1924, when he came to New York to make pictures, Mrs. Gladys E. Sills is suing Milton Sills for divorce and custody of their fourteen-year-old daughter, it is reported. The divorce papers are in Los Angeles, Mrs. Sills is reported to be in Australia, and Milton in New York. It seems too bad, after the number of years which Mr. and Mrs. Sills have apparently spent in happiness, that rumors of a divorce should now arise.

AGNES AYRES is going to Europe to be starred in motion pictures by a foreign company.

Although no definite date has been set for her departure, it is thought that the film star and her husband, S. Manuel Reachi, will be able to sail within a month.

Miss Ayres' contract with Producers Distributors Corporation has been terminated and she is free to enter into other contracts, but Mr. Reachi is detained here temporarily by business.

Both English and German film producers have been angling for Miss Ayres' services for some months.

ERNEST LAEMMLE, who has been directing successful Westerns for the last two years at Universal, has resigned to become an assistant to Ernst Lubitsch, whom he regards as the screen's greatest director.

Lubitsch, on the other hand, believes young Laemmle has great talent as a director, and is taking him as a protege to train in the ways of film making.

Laemmle has just completed direction of a series of pictures starring Edmund Cobb, Universal's new Western star.

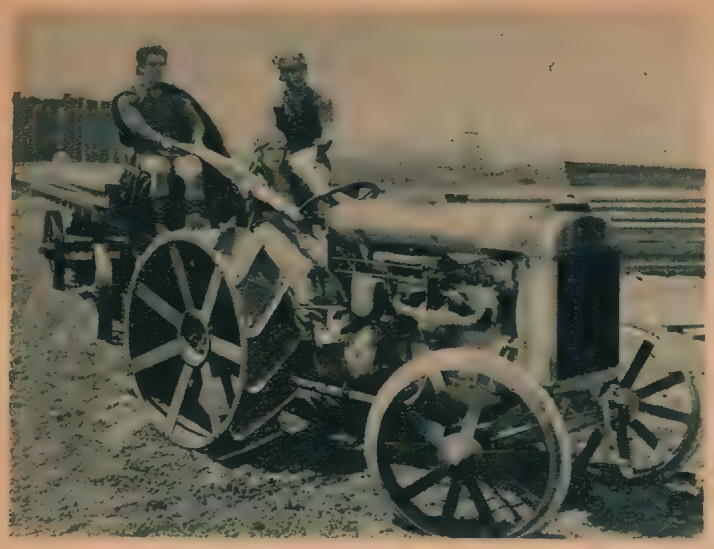
CHARLIE CHAPLIN will return to the speaking stage, we hear.

However, he will not come back as an actor, but in the triple role of playwright, producer and theater owner.

The first step will be the completion of plans, now under way, for the Chaplin Theater, to cost more than $1,000,000, and expected to be one of the finest in the country.

This will be somewhere in the Forties, and will face Broadway, or be within a stone's throw, associates of the comedian announced yesterday.

The playhouse, which will be "something entirely new" in the way of construction, will be finished within two years and it will be opened by Chaplin's first play, presumably a melodrama, which he will write especially



Ramon Novarro, May McAvoy and *Francis X. Bushman* help with the initial construction work of the gigantic circus of *Antioch* set now under construction at *Culver City, California*, for *"Ben Hur."*

Photograph by Witzel

and Off

for Judith Anderson, now starring in "The Dove." Chaplin's decision to write a drama, produce it and present it in his own house, created a stir in theatrical and motion picture circles.

The comedian has had a high regard for Miss Anderson's ability as an actress ever since she sprang from comparative obscurity to prominence on the Pacific Coast, about three years ago, when she was with Frank Keenan in "Peter Weston," a play that failed in New York.

Chaplin saw Miss Anderson in "The Dove" this week and was so impressed with her acting that he arranged a meeting. Then he asked her if she would accept the lead in the play he intends to write within the next few months.

Miss Anderson agreed to take the part at the expiration of her present contract with David Belasco, which will end about two years hence, or about the time that the new Chaplin Theater will be ready for occupancy.

DOROTHY GISH is the latest motion picture actress to be invited across the pond to make a picture. Graham-Willcox, England's well-known producers, have borrowed Miss Gish from Inspiration Film Company for two pictures, and as soon as she completes "Clothes Make the Pirate," she will sail for England.

"Nell Gwynne" will be the first English-made Gish vehicle. The same Nell that served Laurette Taylor so admirably on the stage a few seasons ago. Dorothy now is working at the Cosmopolitan Studios. Her husband, James Rennie, also has an important role in "Clothes Make the Pirate," a Sam Rork picture, but they have been given but one scene together. James is doing his love making with Edna Murphy.

AFTER searching for four months for a certain type, Douglas Fairbanks has decided that Billy Dove is best suited to play the role of the English heroine in "The Black Pirate." Doug has looked at (*Continued on page* 38)

"The Married Life of Helen and Warren," which has been a newspaper serial for years, is to be brought to the screen, and *Hallam Cooley* and *Kathryn Perry*, shown above, are to play the name roles.

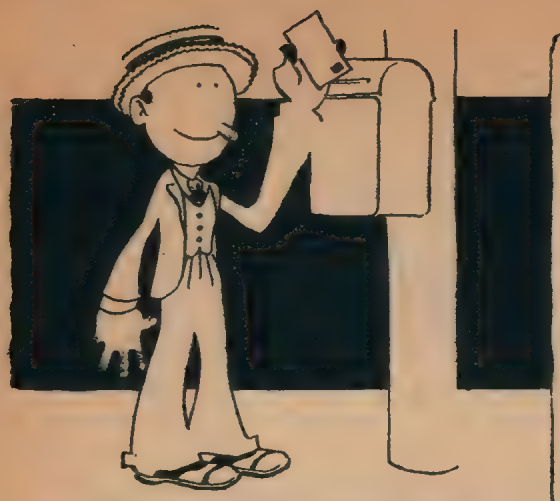
On the right is *Aileen Pringle* being photographed by *Ruth Harriett Louise*, the only girl photographer in the motion picture field, and under contract to *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer*.

Photograph by Sibbard

Photograph by Eugene Riches

The Girl on the Cover

Kathryn Hill, **whom we have met many times on the cover of magazines, stepped from cover posing into a prominent role in *"The Wanderer."* *Kathryn* is the wife of *Ira Hill,* the photographer. Those who have seen *"The Wanderer,"* agree that no mistake was made in choosing her without previous experience.**



The Colonel

This department is for the service of our readers. No charge whatever is made for the answering of questions, whatever their number. However, if a personal reply is requested, we ask that you send a stamped, addressed envelope. All letters should contain the name and address of the writer and, if it is desired that a fictitious name be used in the publication, this name should also be written at the bottom of the letter.

Are you curious to know if your favorite screen star is married . . . where he was born . . . or the name of his new picture? If so, write to the COLONEL at Movie Weekly, 1926 Broadway, New York City.

DERREY—Why don't I tell the fans I'm a good looking fellow? You know what happened to Ananias, don't you? I don't myself, but I thought perhaps you might. Baby Peggy isn't making any pictures just now. Bebe Daniels was born in Dallas, Texas, January 14, 1901; Edith Johnson, in Rochester, New York, in 1895. Marie Prevost was born in Canada in 1898; write her at Warner Brothers Studio, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood. None of the others you ask about give their age. Mae Busch was born in Australia, Mae Murray in Virginia; write them both at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California. Betty Francisco was born in Little Rock, Arkansas; she lives at 1771½ Gower St., Hollywood. Jacqueline Logan, a Texas girl, can be reached at the Fox Studios, 1417 N. Western Ave., Hollywood. Alice Joyce was born in Kansas City; she can be reached at 5341 Melrose Avenue, Hollywood.

A TEXAS BLUE BONNET—So you hope I'm getting stouter every day? That's not such a good wish; don't you think I like to eat? Write Dorothy Gish, Inspiration Pictures, Inc., 565 Fifth Ave., New York; Percy Marmont and Gilda Gray, Famous Players Studios, Astoria, Long Island. Harold Lloyd lives at 502 Irving Blvd., Los Angeles, and Ruth Clifford at 7627 Emelita Ave., Los Angeles.

THE RONALD COLMAN AND ROD LA ROCQUE FAN—You're certainly a space grabber, with that signature. Ronald Colman was divorced last spring. His newest picture is "The Dark Angel." Rod La Rocque is a bachelor; write him at the De Mille Studios, Culver City, California. Jetta Goudal was announced as Rod's leading lady in "The Coming of Amos."

HI-BALL—I suppose you're Scotch, then. Prince Yucca Troubtzkey has been in pictures such a short time I haven't the vital statistics concerning him. Write him at Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood. Laura La Plante has played in pictures for four years. I don't know what role Lionel Barrymore has in "The Wrongdoers"—whatever the principal male role is, that's it.

INQUISITIVE—Do I think "too tired of doing nothing" is somethink like the sleeping sickness? I can't tell; I've never had either. But at least it's easily cured; why not do something? Colleen Moore lives at 530 S. Rossmore Ave., Los Angeles; write Betty Compson, Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood; Anna Q. Nilsson and Lewis Stone, United Studios, 5341 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles; Reginald Denny, Universal Studio, Universal City, California, and Rin-tin-tin, Warner Brothers Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood.

GLORIA—You didn't even wait a week between letters, did you? They were four days apart. So you can't keep from writing me weekly? Why try? Nita Naldi has gone abroad to play in a picture called "Queen Calafia," by Ibanez. I'm sorry I can't tell you whether the spots on Colleen's arms in "The Desert Flower" are birthmarks or merely spots on the film. You see, I've never examined her neck and arms.

GLORIA—Do you have to send your picture before I'd let you in? You're the best judge as to whether your picture would help; I don't know what you look like. The latest address I have for Mary Carr is 500 Riverside Drive, New York City; I think she now lives in California, but perhaps her mail would be forwarded. I suppose Virginia Valli's mail would be forwarded to her from the Universal Studio, though she no longer works for that company. Constance Bennett flits about so from one studio to another that it's hard to keep track of her; you might try her at United Studios—see above. Kenneth Harlan at Warner Brothers Studio. Barbara La Marr, care First National, 383 Madison Ave., New York.

THE CHARLES DE ROCHE CLUB OF FRIENDS announces that it has 452 members and is growing fast. Anyone interested may write to A. L. M. Buttrey, Corresponding Secretary, 724 E. Maine St., Enid, Oklahoma.

SHEZZIX—Whom does Ben Lyon love? I'm not sure that he loves anybody—except his mother, of course—and even if he did, I can't be certain that he'd tell me about it. No, I don't consider Ben the least bit stuck-up. Write him at the Biograph Studio, 807 E. 175th St., New York. He is very good about sending out his photos on request, but he says please to send a quarter.

THE INDIAN GIRL—So you think it's loads of fun to write to me? I'll bet you're easy to entertain on a party! No, Robert Fraser has no Indian blood, but he'll probably be given Indian roles all the time now that producers have discovered he is good at them. I will tell Miss Fletcher you would like a picture published of Robert in his Indian costume—or lack of it. The winner of the naming the pony contest in Movie Weekly has not yet been announced.

BRAD—Write to Virginia Lee Corbin for her picture, care Associated Exhibitors, 35 W. 45th St., New York.

MARGARET JONES—I suppose there is too much published about Gloria, the Talmadges and Fairbanks to please some fans, but the fact is, of course, that naturally film magazines will print more about the most popular players than the more obscure ones. I'm sorry, I can't tell you anything about what Virginia Warwick is doing these days; I haven't seen her name mentioned in any casts in some time.

PAUL—I seem to be a little late with your answers; your letter was evidently misplaced. Florence Vidor recently got a divorce from King; no, she did not remarry. Hope Hampton is Mrs. Jules Brulatour; Mildred Davis is Mrs. Harold Lloyd. They both have blue eyes. Elaine Hammerstein is not married; yes, she once played on the stage in both dramatic and musical comedies.

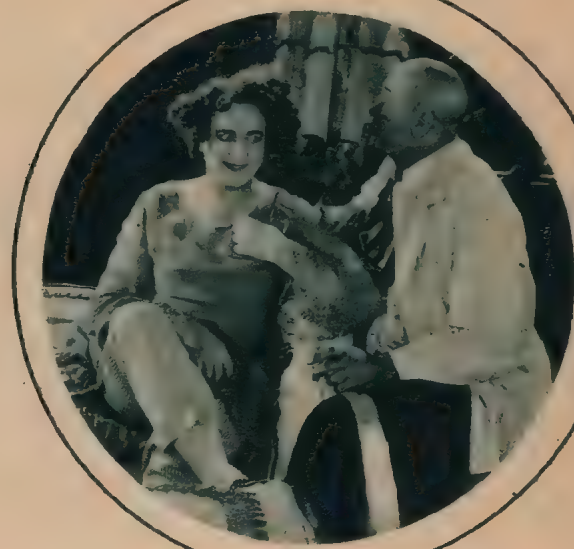
A TRUE MISSISSIPPIAN—I didn't suppose there were any false ones. Richard Dix is six feet tall and weighs 185; Hoot Gibson is five feet ten and weighs 160, and Harold Lloyd weighs 150, being five feet nine inches tall. Fred Thompson is about six feet three, and Tom Mix about five feet eight. I don't know what either of them weighs.

TINKER BELL—I'm sure you're very much alive! I can't think of a single star who was born in South Carolina. Write Tom Mix at the Fox Studios, 1417 N. Western Ave., Hollywood. He is in his forties. Betty Bronson was born in New (*Continued on page* 42)

Julian Eltinge, that versatile stage actor, who has impersonated beautiful women throughout his career, has turned his talents to the screen and will appear as "*Madame Lucy*." On the left, he is shown in a scene from the picture, with *Ann Pennington* and *Stanhope Wheatcroft*.

Introducing a Beautiful New Movie Star, "Madame Lucy"

Above, *Julian* is pictured as he appeared on the stage. On the left, as he is on a comedy lot, and, on the right, in one of the hilarious scenes from "*Madame Lucy*," with *Tom Wilson*.



The Precious Fraud

(*Continued from page 16*)

had not been courtplaster, but one of nature's ways of punctuating perfect beauty by contrast.

"All ready now," she announced, raising her slightly flushed face to the wardrobe mistress.

The phone rang. The set was waiting for the appearance of Miss Landon. The new Linda Landon was about to tell Olga to answer that she was ready, when she remembered the numerous warnings of Brynne, Lampson and Bobby Atwood.

"I'm not ready yet," she retorted coolly. "I want to see those sketches that Margaret has made. Tell Mr. Brynne I'll come when I'm entirely ready—not before."

When she had put the finishing touches to her bit of acting by criticizing, almost violently, several details of the designs which Margaret Horton submitted, she swept out of her dressing room, closely followed by Olga Samanoff, bearing make-up box, and preceded by Bobby Atwood, whom no one suspected of acting in the capacity of guide. Only one thing happened to threaten her composure, but after all it was not really important. She had stopped for a moment just outside her door to adjust a trailing drapery when Margaret Horton's resonant voice, speaking to Mrs. Bowen, came to her distinctly:

"Same old Linda, except her voice. I wonder what she's done to her voice? More Ritzy than ever, I suppose."

Stage No. 5, on which the Linda Landon unit was working, was already humming with activity when Eve appeared with her small retinue. The set was a Babylonian banquet hall, the great carved stone table decked out with gold plate and loaded with rich foods and what would photograph as rare wines. Work was to be taken up where Linda had left off. She had walked, or rather stormed, off the set in a violent rage because the little slave girl, who shared the big moment of the banquet scene with her, had been too pretty and too good an actress for her peace of mind. Only the banqueters, the musicians and minstrels, and the slave dancing girls were required for the day's shooting. Eve's hasty glance around the lounging, waiting members of the company revealed only one face that was familiar to her from her knowledge of players, gleaned from seeing pictures and from reading fan magazines. To this man, a well-known character actor of the Noah Beery type, she nodded and smiled slightly, though she could not remember his name. At her arrival there was a quickening of interest in the made-up, bored crowd of players. A few spoke rather diffidently when she passed near them, others only forced welcoming smiles to their painted faces. It pained her more than she had expected to see these hostile eyes try to warm with a semblance of friendship and good-will; the persistent ache in her heart over Linda's death throbbed with new force at this evidence that the dead girl had not been well beloved. Unreasoning indignation against them all for their attitude toward the girl they did not dream was dead lent realism to her assumed haughteur, lifted her chin in the old insolent manner they knew so well.

"Great!" Brynne whispered to her, when he strode forward to greet her and welcome her back to the studio. "Now, Miss Landon," he said aloud, "we will rehearse your scene with the dancing girl. Take your places, everybody. Brown," he called to the assistant director, "see that they all have the same places they had in the earlier scenes. Tell those girls if I catch one of them chewing gum on the set, she'll get out of the picture. I'm not going to have any more retakes because some dumb-bell can't stop chewing gum during a Babylonian banquet scene."

Eve smiled involuntarily. So this was how a great director went about making a great picture!

But she did not smile three hours later; she was too ghastly tired to smile except when the camera was upon her. During those interminable three hours only two short scenes had been shot; shot over and over and over until Eve was ready to drop with exhaustion. No wonder a picture cost a half million to produce, as Brynne had told her this one would. Her ingrained love of economy, fostered by years of penny-pinching poverty, rebelled at last, so that she cried out:

"Haven't we made this scene often enough to satisfy even you, Carl?" she demanded with anger that was not entirely assumed. Linda had called him Carl, he had told her, and just in time she remembered. Then, seeing that she was doing what Linda would have done, she emphasized her rebellion: "I'm too damned tired to go through it again. I'm going to my dressing room."

"Time off for lunch!" Brynne bawled through his megaphone.

As Eve started to leave the set, Brynne joined her. "That was perfect, Linda," he said in a low voice, using the name, as they had agreed. "I was afraid you would forget to stage a tantrum."

Her face was drawn with weariness, for her sleepless night had unfitted her for the strain of her first day of trial before the other players. "How did I do?" she asked wistfully.

"Fine! Most of those last shots weren't necessary, but I did it to avoid suspicion. You did finer work in that scene with the slave girl than Linda ever could."

They were walking slowly from the stage when Alma Douglas, the little slave girl in question, came running toward them.

"Please, Miss Landon, I want to thank you for letting me stay in the picture," she panted. "I realized how bad I was before and I tried so hard to-day."

Eve remembered Linda's passionate denunciation of the girl as an over-ambitious extra who had tried to "hog" the camera. She knew that if it were really Linda who stood there now, with the girl's beautiful, vivacious dark face upturned to hers, that her answer would have been far different than the one she made, but she could not force herself to be unkind.

"You did splendidly to-day, Alma. My sandals were hurting my feet dreadfully that day, and I'm afraid I was beastly to you. I'm glad you stuck."

When Eve and Brynne had passed on, leaving the little extra girl staring after them with tears in her eyes, Brynne turned on his star with troubled vehemence:

"Good God, Eve—Linda! Don't you realize what you've done! You've apologized to an extra girl! It will be all over the studio by night, and you will be watched as if you had committed a crime."

Eve's eyes smiled, but her lips trembled. "I'm sorry, Carl. I'm afraid you're going to have to quarrel with me many times on that score, for I simply can't be beastly all of the time. But don't worry too much. They'll say that sorrow over her sister's death has softened Linda's heart."

"Maybe you're right. Let's have some lunch together. I wish"—his dark, ugly face flushed—"I wish you could always be just yourself. It's going to be hard on you, my dear. I'd like for you to weep on my shoulder when it gets too hard," he concluded, with an effort at lightness.

"That's what Jerry Lampson suggests," Eve laughed the little low, throaty chuckle that was hers by nature as well as Linda's. "But he suggests *his* shoulder, not yours."

"Ass!" Brynne spat out the word viciously. "Does he want to start a scandal? God knows there have been enough Linda Landon scandals as it is."

"Don't worry," Eve laughed. "I won't weep on anyone's shoulder, unless"—she paused, and her eyes grew very tender and blue, so that Brynne was amazed,—"unless I find my *husband's* very convenient."

"Good Lord!" Carl Brynne muttered, his hand dropping from her arm as if it had been burnt. "This is a pretty kettle of fish!"

* * * * * *

Four weeks from the day that Eve Landon arrived in Hollywood, to take up the life and work of Linda Landon, the sister who, in dying, had triumphantly cheated death, "A Queen of Babylon" was completed, even to the necessary re-takes on the modern portion of the picture. During the interim between Linda's angry flight from the studio, her death and Eve's arrival to take her place, the cutting, editing and titling department had taken the many thousands of feet of film that had already bene shot, and had whipped it into shape. The few gaps in the modern version were patched with re-takes in which Eve played so skillfully that not even Brynne could detect a flaw. But it was Eve alone who acted in the Babylonian sequences which were to open the picture, much in the manner of "The Ten Commandments" and "Intolerance."

Two weeks after the last re-take had been made and the last scene in the Babylonian sequences had been filmed to Brynne's satisfaction, the entire film, on which the cutting, editing and titling departments worked day and night, was pronounced ready for a pre-view.

"We'll shoot it into New York ahead of schedule, and give it the most lavish presentation of any picture we have ever shown," Lampson told Brynne and Eve when he had watched the last foot of film flicker across the screen in his private projection room in his own palace of a home in Laurel Canyon.

"If we've put it over—the substitution, I mean—we'll go immediatly into production on 'A Bowery Princess,'" he continued, his eyes still gleaming with satisfaction with the picture he had just seen.

"What a come-down," Eve laughed, "from 'A Queen of Babylon' to 'A Bowery Princess.'"

"It's a great story," Brynne broke in, "story of a Russian princess who flees from Russia and the Bolsheviki and comes to New York as a common Russian immigrant girl. Creates a sensation with her dancing in a Bowery cabaret, is brought uptown to dance in a famous revue; a son of a New York society leader falls in love with her; mama and papa forbid the marriage, the girl shows them all up socially and proves she's a princess They're crazy for her to marry into the family then, but she Ritzes them all and marries a dishwasher in the Bowery restaurant, who's a Russian nobleman and the sweetheart of her childhood. Do you like the idea?"

"Yes," Eve answered hesitatingly, "but the dancing part staggers me. I'm all right on the ballroom floor, but I've never danced a solo dance in my life."

"That's all right," Lampson assured her. "We'll put you under Bankoff, the Russian ballet master who trains all the Hollywood dancers. He'll have you ready in three or four weeks, so you can dance well enough for the close-ups. We'll double with a Denishawn dancer for the long shots. Had to do that with Linda, too, so there won't be any trouble along that line."

"The script is ready on 'A Bowery Princess,'" Brynne told them, "so I think we'd better set Eve—Linda—to work with Bankoff right away. Luckily, he never taught Linda. Kosloff handled her. I've no doubt at all about 'A Queen of Babylon.' I don't believe anyone will have the slightest suspicion."

"As far as I am concerned, I'm willing to gamble on it," Lampson said quietly. "I've got a contract ready to sign——"

"Not until after the pre-view," Eve objected hastily. "You know, too, I may not want to go on, for personal reasons."

"Still worrying about—Devon?" Lampson frowned. "I thought you'd been happier the last two or three weeks, more contented."

"I've been amazed to find I like the work," Eve answered slowly, color rising under the heavy pallor of the make-up which she had inherited from Linda. "But it has not been easy to—to hold Paul at—at arms' length."

"I don't blame him," Brynne laughed harshly, abruptly. "But if you really wanted to, you could send him about his business. You seem to handle other men fairly well," and his eyes glanced momentarily at Lampson with malicious triumph. If Eve was not for him, he was almost happy in finding that she was not for Lampson either.

"Perhaps I—I don't want to," Eve's eyes closed for a moment to hide the glory of her dreams and the acuteness of her despair at realizing them.

"Remember that he isn't your husband, after all," Lampson said, almost savagely.

"I remember nothing else," Eve said softly. Then, "I believe Bobby is waiting for me. I told her to call for me at nine, with the car. Good-bye, you two dears. I am glad you liked my work in the picture."

Jeremy Lampson, the thoughtful host always, followed her to the great, castle-like front doors, thankful that the ubiquitous butler was, for once, not oppressively on the job.

"While you're remembering important things, Eve," he whispered, as he took her hand. "Remember that *I'm* not married—and that you're not either; that there is no real reason why we——"

"Please, Jerry," Eve drew her hand away with a slight frown, jerking at her eccentric brows, and clouding her gray eyes to a deep smoky hue.

She was glad of something specific to do those days of anxious waiting for the simultaneous New York and Los Angeles premiers of "A Queen of Babylon."

"You're a born dancer," Bankoff, the Russian ballet dancer, told her delightedly, after a week's strenuous teaching. "If I had had you when you were a child I could have made a premiere danseuse of you. Even now, *cherie*, you are as pliant as a willow wand. I doubt if we'll need a double for you at all."

Eve found that dancing gave her an outlet for all the suppressed mixed emotions which had suddenly been catapulted into her heart since Linda's death. She was thankful now that she and Linda, defying small town prejudice, had danced since they were children, that not even Cold Brook's narrow-minded attitude toward "frivolous" teachers had kept her from learning every new step as it was introduced into ballroom dancing.

But not even her vivid delight in this new mode of dancing that the ballet master was teaching her could entirely fill her life, even for a few weeks. Perhaps if Paul Devon had been a less persistent wooer, less determined to heal the breach between himself and his "wife," she might have been able to control her rapidly growing love for him. But he gave her no chance to forget him, even for a day.

During her four strenuous weeks of works at the studio he had been considerate, not forcing himself personally upon her, when, after his second visit she had pleaded intolerable fatigue after a particularly hard day's work. But he had sent her some reminder of his love every day—flowers, candies in lovely, prodigal boxes, exotic, imported fruits in such baskets as she had never seen before; the latest novels, little trifles of odd, antique jewelry that he ferreted out of Chinese shops for her, a lovely lace mantilla from Mexico, to which he pinned a note, asking that she wear it for him alone before anyone else saw it draped about her lovely head and shoulders.

Sometimes there was only a letter—tender, whimsical record of his days, of his hopes and fears about his work; delicate love-making letters so elusive and deferential that not even a queen could have been offended. Eve liked the letters better than the more material tributes, but she wept over them, after she had read them and kissed them. For she knew that they were not meant for her, but for the girl who lay dead and unsung in a faraway Kentucky cemetery.

"Lucky Linda," she stared into the pictured eyes of the dead star, "how did you win his love? That's one thing you didn't tell me." The photograph in the carved ivory frame smiled serenely, with that hint of mystery and intrigue which every screen fan associated with Linda Landon.

The Los Angeles premiere of "A Queen of Babylon" was announced in page advertisements in all of the daily papers, and the motion picture critics obligingly printed scraps of the advance notices with which the publicity department of Acme deluged them. But Lampson and Brynne confessed to each ther that the critics were rather cold on Linda Landon pictures.

"They seem to take it as a personal affront that the public raves over Linda's pictures, in spite of their lukewarm praise of them," Lampson chuckled. "But wait until they see the Babylonian sequence."

Two days before the opening of "A Queen of Babylon," Eve obeyed an irresistible impulse. Afraid to write him, lest he recognize the forgery, Eve asked Bobby Atwood to telephone him and invite him to sit with Lampson's party in the box reserved for the star, the producer, the director and the leading man, Garrett Burns. His note of acceptance fairly shouted with joy that she should so far have capitulated as to be seen with him in public.

The premiere would mark "Linda Landon's" first public appearance since her sister's death, as the papers reminded their readers. One critic added: "A Linda Landon personal appearance always brings out bigger mobs of curious fans than that of any other star on the screen. Linda is one star who doesn't disappoint her adorers by being less lovely off the screen than on."

For the first time in her life, Eve Landon that night tasted adulation. When the picture had run its entire length of nine reels, there was such a storm of applause as only a frantically admiring Hollywood and Los Angeles audience knows how to turn loose at a premiere.

Jerry Lampson led her out of the box and upon the stage, to take her bow before the still madly-clapping crowd. As she bowed and backed shyly toward the wings, a shout of "Speech! Speech!" from a thousand throats stopped her, held her paralyzed with confusion.

"I can't say anything," Eve whispered desperately to Jerry Lampson. "Tell them I can't, please, please!"

Jerry Lampson stepped back to the center of the stage, leading Eve by a tightly clasped hand. In her closely fitting sheath of shining silver cloth she looked very slender and young and small, so much smaller than the queenly figure which had moved so gracefully, so voluptuously through "A Queen of Babylon."

"Linda Landon thanks you," Jerry Lampson raised his hand to still the clamor. "She has never made a speech in her life and she's in a blue funk right now with stage fright. You'll let her off this time, won't you?"

Because they applauded and laughed so good-naturedly, Eve, on a sudden impulse, blew a kiss from her finger tips as she ran for the shelter of the wings.

"I'm taking you home, darling," Paul Devon whispered, as they waited in the box for the packed house to empty itself slowly.

The intoxication of success, the joy of realizing that she had fulfilled her promise to Linda, made Eve giddy, gaily reckless. "Of course!" she smiled into his eyes, her face glowing and dimpling, her lips fluted with tender laughter.

Bobby Atwood had bought a cheap but smug little coupe, on the deferred payment plan, for her personal use. She handed Olga Samanoff into the trig little car, and waved good-bye gaily to Eve and Paul, who set out in Eve's limousine.

They talked of the picture for a long time, of the immense crowd, of its reception of the picture, of Eve's next picture—inconsequent, breathless phrases, to fill the pauses during which their hearts hammered out a quite different song.

On the winding, uphill road that led to Lindwood, Paul Devon leaned forward in his seat and tugged at the sliding pane of glass that separated the chauffeur from his mistress. Eve's breath seemed to stop in her throat, choking her. He was going to kiss her; she had known all along that he would. She leaned back in sudden dizziness against the cushion and closed her eyes. She realized dimly that her attitude was an invitation, but she could not control the supreme weakness which seemed to turn her bones to putty.

His lips brushed her cheek first, then, as she did not move, he threw his arms about her and gathered her to his breast, his lips pressing so hard against hers that she could have cried with delicious pain.

"Oh, my darling, dear heart of mine," he whispered, when he at last threw back his head in exultation. "I feel as if I had fallen in love all over again. Our love had seemed such a pitiful little thing, gone hungry and crying in the streets. Now it's come back again, more glorious than ever. Oh, thank God for whatever has changed you, Linda, my darling!"

At that she struggled to be released; all the passion of love which his lips had drawn from her heart sank back; she trembled, no longer with desire for his lips and arms, but with acute shame. He had thanked God that Linda had died! Without knowing it, of course, he was exulting that death had taken Linda and had given him Eve instead. Her hands beat upon his breast, and her eyes were so wide and black with shame and pain that even he could see that it would not do to kiss her again.

"Don't—do that—again," Eve panted, her hands flying to her face when he had slumped back in his seat.

It hurt her dreadfully to see his body sag in despair, to see the light drain out of his face, the wounded, little-boy look creep back into his sensitive eyes.

"But why, Linda? I swear you love me! I—you—couldn't kiss me as you did, if you didn't care."

"Oh, I do!" she gasped. "I can't explain. I've wronged you horribly, but I can't tell you about it. We can't mean anything to each other—ever. Please, Paul, believe me! I—I wish it were not so."

She lay awake, dry-eyed, bitter, almost hating Linda, her triumph of the evening pushed so far into the backgrund that it never once occurred to her, except on the crest of a wave of bitterness: that, too, was Linda's; the crowd knew nothing, cared nothing, about Eve Landon. Their rapturous applause was for Linda Landon, whom they had adored for years. Her whole self was submerged in Linda's personality. She was far more dead than Linda, who lay so serenely sleeping in the little Kentucky graveyard.

She was so obviously ill the next day, when Jerry Lampson called, to gloat over the critics' reviews of the pictures, that he was seriously concerned.

"You must rest for a week, my dear, before we begin work on 'A Bowery Princess.' You must be very fit when you begin work again. We can't afford to slip back an inch now; you must be even better in this picture than in 'A Queen of Babylon.' The critics are generous, for them; they admit at least that Linda Landon is more than a beautiful clothes horse. Did you read this: 'Linda Landon has been sweetened and broadened and refined by suffering. Grief over her sister's death—and who would have believed that Linda Landon cared so much for anyone as she evidently did for her little sister, Eve?—has done something for Linda which no director in the world could have done. It has made an actress of her.'"

"Yes, I read it," Eve answered lifelessly. "I hope they are not hurting Linda, wherever she is. I wouldn't want that."

It was on the tip of her tongue to declare that she could not go on with 'A Bowery Princess' or any other picture, could not continue to live where she would be seeing Paul Devon. But even as she opened her lips to speak, it came to her with a sharp pang how much she would hate giving up the career which had been thrust upon her. In one picture she had learned to love acting. If she could eventually have roles that suited her, if she could sometime, somehow, be her real self on the screen, she might win a certain measure of happiness.

"I believe I'll take your advice," she said almost humbly. "I'll go away somewhere, where I can forget my face for a little while, where I won't need to pose."

"I know the very place," Lampson interrupted eagerly. "My mother's home in Riverside. She's not a screen fan; thinks pictures are rather silly. But she'd do anything for me, or a friend of mine. Would you like to go to her for a week? She'll just feed you up and coddle you and let you do exactly as you please."

"Thank you, Jerry," Eve answered gratefully.

She went alone, not even taking Olga Samanoff, determined to be completely at peace, free of all curious eyes, no matter how friendly. In the secluded, beautiful little home of Jerry's mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Lampson, she took off her smothering black wig, allowed her short, golden red curls to drink in the sunlight, allowed her skin to bloom again without the cloying make-up which Linda had affected.

But even into that Eden of rest and naturalness came a serpent to distress Eve. She was sitting alone in the garden one night, luxuriating in the divine peace and beauty of it, when arms were

suddenly thrown about her, a mustache was pressed pricklingly against her tender mouth, a hot breath was sweeping her face.

"Linda! I've come back!"

It was a voice she had never heard before, a thick, unattractive voice; and the breath was redolent of gin. She forced herself out of his arms and faced him in the white moonlight. She was so frightened and angry that she could not speak.

"My God, but you're more beautiful than ever! You look like a little girl in your own hair, like that. Haven't you a kiss for old Ben, darling?"

The man was short, thick-set, middle-aged, and even in the moonlight his face looked flushed with drink and desire.

"Ben?" she whispered to herself. It must be Ben Speare, of course! She had wondered why he had not bothered her. So he had been away. And now he was back. And Linda had said—had plainly indicated—that Ben Speare had been so much more than a friend that she and Paul had separated because he had objected to Speare's attentions. For one wild moment, during which she laughed hysterically, she wondered if, in assuming Linda's career and life, she was supposed to assume her lover, too.

"Baby glad to see papa?" Speare asked with heavy tenderness, reaching for her slender, moonlight gilded body.

"Go away, oh, go away!" Eve cried out as his arms began to close about her. She eluded him, and running as if the hounds of hell were at her heels, she gained the refuge of the house.

"There's a man out there, that I don't want to see!" she panted, as Mrs. Lampson started toward her in alarm.

"Don't worry, my dear. He shan't bother you here."

Eve went to bed, and stayed there for two days, so shaken and so ill that Mrs. Lampson, in alarm, sent for her son.

When Jerry Lampson arrived, he knew that a crisis had been reached, that Eve Landon would no longer be a quiescent, sweet-tempered, obliging pawn in the game to deceive the public.

"I can't go on with it, Jerry," Eve shuddered. "That terrible man brought me to my senses. It was wild, idiotic, absurd, to think that I could take over Linda's life as if it were a hat or a dress. I can't go on, I tell you."

Jerry Lampson's pale face went even whiter, and his light blue eyes looked bits of flat, faintly tinted blue glass, as he stared at her. "But, Eve, my dear," he faltered. "Of course I know how you feel. I don't blame you. But—it means ruin or something very near to ruin for Acme if you retire now. And even if you retire your past—or rather, Linda's past—will follow you like an unlaid ghost, forever. We must think of something, some solution." His pale thin hands gripped the arms of his chair convulsively. Eve lay, long and very slim, on a cushion-banked couch in Mrs. Lampson's private sitting room.

"I've tried to think; I've racked my brains," she shook her head wearily, "and I can think of nothing. If I could, I'd do it, because I like you—and Carl,"—she hastened to add, as he flushed with pleasure—"far too well to throw you down needlessly. If I could only be myself—myself!—on the screen. If I could get away from this horrible masquerade, do the sort of stories I want to do, slough off all of Linda's entanglements——" She struck her clenched fist against her teeth with a gesture of impotent fury and despair.

"Eve, I have an idea. It may not work, but if we fail, it will not be more disastrous than losing you entirely, as you now insist. You love Paul Devon?" he asked suddenly, his eyes shifting from hers so that she could not see the pain in them.

"With all my heart. That, of course, is what makes the situation intolerable," Eve answered simply.

"I gather, then, that if you could marry Paul you would be content to remain with Acme, provided also that you could throw off the Linda mask, which was, after all, only a mask with her, too?"

"Yes," Eve sat up in her excitement, her hands locked against her breast, "tell me, quick!"

"Of course you know that the newspapers have commented freely, here in Los Angeles, and the gossip has spread to the fan magazines in New York by this time, that Linda Landon is different, changed by the death of her sister. They are all talking about the increase of power and feeling in Linda Landon's acting in 'A Queen of Babylon.' Let us make one more picture with you as the Linda Landon that the public knows. We've advertised 'A Bowery Princess' all over the country; the fans are looking forward to it; it is already booked in advance. It will be a knockout, with you in Linda's place. We will make it so good that the critics, everyone, will know that Linda Landon has really developed, changed, become a real actrss. Then, with the support of the critics as well as the adoration of the fans, you can do as you please. Do you begin to see?"

"Do you mean that I could break away, publicly, from Linda's affectations, from her favorite roles, do stories that really suit me?" Eve was breathless, her eyes shining as if lit by a thousand candles.

"Just that," Jerry assured her. "We could put it over big, in a regular landslide of publicity. Come right out in the open and announce that Linda Landon is tired of doing vamp parts only; acknowledge that she has been wearing a wig; contend, loudly and insistently, that the life she has lived has been in the nature of an advertisement of her work as a siren. Get the point? Make the public believe that we've been fooling them about Linda, that her sinful past has been a press agent's inspiration, and that privately she has been almost blameless."

"They wouldn't forget that Chet Toler divorced her, naming Tommy Archer," Eve countered, doubt shadowing her face for an instant. "Or that she is separated from Paul Devon——"

"That brings me to the best part of the scheme. When we put over the stunt, you'll become 'reconciled' to Paul, marry him secretly——"

"He will never forget me for concealing Linda's death from him," Eve mourned. "It's Linda he loves, not me."

"Whoever he thinks you are, it is *you* he loves," Jerry Lampson answered. "I saw him looking at you at the premiere; that was enough. The papers are full of rumors about your reconciliation already. Will you try it, my dear?"

Eve closed her eyes and lay for a long minute in intense thought. Then she reached out a hand to Jerry Lampson. "I'll do it, Jerry. It seems the only way. But what about Speare in the meantime?"

"Try to keep him believing that you are Linda, but see as little of him as possible. Don't see him alone; if you do, pretend that you are angry with him, or in love with someone else, or doubtful that he means to keep all his promises. Like the princesses in the old fairy tales, set him some task that will take him away on an errand to prove his love. He promised Linda a company of her own, unlimited backing, a theatre in her own name, you say. Pretend that you want some concrete evidence that he will come across, before you will grant him even a kiss. You are a real actress, Eve; it should not be too hard to act that role, if it means happiness in the future."

"I'll do it!" The little pointed chin went up in that characteristic gesture of Eve's, and she smiled her quirked, enchanting smile at him.

The three months that necessarily intervened between the momentous decision and the carrying out of Lampson's plans were the most hectic of Eve's suddenly changed life. They were intensely difficult months, for Ben Speare proved himself an abominable nuisance before he could be packed off to New York on the wild goose chase on which Eve quite heartlessly sent him. A hundred times the unwilling little impersonator seemed to be in imminent danger of exposure, through failure to recognize friends of the real Linda. The work at the studio proved to be terribly exacting, for every ounce of Carl Brynne's energy—and he was indefatigable—was hurled int othe making of "A Bowery Princess," for he heartily endorsed Lampson's daring scheme for solving Eve's problems.

When the picture was released, it received the greatest ovation from audiences and the press that any Linda Landon picture had ever won; critics frankly acknowledged that they had misjudged Linda Landon; they unhesitatingly crowned her shining black head with laurel, and predicted a more glittering career for her than any other screen actress had enjoyed. On the very crest of the wave of Linda's—or Eve's—new and astounding popularity with the critics, Jerry Lampson launched his campaign.

His first move was to summon his director of publicity from New York, whom he took into conference with his Los Angeles publicity staff, and Carl Brynne. He threw a bomb into the conference with his first statement—that Linda Landon had decided, and that he, Lampson, and Brynne agreed with her—that the vogue of the siren was over. He combatted their loud protestations suavely, with irrefutable logic, and finally won them to a sane discussion of the plot for dramatically breaking the news to the public.

"Linda will discard her black wig, her Russian mannerisms, her whole vamp paraphernalia. She will become herself, a person of intelligence, poise, fine acting ability—I might say genius. Have you any suggestions?" he turned to Cartwright, the publicity director.

"Of course I think you are all wrong about the public being tired of the vamp, but if you're determined, why not make one grand gesture? Let Linda throw a big surprise party? All of us there, and the Los Angeles reporters and critics. She could make her announcement then, and it would be all over the United States by morning."

"Good idea!" Brynne applauded. "And I have another. But I'll smoke on it a while."

And thus it was that Linda Landon's famous "surprise party" was conceived. A week from the day of that all-important conference, the local papers were stormed with curiosity-teasing publicity about Linda Landon's first party since the death of her sister. A tremendous surprise was promised. The invitation list, so the papers said, was a veritable "Who's Who" of the picture world. Stars, directors, producers, were said to be coming on from New York. There had never been so much interest generated over a movie star's party.

Ben Speare was invited by wire; Eve had deemed it necessary that the Chicago millionaire should be present at the unmasking, at the collapse of his own hopes. And, of course, Paul Devon headed the invitation list. Even Chet Toler, Linda's first husband, and now a Hollywood down-and-outer, was invited.

Lindwood had never looked so charming, almost smothered as it was in the masses of flowers that had been sent by fans, exhibitors, rival producers, Acme, Linda's personal friends, and by her enemies, who found it wise to toady to her.

Eve, flanked by Jerry Lampson and Carl Brynne, received her guests in the famous Linda Landon make-up—shining, closely wound bands of black hair, narrowed, green-tinted lids, over slumberous smoke-gray eyes, deeply carmined, suggestively drooping lips, exaggerated vampire costume of form-fitting black chiffon velvet, with two of Paul's orchids as the only note of color; Linda's rope of perfectly matched pink pearls wound about her throat, one enormous square-cut emerald on her left hand.

She played Linda to perfection for an hour, parrying all questions as to the surprise that had been promised. Then, seeing that her guests were becoming more than politely impatient, she walked to the great marble staircase that curved upward from the drawing room to the floor above. She paused for a moment in her ascent, every eye upon her, and lifted her hand on which the emerald shimmered:

"Look at me!" she cried in the old lazy, seductive tones. "Look hard, for you will never see me again!" She smiled as the upturned eyes of her throng of guests widened in horror and fascination. A man or two started forward. A woman screamed. "As I am now," she added, and ran up the stairs.

Olga Samanoff was waiting for her, her green eyes sparkling with excitement. Eve seated herself, and Olga deftly lifted the black wig, tossed it carelessly to one side, and with little crooning words of pleasure at the task, arranged the mass of released, red-gold curls in a charming coiffure high on the small head, using the long locks that had been cut to make way for the wig, in building up a perfect French roll, which imprisoned the light and reflected it in shimmering waves. An emerald-studded comb she placed cunningly, so that it added height to the slender figure. Every trace of the heavy white make-up was removed, and Eve's own perfect, rose-tinted complexion came into its own. The Linda Landon expression had vanished; Eve's innocent, blue-gray eyes widened to show all the naivete and beauty and idealism which the narrowing of lids in Linda's manner

had hidden. Her mouth regained its natural, almost child-like curves; sweetness settled like a breath of violets upon her incredibly young and fresh face.

When a slender, virginal little figure in white chiffon, appeared on the staircase, not one of the guests who had been anxiously watching recognized her, except Brynne and Lampson. Lampson joined her on the stairs.

"Friends, permit me to introduce to you the new Linda Landon—Linda as she really is. The old Linda Landon is dead forever." His voice shook slightly as he uttered the truth that to them seemed like a figure of speech.

Eve bowed, her face flooded with embarrassed color, her hand raised instinctively to ward off the thunder of applause which, after a stunned moment, had broken out.

"Linda Landon as you knew her and as the public knew her, was largely a creation of art—and of my very efficient publicity department. We thought it best for Linda to act every moment in private life, as well as on the screen. You may believe that occasionally she acted her part too well." He paused for a moment and smiled slightly into the amazed faces just below him. "She feigned a temper and a temperament which was as foreign to her real nature as it would have been to Mary Pickford. She is tired of the masquerade now; she wants to be herself. Will you let her?"

And that massed group of gorgeously dressed women and perfectly groomed men shouted, as if they had but one voice: "We will!"

While the buzz of amazement was at its height and Eve was being peppered with questions and flattery, Brynne signalled to the butler to dim the lights. A motion picture projection machine had been installed and concealed behind a tall screen; against a sheet which had been hung while the excitement was at its height, the first feet of a special film, made for the occasion, caught and held the attention of everyone there.

Brynne had worked with Eve for a week, in dead secrecy, making a reel of "Camille," with Eve as her real self, minus the wig and the Linda Landon mannerisms. The picture, not to be released, of course, was in one reel, showing only the most poignant scenes between the courtesan and Armand, and Brynne was triumphantly sure that it proved the new Linda Landon to be the Bernhardt of the screen.

When the picture had run its short length, even Brynne and Lampson were satisfied with the ovation which the star and the director received. The great experiment had been put over, beyond the shadow of a doubt. Reporters hurried away to make final editions with the most sensational story of the day, so far as the fan public was concerned.

Paul Devon was one of the first to congratulate her when the lights went up, and her heart beat high with hope when she saw that his eyes were happy again. Ben Speare did not come near her, but she saw him brooding blackly in a far corner of the room, his pocket flask in his hand.

The party—the most astounding that Hollywood had ever witnessed—broke up just before dawn. Both Paul Devon and Ben Speare had left more than an hour before the last of the guests. Eve, tired, and her triumph a little stale, felt almost sick with disappointment. In her heart she had hoped that the reckoning with Linda's husband and the man she loved would come that night. She felt as if she could not bear to face another day in suspense. As for Speare, she felt perfectly confident that he could and would do nothing. He would not dare make himself ridiculous in face of the terrific publicity that Acme would release on the surprise announcement, by trying to hold her to what she had labeled as false, part of her scheme for making herself a personality in Hollywood.

She had sent Olga Samanoff to bed long before. The house seemed strangely quiet, when she went up to her bedroom. She seated herself before her dressing-table, on which two wax tapers were burning. As her eyes searched the face that Acme had pledged itself to make as famous as Linda Landon's, she saw another face mirrored there, far back in the shadows of the room, but coming closer. Ben Speare! She rose and faced him, her clenched fist against her mouth to stifle a scream.

"You've put me off long enough, Linda. You're going away with me tonight. To hell with your rot about being changed! You're mine! And you don't get away with it, just because you're ready to ditch me."

She was so paralyzed with fright and disgust that he reached her before she could move. When his arms closed about her strangingly, she screamed once, shrilly, long, then exerted all her strength to release herself. But she was not so strong as Ben Speare. He swung her high into his arms, as if she were a child, and ran toward the staircase leading to the drawing-room below.

On the stairs the heavy, short man catapulted headlong into Paul Devon, who had come back on the chance of an interview alone with Eve. The force of the impact of the two charging male bodies released Eve, who staggered blindly against the stair railing. She had often laughed derisively at the movie heroines who stood wringing their hands while heroes fought villains to the death, but she found herself doing little more than that. Paul Devon seemed so well able to fight his own battle.

The heavier but older man was finally beaten to his knees by the flaming young director.

"Now will you let Linda alone?" Paul demanded, pinning the millionaire to the floor with his arms.

"She's not Linda Landon!" Ben Speare gasped, the blood making his face hideous. "She's a fake! I'll tell the story to the whole world!"

"And if you do, I'll tell how I found you abducting her; how you concealed yourself in her bedroom and attacked her. Make pretty reading, won't it? Besides, this IS Linda Landon and I'll kill any man who says she isn't. She's my wife, remember!"

Later, when Ben Speare had taken his ugly, bloody face away to be bathed and bandaged, Paul Devon held out his arms to the girl who was still crouched against the stairs, tears running down her cheeks.

"I'm not Linda!" she said brokenly. "Try to forgive me, Paul. Linda made me do it!"

"A precious fraud, Eve, darling!" Paul Devon laughed as he took her into his arms. "I've known for months, almost from the first. I had to wait for you to tell me. I couldn't force your confidence. Somehow I knew the truth. I knew that Linda had died, that her little sister, Eve, had taken her place, for many very good reasons. And I fell in love with Eve, so much more in love with her than I had ever been with Linda."

"Poor Linda!" Eve whispered, her cold fingers stroking his cheek. "But I'm too happy now to be sad. Kiss me, Paul. I've been dying for your kisses."

THE END.

The Youngest of the Barrymores

(Continued on page 13)

going out to brave a storm and film the sea sequences. In fact, it was amazing to discover that not only was Mr. Barrymore happy, but he radiated happiness, he made no secret of it. I had had an idea that there would be something of the melancholy clinging to him in real life.

"I like Hollywood," he proclaimed. He almost got out of his chair in the sincerity of his enthusiasm, and that smooth and trenchant voice of his was full of it, "I like the sunshine. I like the climate. I like the people here. I like the Warner Brothers. Aren't they remarkable men? Look at this studio. Isn't it amazing to think how they have built it up. And the way they treat their employees. Why, they have men here who've been with them since they began. Years and years. There was an old chap here the other day, fixing something in my dressing room, and I got to talking with him about the Warners. Why, they treat their employees like their children.

"Why do people persist in acting as if there were no intelligence in the motion pictures. There are the most remarkable kind of men here, men who've worked with their hands, men who began with nothing. I tell you they are fascinating to talk to. That old carpenter, for instance. I could have talked to him for hours. These men have wisdom.

"Bess Meredyth wrote the scenario for 'The Sea Beast' and people have asked me why, since it was a sea story, it wasn't given to a man to do. These people don't know Miss Meredyth, who has the mind and the understanding of a man. I do not say that as a compliment, I'm only stating a fact. I never could see why women should be limited in any way, why it should be thought that they could not understand anything which men could understand."

John Barrymore is going to do two pictures for Warners and, the enthusiasm and interest with which he regards the industry is perhaps an index to the changed attitude of all actors who have used the stage as a medium toward the screen. They do not merely act in pictures for a season or two now, draw their stipends and vanish, they are interested in the production as a whole, they study it, they give it the benefit of their supervision. Mr. Barrymore, for instance, is going to keep an eye on the editing and cutting of his pictures, to the end that his productions will be distinguished as a whole and not only by those flashes of acting which the cutter has permitted to remain.

Life Story of Colleen Moore

(Continued from page 22)

busy picture life is over, I want to turn to writing, for I feel that the rich, full life I have lived during my early years will afford me a great deal of material that will be interesting to you.

And then there's something else. My home and my family. And last, but far from least, my friends. And coupled with all this is my fairyland life at the studios that I can look back upon as a beautiful dream.

On the Set and Off

(Continued from page 31)

2,000 faces before he made his decision. It was an everyday occurrence for him to stop on the street and say to himself:

"Rather pretty, but not just the type."

"Who is rather pretty?" someone would ask.

"That girl," he would say, "but she doesn't look like a high-bred Englishwoman, and that is what I want."

After hearing him talk about type, we were interested to hear that Billie Dove had been chosen and that work will start immediately. Others in the cast are Sam de Grasse, Donald Christ, Ray Coulson and Charles Belche.

The self-imposed retirement from the screen of Ben Turpin, is to be broken, it was revealed, when Roy Del Ruth, director at Warner Brothers, said he persuaded Turpin to appear in a short episode in Del Ruth's new picture.

Turpin will play only a short time. He will not leave his sick wife any longer than is necessary.

It has now been several months since the comedian turned down several offers of high salaries to be at the bedside of his wife, who has had four strokes of paralysis.

"I have been married many years. I have enough money to live on. My wife needs me more than the screen," the comedian said.

But for the friendship for Del Ruth, with whom he worked in the old days, Turpin will appear briefly, and then will go back to his retirement.

Hollywood's women golfers had better look to their laurels. Petite May McAvoy, in spite of her size, is ready to challenge the best in cinemaland. Recently she entered a local contest between several of her friends and in spite of being handicapped by having four unsolicited "caddies" standing nearby casting covetous glances, May completed the course in 93.

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The Last Edition

(Continued from page 24)

across the street in The Sun's plant until our presses are repaired. Fortunately, they aren't totally wrecked. We're preparing an extra now. Got anything new on the graft story?"

But Clarence Walker did not answer him, did not hear his query, in fact. His eyes were still staring, as if fascinated, at the lurid headlines.

"Say, what's eating on you, anyway, Walker? Snap out of it. We're busy as hell right now, and we need something to splash all over the front page on this press outrage and the graft scandal."

Walker looked up at him with stupid eyes. "My God! My God!" he muttered. "Say, Ditmer," he pulled himself together with a visible effort. "I'm through for the day."

He was already on the run again when Ditmer sprang from his desk and hastened after him. "I say, Walker, you can't run out on us like this. What's the matter with you, anyway?"

"I'm engaged to Tom MacDonald's girl—Ray MacDonald's sister," the star reporter shouted at him, anger and grief blazing in his face.

"My Lord! What a mess!" the city editor ejaculated.

"And it was my story about Ray that caused the old man to go crazy and wreck the presses," Clarence shouted at him. "I've got to see Mary! But what in God's name can I say to her? She'll hate me now."

"I say, Walker, I'm sorry," the city editor tried to seize his reporter's hand, but Walker was in no mood for condolences. He tore away from Ditmer's grasp and ran for the elevator.

Poor Mary! Poor little old Mrs. MacDonald! What would they think of him now—now that his foolish conscience toward his job had brought this added burden and disgrace to them? Maybe they hadn't heard yet about Tom. Maybe he could reach them first, soften the blow, explain. Explain! What would explanations avail in face of their misery?

But they had heard, he learned when he reached the MacDonald apartment in the Bronx. He did not telephone. He could not trust his voice. A neighbor woman, in the apartment across the hall, told him when he had rung the bell repeatedly, that Mrs. MacDonald and Mary had gone to the Tombs to see Ray. She, the neighbor, had been in the MacDonald apartment when a telephone call had come from Hamilton, telling Mrs. MacDonald that her husband had been arrested for wrecking The Chronicle presses.

"He told her he would do everything he could for her and for Mr. MacDonald," the neighbor burst into tears. "Poor soul, she nearly went crazy. And poor little Mary, too! They went away crying in each other's arms. Do you want to wait for them here, sir, in my place? You look dreadfully cut up yourself. I expect you and Mary—" she left the sentence unfinished suggestively, but the reporter did not have the heart to finish it for her, with the eagerly expected informaion.

"Thank you, I'll wait. It's kind of you," he said dully.

It seemed to the miserable young reporter that he waited for hours in the stuffy little parlor of the knidly neighbor's apartment. He could hear low voices in the dining-room, as the woman and her husband ate their supper, to which he had refused an invitation. Over and over he reviewed the day's events, beginning with Mary's call for help when Ray had been arrested. She had depended on him and he had failed her. Even his story of his previous night's adventures had been turned against Ray, an evidence that he had been waiting alone in his office for the bribe money which Clarence had seen Blatz pass to Kirby. And then his accursed devotion to his paper had brought this new sorrow and disgrace upon them. What did it matter that the other afternoon newspapers would have extra-ed on the graft scandal? Clarence knew that it was the shock of seeing his son's arrest and disgrace blazoned forth on the front page of the paper which he had served so faithfully that had unhinged his brain, made him wreck the presses. For Clarence had no way of knowing that some hand other than Tom's had done the damage. He still did not know that it was a time bomb, planted in the maw of the presses long before old Tom had cause to hate the machine and the newspaper it served, that had done the damage.

Oh, God, if he had only listened to his heart and not his conscience! How much better it would have been to throw the paper down than to have done this to old Tom and Mary. Oh, Mary! Mary! What could he say to her when she did return? He groaned so loudly that the kindly neighbor woman tiptoed to the crack of the sliding doors and peeped in upon him, pitying him from the bottom of her heart.

"I can't stand it in here any longer," he started to his feet, "I'll wait for them in the hall."

The neighbor followed him into the hall, laying a timid hand on his arm. "Don't give up so easy, young man. You can't help Mary much if you don't pull yourself together. We all know Mr. MacDonald and Ray didn't do any wrong."

Her simple faith buoyed him up until he saw the woman he was waiting for toiling up the stars. Mary's slender little body seemed to have been broken in the middle, as she leaned heavily against her mother, who, in her turn, swayed against the bannisters of the stairs. They both looked as if they had passed through some devastating illness, which had drained health and almost life itself from their eyes and cheeks and lips.

"Mary!" Clarence Walker started forward, as if to take her in his arms, as she and her mother reached the landing of the stairs.

For one swift, fleeting moment a light of welcome flared in her eyes, then her face was flooded suddenly with angry color and her eyes clouded over with contemptuous tears.

"Don't speak to me!" she cried, her small body jerking itself erect. "My father has told me that it was you—you!—who gave the story to the paper. They wouldn't kill it when he asked them to, because they said you—you!—their star reporter had given it to them, and —and—" she stopped, her voice choked with tears. "Oh, Clarence, how could you!"

His explanation would have sounded weak, silly, in face of her misery. He could only bow his head under her scorn and hold out his hand in a childish gesture of appeal. "Oh, Mary, please! I'm sorry! I've gone through hell since I read the papers."

"Come, Mary," Mrs. MacDonald's voice quivered with tears, but even in her sorrow she was gentle and upheld by her dignity. "Goodnight, Mr. Walker."

"But I can't go without trying to help," the boy stammered. "Please, Mary, let me talk with you a minute. I'd do anything in God's world to help Tom and Ray."

"Ray says they might have left him go if it hadn't been for the story you told," the girl flared. "Why didn't you have sense enough to hold your tongue? Didn't you know how it would sound, when you knew that Ray had been decoyed to the office? Oh, you fool, you fool!"

"Listen, Mary!" the boy straightened his shoulders and spoke sharply. "It's no good calling me names. I want to help. I only did what I thought was my duty by the paper. I knew the other papers would carry the story; I thought I could color mine a little in Ray's favor. Never in all my newspaper career have I held out on the paper. If I had known what would happen, what Tom would do, I'd have resigned before giving them the story. But that's all done now. I'm not going to leave. I'm going to stay and see if there is anything I can do to help. So you might as well let me come in with you. Do you hear?" He seized her arm and shook her slightly to bring her to her senses.

"I—I think he'd better come in, Mary," Mrs. MacDonald said timidly. "I don't believe he meant to do any harm. But God forgive you, Clarence!" It was the only word of reproach she had for him; he could have kissed her feet in their decent, worn old shoes.

When the three were sitting awkwardly in the living-room, where Clarence had passed so many happy hours as "one of the family," as old Tom had liked to call him, the reporter drew some folded sheets of copy paper from his coat pocket and began to make notes with a short, thick-leaded pencil.

"What does Tom say about the wrecking of the presses?" he asked the girl, who had dried her tears and was staring at him with wide, defiant eyes.

"He says he only threw a monkey-wrench, and that it couldn't have done so much damage. He says he heard an explosion, like a bomb going off."

"I thought so," Walker nodded. "That Blatz gang was sore as hell—excuse me, Mrs. MacDonald—at me and The Chronicle, for exposing them. Blatz would stop at nothing, not even at wrecking the paper's presses. I'll go over to the plant and look around. I've no doubt that they've already found evidence of a bomb. And it will be easy to prove that Tom bore no grudge against The Chronicle before he saw the extra on the press. He couldn't have got hold of a bomb in the short time that elapsed between his seeing the story and the presses being blown up. See?"

"Yes," Mary nodded, some of the hostility dying out of her eyes.

"It was merely a coincidence that the bomb went off right after Tom threw the wrench. I think—I'm sure—I can prove that. Now as for Ray. That was a frame-up, pure and simple. Cowan is a fool to fall for it and concentrate on Ray, while the real culprit gets off scott-free. Of course the man is Fuller. They can't kid me; he was the man I saw with Blatz's confederate in the hall last night, coming out of Fuller's private office. You remember I told you I'd seen him, though he darted right back into his office?"

"Yes," Mary nodded emphatically. "Did he dare say he wasn't in the building that night?"

"He surely did," Walker assured her. "Lied like a dog. But he'll have to furnish an alibi."

"Not if he isn't brought to trial," Mary reminded him.

"Oh, yes, he will, if he testifies against Ray, for I'll be a witness for the defense, and I'll make the direct statement that I saw Fuller there that night. On cross-examination he'll have to tell where he was that night and if his alibi won't hold water, he'll be indicted for perjury."

"All this must wait for the trial," Mary protested, her eyes filling with tears again. "We must do something right away, Clarence. I can't bear to think of poor old Dad and Ray in that awful place. It smells so horribly."

"Poor little kid!" Clarence rose and crossed to her side. "Poor little Mary-girl!"

He was about to put his arms around her when she flung up her hands to ward him off. "I haven't forgiven you, Clarence, and I won't —I swear I won't—until you get hem out. Oh, Mother!" The girl fought free of his arms and flung herself on her knees before her mother, whose soft, wrinkled face was working with emotion.

"I'll do the best I can, honey!" Clarence assured her miserably, his eyes yearning with the love which she didn't want now.

He picked up his hat from the floor where it had dropped unheeded. "Oh, by the way, Mary, are you going to stay in your job in the District Attorney's offices?"

"I don't want to!" she cried. "And maybe they won't let me. But we'll need the money so bad now."

"You stick there, honey. If I'm going to act as detective in this case I'll need help. I want you to make a note of every detail that comes for Fuller. You always ask who's calling, don't you?"

"Yes, always," the girl answered wonderingly. "Then I ring the station wanted and

tell the secretary, or whoever answers, that So-and-So is calling."

"Listen: when any call sounds in the least suspicious, make a note of it. Try to stall the party off, say Mr. Fuller isn't in right now, but you'll give him the number. If the party won't leave his number, trace the call back through the central office. Could you do that?"

"We often do," the girl answered eagerly. "All we have to do is to say 'this is the District Attorney's offices. We want to trace the call just completed or that we're holding up.'"

"Good!" Clarence Walker began to pace up and down in his excitement. "Don't take a chance on the call getting away from you. If you are in the least suspicious of the party calling, hold him on some pretext of trying to get Mr. Fuller to the phone, then, on another wire on your board, call the supervisor and tell her that the District Attorney wants to trace the origin of the call. See?"

"Of course! But I may be caught at it," Mary agreed.

"Better lose your job than for Ray and Tom to stay in the Tombs," Clarence reminded her. "Say, don't cry any more now. We're going to get them out of it, *muy pronto*," he told her more blithely than he felt. "And say," he remembered just in time, "If Blatz himself calls, you'll probably know him by his voice. He's a German; been in this country only a few years. Naturalized American citizen, but still speaks with a German accent undoubtedly. In fact, people who have seen him on the occasions of his arrests for bootlegging and bribe-taking, say he speaks very thickly, with a very decided accent. If you get him on the wire, stall him along and try to reach me over the phone. If you don't reach me, be sure to trace his call. He'll probably move from that hangout where I saw him last night, if Fuller tips him off that I spied on him. I tried to convince Cowan, and Fuller, incidentally, that I didn't know where my trailing of Bill Schwartz had led me, but I doubt if Fuller will take a chance. I believe I'll try to get on Blatz's trail again tonight, though he'll probably have lookouts posted, with a good description of me."

"Oh, don't get hurt!" Mary sprang to her feet. "Oh, be careful, Clarence!"

The boy's heart warmed amazingly. After all, she didn't hate him completely if she was so concerned about his welfare.

"Oh, don't worry about me!" he said with assumed nonchalance, though his heart was ponding with renewed hope. "Well, so long, Mary! Good-bye, Mrs. MacDonald. I'll do the best I can. I'd do anything—take any chances—to help Tom and Ray. You believe that, don't you?"

The broken little old woman rose to her feet and took the hand he had extended. "Yes, I do, Clarence. I don't feel so bitter toward you as Mary does. You did what you thought was right. And God guide you, my boy. We need God now," she said simply.

The outside door of the apartment had scarcely closed on him when it was thrown open again and Mary, tears running down her cheeks, caught up with him and flung herself in his arms.

"Oh, Clarence, I'm ashamed of myself. I do love you, darling. But—get Dad and Ray out for me, won't you?"

"You bet I will!" the reporter promised rashly, his arms going hungrily around the girl, his lips drinking new life from her trembling mouth.

As he strode down the street toward the subway, almost happy again, he was not foolish enough to ignore the hugeness of the task he had set himself. Arrayed against him, against Tom and Ray in their cells in the Tombs, was one of the most formidable rum rings in the city, backed by a trusted assistant district attorney, who held it within his power to make that task very hard indeed.

But as he strode he whistled, and his courage mounted sky-high. After all, Mary loved him!

It was nearly eleven o'clock when Clarence Walker, dressed in his oldest and most disreputable suit of clothes, with a cloth cap pulled low over his eyes, turned into the alley near the one-time saloon in the Bowery, where he had watched Sam Blatz and his confederates the night before. He had little hope of finding Sam Blatz in the upstairs room that he had used as his hide-out, for he was sure that Fuller had warned him of Walker's spying. But he had no intention of leaving any stone unturned that might lead to the bootlegger's arrest. Within a couple of minutes he was again shinning up the drain pipe that had offered him a painful and precarious lookout the night before.

As he had feared, the room was dark; no forms moved dimly against the faint light afforded by the open window. He waited, however, for nearly half an hour, loath to give up and go home to a sleepless bed. When he was nearly fainting from the strain of his position he was rewarded for his patience by the entrance into the room of a man, whose figure loomed large against the frame of the window. The man slouched into a chair by the table which stood in the center of the room, near the window, and lighted a cigarette. The flare of the match revealed his features with startling clearness for a brief moment, long enough, however, for Clarence to recognize the man as the confederate of Blatz, the very man whom he had followed to the District Attorney's offices the night before, the man who had carried the bribe money which had been planted on poor, unsuspecting Ray MacDonald.

The reporter hung to his perch for a minute longer, making sure that the bootlegger had settled down for a protracted wait, probably for Blatz himself. Then he let himself slip to the ground, lighting without a thud to warn the man in the dark room above.

Then he decided upon a bold move. His searching glance, as he had passed the one-time saloon on his way to the entrance to the alley, had assured him that no loiterers hung about the building or the staircase leading to the rooms above. Pulling his cap lower about his eyes, and hunching his shoulders in the manner typical of the lower East Side, he lurched, hands in pockets, a cigarette dangling from his lips, to the stoop leading to the stairs.

Luck, apparently, was with him, for the front door was not locked. It gave easily to his cautious turning. Without looking over his shoulders, behaving exactly as if he had a right to ascend those stairs, he marched up the one flight that led to Blatz's hangout. His calculations as to the location of the room had been carefully made from the vantage point of his drain pipe. In the dark, smelly, narrow hallway there was no sign of life. If human rats lived in the burrow of small, mean rooms they gave no sign of occupancy. Selecting the door which he knew led into Blatz's room, he turned the knob bodly. The door was unlocked. Evidently the bootlegger within had not been warned by Blatz. He was simply waiting as usual, for a conference with his chief.

Drawing the revolver, for which he had a police permit to carry, Walker opened the door with one quick movement and stepped into the room, his voice cracking the stillness of that dark retreat:

"Hands up!"

He knew that his face was hidden in the gloom of the room, but he was equally aware that the man silhouetted against the faintly illumined window would be armed too. He was taking a desperate chance of the man's instinctive obedience to that sharp command.

He won. The great hands of the hulking big bootlegger rose slowly in the air.

"Who the hell are you?" he growled, in a low voice.

"Stay where you are, so I can see you," Walker answered. "I'm going to pull that window shade down and then I'm going to light that candle on the table and we'll have a little conversation."

He carried out his own promises swiftly, expertly keeping the bootlegger covered with his revolver. When the candle's feeble light did its best to banish the gloom of the dark, bare room, Walker seated himself at the table, his revolver pointing steadily at the breast of his man.

"Sit down," he ordered curtly. "Waiting for Blatz, I suppose?"

"None of your damned business," the bootlegger, Kirby, answered defiantly, his hands still held high above his head.

"Now, now, don't be naughty," Walker commanded in a grim voice that did not match his words. "I think you and I can do a lot for each other. I happen to know a lot about you, my friend. Also about your chief, Blatz. Did you know I called on you two last night, and heard all your merry chit-chat? I must thank you for a very pleasant evening. You left me a little souvenir, however, for which I must pay you, unless you decide to be a good boy and play with me."

The reporter whipped off his concealing cap with his free hand and pointed to the still very evident lump on his forehead.

"Walker, of The Chronicle!" Kirby gasped.

"It's very gratifying to be so well known," Walker bowed with ironic politeness. "Yes, Walker of The Chronicle. That reminds me that I have another score to settle with you, too." He had been thinking quickly. Like a flash of lightning in the dark puzzle of the day's happenings had come the realization that it must have been Kirby himself who had planted the bomb—for it had been a time-bomb, of course, not Tom's monkey-wrench that had wrecked the presses.

"You ain't got nothin' on me," Kirby growled.

"Only a little matter of a time-bomb," Walker smiled, but Mary MacDonald would not have recognized her good-natured sweetheart in the man whose lips were drawn back from his teeth. "We've got witnesses who saw you sneak into the pressroom," he continued, lying with ease, now that he saw from the criminal's face that he had hit upon the truth. He threw back his coat, displaying the police badge which he had requested of the police department as a reporter's special privilege. "I'm going to arrest you, my friend, and take you to the Tombs, where old Tom MacDonald and Ray MacDonald will welcome you with open arms. For when you come in, they go out. Get me?"

"Like hell you will!" Kirby lunged across the table, grabbing for the gun.

"Oh, naughty, naughty!" Walker sprang to his feet and leveled the gun directly at the man's heart. "Now up with your manacurists' delights, and we'll make a little more chit-chat. I was about to add, when you interrupted me, that I'd take you on a little free ride to the police station, unless—" he emphasized the word, and paused significantly.

"Well?" the man growled, but his eyes gleamed with sudden hope.

"I've got the goods on you, big boy," he kept using ironic terms of address to conceal the fact that he did not know the bootlegger's name. "I know that you are a confederate of Blatz's, that you took a thousand dollars of bribe money to Fuller last night, that you planted the roll on Ray MacDonald, to throw the bloodhounds—meaning me—off the scent, and that you then went with a time-bomb to The Chronicle's offices and planted it in the presses. Is that enough, or would you like me to tell you more about your charming self?"

"Aw, shut up, or put up!" the bootlegger flushed darkly. "What you want?"

"I want to pal with you. I'll help you if you'll help me. See?"

"How?"

"Well, it's very simple, ABC stuff, in fact. We don't want you half as bad as we want Blatz. You're the cat's paw and we want the cat. See? All you got to do is to write out and sign a confession, incriminating Blatz, and then help me to put my hands on him. Do you play or—don't you?"

"I don't know where he is," the man stammered thickly. "I'm telling the God's truth. I thought he'd meet me here."

"I believe you," Walker assured him. "I figured that out when I saw you waiting here. But Blatz won't come here tonight, or I miss my guess. He's been tipped off by Fuller that I was your unseen guest last night. He'll change his hangout."

The shrill ring of the telephone on the floor under the table startled both men, so that Walker's gun wabbled in his hand.

"Answer it," he commanded. "And if it's Blatz, you find out where he's hanging out and repeat it after him so I can hear, or I'll send a bullet through your yellow gizzard."

The bootlegger looked at him almost humbly. Cautiously he lifted the receiver from the hook and said "Hello!" in a low voice. He listened for a moment, then, "No, this is Kirby. Sam ain't here. Ain't seen him. No, I don't know where he is. Thought you did."

"Who is it?" Clarence Walker demanded, prodding the man in the ribs with the nose of the revolver.

The bootlegger put his hand over the mouthpiece and whispered, "Fuller!"

"Tell him to hold the line a minute," Walker stepped off a pace and said in a low voice: "Hold the line a minute, Fuller. Thought I heard some one at the door."

He placed the receiver on the table and tiptoed to Walker, raising his hands slowly as he did so, to indicate that he was not aggressive.

"Fuller wants more jack out of Blatz. Sam promised him half a grand if he'd help him frame MacDonald."

Walker considered for a moment. "Tell him you'll get in touch with Blatz tonight, and have Blatz phone him at his office tomorrow."

"Is that all?" Kirby asked, relieved.

"Go on," Walker motioned to the phone.

Kirby repeated the words as Walker had instructed, then hung up the receiver and faced his captor.

"What good's that going to do you?" he demanded sullenly.

"Just this: you'll take five hundred dollars of marked money to Fuller tomorrow and deliver it in person, as being the money he has demanded from Blatz. That nails Fuller. Then your work will be over, after you sign the confession you're going to write for me tonight."

"How will you nail Blatz?" Kirby asked in an almost amiable mood.

"That's my affair. All you have to do is to tell Blatz to telephone Fuller at this office. Got that straight?"

Kirby nodded and seated himself at the table. "Guess I'll wait around here for Sam to phone me. He knows I'm waiting for him here. You think he won't show up here? You sure you can get me off if I turn state's evidence?"

"Absolutely sure," Walker asserted confidently. "The Chronicle's got plenty of influence—you know that, or you wouldn't have tried to blow it up. And Blatz won't be where he can touch you. He'll be resting up in Federal prison for the next few years. It's your only chance, Kirby. We've got the goods on you. And if Craddock dies, you'll swing for murder, if you don't come clean now."

"Gimme a piece o' paper and a pencil," Kirby muttered. "I'll write whatever you say."

"A piece of paper and a fountain pen," Walker corrected pleasantly. "Here you are, old son. I hope you can write pretty fast, for I'm naturally impatient—just funny that way. I'll dictate, and you'll be a wise boy if you make no bones about writing what I tell you."

"Shoot!" Kirby said sullenly, poising the fountain pen above the sheet of unfolded copy paper which Walker had fished out of his coat pocket.

The reporter dictated a brief but comprehensive confession, stopping occasionally to draw facts regarding Kirby's association with Blatz, to make the document proof against any possible defense that Blatz might line up.

Toward the end of the amazing recital of enormous bootlegging activities, Walker tersely added Kirby's confession regarding the time-bomb which had wrecked The Chronicle's presses. As it stood when completed, the confession completely cleared Ray MacDonald and Tom MacDonald, and implicated Blatz, half a dozen accomplices of the king of the rum ring, Kirby included, and exposed the system of graft through which Fuller had amassed a small fortune.

The reporter almost smacked his lips with satisfaction when he read it over. Kirby had done his work well, with the exception of a few mis-spelled words, which Walker concluded made the document even more authentic.

"Add this," he said, handing the paper back to the bootlegger. "I make this confession freely and voluntarily, but with the hope and expectation that such free and voluntary confession will win me clemency in the eyes of the law. Now sign it, and I'll witness it."

"Now, Kirby," Walker said pleasantly, when the paper had been folded and placed in his breast pocket. "no funny business! Remember I've got this little souvenir of our very charming evening together—" Again the shrill clamor of the telephone interrupted the conversation.

"That'll be Blatz," Kirby reached for the telephone. "I'll tell him what you told me."

"Find out where he's keeping himself," Walker reminded him sharply, just before the other man lifted the receiver from the hook.

"Hello, hello!" Kirby called in a low voice. After a slight pause he spoke again: "Fuller called up. Says he's got to have half a grand." Again a long pause, during which the bootlegger held the receiver far enough from his ear for Walker to catch the crackling oaths which Blatz was flinging into the transmitter, in his thick, gutteral German voice.

"I don't know where he's at tonight, chief," Kirby interrupted at last. "He said you couldn't get hold of him tonight. Said to call him up at his office tomorrow. Yeah, his office. Sure he did. I guess he knows what he wants. That's what he said, anyway."

After another long pause, Kirby asked whiningly: "I got to see you, Sam. Where are you? I got to have some cash. Ain't got tobacco money even. Ain't had no supper yet."

After what seemed to Clarence to be an interminable period, during which Kirby merely listened, occasionally shaking his head or nodding, the cat's paw said good-bye gruffly and hung up the receiver.

"Won't tell me where he's hanging out. Said he wouldn't trust nobody till this thing blows over. Throwed me down, he did. Ain't got a red," he muttered angrily, pulling his pockets wrong side out to demonstrate the truth of his words.

"Here's five dollars," Walker drew a bill out of a vest pocket. "And you'd better not be holding out on me, big boy, or you'll wish you'd never been born. I'm going to put this confession in a safe place until tomorrow. No good to me tonight. I want Blatz, and I intend to get him. I'll meet you tomorrow morning at eight o'clock at Dago Joe's place. You know where it is?"

"Sure."

"And I'll give you five one hundred dollar bills, marked. You'll take them to Fuller at his office just before nine. If he's not in, you wait till he is, and give them to him in person. Blatz won't try to get him before nine, that's certain. Then you drop around to The Chronicle and wait for me there, in the city room, fifth floor. We'll clean this little job up tomorrow. Remember now, no back-firing."

"Reckon they'll stick me in the Tombs?" Kirby inquired sullenly.

"Guess they'll have to go through the formality," Walker said easily. "But you'll not have to wait long. This little piece of work will get you off; I'll stake my honor on that. The Chronicle will be behind you."

When the bootlegger bent over to blow out the candle, Walker interposed quickly: "Hey, not so fast. I don't want to seem to be suspicious or anything like that, but I'm going downstairs first, and then you're going to leave after about fifteen minutes. No funny-business, remember. And get this, Kirby: you're not doing me such an all-fired big favor to write this confession. I had the dope on you, with witnesses to back me up. The only reason I'm fixing it so you can keep out of jail is that we want Blatz, not his tools. Otherwise, it would be Atlanta for you, pretty damn quick. You realize that, don't you? You realize that all you're doing is making it dead certain that Blatz won't slip through our fingers again, don't you?"

The bootlegger did not answer, but the beaten, hopeless look on his face convinced Walker that he would not fail to go through with his bargain.

Two blocks from the once famous old saloon, Walker hailed a taxi and drove to Hamilton's home on Riverside Drive. It was an old-fashioned mansion which had not yet suffered the indignity of being converted into an apartment house.

"Mr. Hamilton is at the theater, sir. I expect him home any moment now," the colored butler told the reporter.

"I'll wait," Clarence said blithely, ignoring the sordidness of his clothing. He had completely forgotten that his costume was not in keeping with Riverside Drive.

At half-past eleven, Hamilton, with his wife, entered the foyer of their home, using their latchkey.

"Sorry to trouble you so late at night, Mr. Hamilton, but I've got something big on, and it wouldn't wait till morning."

"Walker!" the publisher exclaimed in astonishment. "You look like a bowery tough. Will you excuse us, my dear?" he turned to his wife, who obediently ascended the stairs.

When the two men were in Hamilton's rather austere library, Walker told his story rapidly but concisely, enjoying tremendously the dawning relief on the older man's face.

"Thank God! That lets Tom out! Lord, but it's been a day to remember! I've never felt so badly in my life as when I had to turn Tom MacDonald over to the police. I'm glad about his boy, too."

"Will you let me have the five hundred, sir? You'll get it back, for we'll raid Fuller's office as soon as we've gotten the lowdown on Blatz."

"Of course I'll do it. How can we manage?" The publisher was as eager as a boy.

"Easy. Day and night bank," Walker jumped to his feet. "Do you mind going out again tonight, sir?"

When Clarence Walker finally reached the bachelor hotel in which he lived, he was tired but very happy. His last act before going to bed was to call Mary by telephone. He gave her a brief account of what had happened, and instructed her as to her part in the next day's drama.

"I'll stick around in the press room in the Criminal Courts building," he elaborated rapidly. "When Blatz calls, you'll know his voice. I heard it tonight over a telephone. It's deep, gutteral and as German as they make 'em. He'll ask for Fuller. Fuller doesn't know he's going to call. Stall Blatz along until you get the supervisor to trace his call. Then call me by phone and tell me where he is. I'll take a couple of cops with me and we'll nab him before he has time to duck out. Think you can manage it?"

"Of course, darling," her voice thrilled along the wire. "Oh, Clarence, I think you are the most wonderful person in the world! I love you, oh, I love you!"

"I'd stick up a hundred desperadoes to hear you say that," Walker laughed happily. "The only thing I regret was it was so absurdly easy. Just bluff, honey."

He slept soundly that night, to his own intense surprise. The confession was reposing safely, along with the packet of marked bills, in an envelope marked with his name, in the "Day and Night Bank," where Hamilton had secured the money. There was nothing to worry about, so far as Walker could see.

At seven the next morning he had his two cups of black coffee and half of a grapefruit—his invariable breakfast, summer and winter—and was at the bank by half-past. At eight he was at Dago Joe's place, where he found Kirby, red-eyed and disheveled, as if he had not slept, awaiting him.

"Here's the money, Kirby. And remember, it won't do you a scrap of good to try to bolt with it. It's marked, every bill of it, and listed with the bank. If you try to pass it anywhere in the country you'll find it's no good. Savvy?"

"Aw, say, Walker, I ain't gonna double-cross you," Kirby whined. "Blatz throwed me down, didn't he? Left me go hungry, he did."

"You get this to Fuller at nine and then skip over to The Chronicle, like I told you," Walker grinned, his satisfaction with life lighting up his whole face.

Clarence had arranged to meet Hamilton in a drug store near the Criminal Courts Building. They had decided that Fuller, if he saw them together, might be suspicious. He reported complete success with Kirby, and then sauntered over to the Criminal Courts building as leisurely as if only his regular work as a reporter awaited him.

By nine o'clock he was completely ready for Blatz, or rather, for the capture of that slippery rum king. A policeman lounged just outside the reporters' sanctum, ready to obey Walker's instructions. When Bayliss of The Evening World called up his girl for a lengthy good-morning, Walker paced the floor in agony, lest Mary should be trying to get him over the wire. At last he could bear it no longer, and tapped the lovesick reporter on the back.

"Sorry, old man, but I'm expecting a frightfully important call. Would you mind cutting it short?"

"Sure," Bayliss grinned and amiably concluded his conversation.

But the minutes ticked away without a call coming through for him. At twenty minutes to ten a messenger arrived from The Chronicle, with a note which informed Walker that Kirby had completed his part of the bargain and was

awaiting him in the city room of the newspaper plant.

It was five minutes to ten when the long-awaited call came. It was Mary's breathless voice: "Called from Orchard 0062; traced call to No. ———, First Avenue. Is still on a wire, while I'm supposed to be looking for Fuller. Hurry!"

"Hold him somehow," Walker shouted, and with only a shouted, "Good girl!" hung up the receiver and ran from the room. The policeman followed him and they were joined by two more officers before they had reached the street. A waiting taxi, with throbbing motor, was rolling down the street in the direction indicated before the last cop had settled his bulk on the back seat.

"I know that number," the fattest policeman said with much satisfaction. "Italian speak-easy. Bet I know the very room he's hiding in. We've closed Luigi up two or three times but he always opens again. Got a dive upstairs, where some fools stay soused for a week. We'll find our man there. I know Blatz by sight. Helped nab him one time."

Ten minutes later the Italian, Luigi, was knocked sprawling before his own front door and one of the two officers and the reporter charged up the stairway.

The other policeman smashed his way through the small, dingy restaurant to the rear, to block Blatz's retreat, in case he had been alarmed by the short fracas in the doorway.

The stairway led to only two rooms, judging by the number of doors. Taking a chance on the nearest, Walker tried the knob, found the door bolted and flung his weight against the frail wooden panels. As the door crashed in he jumped quickly back against the outer wall, while the policeman, with drawn revolver entered the room. Walker drew his own revolver and followed the man of the law.

They found Blatz still seated before the telephone, the receiver still in his hand. He rose slowly to his feet, as if completely dumbfounded by the sudden appearance of the officer and the reporter.

"Hands up, Blatz! And there's no use looking toward that window. There's a cop down there, too!" the policeman said sternly.

"What does dis mean? You ain't got no warrant. You ain't got nodding on me, you—you—" Words failed him, and he stood there sputtering wrath, his face strutted with angry blood.

"You'd better come along, Blatz," Walker said pleasantly. "Kirby has made a written confession, and it's mostly about Sam Blatz. Fuller's under arrest, and you haven't a chance in the world to wiggle out of jail this time."

Walker had anticipated events slightly when he had told Blatz that Fuller had been arrested. That ceremony, in which Clarence was to take so much joy, did not take place until the reporter had returned to the Criminal Courts building. He would not have missed it for the world, as he told Mary later. It was his reward for having brought Blatz in, that Cowan, the District Attorney, permitted him to be present when the traitorous assistant district attorney's privacy was rudely violated, and his sacred person searched for the marked bills. Cowan had made sure that he had no time to dispose of the bills, for the District Attorney, led into the heart of Walker's scheme by the elated Hamilton, had managed to keep his assistant very busy until Walker arrived and the arrest could be made.

Mary and her mother, accompanied Clarence Walker, George Hamilton and District Attorney Cowan to the Tombs to arrange for the release of Tom and Ray MacDonald.

When the released prisoners, looking as if heaven had opened to them, rather than cell doors, were past those first riotously happy moments of reunion, George Hamilton joined the little family group, into which Clarence Walker had been drawn as a matter of course.

"I've been doing a lot of thinking, Tom, old man, and I've come to the conclusion that I'm a damned poor editor. The only editorial I've written that has drawn any response from the readers was that one I got out of my talk with you. How would you like to conduct a column on the old rag, Tom? Just homely, honest, everyday philosophy?"

Tom MacDonald brushed his work-stained hand across his blue eyes which had brimmed with sudden tears. "I—I reckon I haven't the education to do anything like that, Mr. Hamilton."

"Oh, one of the boys can put in the quotation marks and the commas for you. What I want is—well, what you've got—the real philosophy of living. Better take the job, Tom, because you're fired as assistant foreman of the pressroom."

Of course Tom took the job. His column, because of its sound, sane wisdom and homely philosophy, became the talk of the town, the column most quoted and, what is more important, most lived up to, of any editorial writer in the big city.

Six months from the day that Sam Blatz was sentenced to Atlanta, for a compulsory visit of from ten to fifteen years, the dignified, usually quiet office of "Thomas MacDonald, Editorial Writer," as the gold letters on the door phrased it, was the scene of such a celebration as The Chronicle had never staged before.

The city editor, a score of reporters and special writers and critics, Craddock, the foreman of the pressroom and now one of Tom's staunchest friends, and little "Pug" Welch, the oiler boy, were crowded about old Tom's desk, but their eyes were not for him, though, in his new prosperity he was as handsome an old man as you could find in seven counties. Every eye was fixed on lovely little Mary MacDonald, and her eyes, in turn, were continually straying from her mother and father and her new friends to the black-eyed, handsome boy who had proved his love for her when she had needed him most. Clarence Walker had eyes for none one else than Mary.

"Where's Mr. Hamilton?" Mary's mother asked timidly. She was still not accustomed to the fact that her husband was one of the most important figures in the New York newspaper world. She always felt slightly in awe of these clever people who were gathered here in Tom's office to pay homage to Mary and Clarence.

"Here I am," the publisher pushed his way through the crowd about the desk. "Just went down to get a copy of the final edition. Here, Tom, how's this?" He opened the still damp sheets and pointed to a "streamer" head on an inside page:

"Newspaper man's daughter to marry Chronicle reporter."

"And say, folks," Hamilton continued, "the honeymoon's on me. Mary, if you don't keep that young man out of these offices for a whole month, I'll fire him."

"I—I—think I can manage it, Mr. Hamilton," Mary flushed adorably, and, to the delight of the newspaper "gang," raised her face quite simply and unaffectedly for her sweetheart's kiss.

THE END.

Gilda—Without Any Gilding

(*Continued from page 20*)

"We went to see the play last night," said Gilda, "and I just love the part. And when Aloma hung her washing on the line it made me feel right at home. You know I used to do my own washing, back in Milwaukee, when I was married the first time.

"And you admit it!" I marveled.

"Yes, sir!" declared Gilda. "And I can scrub and cook—and I have. Of course I admit it. Always be yourself, is my motto. And believe me, I know what hard work is . . . yes, that scene in 'Aloma' will come natural with me."

And then talk about leading men.

"Who can you think of who would be good for the role?" asked Gilda. "The hero's a big, husky, South Sea Island native, you know—and of course we have to think of someone who works for Famous Players." We discussed the possibilities of this one and that one— so and so was too blond; another man too slight; still another Gilda didn't like personally.

"Richard Dix, of course would be ideal for the part, remarked Miss Gray." "I'd love to have him play opposite me—only he'll be busy for months making 'The Vanishing American.'"

"But he's a star himself," I pointed out, "and awfully popular. He'd take away a lot of glory if he played opposite you."

"Oh that would be all right," replied Gilda, with an airy wave of her hand. "I believe in giving others their chance too. Why, you see how much opportunity I allowed the girls in my company on our dancing tour. I didn't care how big a hit any of them made—because after all, it was Gilda Gray the audience came to see. I wasn't worried about anyone else."

Of course not! Absurd of me even to have thought of such a thing.

"You don't mind if the manicurist comes up here and does my nails while we talk?" asked Our Lady of the Dance. "My nails are terrible, and I haven't any time. I spent all morning being photographed out at our house on Long Island, and I've been packing trunks. Yesterday I had all sorts of shopping to do—I had to buy a garbage pail"—no, there's nothing ritzy about Gilda.

"I'm taking over most of my trunks empty," she announced. "But I hope to bring them back full.

(I hope, since the Pola Negri episode with the authorities, that she means full of clothes.)

Gilda was looking forward eagerly to her trip abroad. She was tired after her long trip across the country. Even success is a trifle arduous, and she had worked hard. But now there was a lovely interlude in store for her, a second honeymoon for Gil and Gilda.

"Though we expect to be on our honeymoon all our lives," she commented. Just because she's becoming a movie star, that doesn't mean she can't stay in love with her husband—incidentally, her business manager, as well.

"He made suggestions about my dancing act on the road," said Gilda. "There was one number a limestone number, in which I was all made up like a Chinese girl and sang a sad blues song that went over big. It just left the audience breathless. 'Honey,' said Gil, 'that's too good just to throw in with the rest of the bill. Better save that as a number in itself.' Oh, it was wonderful the way the audiences treated me, the success that I made. But I'm never going to let my success turn my head—I'll always just be myself."

No, there are none of your highfalutin' frills about this new screen star. The little Polish immigrant will always be just Gilda—without any gilding.

The Colonel

(*Continued from page 33*)

Jersey and Mary Brian in Texas. Yes, I think Bebe is Bebe Daniels' real name.

A GLORIOUS GLORIA—I never heard that Viola Dana carries insurance on her eyelashes. It isn't insurance which makes them look like that! Colleen Moore's eyes are supposed to be one brown and one blue, but they look exactly alike to me, and I have talked to her. Yes, Gloria is America's most popular star—that isn't my personal opinion, but is based on her drawing power at theatres all over the country. Colleen Moore comes next, I understand, among the women stars, and Tom Mix is said to draw the biggest crowds of any of the actors. I don't think there have been any new male "finds" since Larry Gray—he's very recent himself. Anthony Jowett, Donald Keith, and Larry Kent are other recent screen juveniles

The True Story of Her Absence from the Screen

(*Continued from page 9*)

opportunity to get away from characterizations long enough to have my fans meet the *real* me, so they will know me as I really am.

Please extend my love to them. I wonder if they have missed me—as much as I've missed them?

I am deeply grateful for your interest, and believe me,

Your sincere friend,
VIRGINIA PEARSON.

Publicity for Anne

(*Continued from page* 11)

What Has Gone Before

Anne Allen of Ealing Street, London is awakened one morning by her sister, Janet, who excitedly tells her that she, Anne, has been chosen as the most beautiful girl in London. Then Janet admits that she had entered Anne's photograph in a contest in Daily Illustrations without saying anything about it. Before Anne can dress, Brown, a reporter from the Daily Illustrations comes to formally advise her of her good fortune. Janet meets him at the door and has barely time to warn him that her mother is unaware of the entire occurrence. Brown announces that two hundred pounds accompanies the honor and suggests that Anne is "the perfect English type" sought by Lola Maygree, a famous movie actress of Hollywood, who is in London with her husband, Levisoff.

unique charm to think of them for herself. It would mean the end between them, to speak his mind. And for once he did not know what to do.

Anne had had a dazing, dazzling morning.

She and her family had not many friends in Ealing, for those they could have Mother thought they were "too good" for, and those they wanted were above their sphere. But everyone saw "Daily Illustrations." No doubt the same "everyone" at Ealing had seen the Allen girl's picture in the paper when it had first been published among the other competing beauties. But there had been so many beauties! Day after day they had appeared, filling pages of the "D. I." and Anne's portrait—even the memory of it—had been "snowed under."

Perhaps some Ealing girls had even laughed because "that little Allen person" who lived in the row of frightful villas in a stupid street, had dared hope to win a prize; and then they had forgotten, not knowing her well, or caring much. But now, there she was, starred, the Allen girl, and she had won two hundred pounds!

When she went out to buy a few trifles (at least, that was the excuse she made to herself for going out) after Brown from the "D. I." had departed with his shorthand notes, it seemed that almost everybody she met stopped her with congratulations. She hadn't realized how many acquaintances she had, and how kind people were, after all! Most of them were quite pleased about what had happened, or pretended to be!

Then she had come back to lunch (which was really dinner, but Mother made a refined point of calling it "lunch"), bringing bundles of things to make a feast of celebration. Big bundles some of them were, too, and Anne hated usually to carry bundles, but these she almost hugged.

She and Jan had cooked, and had surprised Mother with all her favorite "eats," even *one* of which would have given a festive air to the meal. You must get a little fun out of two hundred pounds, and not be prudent with every shilling of the lot! Actually the cheque had come, with a charming letter from the editor, so there was nothing doubtful about the future, even if the Lola Maygree offer didn't materialize. Mrs. Allen felt that in spite of romantic California, she ought not to approve of such an idea, and the two girls were afraid she wouldn't. They were still more afraid of trying to "count chickens before they were hatched," which would be a fatal thing to do: and in any case there was enough to be happy about.

After the very late lunch, while the three were drinking black coffee out of tiny cups used only on rare occasions, the grandest people they knew in Ealing called. And what a score it was for Anne that they should call, she alone fully knew; because they were the rich aunt and sister of a man they had prevented (Anne was sure they had) from asking her to marry him.

She had been Nobody. Now she was Somebody, even for them.

Not a word did they say about the man, till just before they left. All the talk was of Anne and "Daily Illustrations." The pair—old Miss Arnold and youngish Miss Arnold—confessed quite freely that they had come to congratulate her, and inquire about everything.

"Why didn't you tell us at our party last night?" the elder lady asked. "You must have known in advance, surely?"

"I didn't know," said Anne; and Janet, eager to defend the adored one against the faintest suspicion of vanity, told her story. Why not, when it would be in the "D. I." to-morrow morning, written up by that dear Mr. Billy Brown, the very nicest boy she had ever met?

Anne wondered if things would have been different last night, if she had known, and had told at the farewell party old Miss Arnold was giving for her nephew (her heir, everyone said) Captain Derrick Arnold of the "Marca," Royal Purple Line? Would he have proposed to her if he had known she was considered by thousands of voters the prettiest girl in London—London in its largest sense? And if he had, would she have said, "Yes"?

She didn't know. All she did know was, that she had been deeply disapponited and hurt last night when Captain Derrick Arnold brought her home after the dance, and seemed willing that their affair should end as a mere flirtation. She had wanted at least the chance of refusing him, he having dangled after her during the fortnight's special leave, and she hadn't been able to avoid feeling that the days would be duller than ever with no thought of love in the air. He was going away for many months; had left on a late night train to join his ship. She had an ideal, to be sure, a very different ideal from Captain Arnold; in fact, a man whose photograph stood on her author employer's desk; a man with a big place in England and a villa at Monte Carlo; but she wasn't likely even to meet him.

Now, of course, all was different—had been different since the minute Jan waked her from a boring dream. Still it was pleasing that the Arnolds should come; and when they got up to go at last it was even more pleasing that they should introduce the subject of "The Captain."

"If Derrick saw 'Illustrated' this morning at Southampton, before sailing," said his aunt, "he's sure to send you a letter or telegram from Cherbourg."

On that flattering note they had taken leave, and Anne had rushed to her room to look at the man's signed photograph in the plated silver frame she had afforded for it.

Though nearing forty, he was handsome in his uniform and war decorations, was "Ever yours, Derrick Arnold!" But, after all, *not* a Captain in the Navy only the merchant service. Shamefacedly, Anne knew she would have been more deeply impressed by him if he had been in the Navy, or a soldier like her unknown ideal, and had consoled herself with the thought that Arnold wasn't after all so very wonderful.

Would a message come from Cherbourg? Would Derrick write her a love letter? If he did what, since she was never to meet the Right Man, would she say?

"I'd like to make him sorry!" she thought. "I'd like—"

"Anne, there's a motor driving up to the door!" grasped a voice—Jan's voice. "You can't hear it here at the back, but I wanted to tell you before I have to answer the ring, for it's sure to be someone for you!"

Then Jan, opening the front door, stood wordless at the sight of the famous Miss Maygree, whom she recognized at once.

Things like this just *didn't* happen! It couldn't be true that the glorious creature was here, at little Keystone Villa! And yet, it seemed to be true, for here also was Billy Brown, talking fast, explaining that Miss Maygree and her husband, Mr. Levisoff, had come to see Miss Allen. Was she at home?

"Oh, yes," answered Jan, in a rapt voice, almost as if she was making a response in church. "Oh, yes! And Mother."

Brown was worried lest his protegee should be thought a lump: but Lola Maygree had seen too much goddess-worship in young eyes, female as well as male eyes, not to know why this big fair flapper forgot to ask them in. She gave the girl one of her celebrated smiles. "Do you think your sister will see us?" she asked.

"Oh, *rather!*" answered Jan.

Mother, no doubt, must have peeped from behind the curtains and recognized the actress whose pictures she liked so much; but to have seen the hostess rise with calm dignity from a chair, as if she had never stirred out of it, you would have thought that a call from a movie queen, or even the Queen of England herself was quite an everyday affair for Mrs. Allen.

Jan tore upstairs three steps at a time, while Mother welcomed the guests and began at once to chat prettily about California, though nobody really listened.

"Anne, can you *guess* who it is?" gasped the girl in a stage whisper; for Anne was found hanging over the balusters.

"Not—not——" the latter stammered. "It can't be!"

"It *does* be! Come down."

Anne came down; and the first eyes she met were those of Levisoff.

"Poor kid! Poor wretched little kid!" he thought. "Poor Lola! Poor me. Poor everyone Oh, *hell!*"

But never had Lola been more gracious, more charming. Already she'd forgotten that she had started out on this adventure more to spite Joe than anything else, and punish him for his bullying. The girl was beautiful, very beautiful indeed: not only perfection of a type, but she had personality. She was distinguished, though so young, and thank heaven her hair wasn't bobbed! Lola took one of her impulsive fancies to Miss Anne Allen.

"Have you ever acted?" she wanted to know. "I mean, as an amateur?"

Anne never had. But since she was fifteen she'd wanted to go on the stage.

"Perhaps it's just as well you didn't go," said Lola. "You're fresher. Besides, lots of actresses have to unlearn everything they ever learned in a theatre, before they can make good on the screen. It's so different. My husband is a marvelous trainer of what we call 'baby stars,' in Hollywood.

"Don't make Miss Allen expect to be a star baby or otherwise, if she *does* come with us," warned Joe. "The part we want to fill with an English girl is quite a small one. And acting for the screen isn't really amusing. It's deadly dull. People ought to understand that, before they begin."

Lola laughed, not quite pleasantly. "Is he frightening you?" she asked Anne.

"No—o," said the girl. But her excitement was damped. She knew that, for some reason, the great Levisoff didn't want her.

"As for the part," Lola went on, defying Joe with a glance, "it isn't so small as all that! I *want* it to be a good part! The better it is, the more credit I shall get in mine for this picture is just one big, silent fight between a perfectly beautiful English girl of title, nineteen or twenty (that's you, my dear!) and a woman of thirty-three or four whose past is 'hot stuff'—though, of course, she's not *really* bad!"

As for Levisoff, he knew when he was beaten, and he was beaten now, unless the tests showed up some all but invisible flaw in the Allen girl's face, and thus saved her.

Both he and Lola knew very well an English producer, for whom two American stars were acting just then. Levisoff promised to arrange that tests of Anne should be made by a good cameraman some time the next day, at the Merle Studio, and that he himself would be on hand to put her through her paces. She must keep herself free, and he would let her know the hour fixed upon at the studio.

That night, Anne could not sleep. The whole world was changed for her. She did get a cable from Derrick at Cherbourg:—"You deserve first prize not only London but England." Yet, after all, it didn't seem to be so very important. Her thoughts ran away from Captain Arnold, and she was glad they could stray. Even though her Ideal in the photograph was far above her, there were crowds of other men in the world, and if only.

only those "tests" were satisfying she would meet some of the most thrilling!

"Tests!" She hardly knew what was meant by "tests." They could be nothing more than a series of photographs, and she was aware already that she took a very good photograph indeed. She was hardly nervous when she started for the studio next morning, but her mood would have been very different if she had realized what was before her; also, if she could have guessed what Levisoff was saying to the cameraman whom his friend Walter Merle had spared to him.

"See here, Campbell," Joe began, in a friendly way, "I'm here to please my wife; and this Miss Allen is a very nice kid. She's a fine type, and all that, but I've got a hunch that, well—that she won't make much of an actress, and if so, we're doing her no good turn taking her six thousand miles from home, away out to little old Hollywood where the pace is pretty rapid for an English flapper, and screen people can be mighty hard-boiled. I tell you in confidence, I won't break my heart if these tests disappoint my wife."

"Umph!" grunted James Campbell. He understood perfectly well that Levisoff, one of the most important directors in the game, was just as much as asking him to "queer the pitch" of the newspaper prize beauty. It would be easy enough to do so. Any cameraman knows that. And if he pleased Levisoff in the matter, he might very likely get an offer later on, of an engagement on the other side with a salary three times more than Merle could afford to pay. But he thought that he "spotted" what the American director was up to. Levisoff was perhaps afraid of a young British beauty in the same picture with his wife! That meant that the girl must be a bonny lass, and Lola Maygree was too taken up with herself at present to be jealous. Well, he wouldn't decide all in a minute, wouldn't Campbell. He'd wait and see what this Miss Allen was like. If she really was what these Yanks called a "dumb-bell," maybe it would be right enough to do what the American laddo from Poland and Palestine wanted.

The Merle Studio was near Wimbledon, a huge building surrounded by "a lot" and a high fence. Anne had to show a card that Joe Levisoff had given her, before the guardian of the door would let her in. By mistake, she had applied at the "casting" entrance and a great number of good-looking young men and women stared at her enviously, as she was led past them. Through a corridor, past several busy little rooms she was taken, and soon emerged upon a strange, weary-looking lawn, if lawn it could be called.

"Where's Mr. Joseph Levisoff, and Mr. Campbell?" her conductor—a worried, almost Albino youth—wanted to know. "This young lady has an appointment with them at eleven, and Mr. Levisoff told her, be sure not to keep them waiting, as Mr. Campbell can't be spared for long from 'The Devil's Camp!'"

Anne was to learn, however, that to be kept waiting by important movie men is quite a different thing from keeping them. As a matter of fact, Walter Merle had turned up, and Levisoff was with him. Campbell, who was directing the placing of a new camera for another picture (not the Chinese one, where nothing would be "shot" that day) waited a few minutes; then on second thought strolled into "Yen Ling's Restaurant" to look Miss Allen over, "on his own."

If he had not done this, perhaps her whole future might have been different.

"Well, young leddy," he said, "you're here for some tests to be made of ye for Miss Maygree, are ye?"

"Yes," replied Anne, glancing up at the big, badly dressed fellow with stained clothes and stained hands, but (she thought) a nice face. "Are you going to take me?"

"Aye, I am; 'shoot' ye, as we would say here. My name's Campbell."

Anne laughed. "It sounds frightening. But somehow, I don't believe I'm going to be afraid of you. We're both Britishers, anyhow. You'll help me if you can, won't you, Mr. Campbell?"

James Campbell's mind was made up in a minute. She had hit the nail straight on the head, the bonny wee lass. That was it! They *were* both Britishers, and Levisoff was the devil knew what!

"Aye, that I will," he assured the girl, examining her, not rudely, but with the eye of a connoisseur, seeking and finding all her best points. "And mind always, if ye squeeze into this game there's nobody can help more than the cameraman; get on his good side, and your porridge is safe."

Anne almost said, "I should never have thought of that!" but quickly realized that such a speech might seem like a slight to his profession. She changed it to, "I'm sure you are right, and I'll remember your advice. Ah, I do hope I shall go where I may have a chance to use it!"

"Ye'll go if I can help to send ye there," Campbell returned grimly.

"You *are* kind!" exclaimed Anne, with a lovely look from long-lashed, dark gray eyes. No mascaro on those lashes! Not yet! No belladonna in those eyes! No vampish lure in that look! If there had been such a lure, it would have missed its effect on Campbell, who was as hard-boiled among the studio sirens as any American "camera guy," though he might not have recognized himself under that description.

"Wait till you've got something to thank me for," said he. "What about yer make-up? Met any of the women here who'd help you?"

Anne shook her head, "I don't know a soul. But perhaps Mr. Levisoff will tell me what to do——"

"Mumph! He would that, nae doot," grunted Campbell. "But he won't be here for a wee bit. My wife's sister's doin' vamp in the picture we're makin' in this studio, and nobody's workin' here to-day; the director's off his feed. I'll tak' ye to the room where she dresses, and mak' ye up myself. I can do it as well as the next man, and maybe better, fur if I don't know what's wanted for our lightin', nobody does."

He whisked her off, and had turned her white-and-rose beauty into a bilious yellow, before Joe Levisoff came into the studio and called on the name of Campbell.

Purposely, Levisoff set Anne hard tasks for her tests. She had begun to feel a little "jumpy."

"You are a young Russian Grand Duchess," was his first instruction, "going to be questioned by Bolsheviks as to where your parents are hiding. As you come before the camera, you face them. Now, what I'm trying to find out from these tests, Miss Allen, isn't only how good your features may be in different poses, or whether the color of your eyes is going to show up well with a Klieg light on you, but whether you've got any idea of acting or not. If you haven't, you'd better be content as London's prize beauty and keep as far east as Ealing, of Hollywood. So I'm not going to tell you what emotions you ought to register in this situation—see? I want you to know for yourself, and show me. I'm the audience."

Anne suddenly wished with all her heart that she were anywhere rather than here. She felt that Mr. Levisoff and maybe Mr. Campbell were laughing at her. Then, in her anguish, she glanced at the dour, roughly dressed Scot. There was a commanding, yet friendly expression on the big-featured face. It was as if he were sending her a Nelson message; "England expects this girl to do her duty!"

"Start, Miss Allen. Ready, Campbell. Shoot!"

The young Grand Duchess was moving with dignity towards her Bolshevik judges. She held her head high. She would endure tortures rather than betray her parents. Of course, she stuck up her chin at a wrong angle, and didn't know what a Grand Duchess, in a crisis, would do with her hands. Her feet felt like flatirons, and though she was graceful as a young gazelle in ordinary life, when she wasn't worrying about her limbs, now it seemed to her that, when she walked, from ankle to waist she was shut into a plaster cast.

When Levisoff called a halt, he made no comment, flattering or otherwise; but again the desperate Grand Duchess received a flash of encouragement from her fellow Britisher of the North.

Perhaps the "close-ups" were the most trying part of the ordeal, when the camera was brought near, and the fierce lamps flared straight into her eyes. Campbell could give no advice in words. That was for the director, and the director chose to give none. But, after the first shrinking start and blinking of the eyes, Anne realized that it would be fatal to expression if she showed herself half blinded by the light. She did her best not to mind, and it was not a bad test, as Levisoff saw in silence.

"That's all now, Miss Allen. Thank you very much for your patience," he said politely, even kindly. "Let you know to-morrow how these come out. Now you can trot off home, and not worry."

"I—suppose I couldn't hear sooner?" Anne stammered, wondering how she could bear the suspense, now that her heart was deeply engaged in this thing.

"I'm sorry, but I'm afraid that will be impossible," said Levisoff.

Joe's hint to him had shown that, for some reason success for Miss Allen's tests was not desired. If the girl had turned out to be a lump of a lassie, British blood and all, Campbell might have left her to her fate. Levisoff was said to look well after those who served him. But at her first words and smile the Scot had warmed to her, and had not been inclined to see Joe's motive in a good light. Then the heavy tasks, unnecessary for a small-part actress, engaged for beauty and the publicity she'd had, rather than for genius, put Jim Campbell more than ever on the girl's side.

Campbell had shrewdly guessed from bits of talk between Anne Allen and Levisoff, mostly started by her, between the tests, that Lola was in favor of the girl. So Campbell went to work at developing the shots himself, as a labor of love.

These things can be finished by aid of up-to-date inventions, with a quickness which would have seemed incredible a short time ago and might even seem incredible now, to outsiders. Campbell lived in Wimbledon, in cheap lodgings, though his pay was high according to English rates, therefore it was easy to go home when he was ready to do so, and make himself presentable for a call at The Savoy. Before taking the tube, however, he posted a copy of all the best photographs (those that were not good he'd discarded) to Miss Allen. He had got her address out of the "D. I." and liked her all the better for the modest way in which she had talked to her interviewer.

"Tell Miss Maygree that James Campbell, the cameraman who's been shooting Miss Allen's tests, was passing this way and has brought her the photos," was the message he sent at The Savoy, on hearing that the lady was "engaged with visitors." "I'm not askin' to see her. All I want is to mak' sure this package is put into her ain hands."

This was promised; and Anne's champion went away chuckling.

It was a long time since he had taken so much trouble for anyone.

* * * * * *

And so it was a Glasgow cameraman in Ealing, who had as much to do with Anne Allen's going to Hollywood as the widely advertised prize picture in "Daily Illustrations."

Anne herself didn't fully realize this, though something of a cameraman's power in the movie game was vaguely impressed upon her mind, even in the hurry and excitement of life; and she had the grace to write Campbell a nice letter of thanks for the photographs he sent her. But Joe Levisoff realized. He realized fully, even while his sense of humor caused him to chuckle silently over the canny Scotsman's guile. If this sly fellow hadn't practically put the test pictures into Lola's hands, even their almost diabolical perfection might not have done the trick. But as it was, Joe saw that fate was against him—and perhaps against Anne Allen in the long run. Lola would take her to Hollywood; and the rest was on the knees of the gods—or devils. And if devils had knees they were sure to be hot ones!

Well, let it rip now, he thought. Let everything rip. "Expect the worst, but hope for the best," was Levisoff's pet motto. Since the girl was bound to be the chosen type, Joe honestly wished her all the good in the world, even while sure in his mind that she wasn't likely to get it. He was nice to Lola about Anne, and planned new "publicity stunts," to boom both the star and the star's protégeé.

The London and Provincial papers had new paragraphs and photographs every day, of Miss Maygree and the English beauty she was carrying away under her personal protection to Hollywood, for an important part in the next great "super-picture."

Anne wrote Captain Arnold a flirtatious letter, which she felt he had deserved, and really, she didn't care one bit that she would just miss him in New York. His ship would be leaving there as hers came in. What if, after all, some day, somewhere, she should meet the man whose face had looked out at her so often from a silver frame?

Lola and Joe had had a fortnight in France before coming to London, and the same period of time sufficed them in England. Lola was quite strong again now and, as she told the reporters, "crazy to get back to her work."

Jan was allowed to go to Southampton to see Anne off; and Billy Brown, who came, too, with a photographer in order to do half a column for the "D. I.," said he would "take care" of little sister on the way back.

Nice Billy Brown! Darling Jan! Dear Mother, who had never seemed half so dear before! Also beloved England, good-by, good-by—Heaven alone could tell for how long!

Anne shed a few tears, but couldn't help being comforted a little later by the charms of her cabin, which adjoined Joe and Lola's suite.

Everybody seemed to know who she was, and all about her. Everyone was interested, and a great many people spoke kindly to her, picking up acquaintance when she walked on deck. A few asked questions; and one or two old ladies warned her about Hollywood.

"Mr. Levisoff says that Los Angeles is now a suburb of Hollywood," Anne mischievously told a fellow voyager.

"He *would!*" returned Miss Mary Franklin. "Well, my dear, I shall keep track of your news, and if I do come out you must certainly lunch with me at the New Biltmore in Los Angeles, which is said to be the finest hotel in the world."

"Thank you, I will if you ask me," said Anne, smiling a little to herself because, according to the Americans she met, almost everything they had was the very finest in the world.

It was a glorious voyage, and though Anne was keen—when she thought of it—for her new work to begin, still she was vaguely sorry, even a little sad, when the big Leviathan passed the Nantucket Light Ship. Once they had landed, the unseen link with England which had stretched across the sea, would be broken.

"I wonder if I'm homesick?" Anne asked herself, gazing eastward where, far away, lay the British Isles. Then a tall, liveried boy came striding along the deck, calling her name, "Miss Anne Allen!—Wireless for you . . ."

He handed her an envelope, and made her sign a bit of paper. Suddenly Anne's heart was beating hard.

What if this were a message from home to say that something had happened, that—someone was very ill, and that she must turn and go back at once.

Go back from New York, without seeing Hollywood, without having any of those thrilling experiences she had thought of and dreamed of night and day, since Lola Maygree's car first stopped before the door of Keystone Villa!

The girl was almost afraid to break the blue-and-white envelope. She had learned in this moment the answer to her question. No, she wasn't homesick. No, she didn't want to go home. She wanted to live—*live!*

Ann finds more drama behind the cameras in Hollywood than she ever saw on the screen itsef. A young and beautiful girl soon learns how very cruel jealousy can be.

The next instalment of this article . . . the finest we have ever read of motion picture life . . . may be read in the October issue of the Movie Magazine, which is now on the newsstands. Look for Gloria Swanson and the Marquis on its gay cover.

This is the last issue of Movie Weekly. For this publication has been combined with the new monthly publication in which you will find all the things which endeared Movie Weekly to your heart and a score of other features besides.

Movie Magazine is a different kind of motion picture magazine.

Buy it today and you can learn immediately the things that happened to Anne upon her arrival in the famous town of Hollywood!

A Star With Whom You Can Be Poor

(*Continued from page 27*)

I do. I guess I'll have to make a nuisance of myself around the studio, buttonholing people and asking how they would plant shrubs. But I'll get them planted."

And so she will. She has a capable chin. I shouldn't be at all surprised now to hear that she had found the newspaper man, for which she will certainly need that capable chin.

Announcing the Winning Names in the Ruth Roland's Pony Contest

After Weeks of Consideration the Judges Make Decisions and Ruth's Pony Is Christened "Beans"

So many names were suggested for Ruth Roland's pony. And there were numerous good ones among them. All of this complicated the judge's task, which was difficult enough to start with.

For two or three weeks now we have been waiting for the telegram which would give us our official word from Miss Roland, so that we might go ahead and make our announcements. This telegram arrived today, just in the nick of time to get on the press and make this issue.

"BEANS"

is the winning name and the diamond ring goes to

GERTRUDE B. FRANK,
Waukesha, Wisconsin.

"STAR GIRL"

received second choice and the watch is awarded to

RALPH ANDERSON,
606 San Pablo Avenue, Albany, California.

"ROLLAKINS"

derived from Ruth's own name, of course, comes third and gives the folding camera, with case, to

MRS. J. W. WINFIELD,
Parkland, Pennsylvania.

"TING QUA QUA"

(meaning "first-rate" in Chinese) gives fourth place and a prize valued at twenty-five dollars to

MRS. A. G. P. DEWING,
22 Chaarter Road, Shanghai, China.

"MISS CHIEF"

a very clever play on words, gives fifth place and a prize valued at fifteen dollars to

A. F. SIMON,
Waterworks Pumping Station, foot Chestnut Street, Erie, Pa.

The other five names which won hand-tinted portraits of Miss Ruth Roland for the contestants were:

"PONY GIRL"

JOHN J. ALLEN,
230 Pine Avenue, McKeesport, Pennsylvania.

"BLUE FLAME"

C. MANK, JR.,
Staunton, Illinois.

"MI-STAR"

G. E. FISHER,
214 E. Elm, New Albany, Indiana.

"SERIAL QUEEN"

ETHEL LIPPINCOTT,
426 N. Shawnee Street, Lima, Ohio.

"BAY BIRD"

MRS. L. ANDERSON,
Passaic, New Jersey.

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Advertisements in this column, 7 cents per word, each insertion payable in advance. Minimum, 30 words. Forms close 25 days in advance of publication date.

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STORIES, POEMS, PLAYS, etc., are wanted for publication. Good ideas bring big money! Submit manuscripts or write for free copy of our Copyrighted Book, containing valuable hints for writers. **Literary Bureau, 127 Hannibal, Mo.**

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Toilet Preparations

THOUSANDS have taken advantage of our **Special Offer.** Send one dime for free package of real shampoo, also real news for you. **Nu Gloss Shampoo Co., South Berkeley, Calif.**

Their Most Prized Possessions

(*Continued from page* 19)

offered her a job. Not only that, he dashed off a pact between the party of the first part and the party of the second part, duly testifying that one Constance Talmadge was hired, engaged, employed, etc., to act in the films for a period of four days, and receive real money for her services. And Connie's been hired ever since.

Norma Talmadge prizes most her baby ring, which was also her mother's, before her. The ring, a tiny band of gold, that has become perilously thin through use by two generations of the family, obviously wouldn't be exchanged for a circlet studded with the rarest gems.

"When I was old enough to understand, what a thrill it gave me when mother told me that she, too, had worn the ring as a baby. Being the eldest, I was allowed to keep it. I guess Constance and Natalie were both jealous. They had their own baby rings, but the one I inherited was from mother, and so has always been highly prized," says Norma.

Wrapped in finest chamois, the ring reposes in a strong box among the screen star's valuables.

Joseph Schildkraut's greatest treasure is an original leaf of a book printed on the first movable type ever made—a leaf of the Gutenberg Bible.

"To my knowledge," says Mr. Schildkraut, "there are only two of these books in existence, one in the Henry Huntington library, the other in the J. P. Morgan collection. The British Museum had a copy, but dampness destroyed all but a few of the pages. It being the policy of the Museum to keep nothing imperfect, these pages were sold to collectors, and my agents had the good fortune to secure one for me. I have 2,500 books in my library, yet this one page is more valuable to me than all these hundreds of volumes."

Lillian Rich's most valued possession brings back an echo of other days.

"One evening before I went on the stage in 'Three Cheers,' Harry Lauder's war-time comedy, the little Scotchman laughingly signed a program for me as a keepsake," she says. "Before that performance had been completed, word came that Lauder's son had been killed in France. Mr. Lauder insisted on continuing with his comic performance, declaring that there were undoubtedly many in the audience with sorrows just as deep as his, who needed cheering up. And cheer them up he did, although his heart was breaking. The real heroism of Harry Lauder in 'carrying on' makes my friendship with him, as symbolized by that autographed program, the most valued thing in my life."

With Tom Mix it's a pair of chaps.

"Probably," drawls Tom, "you'll be surprised when I say that my most treasured possession is a pair of old chaps I used to wear when I was a cowboy on the range. You see, I had a horse, 'Old Blue' was his name, and we spent many hours alone together, moseying about the country and riding hard, and all the time I wore this particular pair of chaps, for the reason that they were the only pair I had.

"Now that Old Blue is dead, I feel kind of sentimental over these chaps, and I have never worn any other pair in my pictures. Except my family, I'd rather part with anything I have than those shabby chaps. Maybe it's because I am sort of superstitious about them, but it's mostly because they bring back memories of the most carefree days of my life."

George O'Brien declared the question an easy one to answer.

"When I was a little boy," said George, "I was crazy to be an athlete, and on my tenth birthday mother gave me one of those heavy roughneck sweaters. I immediately planned to win my numerals and letter when I got into high school. With that end in view, I took better care of that sweater than any other thing I possessed, and sure enough I got them both.

"I went to the Polytechnic High School in San Francisco and first made the P for basketball—then, a year later, the numbers 19 were added for high jumping. I think I treasure that sweater more than anything else I own, because I had to work so hard for it and planned for it so many years."

Much has been written of the heavy platinum wristlet which Rudolph Valentino always wears on his left arm. It has been photographed and commented upon many times. But never, until now, has Rudolph disclosed the fact that it is his most valued possession.

"The custom of wearing a wristlet is not common in America," says Rudolph, "but it appeals to my barbaric sense. This ornament was given me by Natacha just after we became engaged to be married, so it takes on a sentimental value. I never feel comfortable without it."

Conrad Nagel's treasure was also given him by his wife, just before their marriage. It is a gold pencil, and Conrad says it is particularly dear to him because it was purchased with the first money Mrs. Nagel ever earned as a magazine writer. He carries it with him always.

Ramon Novarro prizes most an Aztec feather painting which has been in his family for generations. It is made of natural colored plumage of tropical birds and depicts La Nochie Trestie (The Sad Night), when Cortez was defeated by the Indians and driven out of Mexico City during the conquest four hundred years ago.

Heirlooms rank high with the stars as their most treasured possessions. In this they are no different from the rest of us.

When Anna Q. Nilsson went back to Sweden on a visit, a few years ago, her mother presented her with a shawl which has been in the Nilsson family for 700 years. It came originally from Italy, and is of delicate rose-point lace. Anna's family had always lived simply and plainly, and no doubt the shawl had been stored away in attic chests for generations. But now it graces the wardrobe of a movie star.

Three generations ago a young Bohemian girl was married in Prague. Her wedding ring was of solid gold, with two hearts entwined. The wife in time became the grandmother of Jane Novak, and now Jane treasures the little ring, and recalls stories she has heard of the picturesque life of her forbears. In time she will hand it on to her own little daughter.

George K. Arthur says that he values most his "war bonnet," for it always cheers him up to look at it, if he feels discouraged about anything.

"I wore that cap through four years on the front in France as a member of the Argyle and Sutherland Regiment," says George. "It has seen me through the darkest hours of my life. Whenever I feel downhearted over anything, now, I just take one look at that bonnet and realize how fortunate I am, that the war is now a thing of the past."

Julanne Johnston brought back several art treasures, when she returned from Europe, but her treasured memento of the trip is an autographed book. Julanne, while appearing in "The City of Temptation" in Berlin, met the author of the story, Sir Philip Gibbs. Just before her departure, Sir Philip presented her with an autographed copy of his latest book, "The Reckless Lady," saying that he hoped she might some day portray the heroine on the screen. To Julanne this book is her most valued possession, as it recalls her friendship with the noted author.

Another star treasures a gift of little monetary value because it was given her by Zane Grey, famed writer of Western stories. Billie Dove, while on location filming "Wild Horse Mesa," at Red Lake, Arizona, near the Navajo Indian reservation there, was given an odd-shaped turquoise ring in a novel setting. It was made under the most primitive conditions by an aged Navajo Indian. The ring is supposed to possess good luck qualities, but Miss Dove treasures it really because Zane Grey gave it to her.

Introducing Bill Fields

(*Continued from page* 17)

knows that the successful business man lacks a sense of humor, and to get them to laugh is far from an easy task.

"Although I suffered from a severe cold, the whole while we made 'Sally of the Sawdust,' I must say I enjoyed myself. I am now working in 'That Royle Girl,' another Griffith picture. This time I play the part of a drunkard. Although I will never give up the stage, I would like to make about two or three pictures a year. I want to vary my parts. The main trouble with both the movie and theatrical games is that if you do one part well, they label you, and you play the same kind of parts until the crack of doom. I have been very fortunate to have been cast in entirely different roles. Which reminds me of the fellow who stood on a street corner and happened to notice a traffic cop executing a 'nip-up,' which is a variety of somersault, and is quite a difficult acrobatic feat. The fellow approached the versatile policeman, and asked him if he had ever been on the stage. 'Yes,' answered the policeman, 'I used to be an actor. My first part was that of a policeman, and I played it so well that they would give me nothing but policemen's parts, so I gave up my career and obtained a job as property man at 'The Union Theatre.' Now sometimes the vaudeville teams need extra men, and it is customary to make the property man step in and help the act. During my first week at 'The Union Theatre,' I was obliged to play three different policemen, so I became disgusted, and got myself a real policeman's job!' You see, I wouldn't want that to happen to me," concluded Fields, as his blue eyes twinkled.

There is no danger of that ever happening to Bill Fields, he takes his characters from life and then leads them across the stage, or in front of the camera. He never exaggerates the actions of folks; on the contrary, he *under-exaggerates* them, for he says, if he acted the way most people do in real life, folks would accuse him of over-acting! Yes, he does time his actions perfectly, and both on the screen and off he never seems to hurry. He is always calm.

"It is far easier to be funny in the movies than on the stage," he informed us. "On the stage one must often deliver a half hour monologue before you can put over the point, but in the movies, one simple expression will often do the trick. You see I am a pantomimist on the stage, so I am used to depicting thoughts by expressions and motions."

Although Bill Fields is rather reluctant when it comes to talking about himself, we know he has had an interesting and varied career. Starting as a comic juggler, he juggled away on the various piers in Atlantic City. Then he went to England, where he became a sensation, so when he returned to America they received him with open arms. He did not have to resume work on the piers, for he acquired a new boss—one Mr. Ziegfeld, and from that time on his future was assured.

Bill Fields is right. He is essentially a pantomimist, but he is also an artist, for besides writing and planning most of his own material, he has that rare ability which very few Thespians possess, namely, the power of making folks laugh and cry at the same time. When one is capable of creating a smile and a tear at the selfsame moment, then one is certainly worthy of the name—artist. Such a person is Bill Fields.

On the Set and Off

(*Continued from page* 38)

Gertrude Astor, film actress, is soon to become the bride of Robert Sinclair, brother of Harry Sinclair, oil magnate.

Announcement of the engagement was made in Kansas City, where the screen actress stopped for a few moments while en route to New York, where the marriage is to take place.

Miss Astor, in a brief interview as the train was pulling out of the station, said the wedding would take place soon, but declined to fix the date.

Marion Davies was the hostess at a brilliant costume ball given at her home in Beverly Hills recently. A Russian dining room and a new swimming pool were built for the occasion to take care of the 200 guests who accepted her invitation. The Biltmore and Ambassador orchestras played.

Among the guests were Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Lord Ilchester, Don Enrique Manese, Elinor Glyn, Rudolph Valentino, John Barrymore, Sid Grauman, Mr. and Mrs. Irving Hellman, Norma Talmadge, Joseph Schenck, Constance Talmadge, Mae Murray, Norma Shearer, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Mix, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ray, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Goldwyn, Dr. Barnham, Anita Stewart, Alma Rubens, Ricardo Cortez, Mrs. Rubens, Mrs. Spalding, Mr. Masses, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil De Mille, Corinne Griffith, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Chandler Christie and over 150 others.

Mal St. Clair, the brilliant young director, has gone to New York to indulge in a little riotous living, with a new contract in his pocket. When Famous Players gave Mal a chance to direct they only signed him for one year, being cautious and doubtful. At the end of that time he had made a number of remarkably fine pictures and the Lasky organization was frantically regretting their lack of foresight. But now they have signed him up for several years, at a salary of $1,500 a week, and are entrusting their most prized stories to his direction. He is to write the script for his next production, "The Tattooed Countess," while in New York.

A few years ago, Mal was making comedies for Warner Brothers, directing animals and the actors who support them. He was a great admirer of Rex Ingram, and made himself unpopular around the studio by trying to inculcate Ingram methods into Rin-Tin-Tin and his canine company. The animals didn't mind, but it was too much for the Warner Brothers and, crying "Too many Ingram ideas!" they fired him.

So in a way Ingram, the genius who discovers genius, deserves credit for this "find," too.

Mildred Davis is really coming back to the screen at last, but "Alice in Wonderland" will not be her first production, as it has been rumored for some time. She has signed a contract to do one picture for Famous Players-Lasky, to be directed by Victor Fleming. The picture is "The Spoils of War," and was selected by Mildred for her return because the leading role is ideally suited to her. Mildred left the screen three years ago when she married Harold Lloyd, and since then has received offers from practically every producer, both East and West. Paramount is also releasing her husband's pictures now.

There is a hint of rebellion over at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. Ramon Novarro is balking at the pictures that are being given to him. It has become obvious to anyone that too much of this brilliant young actor's time is being absorbed by "Ben Hur," and the fat roles are falling with amazing regularity into the welcoming lap of John Gilbert. This seems too bad in view of the great promise Novarro showed in his earlier pictures, and the fulfilment of it in "Scaramouche."

While Fannie Hurst was being shown through the Famous Players-Lasky Studio, she remarked to the Press Agent that she had never seen Pola Negri on the screen. The Press Agent laughed. "When I mentioned to Pola," he retorted, "that you were coming to the studio, she said, 'Who is Fannie Hurst?'"

While later they stopped at the set where Pola was working, and the two celebrities were introduced. "I am so happy to meet you!" said Mrs. Hurst with genuine warmth. "I feel it is a really great honor!" Pola's green eyes beamed as with the true Negri ardor she cried, "I think you are the greatest writer in America!"

The Press Agent smiled sardonically.

Patsy Ruth Miller and Kenneth Harlan hope to duplicate the success of Marie Prevost and Monte Blue. This team has proved so popular that Warner Brothers have decided to co-star Patsy Ruth and Kenneth in a series of pictures. The first one will be "The Fighting Edge." One wonders if the optimistic Warner Brothers realize quite what an important factor Ernst Lubitsch has been in the success of Monte and Marie.

Bess Meredyth, one of the scenario writers to whom the "Ben Hur" debacle has meant so much, is to do the script for John Barrymore's next picture, "Don Juan." Miss Meredyth recently adapted "The Sea Beast" for Mr. Barrymore.

A new engagement has been announced over at Universal City. Laura La Plante and Bill Seiter have only been waiting for Bill's divorce decree, before heralding their intention of getting married. And a few days ago the decree was granted. Of course the engagement isn't a surprise to anyone.

Laura has been making strides as an actress—in fact, no less a person than Dimitri Buchowetzki insists that she is as great an artist as Pola Negri. When questioned over the telephone, Miss Negri had nothing to say.

One of the results of Carl Laemmle's trip to Europe is the announcement that Universal, in collaboration with the Societe General de Films of Paris will produce Victor Hugo's story, "The Man Who Laughs." The arrangement provides that the picture shall be produced in Paris, with Universal contributing the stars, and supervising it generally. Mary Philbin, the little Universal star, who was first developed by Eric Von Stroheim in "Merry-Go-Round," will have an important role in this million dollar production. Mary has just completed "Stella Maris," and will leave shortly on her first trip to Europe.

Paul Bern, one-time distinguished scenario writer, and now a Famous Players-Lasky director, has signed to direct several pictures for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. His contract with Famous Players expires with the completion of "Flower of the Night," the picture Joseph Hergesheimer wrote for Pola Negri.

An unusual angle of this situation is the lawsuit with which Mr. Bern is now threatened by the Corinne Griffith Productions, who claim that Mr. Bern had made a verbal contract with them to direct Corinne's next picture. Mr. Bern claims that the agreement was not to be final until he received a written confirmation of it, and as this failed to arrive, he felt free to sign with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Corinne, the languorous, doesn't want to force anyone to work with her against his will, but it does seem hard that she just never can get what she wants.

Lew Cody has rebelled. He doesn't want to be a treacherous parlor snake any longer, so he has signed a new long-term contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer which stipulates that he is to be featured in a new type of role. Lew has proved himself to be a skillful and subtle light comedian, and parts of this sort will probably be his specialty in the future.

Edward Connelly, one of the finest actors on the screen, has signed with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for another year. It always makes our spirits brighten to see Mr. Connelly's name in the cast of a picture.

Dorothy Mackaill's plans are subject to change without notice, it seems. She had one foot on the steps of the train to New York, whither she had been summoned to work in a picture for First National, when she received a message from Richard Rowland, general manager of the company. It stated that she was not to make a picture in New York after all, but was to remain in California indefinitely. So Dorothy collected her bags, with amazing good nature, and stepped off the train. She had just given up her house and sold all her furnishings, which made it doubly hard to turn back.

Dorothy will be featured in light comedies under the direction of Edwin Carewe. Carewe has just renewed his contract with First National. He has been associated with them for eleven years, and will direct four more pictures under the new contract.

William De Mille's long search for someone to play the title role of "Polly of the Ballet," his annual big production for Paramount, has ended with Bebe Daniels. There has been considerable dispute as to who would be intrusted with the lead. Greta Nissen, who was mentioned for the role, has been cast for "The American Venus." Now that "Polly" is all settled, production will not start for some time, as both Bebe and Mr. De Mille are busy on other pictures.

Elinor Glyn announces that after her next production for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer she will go to Europe for an indefinite period of rest. But before she leaves she will have added directing to the list of her accomplishments. Not only will she write the story for her final production, but she will also direct the picture and supervise the cutting. For a woman to undertake directing is a rather hazardous venture, but it seems Mrs. Glyn is capable of anything.

David Butler and Joan Standing have been added to the cast of "The Plastic Age," the B. P. Schulberg picture, now in production, under the direction of Wesley Ruggles.

Butler, who is one of the crack athletes of the Hollywood Athletic Club and first winner of the Wallace MacDonald squash-handball trophy, is playing the role of a football coach in the college story.

John Barrymore did his best to get Mary Astor for the lead in "The Sea Beast," but at that time she was tied up with First National, having come East to make a picture. Now, Mary is free and she will play the lead opposite Mr. Barrymore in "Don Juan," which will be started at the Warner Brothers' studio in Hollywood just as soon as the last scenes of "The Sea Beast," are finished. Millard Webb will again direct Barrymore. Mary Astor had the lead in "Beau Brummel," and Barrymore considers her one of the most promising screen actresses.

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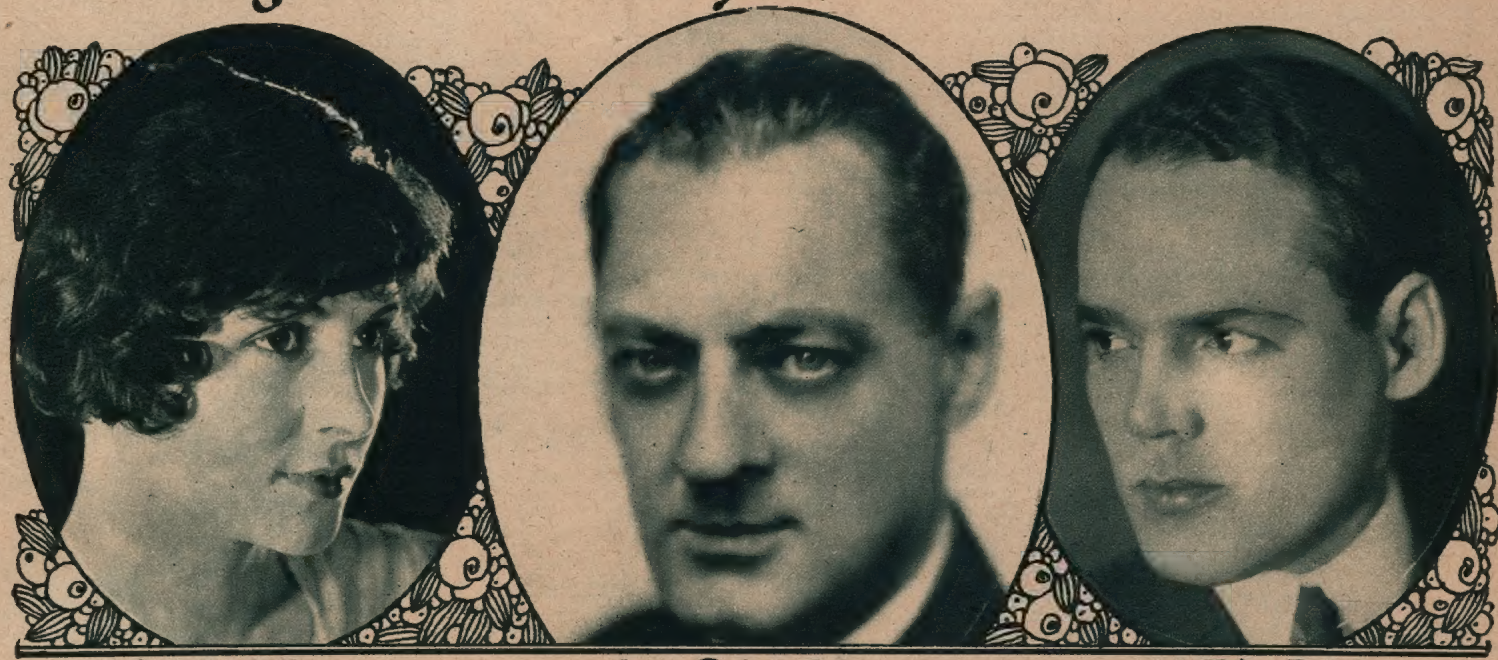

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